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UTOPIAN EMIGRATION.

SIR THOMAS MORE, chancellor to King Henry VIII., wrote a history of a model state—a full, true, and particular account of the good people of Utopia, shewing what a state ought to be, and what a people ought to do. But 'ought' in this world unfortunately stands for nothing. So the late Mr Southey, poet-laureate, summoned the ghost of the unfortunate chancellor's trunk from his tomb at Chelsea, and of his head, which lies buried at Canterbury, and having rejoined them, lectured good old Sir Thomas through two mortally heavy volumes of *Colloquies on Society*. We are left in the dark at the end of the book as to whether the poor ghost was beheaded again or not. If the spirit of the ex-chancellor be still wandering about the world, he may perchance fall in with these pages, so I beg to call his attention to the following passage in his description of Utopia:—

'If there is any increase,' writes he, 'over the whole island, then they draw out a number of their citizens out of the several towns, and send them over to the neighbouring country, where, if they find that the inhabitants have more soil than they can well cultivate, they fix a colony, taking the inhabitants into their society if they are willing to live with them; and when they do that of their own accord, they quickly enter into their method of life, and conform to their rules; and this proves a happiness to both nations. For, according to their constitution, such care is taken of the soil, that it becomes fruitful enough for both, though it might be otherwise too narrow and barren for any one of them. But if the natives refuse to conform themselves to their laws, they drive them out of those bounds which they mark out for themselves, and use force if they resist.'

You will perceive, courteous reader, that there is here no account of the way in which they 'sent them over to the neighbouring country;' how, in fact, they managed their emigration. If you will accompany me, we will explain to the spirit of the good Sir Thomas how we manage emigration now-a-days.

The vessel we select for illustration is in the tropics six weeks on her outward-voyage; the time when we commence our inspection, about half-past five in the morning, just the dawn of day. You and I, good reader, are of course invisible, and an invisible guide—out of deference to the rank of the ex-chancellor's ghost—is prepared to do the honours. He receives us on the passenger-deck—that is, the first floor below the real deck of an emigrant ship—in 12 degrees south latitude.

'She is now,' he very politely adds, 'lying tolerably still; so you will be enabled to examine fully everything, and I will afford you whatever explanation you may require.'

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We are standing in the centre of the vessel, beneath a large opening about twelve feet by nine, with two broad flights of steps leading through it to the deck above. Our faces, as we see by the sails overhead, are turned towards the forepart of the ship. On either side of us are rows of fixed bed-places in two tiers, with square holes to get into them, looking, for all the world, like an enlarged copy of the side of a mercer's shop, with all the drawers taken out—neat blue curtains being drawn across each aperture, and seats placed in front of the lower ones. In the central space of the deck are ranged movable desks and seats—the deck-floor on which we stand being white and clean; our guide informs us that 150 human beings, married folks and young children, are asleep within the blue curtains. 'You perceive,' he adds, 'that each berth is large enough for two adults, and partitioned off. This line of berths extends to a veranda, forming a division from the forepart of the vessel. Beyond that division is the place where the single men have their bachelors' hall, wherein also is another opening or hatchway for them also to ascend and descend. In the daytime, all the verandas and doors in the partition are opened for ventilation. At the other end of the ship, the single women sleep.'

Turning round, we perceive that about half-way, as near as may be, between us and the stern of the vessel, there is another partition across the ship, having a large hatchway and ladder on our side of it, and more blue-curtained berths on either hand. This partition has a large door, carefully locked, and nicely fitted pieces of wood placed veranda fashion. On trying to look through these, merely with an eye to philosophical research, we find that nothing can be seen; but are told that it being very hot weather, the doors and verandas will soon be all opened, and then we can gratify our curiosity. 'Till that time,' continues our guide, 'we will proceed to notice the arrangements of the division you now see, the central one of the ship, where the married people and their children reside. Observe, first, that in each of the hatchways is placed a sort of long throat of canvas, having a large mouth above the level of the ship's sides, through which it inhales the air and conveys it down here.' (Placing our hands at the bottom of the canvas throat, we feel a pleasant stream of cool fresh air breathing down.) 'This is called a wind-sail.'

'These,' indicating two steady-looking middle-aged men, who walk the length of the space, looking round as if to see that all is well, 'are the watch; the night being divided into three watches, and two men being always up, in case of illness, and to guard against accidents. They are now taking down the two lamps that have been lit all night. You will see that they are securely locked for fear of carelessness with fire, and that now they place them in a cupboard fitted up with separate stands for each lamp, and furnished with every convenience for trimming them—a duty performed in the day by one of the constables.'

'What are constables?'

'Well, I'll tell you; they are picked men, in the proportion of one to fifty on board, who carry out the orders of the head of the ship—that is, the doctor, who not only attends to the health of the emigrants, but sees that all things conducing to health, as diet, cleanliness, &c., are well looked to.

'The boards supported close to the ceiling, all the length of the ship, on stanchions running through them, are tables that are let down for each meal, being supported by iron bars run through the stanchions at the proper height—the same bars serving to keep them up to the ceiling in the same manner when the tables are not required. To every rafter of the ceiling is fitted a shelf, so that platters and dishes—all of bright polished metal, as you perceive—may be out of the way when not in use. You see, also, that the seats in front of the lower berths on either side have lockers in them, a part of the seat forming the lid, for the purposes of stowage. In every odd corner, moreover, is fitted a cupboard, wherein are deposited the brushes, holystones, &c., for cleansing the decks; for people are now getting fully alive to the fact, that there can be no health without cleanliness.

'You now perceive that the watch are busy calling up a number of the married men. They are going to fetch out of the hold, or store-deck below, the day's supply of water and coal for cooking. For comfort and convenience, all those on board are divided into messes of eight or ten each, just enough to sit at the tables I pointed out. Each mess has cooking-utensils, and a keg in which the day's water is supplied every morning.

'You hear a little bustle on the other side of the partition forward. It is occasioned by a *troupe* of the single men, who take in turns the duty of cleansing the decks, and pumping water from the sea for the use of the emigrants; no water, except to drink, being allowed to be brought down stairs—a very prudent plan. By the time that all the water is got up, and all the ladders, &c., cleansed, it is seven o'clock. Numbers of children are now running about, as you observe; and the bedding in each berth is neatly rolled up as it is vacated, and the blue curtains festooned back with loops of tape.'

Cr-r-r-ar-r-ack, like the letting off of high-pressure fireworks, goes something behind and in front of us; and as the bell is struck for seven o'clock, down fall the verandaed windows in the compartments of the single he and she folks, and open fly the doors like a change in a pantomime. A bevy of neatly-clad, stout-looking lasses issue from the after-portal, and wend their way up the ladder. At the suggestion of our guide, we follow them up on deck, and then up on the poop, over which an awning is spread to shelter them from the sun. Here they sit down on the hen-coops ranged all round, or stroll up and down in twos and threes to get an appetite for breakfast, as our friend explained to us. Presently there joins them a fine motherly woman of middle-age, who is evidently regarded with much deference by her pleasant-looking flock.

'This,' says the guide, still at our elbows, 'is the matron; she has supreme power over all the single women, of course under the government of the doctor. The officer of the watch,' continues he, 'is now striking eight bells, or eight o'clock. You are aware, doubtless,' (all this in a to-be-sure sort of a parenthesis), 'that there is one bell struck every half-hour; and as they never strike more than eight at sea, there are consequently six divisions or watches in the twenty-four hours. You see that a number of the emigrants are now assembled on the forepart of the deck, with metal-pots in their hands. They are obtaining the boiling-water for their breakfast tea, or having their breakfast coffee-pots filled. Now two steady married men wend their way aft, and half-a-dozen of the single women run down below, and bring up the bright tins of their respective messes, and hand them to their constables, for such is the office of these steady-looking men—none of the single women while on deck being permitted to go before the mainmast or centre of the ship. To make up for this, however, they have the exclusive use of the poop or raised deck.'

At this moment a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with a rather serious smile, apparently about twenty-eight, mounts to the poop. Every face seems to lighten as he looks swiftly but keenly round him; and every girl seems to envy the matron the shake of the hand that accompanies her salute of 'Good-morning, doctor.'

'He has just been below to visit one or two sick children. We will go down with him on his morning-round,' says our Mentor. In a quiet, rapid voice the doctor puts one or two leading questions to the matron about the sick, and about one or two of the little children; and then, whilst strolling up and down the poop, stops now and then to speak a cheerful word to one or other of the damsels, or let off a little joke that sets them all laughing. Soon, however, the girls disappear below; and by the sound that comes up the long air-shaft from their compartment, it is pretty evident they are at their morning-meal. At the same time, the doctor is informed by the steward that breakfast waits in the cabin.

'We will now take a look round the decks whilst the emigrants are busied below,' says our conductor. We inquire how the doctors, who are endowed with such arbitrary power, are selected.

'High professional testimonials and certificates of moral character are in the first place requisite; next, they judge of a man's fitness by his appearance and bearing; and, thirdly, they very minutely examine into the least circumstance that goes wrong, and any impropriety sets the committer aside from this service for life. Besides this, the doctor is guided by very strict and exact rules, with which he has to comply, and obedience to which he has to enforce.

'Here,' continues our guide, when we stand once more on the main-deck, 'is the bath-room, fitted with two zinc plunge-baths and a shower-bath, all very serviceable in the tropics. You see that pipes for water are led the whole length of the deck to the bath-room. Half-way along them are fitted two cisterns, one on each side of the deck, from which the emigrants draw off whatever water they require for washing, &c. These two cisterns are filled from a large tank, kept full by the single men.

'All these ropes and spars slung in out-of-the-way places are provisions of the doctor's for the boys, and children of a larger growth, to practise gymnastics. In this square cabin is the baker's oven, whence fresh bread is supplied to the emigrants twice a week. Corresponding to it, on the opposite side of the ship, is the cooking-apparatus, or galley, tended by a professional cook, and an assistant selected from the emigrants, and paid for his services.

'Now they are again assembling on deck; the men taking a morning-pipe, the women bringing up their children, that the matron may observe their condition as to cleanliness and neatness. Little parties are here and there gathered round one who is reading from one of a large stock of books, placed on board for their use; others busying themselves in assisting the sailors at little odd jobs for the ship.'

Hearing a succession of numbers being called out below, we turn an inquiring look to the spot where we suppose our Mentor is situated.

'They are beginning to serve out the stores,' explains he. Looking down the after-hatchway at his suggestion, we perceive that the ladder has been turned back, and the hatch or hole communicating with the hold is open.

'Number 10,' is called; and the captain or head of the mess bearing that number, hands down a tin-pannikin, which comes up filled with flour for the day. This goes on till all the numbers are called for flour. Then in the same way succeeds the serving out of suet, raisins, fresh meat preserved in tins, potatoes (also preserved), rice, biscuits, &c.

'Doubtless there is some responsible individual below,' we observe.

'Of course, a regularly appointed officer; and, moreover, one of the constables looks to see that the due weight is given. Tables of diet being everywhere hung about, as well as copies of the regulations, that all may know to what amount of provisions they are entitled.

'It is now ten o'clock,' he continues; 'the doctor's hour for making his morning-round; and, punctual to a moment—here he is. At the cabin-door he is joined by an intelligent-looking emigrant he has selected for his assistant. We will follow them, and walk the hospitals.'

On our way down the main-hatchway, on our observing: 'You spoke of washing—is it allowed on board?' our Mentor answers:

'Certainly, twice a week; and clothes-lines are hung about aloft to dry the linen on. On these days the ship seems to be trying on a Harlequin's suit. It has happened before now that other vessels have been puzzled to imagine what the strange-looking signal-flags could mean, when a string of pocket-handkerchiefs was hung drying aloft. The emigrants are required to bring a certain quantity of sea-water soap with them, and a large quantity is in addition placed on board, to be given out. The doctor, too, sometimes allows the bath-room to be used for ironing purposes. The cap-edgings that are stiffened on these occasions would astonish you.'

We have passed the Rubicon whilst our garrulous friend talks on. We are in the sanctum of the single women. Here the berths are arranged in the same style as in the married folks' department—two girls sleeping in one berth—but everything being much neater, and looking more precise, with crochet-work borders to the bed-curtains, and little ornamental bits of work here and there, all due to the good taste of the matron, who is now accompanying the doctor on his visit to one or two ailing ones, and pointing out little deficiencies in the woodwork of cupboards, and other conveniences; for every requirement of 'parlour, kitchen, hall,' is here placed for the use of the single women. The few who are below—one for each mess—are busily engaged in concocting puddings, &c., for their attendant constables to take forward to the cook-house. Above our heads a large air-shaft, with iron bars, however, across its bottom, runs up to the poop-deck above. On either hand, through the sides of the ship, are pierced holes, with small, circular thick glass windows let into them. At the extreme end of the vessel are large square frames, with thick blocks of wood exactly fitting from the outside, and called stern-ports. All these—side-ports, air-shaft, and stern-ports, as well as the windows and door of the partition—are now wide open, and make very pleasant and cool the air of the compartment.

The doctor now enters a space partitioned off at the end of the department, like a large cabin of veranda-work. From certain small gurgling sounds that issue thence, we opine that this is the hospital, and our friend informs us we are right. There are two young babies, with their mothers; the former having each a nice little swinging-cradle, and the hospital being fitted with a large variety of requisites for babydom, such as complicated apparatuses for making food at out-of-the-way times, filters to insure purity of the water, mills to grind biscuits or rusks for pap, &c. His medical inspection over, the doctor has a chat with the matron about 'the stock.' This stock consists of materials for needle-work—in all its varieties, crochet-knitting, and sewing—placed on board for the matron to set all the idle hands to work on. A pretty stock of stockings, &c., some of them have to start in life with when they arrive; the produce of their own handiwork being given to each. In addition, there is a large quantity of straw and chips for making hats and other things, put on board to employ the leisure hours of the single men. The matron's stock—for she is supreme head of the hospital, with one or two nurses under her—also includes large supplies of baby-linen, &c., in case of any unprovided-for arrivals occurring.

Their consultation over, the doctor again moves into and through the married folks' compartment, noting on his way the medicines he had promised for the sick, calling here and there at a berth where lies some one ailing, glancing his eye down the after-hatch *en passant*, listening to complaints and begging-petitions, and settling all with a word, but that always a just one. So he approaches the desks we noticed arranged in the between-decks. Here are now seated a class of boys, busy with their slates and copy-books, whilst others stand or sit around in their classes, conning their lessons. The teacher is hearing a class when we come up. The doctor quietly takes a seat at his side; praises those who acquit themselves well; and draws some little books from his capacious pockets to distribute among them. Pleasant it is to see how proud the lads look, and how they long to be off to shew their prizes.

'The school-hours,' says our conductor, 'are from ten to twelve and two to five. The teacher is also the librarian. The large stock of reading-books being under his charge, and distributed by the doctor at the end of the voyage to those of the children who have done best. Some of these boys, you see, write a very good hand; and a great number have the basis of their education firmly and well established in these ships. There is a similar school for the little girls going on upon the poop under the awning; they having also samplers to work, and the other requisites of female industry.'

We now move on with the doctor, whose sharp eye here and there catches a speck of dirt, or a little untidiness of the bedding, when down comes the owner of the berth, looking as sheepish as may be; for it is tolerably evident that the doctor could be pretty severe if he chose, and that they all seem to know. Next we follow him into the single men's compartment; much like that of the spinsters, but that it contains only bed-berths, as they are not accustomed to be below except to sleep. Three or four there are sitting weaving straw, but the department is comparatively deserted for the fresh air of the deck, with which a large hatchway and ladder communicate. Looking round and seeing all is well, the doctor passes into a second hospital, fitted with berths, in case of severe accidents to any of the male emigrants, but seeming to be principally used as a dispensary. Here stands a large bucket of warm milk, that the assistant starts off with to distribute to the infants and the sick. Being a little puzzled at the appearance of such a commodity here, our conductor points to a heap of tins labelled 'Concentrated Milk.' Slily dipping our fingers in as it passes, and tasting it, we find it to be as sweet as if fresh drawn from the cow, with a rich cream, too, standing on the top. Having sent out the medicines, the doctor gives directions about supplying certain of the sick with soups, broths, jellies, and fresh meats. Looking upon this as a joke, we hint as much to our conductor. 'No,' replies he; 'they are all at hand here, preserved in hermetically-sealed tins; to say nothing of wonderful grits for baby-food, and arrow-root, sago, &c., all of which are abundantly supplied.' This over, the doctor takes a long blue book and fills in a list of names, placing opposite each an amount of stout, or wine, or spirits. This looks like another joke, till our friend sets us right. 'All the nursing-women,' explained he, 'are allowed a pint of stout per day; and wines, spirits, beer, &c., are supplied wherever deemed requisite.'

Having handed over the list to his assistant to serve out, and given him directions to sprinkle chloride of lime in one or two places where he had detected an unpleasant odour, the doctor wends his way up-stairs. It is now half-past twelve. He stays at the cooking-galley, where is an enormous copper of beautifully boiled rice, which the cook is turning out and distributing among the captains of the messes; the meat being in another copper on the fire ready to follow. Each takes his allowance in the most orderly manner; and, looking down the main-hatchway, we see the tables all let down, and neatly laid out below for the meal, and the children, all neat and clean, sitting up grandly, awaiting the first instalment. 'Besides the provisions served out to each,' says our guide, 'all young children are allowed certain little extras—as sago, beef-tea, sugar, &c. The remainder of the day is spent in this wise: after dinner, all reassemble on deck, when every trace of dinner has been carefully cleared away below. They variously amuse themselves till tea-time. After tea are the two hours of grand amusement. Here and there a singing-party collects; on the ladder where you are sitting, a fifer takes his post and plays, whilst the single women dance on the poop, and the married-folk and single men foot it on the main-deck. It is a sight worth staying to see, if you were not so tired, the intense way in which they go in for enjoyment. At eight o'clock—eight bells—all is at an end. The single women are marshalled below; the muster-roll of their names called over by the matron; and all of them locked in their compartment for the night. The children are all in bed long before this. The watches for the night are set; the lamps trimmed by the constable in charge, and relocked; and the doctor makes his round, to see that all is well, supplying the sick with drinks, &c., for the night, chatting here and there with some of the emigrants, and having a pleasant word for all. Then there is peace below, saving the subdued chat of groups around the lamps. The single men are usually on deck till late, and many of the married men too, lending a hand to work the ship if required; and, indeed, in the stormiest night it seldom requires more than a call to have up a gang strong enough to pull the masts out of the ship, so beloved is the captain; and a good captain, I need hardly say, makes good officers.'

Now, if the ghost of Sir Thomas More has seen and heard all this, will he pretend to tell us that there is anything to equal it in his Utopian dream? Yet every word we have written is literally true; and the emigrant-ship we have visited is one sent out by, and subject to the rules and regulations of, the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners of 9 Park Street, Westminster.

HEARING FOR THE DEAF.

Why remain deaf? We ask the question advisedly; for the progress of surgical science has of late years been such, that all ordinary cases of deafness are now proved to be curable. The subject is one to which we the more willingly call attention as the remedy is simple, and the number of those who need it great. It is a sad spectacle to see a person in good health otherwise, cut off from one of the most blessed means of social intercourse—that of conversation. Want of hearing is, indeed, a more deplorable affliction than most people believe: no sounds of rustling trees, singing birds, or falling waters, neither the voice of nature, nor the voices of the household, make any impression on the ear; and through the deprivation, many deaf persons are a weariness to themselves and their friends. An invention which makes the world around become audible to the greater number of them, is something not to be passed over without notice.

The marble effigy of the boy with the broken drum, seen by so many thousands at the Great Exhibition, may be taken as no unapt illustration of most deaf people. The cause of their infirmity is really a broken drum, and great reason have they to sorrow over it. We all know that a musical drum will not speak when the parchment is cracked; there is no reverberation, no return of sound. So it is with the drum of the ear. When it is a complete membrane stretching across the whole interior passage of the ear, then we hear well; but let there be ever so slight an opening, and we are at once enrolled in the ranks of the deaf. Apparently there is not much mystery in the cause of deafness.

If it be asked, in what does the cause originate? the answer is—disease. A very small percentage of the population are born deaf; but in some of the numerous maladies which we have to go through at sundry periods of our terrestrial existence, the organisation of the ears is so severely deranged, that deafness follows as the inevitable consequence. Many a mother will remember that when her child was recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, scarlatina, measles, or sometimes a common cold, the little patient shewed signs of deafness, which no after-treatment would remove. The mucous membrane of the drum of the ear had become thickened, and more or less inflamed during the disease; and when this is the case, the result is, that mucus is secreted in greater quantity than usual, and of so viscid a quality, that it cannot be got rid of by the usual channel of escape—namely, the Eustachian tube. The accumulation of mucus goes on, therefore, until pressing on the tympanum, or drum, the latter begins to ulcerate, its substance is injured, it cracks, and the mischief is done. The opening is, in some instances, not larger than could be made with a pin—at times, a mere narrow slit; at others, the drum membrane is entirely eaten away, except a scanty margin left adhering to the passage of the ear. Then it is that the mucus finds its way outwards as a disagreeable-looking discharge, and this being suspected as the cause of deafness, attempts are made to suppress it; but even should it cease, the power of hearing remains imperfect by reason of the broken drum. Such is the history of most ordinary cases of deafness. At times, however, there is no perforation of the tympanum, but the mucous membrane becomes either too dry or too moist, secreting too much mucus or none at all; and in either case the hearing is impaired, and the person affected assumes that anxious, inquiring stare peculiar to the deaf. Other causes might be adduced, but what we have to do with on the present occasion is, the broken drum. We may mention, however, that there is no hope of cure for a person so deaf as to need to be shouted to close to his ear.

We come now to the remedy; and here we quote from a pamphlet recently published,* which contains the sum of all that is at present known on the subject. The author, Mr Toynbee, after some years' study of the important branch of anatomy which comprehends the ear, has cleared away some of the errors in which it was involved, and thrown such additional light upon it, that henceforth the incurable cases of deafness will be greatly reduced in number. Until within the past year or two, the Eustachian tube was believed to be always open, allowing a free passage to the throat. Mr Toynbee, however, shews it to be always closed, except during the transient act of swallowing. It is while thus briefly open that the redundant mucus from the ear escapes, and air is admitted. He gives what he calls 'experimental proofs,' which we quote as deserving attention, and likely to be beneficial. 'To those accustomed to descend in a diving-bell,' he says, 'it is well known that the unpleasant sensation in the ears, amounting sometimes to positive pain, is capable of instant removal by the act of swallowing, during which the condensed air being allowed to enter the tympanum and come in contact with the inside of the membrana tympani, the pressure on its outer surface is relieved by being counterbalanced. Again, if an attempt is made to swallow while the nostrils are closed by the finger and thumb, a sensation of fulness and pressure is experienced in the tympanic cavity, in consequence of air having been forced, during the act of deglutition, through the open tube into the tympanum; and this sensation continues until, by another act of swallowing, the tube is re-opened, and the confined air escapes into the fauces.'

That which it has been the fashion to print in popular works on physiology, about little bones within the ear playing on the drum, and so communicating sounds to the brain, is far from being correct. These bones serve an important purpose in regulating muscular action: one of them, the stapes, has a movement similar to that of a piston, and when that becomes fixed by any cause, a case of incurable deafness is at once established; but it is by the impact of air upon the drum, and the communication of the latter with the auditory nerve, that the sense of sound is conveyed to the brain. In the course of his investigations, Mr Toynbee was struck by the fact, that after syringing the ear with tepid water, the hearing of the patient was sensibly restored for some minutes, and then was suddenly lost again. Examining into the phenomenon, he found it to be due to the closing up of the perforation in the tympanum by a bubble of the water. While the bubble remained, the drum was, so to speak, unbroken, and the patient was able to hear; but as soon as it evaporated or broke, the membrane was again imperfect, and deafness returned. Taking the hint, he found it possible to effect temporary closure of the orifice by applying a solution of gum-acacia, and so to keep up for a time the improvement in hearing; and after this, as he relates, 'I tried vulcanised India-rubber and gutta-percha, making use of the thinnest layers of them that were procurable. With both these substances, I succeeded in making a rude kind of artificial membrana tympani, by cutting a portion about the size of the natural membrane, and passing through it a piece of thread, by means of which, and a fine tube, it could be passed down to its proper situation.' There—that is the whole secret. Cover the broken drum with a sound artificial one, and the deaf will hear as well as their neighbours!

Improved by experience, the artificial drums are now made by Messrs Weiss with a fine silver wire substituted for the thread, attached to one of the two small, thin silver plates, between which the disk of India-rubber or gutta-percha is held. The latter is about three-quarters of an inch diameter, 'which leaves sufficient margin for the surgeon to cut out a membrane of any shape that may seem to him desirable, and to leave the silver plate, either in the centre or towards the circumference, at his discretion. The silver wire is of sufficient length to admit of the membrane being introduced or withdrawn by the patient, but is not perceived externally, except upon especial observation.' It is possible, by a slight change in attaching the wire, to give it an oblique direction, which in some instances is found more suitable to the ear than the other.

As to the mode of inserting the new drum, we give Mr Toynbee's own explanation. After stating that it is to be kept external to whatever remains of the natural drum, and recommending careful examination of the form of the passage, he proceeds: 'The operator should then cut the artificial membrane as nearly of the size and shape of the natural one as possible, taking care at the same time to keep the margin quite smooth and regular. The patient must then be placed with the head inclined to the opposite shoulder, while a strong light is thrown into the meatus, which, if liable to discharge, should have been previously syringed. The operator will now take the artificial membrane, and having moistened it with water, pass it, by means of the silver wire, gently inwards, until it has reached what he considers the natural position. This he will ascertain by the occurrence of a faint bubbling sound, caused by the escape of the slightly compressed air beyond it; he will also feel a slight obstruction offered to its further passage by the remnant of the natural membrane. Should he attempt to pass the artificial membrane beyond this point, the patient will complain of pain, which until then had not been felt. The most certain test, however, of the artificial membrane having been properly placed, is the sensation of the patient, who discovers by the sound of his own voice, or that of the surgeon, or by the movement of his tongue and lips, that his hearing has been suddenly much improved.'

The effect produced on some persons is almost magical: they not only hear sounds close to them, but those far off. Some find no inconvenience whatever from the new drum; others can only wear it for an hour or two every day, until by use they lose the uncomfortable feeling caused at first, and then it may be retained through the whole of the day. It should, however, in all cases be removed at night.

Were this the place to give details of cases that have been cured, we might fill a page or two with interesting facts; but for these we must refer the reader, whether lay or professional, to the pamphlet which has suggested our remarks. We may, however, mention one—a lieutenant, now serving in the Black Sea fleet. He had never heard with his right ear; yet no sooner was the artificial drum introduced, than his hearing became perfect, and no one on board the ship has discovered his deafness.

There is something strange in the idea of being able to hear or not to hear at pleasure; and we doubt not that occasions will arise when the wearers of artificial drums will find it desirable to take them out. Nelson once found it convenient to put his telescope to his blind eye. At all events, suffering will be alleviated; and who shall say whether we are to stop with the cure of deafness? But a few weeks ago, a deaf and dumb boy was exhibited to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who, by highly-skilful training, had been made not only to hear partially, but to speak so as to be understood.

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* *On the Use of an Artificial Membrana Tympani, in Cases of Deafness dependent on Perforation or Destruction of the Natural Organ.* By Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S. Second Edition. 8vo. London: Churchill. 1854.

FORTUNES OF A FRENCH-RUSSIAN.

There dwelt at Orleans, some forty or fifty years ago, a worthy young couple named Jean and Marie Lejeune. They were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the joyousness and insouciance of youthful life. As time went on, they became wealthy in sons also; but these were not destined to be the stay of their parents in advancing life, for as each one of them grew up to manhood, he found himself, either from choice or necessity, enrolled in the service of Napoleon the Great. One only boy remained to cheer the parental home: he was still a child, and the darling of his mother, who fondly hoped to keep him always by her side, and with this view she laboured hard to instil into his mind a love of peace and hatred of war. Vain, however, were poor Marie's endeavours, for François, even in his earliest boyhood, listened with avidity to tales of war and glory; and when the note of preparation sounded throughout France for the great Russian campaign, his imagination became so inflamed by a love of military adventure, that he flung himself into the vortex of that gigantic enterprise, and soon found himself in the midst of the Grande Armée, serving as drummer in a distinguished regiment. The position of François was not, truly, a very distinguished one, but he already regarded himself as a hero; for did he not serve 'l'Empereur,' and was he not one of the Grande Armée, by whom Russia was to be overrun and conquered? Now and then a thought or a sigh would be given to his good mother, who had wept so bitterly at his departure; but he was a gay, light-hearted boy, and soon became the favourite of his comrades, so that each graver thought quickly vanished from his mind, and he dreamt only of the glories that lay before him.

On the entry of the French into Moscow, no one held his head higher than François Lejeune, and he beat his drum with an air of as much importance as if the success of the whole expedition depended on the flourish of his drum-sticks. But now a new leaf in the pages of his life was about to be opened. Moscow was burnt, and the French army began its disastrous retreat amid all the inclemencies of a Russian winter. François was obliged, like his comrades, to set out on his homeward way amid the combined miseries of war, famine, and ice. His fingers soon lost their power; his drum became silent; and before he reached Smolensk, this favourite companion of his march had dropped from his hands, and sank into the wintry snow.

At Smolensk, our hero's strength failed him; and pinched alike with cold and hunger, he fell out of the ranks, and was made prisoner by some Russian serfs, who shut him up in a dreary mill, where he lay more dead than alive during a night of intense cold. He was aroused from this state of torpor on the following morning, by finding himself once more in the clutches of his barbarous captors, who dragged him along a causeway, one side of which was bordered by a frozen river. Some of the party began to dig a hole in the ice, while others gave him to understand, by very intelligible signs, that it was intended for his accommodation. The terrified youth besought them to spare him, and asked their pity for his mother's sake—'so tender a mother, that she would break her heart if he did not return to her.' This piteous appeal had no effect upon the peasants, who, of course, did not understand a single word of what he was saying. Some laughed at the strangeness of his language; some mimicked his impassioned gestures; and one of them had just collared the unhappy François, with the intention of plunging him into the river, when suddenly was heard the merry tinkling of bells, and there came dashing along the causeway a large and handsome sleigh, drawn by three beautiful little Viatkan horses. Seated in the sleigh, wrapt up in costly furs, was a stout, hale-looking gentleman.

'What are you about there, my children?' inquired he of the serfs.

'We are only drowning a Frenchman.'

'Oh! is that all?' rejoined he.

'Monsieur, monsieur!' cried the unhappy drummer, as he struggled to free himself from the hands of the serfs.

'Very fine, indeed!' muttered the fur-clad gentleman in an angry and supercilious tone. 'Very fine, indeed! Here is a fellow who comes among us to do all the mischief he can—sets fire to Moscow; tears down the cross from the cupola of Ivan the Great; and now, forsooth, it is *Mossié—Mossié*. Ah ha! we are crest-fallen now; but death and destruction to the scoundrels! Come, let us get on, Filka,' continued he, addressing his coachman, and throwing himself back in his comfortable seat.

A touch of the whip is given, and the fiery little steeds are darting forward, when suddenly some new thought seems to have occurred to the nobleman, who calls out: 'Stop, Filka.'

'Pray, sir, do you understand music?' inquired he in Russian of the trembling drummer.

'Sauvez moi, mon bon monsieur, sauvez moi!' cried out Lejeune in an agony of terror, as he felt that his existence was hanging as by a slender thread upon the good offices of the stranger.

'Good heavens! what strange people these French are!' observed the nobleman. 'Half a million of them have come into Russia, and not one of them can, I believe, speak a word of our language—the barbarians!' And then turning with an air of self-complacency and conscious superiority to Lejeune: 'Meousique, meousique, savé meousique, vous? Eh bienn, repondonn vous, franncé! sur forté-piano, joué, savé?'

At any other time, François would have smiled at this jargon, but at the present moment it sounded like the sweetest music in his ears, for it gave him hope. He quickly perceived the drift of the inquiry, and immediately replied: 'Yes, sir, I am a musician, and if you only save my life, I will play all day, and all night too, for you, if you please.'

'Well, you may thank your stars for it!' said the gentleman laughing. 'Come, children, let him go. There! I give you twenty kopecks to drink.'

'Thank you, sir; there he is for you.'

So saying, they loosed their hold upon poor Lejeune, who, on finding himself safe in the sleigh, was so bewildered with joy, that he laughed and cried, and bowed and smiled to all around him. His gratitude was so expansive, that he not only thanked the nobleman, but also the coachman, and the very moujiks, too, who had been on the point of drowning him five minutes before. A moment more, and he found himself whirling along by the side of his preserver, who, observing that he was quite blue and shrivelled with cold, kindly wrapped a fur mantle round him. In a short time, they drew up before a large house, and were received at the door by several servants, to whose care François was consigned. They conducted him into a warm apartment, chafed his half-frozen limbs, and clothed him in a suit of comfortable garments. Then they set food before him, of which the poor boy gladly partook, as he was quite exhausted with hunger. His benefactor now appeared, and addressing him in his own peculiar dialect of French, 'Mossié, mossié, véné—véné,' beckoning the youth at the same time to follow him.

Lejeune obeyed, and soon found himself in the presence of two young ladies, who were seated at work in a large drawing-room. 'Here, my children,' said their father, 'is a gentleman who will instruct you in music and French. He will teach you the true Parisian accent. You have long been teasing me for a master, and I have just been so lucky as to pick one up for you at Smolensk.' Then advancing towards an old spinet, that stood at one end of the apartment, he turned to Lejeune: 'Allonn, allonn, fésé vous à nous voir votre talent; joué, joué; soyé pas hontée.'

Poor François was nearly at his wits' end on receiving this command; for the drum was his only instrument, and never in his life had he even touched a pianoforte. However, he felt that his life was probably hanging on the result of this moment; and so, assuming an air of confidence, and bowing low to the ladies, he seated himself before the instrument. At first, he placed his hands gently upon it, and moving his fingers like drum-sticks in time with some favourite regimental air, he began to hum the tune, while he swayed his head and body from left to right, and right to left, with all the importance of a first-rate professor. He was wont in after-life to describe the whole scene very humorously. 'I expected every moment,' said he, 'that my preserver would have called in a couple of lackeys, and ordered them to pitch me out into the snow; but on casting a furtive glance towards him, I perceived that he was nodding significantly towards his daughters, as if to make them remark what a treasure he had procured for them; so I took courage, struck the instrument more boldly, sang my song more emphatically, and took still greater airs upon myself; whereupon the worthy gentleman clapped his hands with delight, cried out bravo, and in a few minutes came over, and clapped me amicably on the shoulder, saying: "Tré bienn, tré bienn, jé vois qué vous savé; vous allé couché, allé."'

Never was an order more readily obeyed; for poor François was worn out with fatigue and excitement, so that he needed not to 'woo soft slumbers to his drooping lids.'

About a fortnight afterwards, Lejeune's patron received a visit from a nobleman of higher rank than himself, a man of talent and education, who took so great a fancy to the young drummer, that he asked his host if he would consent to yield him to his protection. This was granted; and Lejeune now found himself placed under very favourable circumstances, for his new friend not only treated him kindly, but gave him a good education. Some years later, he married him to a young lady, a protégée of his wife, and the marriage proved a prosperous and a happy one. Lejeune, in accordance with the desire of his patron, entered the Russian service, and through the influence of this nobleman he acquired personal, and subsequently hereditary, nobility. In after-life, he became allied by the marriage of his only daughter with a distinguished nobleman, named Lebysanief, who was high in power in the government of Orel; and for the sake of being near his child, whom he tenderly loved, François Lejeune—or, as he was now called, Frantz Ivanovitch Lejeune—came to reside in that part of the country. It was here we first met him, and made his acquaintance. We remember him well—a lively, courteous little man, with dark eyes and gray hair. His usual attire was a black velvet surtout.

Most probably the ci-devant French drummer still dwells in the far east of Russia, among his adopted countrymen; but when he hears of the gallant deeds of his true *compatriotes* upon the heights of Sebastopol, who knows but that his spirit may be chafing beneath the bondage of Russian despotism, and that he may long to find himself once more serving under a name he had once revered and idolised—L'Empereur Napoléon!

MRS JAMESON'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.*

LARGELY and successfully has Mrs Jameson contributed to the belles-lettres of our time. Every production of hers is distinguished, more or less, according to the subject, by clearness and power of thought, by genuine sensibility, an elevated purity of tone, rare felicity of illustration, and the most engaging grace of style. The *Commonplace-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*, which forms her latest publication, is, by the nature of it, desultory in theme and fragmentary in form; but it is rich for all that in some of her most characteristic beauties, and is a right pleasant collection of the 'fragments that remain over and above' what she has heretofore in many a dainty dish set before the public. For many years it has been her custom, she tells us, to make a memorandum of any thought which may come across her if pen and paper are at hand, and to mark and remark any passage in a book which excites either a sympathetic or a dissentient feeling. This collection of notes it is, accumulating from day to day, to which we owe the admirable volumes on *Shakspeare's Women*, on *Sacred and Legendary Art*, the *Monastic Orders*, the *Madonna, &c.*—'sprung from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which,' she says, 'I hardly know how, grew up and expanded into a regular readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.' But what was she to do with the fragments which remained, without beginning, and without end—links of a hidden or a broken chain? She has done well with them, by thus giving to their scattered and chaotic 'atomies' a local habitation and a name, and so enabling us to trace the path, 'sometimes devious enough, of an "inquiring spirit" even by the little pebbles dropped as vestiges by the wayside.' Such a book, the writer fairly presumes, may serve, like conversation with a friend, to open up sources of sympathy and reflection, and, like every spontaneous utterance of thought out of an earnest mind, may prove highly influential by its suggestive character. It comprises a rather large number of selected passages from the writings of men of genius and originative power; but it is of course to the original passages in Mrs Jameson's own handwriting that our attention is here directed. These are divided into two sections—one devoted to ethics and character, the other to literature and art.

In the former division, we frequently light on such remarks as this: 'Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.' Elsewhere she observes, that in what regards policy—government—the interest of the many is sacrificed to the few; in what regards society, the morals and happiness of individuals are sacrificed to the many. Again: Can there be progress, she asks, which is not progression—which does not leave a past from which to start—on which to rest our foot when we spring forward? No wise man kicks the ladder from beneath him, or obliterates the traces of the road through which he has travelled, or pulls down the memorials he has built by the wayside. We cannot get on without linking our present and our future with our past. All re-action is destructive—all progress, conservative: we gain nothing by defacing and trampling down the idols of the past, to set up new ones in their places; let it be sufficient to leave them behind us, measuring our advance by keeping them in sight.

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* *A Commonplace-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected.* By Mrs Jameson. Longman. London.

Strength, she remarks, does not consist only in the *more* or the *less*. 'There are different sorts of strength as well as different degrees—the strength of marble to resist; the strength of steel to oppose; the strength of the fine gold, which you can twist round your finger, but which can bear the force of innumerable pounds without breaking.'

Here are two or three characteristic morçeaux, clustered together by us without interval, but not to be read, or at least marked and inwardly digested, without pause. 'In the same moment that we begin to speculate on the possibility of cessation or change in any strong affection that we feel, even from that moment we may date its death—it has become the fetch of the living love.' 'A king or a prince becomes by accident a part of history. A poet or an artist becomes by necessity a part of universal humanity.' 'There are no such self-deceivers as those who think they reason when they only feel.' 'If the deepest and best affections which God has given us sometimes brood over the heart like doves of peace, they sometimes suck out our life-blood like vampires.' 'A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes —like a dead wasp.'

Here and there we meet with a bit of personal anecdotage or interesting personal talk. 'When I told Tieck of the death of Coleridge, . . . he exclaimed with emotion: "A great spirit has passed away from the earth, and has left no adequate memorial of its greatness." Speaking of him afterwards, he said: "Coleridge possessed the creative and inventive spirit of poetry, not the productive; he thought too much to produce—the analytical power interfered with the genius: others, with more active faculties, seized and worked out his magnificent hints and ideas."' 'At dinner to-day, there was an attempt made by two very clever men to place Theodore Hook above Sidney Smith. I fought with all my might against both. . . . I do not take to Sidney Smith personally, because my nature feels the want of the artistic and imaginative in *his* nature; but see what he has done for humanity, for society, for liberty, for truth—for us women! What has Theodore Hook done that has not perished with him? Even as wits—and I have been in company with both—I could not compare them; but they say the wit of Theodore Hook was only fitted for the company of men—the strongest proof that it was not genuine of its kind, that when most bearable it was most superficial. I set aside the other obvious inference, that it required to be excited by stimulants, and those of the coarsest, grossest kind. The wit of Sidney Smith almost always involved a thought worth remembering for its own sake, as well as worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle; the value of ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond.'

Mrs Jameson gives us what she calls 'A Revelation of Childhood;' her own childhood, its experiences and sensations, highly individual and interesting, but far too long for quotation. One little incident may be mentioned, for the sake of the doctrine thereto attached. In her very little girlhood, she was one day kept without food, and sent hungry and exhausted to bed, for not reciting some lines by heart; the punishment being inflicted on the assumption that she was wilfully obstinate. She now tells us that she does not believe herself to have been naturally obstinate, speaking generally; and as to this particular case, she adds: 'But what no one knew then, and what I know now as the fact, was, that after refusing to do what was required, and bearing anger and threats in consequence, I lost the power to do it. I became stone: the will was petrified, and I absolutely could not comply. They might have hacked me in pieces before my lips could have unclosed to utterance.' She expresses her conviction, that the obstinacy was not in the mind but on the nerves; and that what we call obstinacy in children, and in grown-up people too, is often something of this kind, and that it may be increased by mismanagement, by persistence, or what is called firmness in the controlling power into disease, or something near to it. Her infancy appears to have suffered in an exquisite degree from an exaggerated fear of darkness, and its associated ideas of supernatural influences; the figure of the ghost in *Hamlet* in some old engraving was a spectre haunting her young soul with a power not to be 'laid' for three long years: 'For three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed; only the blessed light had power to exorcise it.' In daylight, she was not only fearless, but daring—inclined to defy all power and brave all danger, if only visible; and she records her once leading the way through a herd of cattle, among which was a vicious bull, the pest of the neighbourhood, armed only with a little stick. 'But first I said the Lord's Prayer fervently. In the ghastly night I never prayed; terror stifled prayer.' The propensity to reverie was another strongly developed point in her early character, morbidly indulged in, and affording her present occasion to enforce some excellent cautions of sound practical quality and real psychological moment. She finely descants, too, on her early, instinctive, boundless delight in external beauty; her sympathy with the outer, living, beautiful world; how she found perfect pleasure in the appearance of nature—the stars, that were to her as the gates of heaven; the rolling of the wave to the shore; the graceful weeds and grasses bending before the breeze, as they grew by the wayside; the minute and delicate form of insects; the trembling shadow of boughs and leaves dancing on the ground in the highest noon. Thus, Thomson's *Seasons* became a favourite book before she could understand one-half of it; St Pierre's *Indian Cottage* was charming, as reflecting her dreams, or giving her new stuff for them in pictures of an external world so different from the one familiar to her—palm-trees, elephants, tigers, dark turbaned men with flowing draperies; and the *Arabian Nights* came in to complete her Oriental intoxication, and almost promise it a lease of perpetuity.

Among the miscellaneous topics discussed or touched upon in this volume, a few pages are devoted to the subject of the lower animals, their capacities, their destinies, and the wrongs they suffer from the 'upper classes' of their genus. We have not space to illustrate, but the following touching anecdote must find room:—'Once, when I was at Vienna, there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unchained or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for the purpose, and they generally carried a short heavy stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill or maim it mortally at one blow. It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's-Brücke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into the river. The poor animal, following his instinct or his teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it down at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains.' Mrs Jameson adds an expression of wonder what the Athenians would have done to such a man—they who banished the judge of the Areopagus, because he flung away the bird which had sought shelter in his bosom.

One or two poetical fragments are all that Mrs Jameson vouchsafes us of her essayings in verse. Some lines, dated 1840, have a musical melancholy not without character and charm, pitched in a like key with the 'I have lived, I have loved,' of Schiller's *Thekla*:—

Take me, my Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest;
The long day is o'er!
I'm weary, I would sleep;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more!

I have had joy and sorrow; I have proved
What life could give; have loved, have been beloved;
I am sick, and heartsore,
And weary—let me sleep!
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more!

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I come,
Prepare my dreamless bed in my last home;
Shut down the marble door,
And leave me—let me sleep!
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more!

But the foremost attractions, probably, of the present volume lie in the scattered titbits of criticism it contains, literary and artistic. As a critic, there are few to surpass Mrs Jameson in subtle perception, depth of sympathy, and delicacy of touch; and there are passages in the *Commonplace-book* worthy of her who has limned with such accuracy and finish the portraits of the Women of Shakspeare. In a brief comment on Mr Thackeray's Lectures, she utters with emphasis and discretion her protest against *his* womankind, at least the gentle and good of them; declaring that while no woman resents his Rebecca, or fails to 'acknowledge with a shiver the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation,' every woman, on the other hand, resents the 'selfish, inane Aurelia.' Laura in *Pendennis* she pronounces a yet more fatal mistake. 'She is drawn with every generous feeling, every good gift. We do not complain that she loves that poor creature Pendennis, for she loved him in her childhood. She grew up with that love in her heart; it came between her and the perception of his faults; it is a necessity indivisible from her nature. Hallowed through its constancy, therein alone would lie its best excuse, its beauty, and its truth. But Laura is faithless to that first affection; Laura, waked up to the appreciation of a far more noble and manly nature, in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendennis and marrying *him!* Such infirmity might be true of some women, but not of such a woman as Laura; we resent the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait.' Thence passing on to a yet warmer protest against Lady Castlewood, in *Esmond*, Mrs Jameson apostrophises the novelist with a hearty 'Oh, Mr Thackeray, this will never do! Such women *may* exist; but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art. When an author presents to us a heroine whom we are called upon to admire, let him at least take care that she is admirable.' Many a woman will be grateful to Mrs Jameson, for giving form and expression to a feeling so common on the part of her sex.

Mr Carlyle is frequently alluded to, directly or indirectly, in this book of waifs and strays. Perhaps the most significant instance is the following:—'Carlyle thus apostrophised a celebrated orator, who abused his gift of eloquence to insincere purposes of vanity, self-interest, and expediency: "You blasphemous scoundrel! God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell!"' Again: 'I have had arguments,' she tells us, 'if it be not presumption to call them so, with Carlyle on this point'—namely, the philosophy of happiness. 'It appeared to me that he confounded happiness with pleasure, with self-indulgence. He set aside with a towering scorn the idea of living for the sake of happiness, so called: he styled this philosophy of happiness, the "philosophy of the frying-pan." But this was like the reasoning of a child, whose idea of happiness is plenty of sugar-plums. Pleasures, pleasurable sensation is, as the world goes, something to thank God for. I should be one of the last to undervalue it; I hope I am one of the last to live for it; and pain is pain, a great evil, which I do not like either to inflict or suffer. But happiness lies beyond either pain or pleasure—is as sublime a thing as virtue itself, indivisible from it; and under this point of view it seems a perilous mistake to separate them.'

From the section devoted to Notes on Art, the following extract is noteworthy:—'Subjects and representations in art, not elevated nor interesting in themselves, become instructive and interesting to higher minds from the *manner* in which they have been treated, perhaps because they have passed through the medium of a higher mind in taking form. This is one reason, though we are not always conscious of it, that the Dutch pictures of common and vulgar life give us a pleasure apart from their wonderful finish and truth of detail. In the mind of the artist there must have been the power to throw himself into a sphere above what he represents. Adrian Brouwer, for instance, must have been something far better than a sot; Ostade, something higher than a boor; though the habits of both led them into companionship with sots and boors. In the most farcical pictures of Jan Steen, there is a depth of feeling and observation which remind me of the humour of Goldsmith; and Teniers, we know, was in his habits a refined gentleman, the brilliant elegance of his pencil contrasting with the grotesque vulgarity of his subjects. To a thinking mind, some of these Dutch pictures of character are full of material for thought, pathetic even where least sympathetic; no doubt, because of a latent sympathy with the artist apart from his subject.' And, again, *apropos* of Vandyck, who painted the hands of his men and women, not from individual nature, but from a model-hand, perhaps his own—so that the hands in his portraits, however well painted and elegant, seldom harmonise with the *personnalité*, but take an affected position, as if intended for display. 'Lavater told Goethe, that on a certain occasion when he held the velvet bag in the church, as collector of the offerings, he tried to observe only the hands; and he satisfied himself that in every individual, the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift into the bag, were distinctly different, and individually characteristic. . . . There are hands of various character: the hand to catch, and the hand to hold; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that has worked, or could work, and the hand that has never done anything but hold itself out to be kissed, like that of Joanna of Aragon, in Raphael's picture. Let any one look at the hands in Titian's portrait of old Paul IV.: though exquisitely modelled, they have an expression which reminds us of claws; they belong to the face of that grasping old man, and could belong to no other.'

These Notes on Art also comprise some eloquent remarks on sculpture, and tasteful suggestions on certain characters in history and poetry, considered as subjects for modern art—the Trojan Helen, for instance; and Iphigenia, Adam and Eve, Lady Godiva, Joan of Arc, Byron's Myrrha, and Talfourd's Ion—the last, the boy-hero, is indeed so essentially statuesque, that we share in her surprise that no sculptor has attempted that 'gracious' form, in all the tenderness of extreme youth, already self-devoted, and touched with a melancholy grace and an elevation beyond his years. There are also occasional observations on music and musicians—a theme, however, upon which Mrs Jameson does not seem to be so entirely 'at home' as upon that of sculpture and painting. Be it added, in conclusion, that she has ornamented her Commonplace-book with numerous illustrations and etchings, some of them inserted merely to divide the paragraphs and subjects, but nearly all marked by a tenderness, or refinement, or quaintness of fancy, that not a little enhances the pervading charm of the work itself.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

OPENING UP OF LONDON.

The splendid improvements now going on in Paris provoke unpleasant comparisons with the slow march of similar affairs in London. We come almost to the conclusion, that a despotism has, after all, some good points. It has at least the merit of overleaping petty obstacles, and of going straight up to a point, which in freer communities it is next to impossible to reach by the wavering policy of public bodies. Yet, let us not rashly draw a political axiom from a comparison between London and Paris. London is an anomaly. There is no city in the world like it for size, wealth, and general importance; its very greatness making it unwieldy and backward in improvement. Perhaps there is another reason for its inertia. Nowhere do authorities cling so tenaciously to old usages. On the late occasion of a lord mayor being inducted into office, it was mentioned as a matter of pride, that the forms of procedure were six hundred years old. How odd it seems, when reforms of one kind or other have been effected all over the country in reference to the wants of modern society, that in the metropolis of the empire, there now prevail exactly the same modes of civic government as existed in the thirteenth century. And to make a boast of the thing, too!

If the truth were known, the people of London do not care a fig for these antiquated absurdities—they don't think of them; and if their attention is called to the subject, they talk of city government, and everything belonging to it, with something like contempt. Sure enough, there is no want of desire in the metropolis to set things to rights; but such is the everlasting bustle of occupation—the struggle for life, and the struggle for money—that nobody has any time to spare on public business. And so, unless we get hold of some conscience-stricken authorities, which is not very likely, the old ways will go on much as usual—for a time.

But this time cannot now be very long. Every year, from the increase of population and extension of commerce, the concourse of traffic in the streets becomes greater. If certain leading thoroughfares were bad enough when the population within the bills of mortality was a million and a half, it may be fancied what they are like now, with a population of two millions and a half. The state of matters in that great arterial thoroughfare, Ludgate Hill, at certain periods of the day, is really frightful—an utter choke up.

We entertained hopes that Sidney would have signalised his mayoralty by a decided move for opening up the denser part of London. We thought he was the man for such a project, and would not stick at trifles. But he, like his predecessors, has quitted the civic chair without immortalising himself. Will his successor be more enterprising? Will he, apart from corporation trammels, head a lifelike movement to render the streets so far passable that one may cross them without the risk of being ground to a homogeneous pulp in the roadway? Let justice, however, be done. A kind of beginning has been made, by the widening and opening up of Cannon Street. This new and handsome thoroughfare, stretching from London Bridge to St Paul's Churchyard, is, to say the least of it, a fine thing. The new structures, tall and of imposing aspect, are an advance, architecturally, on the old-fashioned, red-brick, four-story houses. Occupied as wholesale warehouses, some of them have cost L.40,000 each; and that great one at the corner (projecting too far into the Churchyard) is said to have cost L.100,000. But fine as this street is, and greatly as it is calculated to relieve Cheapside, in a certain sense it only makes matters worse. We have now two Cheapsides instead of one, pouring a combined traffic down Ludgate Hill—an aorta unduly charged with double duty. It was certainly a brilliant idea that Cannon Street, only it did not go far enough. A half-and-half measure, it seems as if purposely designed to produce a congestion somewhere about St Paul's—that magnificent and ill-used structure, which is now more in the middle of an uproar than ever.

The great fault in these city projects is, the want of a comprehensive plan of operations. Now one little bit is done, and then another little bit; but all these little bits put together never make up a proper whole. Why cannot civic wisdom sit down quietly and scheme out a right thing; and having done so, go to work in earnest? Let the corporation get an act of parliament if it will, and armed with such a power, let it carry through matters with that degree of vigour which everybody is longing for. And if the corporation cannot do this, why should it not be superseded, and a real working-set of authorities established in its stead? Some such finale has, indeed, been talked of—perhaps planned as a practicability. But this being the age of parliamentary talking, the six-hundred-year-old phantom remains in occupation of Guildhall as in the days of yore; and it is needless to say anything more about it.

Reverting to Cheapside—what we should like to see done is the extension of that thoroughfare right along Paternoster Row, and so onwards across the Old Bailey and Farringdon Street; then, continuing westwards as a central thoroughfare. No doubt, this extension has long been contemplated. Sixteen or twenty years ago, the city, or somebody, bought the old Fleet Prison, and pulling it down, left the site ready for street operations. There, till this day, however, is the site lying useless—a good number of thousands sunk, as it were, for nothing. Some houses about the Cheapside end of Paternoster Row and Newgate Street have likewise been pulled down, and their sites left a waste, for no particular purpose that we can see but to furnish desirable boarding for bill-stickers. The plan in cogitation, we have been told, is to clear away the whole of the north side of Paternoster Row, and then rebuild it at a suitable distance back, so as to form the beginning of the new central extension. Carried out effectively, the projected street would at once take a large portion of the western-bound traffic of Cheapside from Ludgate Hill, and the daily choking up of that unfortunate aorta be relieved. What a blessing, also, would such an improvement effect in clearing out the abominations of Newgate-market, which no city but London would have tolerated till these later times!

A grand scheme this central thoroughfare, any way it can be viewed, and we only wish we saw it realised. The expense, however, as is generally imagined, would be unendurable. We do not quite agree in thinking this a valid excuse for civic indolence. Looking to the enormous sums at which building-ground has been sold in Cannon Street West—the site of one edifice being disposed of, as is said, at a ground-rent of L.1200 per annum—and looking to the similar success of Regent Street, we apprehend that much of the outlay would be repaid by sales of land for new buildings.

Supposing, however, that there was a shortcoming from this department, on what better object, we should like to know, could the funds of the city be employed; or for what could a certain rate on property be more properly levied? The public, it is clear, would be the recipients of the benefit, and on the public must the burden fall in some form or other. At all events, it is surely time that the street-extension in question, along with other improvements incident to this important change, should be entered upon with as little delay as possible. It is almost needless to say, that those resident or carrying on business in London are not alone concerned in this renovation of a dense and inconvenient section of the metropolis. All who visit London are equally, if not more, interested in seeing effected so very desirable and long looked-for an improvement.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

Although we have not paused often to notice the life of expectation and suspense led by Paolo di Falco in the cell to which he was consigned, on the day of Walter's departure from Maretimo, our thoughts have not been absent from him. Every incident we have related has necessarily kept him in our minds. Never, perhaps, had prisoner less reason to complain of being forgotten by the world and by his friends. Walter, who had known him but a day—honest Mr Buck, who had never seen him at all—Luigi Spada, and the men of the *Filippa*—not to speak of Angela—all had risked, and some had lost their lives, in the attempt to restore him to liberty. He knew not what was passing, it is true; no sound, no rumour reached him in his sad retreat; but he was by nature faithful, and never faltered in his belief that kind hands were labouring towards his deliverance. It was best, perhaps, for him to remain thus ignorant; for if the triumphant manner in which Walter had performed his journey to Naples would have raised him to the pinnacles of hope and joy, the destruction of the *Filippa*—the alarm spread along the coast of Sicily—the march of the Marchese Belmonte, undertaken purposely to direct the measures necessary for the recapture of Angela and for the safe guardianship of the Island Prison—and, finally, the mysterious catastrophe of the chestnut-grove, with the despair of Walter—if he had known all these things, his resolution would most probably have failed him, and he would certainly have given over the prodigious labour he had begun, and carried on unintermittingly, as soon as the means and the precise object to be attained had presented themselves to him.

As we have already said, the window of his cell—an aperture about a cubit square—was defended by bars not very difficult to remove; there were four of them, crossed—two horizontal, and two perpendicular. But in the wall without, below the window, was a kind of *chevaux-de-frise* of prodigious strength, which, without tools, Paolo saw that it would be impossible for him to remove. The first moment this conviction came to him was one of hopelessness; but he cast a glance around, and a plan suddenly presented itself, the very simplicity of which made him laugh.

'The ingenuity of power to keep its victims,' murmured he, 'seems marvellous; but what is it beside the ingenuity of the man who labours for liberty? This iron machine, contrived to tear and mangle my body should I attempt to pass, will not arrest me even for a moment.'

We shall see whether this confidence was misplaced. The plan, which had come as it were by inspiration to Paolo, served at anyrate this purpose: it gave him courage to work patiently to vanquish a vast number of minor obstacles, which it was necessary to remove within a given time.

The most admirable part of this obscure struggle for liberty was, perhaps, the week during which Paolo did absolutely nothing. He felt persuaded that at first a strict watch would be kept on his movements, both from within and from without, and had therefore the self-denial, when once he had arranged his plan of operations, to forbear putting it into execution until long after he had lulled all suspicion. He affected sullen resignation, and talked something to Carlo Mosca of approaching death. That strange jailer endeavoured then to cheer him, to insinuate the possibility of his being liberated, even to recur again to hints about their mutual flight.

'Signor,' he said one day, 'you have mighty relatives in the north of Italy. I have heard it stated that the fortune of the Di Falcos of Florence and Pisa is equal to half the revenues of Sicily. How is it that they have not interceded in your behalf?'

'You know, Mosca,' replied Paolo, curious to learn what was coming, though accustomed to overtures of this nature, 'that I have often wished to write to my friends, but you have always refused to take charge of my letters.'

'Because I dared not. To send a letter to Italy would be perhaps easy; but if your relatives are not cold towards you, they would make a stir and talk of it, and it would be known that I alone had served you. I should lose my place; and generous persons would not be able to reward me; for there are deeper dungeons than this for those who betray their trust.'

'Well, Mosca, then it is useless to torture me with this talk. There is no hope.'

'What!' cried the jailer, darting a fierce look at him, 'are you so carelesc of liberty? Why, a dog howls if it be shut up.'

The thought that passed through his mind was—he is planning an escape. Two hours after, he returned with a small ladder, and carefully examined the bars of the window, saying that he had received special orders from the commandant. Happily, Paolo had not yet begun his work.

Ever since the interview between Walter and Paolo, the mind of the jailer had never been at ease: he felt persuaded that they had talked of a plan of escape, or at anyrate of some means of liberty. What he wished to discover was, whether the Englishman had been charged with a mission to the Tuscan branch of the Di Falco family, not knowing that the Sicilian had been so long separated from them, that Paolo had never even thought of claiming their assistance. He had recently heard of the relationship in a conversation between the commandant and some inspector who had visited the island, and his old speculations had again disturbed his day and night dreams. If these princes were really to care for their relative, and agree to give a price for his liberty, his utmost ambition might be satisfied.

When Paolo, however, shewed so little interest in the overtures he had made, a feeling of hostility definitively took the place of avarice in his mind. From that time forward, all his faculties were devoted to the task of detecting and counterworking the plot, of the existence of which he felt persuaded. The apparent tranquillity and inaction of the Prisoner irritated him, but did not throw him off his guard. Many were his sleepless nights and moody days. He sat once from sunset until sunrise, on the edge of the moat, opposite the window of Paolo's cell, like a cat opposite a rat-hole; and the unhappy Prisoner, whilst the moon shone, could make out the outline of the meagre form and tall night-cap of his enemy, motionless like a granite sphynx, and felt that the walls and bars he had to break through were not to be feared more than the incessant watchfulness of that miserable man.

It is odious in most cases to record with pleasure the sufferings of our frail mortality. We may slay an enemy in the open field; but when we hear that fever, or some more terrible disease, is reducing the warrior, as if by magic, to the yellow decrepitude only to be seen in the most hopeless wards of an hospital, we cannot, even though our cause may triumph by this aid, repress a pang of pity. The strong man who comes to kill, is scarcely mourned when he meets with death, unless he be united with us by the ties of country or of blood. But the pestilence which rises from the quivering marsh or the stagnant pool, which mingles like poison with the air we breathe, rifles with treacherous and lawless hand the treasure of life, and stretches on an unseen rack some father, husband, brother, even though he may have been born under another sky, and belong to a nation forced into contest with us by an irresistible will—this is an enemy for whose victims we can all spare a tear, whose ravages we dare not record without a shudder.

But we cannot pretend that we do not share the delight with which Paolo heard the fact, that the dews of watchful nights had proved pernicious to his jailer; that Mosca was racked in every joint by fierce pains; and that he was compelled often to pass whole days and nights in bed. It was shortly after this time that Paolo had resolved to commence his great attempt, well knowing, however, that should he once be discovered, all means of action would be taken away immediately. The only iron instrument he possessed was a penknife with many blades; but this seemed sufficient for his purpose. The bars of the window were merely introduced in a hollow cut in the stone at one end, and sealed with cement, that appeared soft and crumbly, at the other. By a violent effort he might have displaced them; but this would have left traces that must have attracted Mosca's eyes at once, and for the accomplishment of his plan, it was necessary to loosen the bars long before the day appointed for his escape.

At the hour when he knew he should be left alone, he constructed the scaffolding necessary to enable him to reach the window on the tenth day, we believe, that succeeded the departure of Walter; and with beating heart and trembling hand began to scratch the cement that fastened one of the perpendicular bars. He easily removed a considerable portion; but growing warm in the work, used his instrument too freely, so that the blade broke off close to the handle. This warned him to break off purposely the next blade about midway, and so he continued digging and scratching until he had quite removed the cement. He now found that there was nothing to prevent him from taking out the bar at once; but having ascertained this fact, he left it in its position, carefully swept away the crumbs of cement, and the day being nearly spent, hastened to arrange the cell as it was before. Then, completely exhausted, more by emotion than by the fatigue of standing so long in a constrained position, he threw himself on his couch, and was found by Mosca sleeping tranquilly.

The invalid jailer, on the days when his suffering was not too great, still visited the Prisoner at his accustomed hours, although a sullen soldier had been charged with the task of regularly bringing the meagre meal allowed. It had become one of the habits of Mosca's life to contemplate the silent misery of his Prisoner, and compare it with his own. At times he would experience mighty fits of anger, on remembering what some one had told him once, that the jailer and his charge mutually deprived each other of liberty. Both were confined on different sides of the same door. 'Perhaps,' thought he, 'this poor noble delights his mind with the idea that I am chained to him by an irresistible necessity; and when I talk of free wanderings on distant hills, laughs to himself, thinking that they are as impossible for me as for him.' Then he would rack his invention to discover a means of punishing the Prisoner for this imaginary wrong; and his limited, but accurate, knowledge of chained human nature, told him that he need never vary from his old method—to raise hopes of liberty, and then to disappoint them.

On the occasion of which we speak, he had left his couch because such meditations had tortured him worse than his disease. He came to wreak his sufferings on the only victim that chance had placed within his reach. Paolo, as we have said, slept. His dreams were of liberty and Angela. A happy expression, which Mosca had never seen before, lighted up his countenance. Every now and then his lips parted to utter some few words—always the same, always pronounced with a smile of ineffable pleasure. Mosca knew that some closely cherished thought was bubbling up from the depths of the Prisoner's soul. He closed the door carefully, and sitting down by the bedside, listened intently. From his attitude, one might have imagined that he was watching a sick friend with tender solicitude; but his countenance would have told the truth. His ear hungred to swallow the words which Paolo unconsciously was uttering; his eyes were rounded with eagerness; and his open mouth, shewing a few yellow teeth, was ready to smile triumphantly. Suddenly he gave a start of intense pleasure. Three successive times Paolo had distinctly uttered the words: 'The fifth of June!'

'Ha!' exclaimed the jailer, 'is that the day of hope? Mosca will be strong then, and able to watch.'

'You were saying?' inquired Paolo, waking up, but quite unconscious of having betrayed so much of his secret.

'Nothing, nothing,' replied Mosca, endeavouring to conceal his joy. 'I came to see how you were. As for me, I am ill—very ill; but that pleases you—does it not? I am such an incorruptible jailer—such a hard-hearted wretch, eh?'

'You think, I suppose, you are doing your duty; and I have no right to blame you.'

'You suppose! Can there be a doubt? Are not my interest and duty one? I am settled here for life; sure never to want a bit of bread. Who has ever promised me a lot like that?'

'I have often said, Mosca, that the man to whom I owed freedom should never want as long as I lived.'

'But the security—where is the security? Ha! ha! We know millions of stories of broken promises; but who ever keeps his word to the letter? "Save me, save me, dear kind souls!" screamed the drowning duke, "and I will give half I possess." A peasant dragged him out of the water. "You are an honest fellow," quoth the duke; "there are three sequins for your pains." That is worth knowing; well worth knowing. Santissima Virgine! we old men must have some consolation for the loss of youth, and wisdom *is* something. Trust no man, believe no man. If I had known so much twenty years ago, I should not have been turnkey on this accursed rock of Maretimo!'

So saying, Mosca, not waiting for an answer, hastened away, chuckling as he ascended the narrow stone-staircase, and repeating with every variety of intonation: 'The fifth of June—the fifth of June!' He never doubted for an instant that he was on the track of some plot, by which his reputation might have been compromised and his passions disappointed.

Paolo was four or five days in loosening all the bars. As he kept a careful register of time, he knew that he had but a fortnight more before him; and he sometimes doubted whether he should be able in that brief space to carry out his plan, which was this: to bring the end of one of the bars to a sharp point; for his great difficulty was how, without the aid of a ladder, to climb the wall of masonry by which the moat was surrounded. To obviate this, he had determined to make use of the bars of his window, inserting them one after the other in the wall, if possible, at one of the places where it formed an angle in the rear of the prison. But they were blunt, and the facing of the moat, though old, seemed formed of stones tolerably well joined with thick cement.

Of course it was nothing but the absence of hope in any other quarter, that made Paolo conceive the possibility of success in this strange enterprise. When he had conferred with Walter, he enjoyed the liberty of remaining out late every afternoon with a couple of guards, sometimes even with one. It seemed not absurd, therefore, to suppose that he would be able to break away; and taking advantage of his intimate acquaintance with all the passes and paths on the island, make from some distant point to the place agreed upon, remaining there hidden for an hour or so, until the boat appeared. For these reasons the rendezvous had been fixed for a short time after sunset, instead of late in the night. But now the difficulties of escape were vastly increased by this arrangement. Paolo calculated that he must remove the bars, and descend into the moat, during the twilight—choose the place of ascent before it was quite dark—and not occupy more than half an hour in reaching the little glacis behind the fort, from which he knew that a path, practicable by one person only at a time, went backwards and forwards along the face of the vast precipice rising behind, gradually verging towards the summit. Once on this path, and out of reach of the muskets of the garrison, he felt sure that, by a circuitous way which he well knew, he could reach the point determined on in due time. His pursuers, if he were indeed pursued, would necessarily scatter themselves, and wander, not knowing what direction he had taken.

We need not relate in detail the little incidents of Paolo's lengthy and laborious task. He found that one of the bars was already pointed in a slight degree; and spent many hours every day, and many hours every night in sharpening it, sometimes against the hardest part of another bar, sometimes against a great iron ring which he found fixed in the ground under his bed, and which revealed that he was not even then treated with the utmost severity customary in that prison. When he first discovered it, he felt a double emotion of gratitude: first, that he had not been chained; and, secondly, that he could carry on his work without loosening two bars at the same time.

The little progress, however, which he made each day, caused him considerable uneasiness. The month of June had already begun, when an accident furnished him with the means of proceeding more rapidly, though with considerable risk of discovery. At the same time, his courage was raised in an extraordinary degree.

Mosca came one morning, still an invalid, but much stronger in health, with a portable fireplace; and, as usual, not asking permission, began to cook his breakfast in a corner of the cell. As he blew the charcoal with his weak breath, the glow gave a strange tint to his face, and revealed an expression from which Paolo knew at once that the man had much to tell. At last Mosca turned sharp round, and said:

'That Englishman is a fine fellow. He has kept at least half his promise.'

Paolo was at first alarmed; and his knees trembled so violently, that he was compelled to lean against the wall for support.

'What do you mean?' he asked in a husky voice. 'Of what promise do you speak?'

'I know all,' snarled Mosca, lying as was his wont. 'You agreed with the Englishman that he should go and steal away your wife from Naples. He has done it!'

'Angela free!' exclaimed Paolo with indescribable delight; and he buried his face in his hands. But at that critical moment it was not to give way to emotion; he understood, as if by inspiration, that he was about to be put to a dangerous test, and felt the necessity of collecting all his powers of dissimulation. Mosca, who deceived himself in his fondness for gradual approaches, thought that every word of his would now provoke an admission from the overwhelmed Prisoner.

'Yes,' said he speaking slowly, 'she is free, and in Sicily; but no one knows where—in company with the Englishman, who is to come and carry you off from us on the fifth of June.'

'I am glad to hear it!' replied Paolo with sublime indifference, thrusting down the terror which started up in the depths of his soul, with gesture as powerful as that of the angels of light when they repulsed the escalade of the fallen—'I am glad to hear it, Mosca; that news is as good as the other.' Then reverting, as if naturally, to his wife, he exclaimed: 'If she be free from restraint, I shall live happy here. Noble Englishman!' But he did not reveal, by word or gesture, either that the choice of a place of refuge had surprised him, or that he was terribly alarmed by the allusion to the fifth of June.

Mosca was utterly defeated. He tried to persuade himself still that the discovery on which he had laid so much stress was valuable; but he could not. The quiet indifference of Paolo was beyond the range of his conception. Affected surprise, or jocularity, or sham cunning looks, would not have deceived him; but here he had found his master so completely, that when left alone Paolo felt the victory he had gained—ceased from fear that his plan was known—became convinced that Mosca had accidentally hit upon a date—and full of joy that his wife and friend were so near, no doubt plotting his freedom, returned with redoubled energy to his task.

Mosca had carried away his cooking-utensils, leaving his fire in full glow. The Prisoner, feeling certain that he would not return, took down the bar—which he was accustomed to replace in the day by a piece of wood, lest the deficiency should be observed from without—and at once with desperate courage proceeded to heat it. Some Sicilian smith had forged it of malleable iron. With a hammer Paolo in a few minutes could have brought it to sufficient sharpness; but he was obliged to loosen another bar, and use the iron ring we have mentioned as an anvil. The first stroke, moreover, echoed terribly in the cell; but misfortune is ingenious. Paolo took the coverings of his bed and covered himself with them as with a tent, under which he worked patiently, forging the instrument of his deliverance. It may easily be imagined that the result was very imperfect. He had to heat the bar over and over again; and at last he burned all the charcoal left by Mosca, and found the iron grow cold and hard long ere he had produced what could satisfactorily be called a point. With flushed face and streaming brow he stood examining his handiwork, when suddenly he heard some one preparing to open the door. Luckily, there were two bolts to remove and a heavy key to turn twice. Paolo flung himself on the bed, which he had restored to its ordinary position, and turned, with the bar under him, on his face. Mosca had come to fetch his charcoal, and growled ill-naturedly when he saw that it had all been used. Paolo did not answer, pretending to be asleep; but he was really in an agony of terror. He had forgotten to restore the second bar to its place; and a single glance of Mosca's eye would be sufficient to reveal the deficiency, and render all the labours he had undertaken vain. But the jailer, occupied with other thoughts, went away; and Paolo arose and threw himself passionately on his knees, devoutly and sincerely ascribing his protection to the same Divine Power which had hitherto so well watched over him.

There yet remained only to prepare the means of descending into the moat. Paolo believed that by forcing his mattress through the window he could, as it were, stifle the *chevaux-de-frise* that had so terrified him for a moment. He might receive a few wounds, it is true; but of this probability he made light. At the outset, he had contemplated cutting his sheets and blankets into strips, and making a kind of rope; but on reconsideration, he thought it best, at anyrate, to defer this to the last moment. Strictly speaking, the coverings of the bed, tied together, would be sufficient to enable him to drop into the moat.

By the fourth of June, all Paolo's preparations were terminated; and it may easily be imagined that he passed that idle day in a state of anxiety, that increased hour by hour and minute by minute. He could learn nothing further of the movements of Walter and Angela. Mosca professed perfect ignorance. It was, therefore, natural for him to suppose that they had successfully concealed themselves, and that Walter, in some impenetrable disguise, was hovering on the opposite coast, ready to put to sea and keep his appointment with all fidelity. The idea that, after the mighty labour and terrible suspense he had endured, he should succeed in escaping to find himself alone on the border of the sea, watching in vain for a friendly bark, listening in vain for the dip of the friendly oar, hearing the voices of pursuers amongst the mountains calling to each other, and gradually closing in upon him, with perhaps a night of miserable liberty to hope for sitting on the cold wave-washed stones, and after that a closer captivity than ever—this idea did not yet occur to him. The obstacles he had to encounter before reaching that terrible situation were sufficiently great to occupy his mind; and he could not conceive it possible that the attempt should fail, except from clumsiness or ill-luck on his side.

Paolo had carefully replaced the bars, and believed that what he principally had to fear was some sudden access of suspicion on the part of Mosca. The jailer, however, shewed no sign of unusual watchfulness; and although the Prisoner had to reconcile himself to the idea of failure as the most probable contingency, his mind was continually filled with thoughts that had no business there, except under the supposition of liberty. Perfectly ignorant of the part which Luigi Spada and his friends had destined him to play, he travelled in imagination to some foreign country, equally sunny with his own, where the smiles of Angela would stand him in stead of wealth, and where the vista of a new life might open before him. Although the prison had aged him, he was still sufficiently young to believe in happiness—that noble illusion of the best minds, who seek not to decoy it from the side of virtue, to make it take the demeanour of pleasure, so cheaply won, so easily lost, so bitterly regretted. He dreamed of long years of love, whilst abysses were yawning on every side, whilst hate and violence were making playthings of his hopes, whilst all whom he yearned to behold were plunged in the very depths of sorrow and despair—whilst the elements of a terrible catastrophe seemed gathering on every side.

The dawn came of the fifth of June. The sun sent a few rays into Paolo's cell. Birds twittered round his window. A balmy air breathed in, and appeared to give him the strength necessary for his undertaking. He tried, however, to sleep again; but busier thoughts than ever filled his mind. We cannot pause to describe the thousand varying moments of hope or despair through which he passed successively. At such epochs in a man's life time seems, as it were, to stagnate; the minutes flow unwillingly; an hour expands into an age. Paolo was already looking for signs of approaching eve when the sun had not yet run half its course.

But the monotony of protracted suspense was disturbed in a manner equally unexpected and undesired. Although Paolo's cell was below the part of the fort usually inhabited, so that sounds of life rarely reached him, he heard towards noon a great bustle in the place. At another time, anything new would have occupied his mind, or inspired him with hope. Now, the sign of any change whatever filled him with disgust. His heart sickened. Had he laboured so successfully until then to be doomed to disappointment? Was he not even to be allowed the chance of an attempt, during which, if he did not win his freedom, he might at anyrate lose his life? He was pacing his cell, occupied by such thoughts, when sounds came to him from the corridor without, and the door was opened by Mosca; but instead of entering, the jailer fell back respectfully, and Paolo stood face to face with the father of Angela, the artificer of his misery, his jailer, and his enemy—the Marchese Belmonte.

WAR IN ENGLAND.

While the jubilation of pealing bells and thunderous cannon, in honour of a victory, is yet echoing in our ears—while tears fall for the slain, and laurels are plucked for the brow of the victor—let us look back on a little episode of history which brings before us certain incidents that befell when we had war, real war in England, with all its havoc and horror. For our knowledge of the facts, we are indebted to the publication by the Society of Antiquaries of a series of nine letters found in the State-paper Office. These letters were written in the year 1642 by one Nehemiah Wharton, who appears to have been an officer in one of the troops of London Volunteers that joined the army of the Earl of Essex, and are all addressed to a merchant at 'the Golden Anchor, in St Swithin's Lane,' who had been his master. Nehemiah was perhaps one of those called 'gentlemen 'prentices;' at all events, judging from his expressions, his heart was thoroughly in the popular cause, and he never forgets to send his 'humble service' to his late master and 'mistris,' and his 'love to all his fellow-servants;' subscribing himself 'your poore, auntient, humble, and affectionate servant to commaund.' He makes no secret of his opinions, thereby shewing us what people thought and did during the great civil conflict; and as he says something about places as well as persons, his communications are full of interest.

The first letter was written from Aylesbury, on the 16th August of the year above mentioned. Nehemiah tells that, having left London on the 8th, with the Sixth Company, he marched to Acton, where they made speedy acquaintance with hardship, for being 'belated, many of the soldiers were constrained to lodge in beds whose feathers were above a yard long.' They pillaged next morning the house of 'one Penruddock, a papist,' having been 'basely affronted by him and his dogge;' and shewed their zeal in breaking into the church, and defacing the stained-glass windows, and burning 'the holy railes.' Chiswick church was served in the same way; at Hillingdon, there being no rails to burn, they 'got the surplesse, to make handecherchers;' and at Uxbridge burned 'the service-boock.' Such mischief is frequently mentioned, no opportunity of perpetrating it having been lost; and it is remarkable that scenes of plunder and destruction are recorded as generally followed by a 'worthy' or 'heavenly sermon' from some of the ministers in attendance on the army. In some instances, however, the commanders interfere to prevent the violence of the men.

From Uxbridge, Nehemiah goes with three other officers and 100 musketeers to 'bringe the amunition' to Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, which, he says, 'is the sweetest country that I ever saw, and as is the country so also is the people;' but he complains of the miles as being too long. At Wendover, one of the men, 'forgettinge he was charged with a bullet, shot a maide through the head, and she immediately died'—an accident which made the company 'march very sadly two miles;' but presently meeting Hampden, with a number of well-mounted gentlemen, they shouted for joy, and entered Aylesbury in high spirits, where a regiment of foot and troops of horse were already quartered. There was nothing wanting to complete the letter-writer's happiness but a devoutly-minded commander, the one they had being so unpopular, that every one wished 'the Parliament would depose him, or God convert him.'

In the second letter, dated Coventry, August 26, we find the troop marching towards Buckingham, capturing 'delinquents' by the way, skirmishing with the enemy, and Nehemiah himself kills a deer in the park of the 'malignant fellow' Sir Alexander Denton, and feasts his companions to their great content. But the next day they had other kind of cheer on their way into Northamptonshire, 'a longe and tedious journey, wanting both bread and water, and about ten at night came unto Byfeild in dispight of our enemies, at which toune we could get no quarter, neither meate, drinke, nor lodginge; and had we not bin suplyed with ten cart-loade of provision and beere from Banbury, many of us had perished.' Going on the next day to Southam, in Warwickshire, they arrived worn out with fatigue, and before they could eat or drink, an alarm arose that the enemy were upon them; however, the men mustered bravely, and demanded to have 'a dish of Cavaleers' to supper or breakfast; and to be ready for a surprise, were compelled 'to lye upon hard stones' in the streets all night. The next morning, 'being on fire' to be at the enemy, they met them in the fields, drove them back, and picking up one of their cannon-balls by the way, 'sent it to them againe, and killed a horse and a man.' Altogether, fifty of the Royalists were killed in this encounter, and were promptly stripped by their victors, who passed wounded men that 'lay a dieinge' in the fields some two or three miles distant.

Nehemiah appears to have been greatly pleased with his experiences of Coventry; for in his third letter, dated August 30, he describes it as 'a city invironed with a wall coequal, if not exceedinge, that of London for breadth and height,' with gates and battlements, 'magnificent churches and stately streets,' and abundant fountains; altogether, a place 'very sweetly situate.' Of food, there was no stint: 'Venison,' he writes, 'is almost as common with us as beefe with you;' and here the troops remained a day or two, forbidden to plunder under penalty of 'martiall law,' but permitted to seize 'base priests' and Cavaliers wherever they could find them, and able to hear sermons again for the first time since they left Aylesbury.

Then comes a change. While on the route to Northampton, Nehemiah says: 'I was exceeding sick, and the pallet of my mouth fell down; but Captain Beacon, my loving friend, sent a mile for a little pepper, and put it up again.' On Dunsmore Heath, the men marched twelve miles 'without any sustenance, insomuch that many of them drank stinking water'—a privation which no doubt made them the more willing to 'pillage the parson' when they got to Barby, and found it a poverty-stricken village. At Long Buckby, four miles further, Nehemiah relates: 'We had very hard quarter, insomuch that many of our captaines could get no lodginge, and our soldiers were glad to despossesse the very swine.' A day later, and their short-commons were exchanged for a surfeit of venison, for the soldiers made rare havoc among the deer in Lord Northampton's park; and afterwards came near making prisoner of his lordship, who had stolen into the town as a spy.

Northampton, says Nehemiah, writing on 7th September, for 'statelynesse of buildinge, exceeds Coventry; but the walls are miserably ruined, though the country abounds in mines of stone.' Here the troop broke out in mutiny, and demanded an increase of pay; and great dissensions arose among the horse and foot, the former being much given to harry the latter, although of the same army, when occasion offered. 'I myself have lately experimentally found it,' writes Nehemiah, yet in a manful spirit; 'but I am not discouraged by any of these, but by God's assistance will undauntedlye proceede, for God is able to reconcile all our differences.'

Still at Northampton, 13th September. Nehemiah, while riding out with twenty musketeers to apprehend a 'base priest,' heard that 'the base blew coats of Colonell Cholmley's regiment' had pillaged a worthy gentleman who was not on the royal side, and relates: 'I immediately divided my men into three squadrons, surrounded them, and forced them to bring their pillage upon their own backs unto the house againe; for which service I was welcomed with the best varieties in the house, and had given me a scarlet coate lined with plush, and several excellent bookes in folio of my own chusinge.' But, alas for the fortune of war, even among friends! As Nehemiah rode back, proud of his exploit and its reward, 'a troope of horse,' he says, 'belonging unto Col. Foynes, met me, pillaged me of all, and robbed mee of my very sword; for which cause I told them I would other have my sword or dye in the field, commaunded my men to charge with bullet, and by devisions to fire upon them, which made them with shame return me my sword.' The London Volunteers were perhaps looked on as Cockneys by the troops of the regular army, and therefore fair game for any species of insult. Nehemiah was so enraged, that for a night and a day he watched the gate, to catch the plunderers on their arrival; but though he 'searched every horseman of that troope to the skin, and took from them a fat bock, and a venison-pasty ready baked,' he lost his 'own goods.'

Then came 'tidings that Prince Robert [Rupert], that diabolical Cavaleere, had surrounded Lester, and demaunded L.2000, or else threatned to plunder the toune: whereupon the soldiers were even madde to be at them, but wanted commission.' In the next few days, some 'famous sermons' were preached, to the great benefit, as is recorded, of the hearers; and Nehemiah was with those who 'marched forth to meet his Excellency,' as Cromwell was called, and the watchword for that night was 'Welcome.' It was something to have looked on the face of Cromwell. On the 14th September, all the forces were drawn out, and the great leader, says Nehemiah, 'viewed us, both front, rear, and flank, when the drums beating and the trumpets sounding made a harmony delectable to our friends, but terrible to our enemies'—a thorough review, no doubt. Soon after, the regiment marched to Rugby and Warwick, hearing on the way that all the malignants 'were got into Worcester, and fortified themselves;' but his military spirit did not prevent his going to see the antiquities near Warwick—'as Sir Guy's Cave; his chapel, and his picture in it; his stables, all hewed out of the main rock; as also his garden, and two springing wells whereat he drank, as is reported.' From hence a sudden move was made to Burford, where the hardships began again. But warm work was at hand: they marched to Worcester, though at times with 'small comfort, for it rained hard. Our food was fruit, for those who could get it; our drink, water; our beds, the earth; our canopy, the clouds; but we pulled up the hedges, pales, and gates, and made good fires: his Excellency promising us that, if the country relieved us not the day following, he would fire their towns. Thus we continued singing of psalms until the morning.' A sharp skirmish ensued, and the troops marched into Worcester, where some of them 'entering a vault of the college, where his Excellency was to hear a sermon, found eleven barrels of gunpowder and a pot of bullets.' Was this the material of another abortive gunpowder plot? Cromwell forbade all plunder of churches or private houses on pain of death; and Nehemiah adds: 'We shortly expect a pitched battle, which, if the Cavaleers will but stand, will be very hot; for we are all much enraged against them for their barbarisms, and shall shew them little mercy.' The Royalists, on the other hand, 'boast wonderfully that the next time they meete us, they will make but a mouthfull of us.' In such a way could Englishmen speak of one another when roused by religious zeal to open hostilities.

The last three letters are all dated from Worcester; the final one on 7th October. After the king's forces had been driven out, Nehemiah took a survey of the city, and went to the top of the Malvern Hills, 'which, for height, and length, and breadth,' he says, 'doe many degrees exceede all that I ever see.' The country he describes as 'aboundinge in corne, woods, pastures, hills, and valleyes; every hedge and heigh way beset with fruits, but especially with peares, whereof they make that pleasant drinke called perry, which they sell for a penny a quarte, though better than ever you tasted at London.' Of Worcester itself, he remarks: 'The city is so vile, and the country so base, papisticall, and atheisticall, and abominable, that it resembles Sodam, and is the very image of Gomorrah.'

Nehemiah was one of the nine hundred who made a reconnoissance as far as Hereford; 'the weather wet, and the way very fowle;' and 'by reason of the raine and snow,' he adds, 'and extremity of cold, one of our soldiers died by the way; and it is wonderfull we did not all perish.' Snow on the 1st of October was what we should now consider an extraordinarily early sign of winter. Of the inhabitants of Hereford we read, they 'are totally ignorant in the waies of God, and much addicted to drunkennesse and other vices, but principally unto swearinge, so that the children that have scarce learned to speake doe universally sweare stoutlye.' On Sunday, the men took the opportunity to shew their dislike of the cathedral service, for the letter goes on: 'We went to the Minster, when the pipes played, and the puppets sang so sweetely, that some of our soldiers could not forbeare dauncinge in the holie quire; whereat the Baallists were sore displeased.'

The troop having been relieved a few days afterwards, marched back to Worcester, where his Excellency's proclamation, 'that all soldiers that would set to diginge, should have twelvepence the day, and enter into pay presentlye,' caused numbers to set to work at the intrenchments, 'scaunces, half moones, redouts, &c., beginninge at Severne on one side of the city, and goeinge round the city unto Severne againe.' Among other incidents which took place, Nehemiah recounts that 'a pare of gallowes were set up in the Market-place for the villan that betrayed the troopes into the hands of Prince' Rupert; and he sends to his London friends 'the gods of the Cavaleers'—some of the images pillaged from the chapel at the sack of Sir W. Russell's house.

Here the series of letters abruptly terminates; no more have been discovered, and the curtain drops on Nehemiah Wharton and his adventures in the war between the king and parliament. He opens to us a little-known byway of history, in which we pick up sundry curious particulars of habits, customs, modes of thought, and the miseries attendant on hostile movements. Judging from his letters, he appears to have been a brave and well-conducted fellow; he never profited by the plunderings, leaving that to the 'ruder sort of soldiers, whose society,' he tells us, 'blessed be God, I hate and avoide.'

OUR SOLDIER-BROTHERS.

BY MRS D. OGILVY.

'Who sneers the giants were of old,
  The dwarfs are of to-day;
Your fathers were of iron mould,
  Your brothers are of clay;
Your fathers trod in ringing steel,
  Your sons in silken vest;
Your fathers sought the common weal,
  Your sons their selfish rest?'

Whoever doubts our Husbands' might,
  Our Brothers' warrior-mien,
I bid him stand on Alma's height
  Or Inkermann's ravine;
There fenceless bosoms panted high
  As ever corslet bound,
Nor visor screened the dauntless eye
  That scanned the foes around.

Across those dark Cimmerian shades,
  Which weeping ghosts of yore
Thrid from their soft Thessalian glades
  Unto the Eternal shore;
Never went souls to death and doom
  In such heroic state,
Nor wider yawned the entrance-gloom
  Of that Tartarean gate.

Together o'er the battle-field
  They frayed their gory path,
Who sword to sword, and shield to shield,
  Had ofttimes met in wrath.
Still rivals in a warrior's joy,
  But rival comrades true,
They razed the feuds of Fontenoy,
  Of Crecy and Poitou.

As banded-brothers in the front
  They stood, when savage hordes
Came rushing to the deadly brunt
  From Don and Volga's fords—
They stood inlaced, that little group,
  Right in the cannon's track,
Defied the Northern Eagle's swoop,
  And hurled his legions back.

O England! did the sneerers say,
  'Thy veins were ebbing cold,
That feeble were thy sons to-day
  By them thou 'st borne of old?'
Rise up and vindicate their blood,
  And tell the slanderous crew
The first-born of thy nationhood
  Were not more brave and true!

The grand old Mother! hoary-haired,
  And seamed with toil and grief,
She blesseth them whom war hath spared,
  The Private and the Chief:
She blesseth them with fervent prayer,
  And in each flashing eye
You see they count it well to dare
  For her—if need, to die.

She saith: 'I am content to fall,
  If my decline be near,
With such a race to bear my pall,
  To lift me on my bier.
I am content, for men must say
  Her growth was proud and long,
These are the fruits of her decay,
  What young lands boast as strong?
And if I perish, Children, state
  This simple truth of me:
"She lived to make the nations great,
  She fell to keep them free!"'

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NOVEL QUESTIONS OF THE AGE.

OUR age is bringing out some remarkable questions, of which no one was dreaming twenty years ago. In those quiet days, we heard little of nuisances hurtful to public health; and had any one been told that he had a good ground of complaint against a neighbour, on account of a glue-work or an open sewer, he would probably have only been surprised. Society was then content to suffer under any miasmata that arose in the ordinary course of things amid a crowded population. How different it is now-a-days, when smells and smoke are the objects of their several parliamentary crusades, need not be told. So no one at that time thought of questioning that a reckless Paterfamilias had a right to bring up his sons in ignorance and disorder, though what he did was manifestly equivalent to hounding out a set of savage animals to prey on society. That this right is now rather peremptorily challenged, is tolerably well known. Look into Frederic Hill's book on Crime, and you will find a serious proposal to make fathers responsible for all the losses incurred by society in consequence of the larcenies of their children, and in efforts made to reform their manners at the Parkhurst, Pentonville, and Perth Academies.

One of the most remarkable of the newly turned up questions refers to the individual's right to besot himself. At no time up to the present could any doubt have been intimated on this subject. Had the question been but propounded 'in our hot youth, when George the Third was king,' what merriment it would have given rise to! Gentleman and commoner alike, nay, perhaps, the respectable parson himself, would have scouted the idea. There was a belief, indeed, that too much drink did harm, and that many, especially of what were then called the lower orders, drank too much; and sometimes one heard a stray philanthropist bewailing these facts. But the evil was generally regarded only as one of the common ills that flesh is heir to, and to which we were therefore called on to submit with resignation.

Different now, when benches of magistrates, acting at their own discretion, are continually cutting off licences, and the legislature finds itself in a manner compelled to restrict the hours during which public-houses shall be open. View the expediency of the case as we may, there is no denying that this is a course of procedure which takes its rise in the opinions and wishes of a certain portion of the community. It is undoubtedly an effort of society to reduce an evil with which it has long been afflicted. Possibly an indiscreet one; in which case, it will be more or less a failure. But certainly a dictum of society. And its being so is, we think, a remarkable and interesting fact in the character of our age.

To many, we are well aware, it appears altogether detestable, as being at once an interference with private rights and liberty, and an attempt to effect by mechanical, and necessarily vexatious means, that reform which can only be well accomplished by general moral improvement. These objections sound well; but it is a nice point to decide where the compromise we make of individual rights when we enter society should end, and we suspect that the serviceableness of mechanical means of reformation can only be determined by experiment. If there be a majority of society, which says: 'We will not allow you by your gross tastes to keep public-houses in existence at all, since they corrupt many who might otherwise lead temperate and respectable lives,' we do not see how an indifferent minority is to present an effectual opposition. And if it be found that the shutting up of public-houses on a particular day does abate the notable public symptoms of intemperance for that day, or the closing of them entirely does in a great measure extinguish these symptoms throughout the whole week, we do not see how the said majority can be prevented from taking those steps, if so inclined. How the facts really stand on these points, is not the subject we have at present to deal with; but we may express our entire and unhesitating faith in the statistics which shew that there is a connection between the facility of obtaining liquor as to both place and time, and the consumption of that liquor, and all the usual consequences thereof. If this be a truth—and the influential part of society is now or shall become sensible of it—we conceive that a narrowing of that facility, down to its total abolition, is far from being an improbable course of events.

For the present, all is problematical; but while the struggle of the question is going on, we may make a few remarks on the commercial interest concerned. One cannot, of course, but feel for the industrious man who is threatened with the loss of his little trade; and even for the capitalist, whose larger concern, the distillery, may some day be left unproductive on his hands. Grant the hardship to them, and let it not be spoken of with any approach to levity. But let it be remembered, that there is a larger public interest concerned on the other hand. Those who are engaged in any branch of the liquor-trade, should well see how questionable is the permanence of a system involving so much misery to mankind, and which many believe to be as much a cause as an effect of the moral depravity connected with it. They should set their houses in order, and at least be contriving so that, if fall they must, they shall destroy by their fall as little of their realised means as possible. They ought to be on the constant outlook for other and better methods of employing their time, their industry, and their money. Let them not be too easily carried away by the idea, that what they do live by, they ought to live by, or that they have any vested right in the dealing of perdition to the bodies and souls of their fellow-creatures, for most undoubtedly there is no solid ground for the soles of their feet in these ideas. The most moral of trades is liable to decline under changes of taste and of fashion; and it is the duty of those who suffer by such changes, not to sit down and cry how hardly they are dealt with, but to try the next best course of remunerative industry which is available to them.

The time has now come, indeed, when many besides them should look out for changes affecting their occupations and means of subsistence. In the simple fact, that money spent in any sort of extravagance or dissipation is now known to be money lost, not merely to the spender, *but to the community*, we see a revolution which must sooner or later lead to new relations in business. The spendthrift has lost one great protection to his self-respect, in knowing that he does no real good to anybody more than to himself. In the assurance that the millions spent annually on intoxicating liquors are millions utterly lost to the community, since the industry devoted to producing these liquors had to be sustained out of the products of other industry, the unthinking multitude itself has received a correction which cannot fail to tell upon its conduct. There are probably other trades that may find the frost of this truth of political economy. There is a growing tendency in society to act upon principles established on a scientific basis, and there is no saying how far this may go, or what forms it may ere long take. So let the ministers of idle luxury and sensual indulgences of all kinds be warned.

There is another consideration which we would, with all delicacy and good feeling, bring before the minds of those engaged in making and selling liquors. They cannot but own that their industry is injurious to mankind. They are men, and cannot but feel concerned to think that such is the case; and some uneasiness must therefore rest in their secret minds regarding their occupation. Now, if they are forced out of this line of life, and forced upon some course of industry which comports with the good of their fellow-creatures, there will assuredly be a cessation of the uneasy and self-reproaching feeling which has hitherto harassed them, and very probably they will have cause to rejoice that they were compelled to bring their interests into harmony with those of their neighbours, and thus secure a more agreeable store of sensations. If such compulsion have in it aught of hardship, it is hardship of a kind by no means new, for many are the instances of men being driven to do that which redounded to their own advantage, and blessing afterwards the necessity which they at first deplored.

Our leading idea must now be recalled and brought to a conclusion. In all of these novel questions, it is, we think, comforting that we see men acting more and more in large combinations, towards certain results in which society is proposed to be largely affected. The movement thus appears to us to connect itself with an advance in civilisation—the condition in which the individual undoubtedly loses the most, but in which his gains go infinitely beyond his losses.

THE GREAT GRAB COLLECTION.

Sir Gudgeon Grab was as well known in the fashionable and dinner-eating coteries of the West End as the statue of Achilles or the Duke of York in bronze. The Grab equipage, with its bright buff panels, brilliant with the blazonry of the Grab arms, revolved in Rotten Row with the regularity that became a recognised luminary of the aristocratic heaven, beyond the pale of which all is sheer obscurity. Sir Gudgeon was no parvenu of yesterday—made by a breath. He could claim a lineage at least as ancient as that of any of his contemporaries and compeers. Whether he sprang from that branch of the Grabs who came over with the Conqueror in a rather considerable body, or whether he was a scion of that still more ancient stem which flourished anterior to the Norman invasion, and whose antique root is lost in the dim distance of the Scandinavian solitudes, is more than we can take upon ourselves to determine; but he was a Grab of the purest and best blood, with the ancestry of a thousand years at least at his back. The passage of the centuries which had shed the halo of antiquity upon this noble family, had served also to endow it, in all its branches, with immense wealth. The Grabs, however, being a tough and long-lived race, it chanced with Sir Gudgeon, as it has chanced with many of them, that he came late in life into the possession of his enormous riches. For fifty years of his existence did Sir Gudgeon play the part of a younger brother—which means simply that he played no part at all. But the envious clouds at length rolled away, just as he had reached that period of life which philosophers have designated as the age of wisdom. Coming so late upon the scene, he felt the imperious necessity of distinguishing himself at once; but, unfortunately, the fates, who had been liberal of money, had been less indulgent to Sir Gudgeon in the personal and spiritual qualifications indispensable to whomsoever desires to elicit the admiring commendations of mankind. Sir Gudgeon's accomplishments were not of the brilliant order—even his warmest friends admitted that his qualities were rather of the solid kind, calculated more to win the esteem than to excite the astonishment of his intimates. In this difficulty, he would have never succeeded in distinguishing himself. But fortune, ever kind to her chosen children, benevolently threw in his way a guide, philosopher, and friend, in the person of Hawker Slawker, Esq.—a gentleman about town, a man of interminable accomplishments, of unimpeachable taste, and of infinite good-humour, who, conceiving an ardent affection for the millionaire, consented to attach himself to his person and interests, from motives of the purest, most refined, and most delicate class. It was under the wing of the gentlemanly Slawker, who was at home in every capital of Europe, that Sir Gudgeon made the grand tour; and it may be fairly inferred, that it was owing to the liberal ideas of that gentleman, and the pains he had taken to instil them into the mind of his patron, that the baronet returned to England, after an absence of three years, a confirmed virtuoso, and something more than an incipient collector.

The first undertaking of Sir Gudgeon on his return, was the erection of a mansion in the West End, not very remote from the territory of Belgravia. The fashionable world thought at first that he was going to marry, and managing mammas laid their plans accordingly; but as the mansion rose rapidly into view, the truth gradually crept abroad—namely, that it was intended for the reception of purchases made on the continent, which were to form the nucleus of a collection of works of art, of objects of virtu, and monuments of antiquity, to the completion of which the leisure and the large means of the proprietor would be liberally devoted. Wardour Street felt a throb in its dingiest recesses, and blessed itself at the glad tidings, whilst a sunny smile beamed in the face of dustiest Soho: there was a sudden stir in their dampest cellars and mouldiest repositories—rusty gauntlets and breastplates began to glitter again—gods, grown green with verdigris, gave up their oxide coatings, and shone once more in naked and native brass—fagots of reeds from Plumstead marshes, dried, stained, and polished, headed with pointed flints and fishbones, and suddenly metamorphosed into Indian arrows, ranged themselves in fantastic devices on wall and window—the sword which Cromwell wielded at Dunbar once more left its sheath, and volunteered to become anybody's private property for 'only twenty guineas'—his battered helmet, dented with musket-shot, asked, with wide-open mouth, for seven pounds ten—and the watch he wore, by which the bold regicide timed his acts, its brazen entrails laid bare to view, aspires to be transformed by any one who has faith enough, into a five-pound note. Vases of Roman manufacture, and filled with Roman coins, are dug up by Irish labourers in the course of excavating new sewers; and Soho, having received the treasure, is ready to dispense them at the most modest remuneration. Correggios crawl forth from their crypts, and startle the peripatetic connoisseur with such a blaze of correggiosity as strikes him speechless—Rembrandts, black as Erebus, and smelling of liquorice—Raphaels in rags—and Titians, Tintorettos, and Domenichinos, in every stage of ruin and dilapidation—all at once assert their claim to be restored to the admiring gaze of the lovers of the beautiful, and beseechingly solicit the consideration of the friends of art and of humanity.

Gold is the real magician, typified by the dark-browed slaves of Aladin's wonderful lamp. At the instigation of the 'round red gold,' Sir Gudgeon's mansion rose like an exhalation, startling by its sudden apparition the pedestrian who, after a short absence, returned to the spot so lately but a blank of building-ground. So soon as it was duly aired and ventilated, and the professors of upholstery had done their spiriting, and Sir Gudgeon had settled himself in the house, then came the important business, the accomplishment of the grand object of its erection. To describe this as it actually proceeded, would be to write a volume of details, monotonous in their recital, however extraordinary some of them might be in fact. We should have to portray the indefatigable Hawker Slawker, Esq., despatching his agents, or galloping himself hither and thither in search of indispensable specimens of indispensable masters, in order that the collection might not be wanting in chronological connection. We should have to be present at the morning levees of Sir Gudgeon, held in the banqueting-room, under the presidency of Slawker. We should have to record the persecutions of which that gentleman was the subject on the part of ambitious dealers who, having Michael Angelos or Raphaels to dispose of, would fain have obtained access to the undivided ear of Sir Gudgeon, and the temptations with which they assailed him in order to accomplish that object. We should have to make ourselves a party to alliances double, triple, and quadruple, entered into between those who had the ear of Sir Gudgeon and those who had it not, for the uncertain and speculative advantage to be derived from the monopoly of that organ for a single morning. We should have to narrate the history of the celebrated Grab Claude; how that Hawker Slawker, Esq., received an intimation from his old friend and comrade Signior Sellini of Bologna, that the Marchese di Pocoscudi, having failed in a macaroni speculation, became unexpectedly hard up for cash, and was compelled to part with it to the highest bidder; how that Slawker, upon the receipt of this good news, held a secret conference with Sir Gudgeon, and immediately afterwards set off express for Bologna, whence he returned six weeks after, triumphantly bringing the Pocoscudi Claude along with him, which became from that time forth the great Grab Claude, enriching the collection by its unrivalled splendour at the cost of a paltry fifteen hundred, and a trifle, not worth mentioning, of travelling expenses. We should have to recount, too, the story of the magnificent Titian, a *replica* of the celebrated Peter Martyr, which hung in the Oratory, and which was bought by Sir Gudgeon at the instigation of Hawker Slawker, Esq., from little Blower, who had picked it up in Venice for an old song, but who knew well what he was about, and would part with it but for a house in Euston Square and a cheque for a thousand guineas; but who, when the bargain was completed, generously handed the cheque over to Slawker, as an acknowledgment of his gentlemanly conduct in the business. We must pass these and such-like details, however, merely remarking that the demands of the Great Grab Collection had a visible effect upon the market, which for a time assumed a brisk and lively look, reminding one of a dustman in his holiday suit.

There is something absorbing and fascinating in the pursuit of the liberal arts, whatever be the mode the individual adopts for its prosecution; the appetite of your collector invariably grows with what it feeds on; and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in the course of a few years the accumulated gatherings of Sir Gudgeon had become too great even for the lordly mansion he had prepared for them. But he was not to be defeated in his plans by any trifling obstacle of that sort; he bought from the crown a lease of a plot of ground adjoining—commenced the erection of a couple of wings to the mansion—laid out the new grounds in walks, lawns, ponds, and shrubberies—and began the building of temples, hermitages, grottos, and alcoves—each one of which, in its turn, might serve as the receptacle of fresh stores, artistic, archæologic, and curious. Soon, beneath the umbrage of the groves that begirt the massive dwelling, the graceful forms of nymphs and fawns in snowy marble, contrasting with the burly bulk of satyrs black in lead, or glistening greenly in bronze, rose on lofty pedestals, or couched retiringly in shady corners; while, in arbour and grotto, busts of the celebrities of the gone ages glared coldly at each other from their damp niches. Meanwhile, in grand proportions, spread the new wings of the mansion, designed on the plan of a vast museum, and intended to afford accommodation for rarities of every obtainable variety. Sir Gudgeon, flattered with the general eulogiums bestowed upon his taste and judgment by the increasing circle of his friends, daily inspected the work, and, with Slawker at his elbow, urged on its completion. Already, awaiting the hospitality of the unfinished galleries, monster packing-cases from distant climes found obscure lodging in temporary sheds; marvels and miracles of industry and ingenuity from India, China, and Japan; mummies from Egypt, statues from Greece, vases from Etruria, mysterious carvings from Central America; everything rare from everywhere came flocking to swell the glories of the Great Grab Collection. As the building drew towards completion, Sir Gudgeon felt with secret pride that he was at length on the point of distinguishing himself beyond any of his name and race; but as his heart one day dilated at the thought, while Slawker was congratulating him on the triumphs they had already achieved, a sharp and sudden pang shot through that piece of cartilage, and the baronet, turning pale, sank down speechless upon a case of embalmed crocodiles from the banks of the Nile. A few minutes later, he lay motionless upon his gorgeous bed of down, staring with agonising glare upon the superb hangings of gold and crimson, and soon had all the notorieties of the faculty in consultation around his couch. Not one of them could get a word out of him; and, in fact, poor Sir Gudgeon never spoke more. He passed underground before many days had elapsed; and then, in the inevitable course of things, all his rare and multitudinous gatherings were doomed by his executors to pass under the hammer. From some unaccountable cause or other, it happened that Hawker Slawker, Esq., disappeared simultaneously with the demise of the baronet, and was never heard of more—at least not in connection with the posthumous proceedings in reference to that munificent patron of the arts.

It was curious to note the phenomena which attended the sudden dispersion of the Great Grab Collection. The first was the invasion of the mansion, premises, and grounds by a well-known fashionable auctioneer, with a staff of clerks and a pretty numerous brigade of porters and myrmidons. The whole of them acted evidently under the direction of a bilious-looking gentleman in black, who might have been the heir-at-law, or who might have been only his agent. Their united activities, in conjunction with those of the printer, in the course of a few months produced the catalogue—an octavo volume of considerable bulk in a brilliant yellow cover, and which, selling for five shillings, served as a card of admission even to the most secret penetralia of the mansion for those who purchased it. Among those who thus invested their cash, if we are to judge from facial characteristics, a very considerable preponderance were of the Israelitish race, and nine-tenths of them were men well known about town as auctioneer's disciples, who passed the best part of their lives in listening to his persuasive eloquence, and in recording the particulars of his discourse at each oratorical climax—denoted by a genteel tap with his ivory hammer—in marginal figures bearing a financial signification.

During the month that the Great Grab Collection continued 'on view,' the groves and grottos, the shady walks and the retired alcoves of Grab Hall, were haunted by these unwonted apparitions, who, without scruple, penetrated everywhere, and laid sacrilegious hands on the choicest treasures, weighing them in a prophetic balance of pounds, shillings, and pence. For their especial accommodation, a large round tent was pitched upon the lawn, where sherry and soda-water were sold in small quantities, and being condensed into 'coblers,' were drank to toasts strictly commercial, and not always complimentary to the memory of the departed Sir Gudgeon—as a reminder of whom a huge black hatchment looked down upon the marquee from the centre of the carved pediment which surmounted the fluted columns at the grand entrance of the building. Day after day pilgrims of various character, and in very various costumes, flocked to gaze upon the wonders now offered to their competition: their horses filled the stables till the stalls ran over, and the steeds had to be tethered in the shrubbery; and their vehicles, of every capacity and complexion, lined the avenue that led from the lodge-gate.

When at length the sale came on, it would have been worth the while of a man of observation to have instituted a comparison between the opinions of the friends of the late Sir Gudgeon, as they were expressed under the different circumstances of sitting at his hospitable board, while his tickled ear drank in their rapturous expressions of admiration, and of the same persons standing beneath the eye of the auctioneer, and pronouncing their sentiments on the same subjects in terms translatable into hard cash. Revelations, not very flattering to the judgment of the deceased, were made with regard to one or two transactions in which the disinterested Hawker Slawker, Esq., had figured conspicuously. Among other things, it came out—at first as a faint and uncorroborated rumour, but at last as an established and indefeasible fact—that the Pocoscudi Claude was not a Claude at all, but a plant of Slawker's planting; that both the Signior Pocoscudi and his Claude were nothing more than suppositions, ingenious creations of the fanciful Slawker, who, having occasion to visit the continent just at that time, had hit upon that romantic and picturesque mode of rendering his temporary exile from home peculiarly profitable. As for the picture itself, it was painted in a garret in Charlotte Street—hired by Slawker for the express purpose—by young Pannel, who was ready to-morrow to commence a fac-simile of it for anybody disposed to sport twenty pounds on the speculation. It came out, also, that the *replica* Titian, the glorious Peter Martyr, was the undoubted offspring of a young French artist, who had copied it abroad, and left it with his landlord in hypothecation for meat, drink, and lodging, and not being able to redeem it, had allowed its head to be eaten off; and thus it came into the possession of the imaginative Blower, who had thought it his duty (to his family) to shed around it the charm and the mystery of the most imposing fictions he could invent. The best of it was, the little fellow professed to believe it a genuine Titian, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, and actually bought it again, to prove his sincerity. As, however, it was knocked down to him for something less than the cost of the frame, he incurred no great sacrifice. It is said that he confidently expects to do business with it again on a future occasion.

It took twenty-one days to disperse the Great Grab Collection to the four winds of heaven—twenty-one days of rapping with an auctioneer's hammer was the grand climax of Sir Gudgeon's distinction. During the whole of that period, he was talked about loudly and fluently by a certain section of society—and that, as all the world knows, is fame; but at the close of that period his immortality was at an end. The house is now gutted and deserted; and since the hatchment over the entrance has grown dusty and undecipherable, the name of Sir Gudgeon Grab has been seldom named. The Great Grab Collection has already passed into oblivion; or, if it be remembered at all, is remembered only as an example of a species of hallucination, valuable, it may be, as affording some remarkable illustrations of the principles of profit and loss, but of no other practical utility whatever.

KIND THOUGHTS FOR BALAKLAVA.

It is almost worth while to undergo some of the disasters and horrors of war, to see how finely the noble and generous feelings of those at home become developed thereby. What a scene is now being presented! In what former war of ours did kindness ever gush forth as it is now gushing? And see how generously the love of the Old Country is shewing itself in India, in Canada, in Australia, where contributions are forthcoming in aid of those who have been destined to a less 'merry Christmas' than Englishmen are wont to look forward to. Nor do we hereby lose or lessen one whit our inborn right, as bold Britons, to grumble and abuse as much as we like. We can castigate Earl A for doing this, and Earl B for not doing that; and Duke C for delaying the execution of another project, and Sir James D for conducting a fourth proceeding clumsily; and the Financier for not counting how much money he has in his strong-box. We may do all this; but having had our 'innings' at grumbling, we set to work heartily, look round about us, see whether any of our brave fellows have been left too heedlessly to shift for themselves, consider whether we can help them, form plans for rendering them help, and forthwith set about realising the plans in a right active and cheerful spirit. And one of the best qualities of the movement is, that we forget just now whether some are English, some Scotch, some Welsh, some Irish; and in so forgetting, we get rid of an immense mass of narrow and miserable feeling, useful for very little, mischievous for very much.

A few persons seem to imagine that, as England is a wealthy country, the national Exchequer ought to provide promptly for all the needs of our combatants abroad, and that there is something mean and paltry in thus permitting the private means of individuals to be appealed to. But there are two points here to be taken into consideration. The English military laws treat the common soldier too much as if he were a mere machine; the distance between officers and privates in rank and privileges is immense; the money-pay of the private is an insignificant trifle, insomuch that, if anything goes wrong in the commissariat department, the poor fellow is at once thrown out of resources. The recent letters from the Crimea have shewn that officers, though they have had to pay pretty smartly for necessaries and comforts on many occasions, *have* bought them occasionally; whereas the common soldier must either have these necessaries and comforts given to him, or go without. He could as easily 'spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,' as make purchases at the prices we have recently heard about. It is just possible that, by and by, our statesmen may set about considering whether it may not be more just and more profitable to treat the common soldier as a citizen than as a machine; but it is not in the midst of war that a whole system can be suddenly changed; and therefore those at home may consistently entertain Kind Thoughts for Balaklava, without anything derogatory to the dignity of the country. Another consideration is, that the unexpected nature of the events in the Crimea may well have overset some of the calculations of those who had to plan and conduct the operations. The astonishing achievements at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann; the unforeseen necessity for wintering in the Crimea; the fearful storm of 14th November—a storm for which there is no known parallel in the Black Sea—all were calculated to play sad work with the supply of barracks, huts, hospital-stores, food, and clothing; and it is more as a question of *time* than of national means that the matter has been taken up so energetically in private circles.

Of the funds of money subscribed, every newspaper reader can judge for himself. The country which can raise L.80,000 as a testimonial to a Railway King, and L.80,000 to acknowledge the services of a Free-trader, may well afford L.300,000 or L.400,000 for a Soldiers' Fund, a Widows and Orphans' Fund, a Crimea Fund; and so forth. But it is the private efforts of individuals that are so remarkable, and in some instances so oddly appropriate.

Of course, the great point is the supply of food; and the newspapers tell us how enormous is the supply required for many thousands of soldiers and sailors. Even the fitting-out of one single ship makes a formidable demand upon the resources at our arsenals. The screw line-of-battle ship *Cæsar*, of 90 guns, just started on its career of service from Portsmouth, took out simply as the provisions for the crew for thirteen weeks—4 tons of spirits and wine, 34 tons of bread, 17 tons of beef, 17 tons of pork, 1½ ton of oatmeal, 9 tons of peas, 10 tons of flour, 1½ ton of raisins, 7 tons of sugar, tea, and cocoa; 1½ ton of vinegar and lemon-juice, 16 cwt. of suet, 7 cwt. of preserved meat, 5 cwt. of mustard and pepper, and a few minor articles. When war became certain, in March last, the Treasury issued a minute to the commissariat department, authorising a supply to the troops of malt liquors, preserved potatoes, chocolate, coffee, tea, sugar, rice, and Scotch barley; these articles were to be in addition to the ordinary rations of bread and meat; they were not to be *given*, but to be supplied at wholesale prices. There were provided about 65,000 gallons of porter, 3000 gallons of pale ale, 50,000 lbs. of preserved potatoes, 10,000 lbs. of chocolate, 80,000 lbs. of coffee, 8000 lbs. of tea, 100,000 lbs. of sugar, 200,000 lbs. of rice, and 10,000 lbs. of Scotch barley for broth. We have since met with ample notices of the quantities of food required for the Crimea: how that the French, from the baking-establishment at Eu, sent out at one time 9000 chests of biscuits, weighing 500,000 kilogrammes, or 1,100,000 lbs.; how that a contract was signed early in December for 500,000 lbs. of preserved boiled beef for our own forces; and so on.

But these are government affairs. What we have more especially under notice, are individual wants and individual attempts to supply those wants. Some of the letters from officers and soldiers are sad, some ludicrous, in relation to their cupboard comforts. One officer writes: 'There is not a blade of grass to be had. The whole of these plateaux and hills are covered with thistles only; and where the other covering of the earth goes, I know not. The hay-rations for a charger is reduced to 6 lbs. daily. Under these circumstances, horseflesh is cheap; and sundry presents are being continually offered by one man to another of a "deuced good pony," which are seldom accepted.' Another writes: 'To-day a vessel arrived from Constantinople laden with edibles, and she at once opened her hatches to the public; but when I went on board in the evening, all was gone, save a little tobacco and a firkin or two of butter. The latter was not sold, because the owner would not retail less than 60 lbs. at a time. Picture a subaltern, in light marching-order, with a keg of butter 60 lbs. weight!' A third says: 'We have eaten up everything edible within the precincts of the little angle of which we maintain possession by force of arms: the hay has been consumed, the vegetables have been consumed, the grasses have been consumed —nay, the very leaves have been boiled for food, and the vines used for fuel; the cattle and sheep have been consumed; and we are now masters of a huge camp as sterile as a rock, and from which the last vestige of shrub or tree will soon disappear under the camp-kettle. We are fed by Balaklava alone; thence comes our daily bread. It has to be carried out day by day. We draw our hay, our corn, our beef, our mutton, our biscuits, spirits, and necessaries of all kinds, from beyond sea.' The object of this officer is in part to do justice to the commissary-general, who has to supply the troops under such immense disadvantages.

It is pleasant to see how the commissariat deficiencies have been, or are proposed to be, supplied. One noted pastry-cook says, that if our sporting gentlemen and country squires will send to London all the game they kill, he will prepare and pot it, and so transmit a capital store of potted game as a present to the Crimea. The ladies in one of our western counties endeavoured to supply a store of plum-puddings for a Christmas dinner to the troops; with what success we have not heard. We have lately seen, in some of the London shops, large cakes of a very tempting-looking kind, with a Christian name stamped on one side, and Alma, Balaklava, or Inkermann, on the other; and we strongly suspect that these are destined to find their way to the Crimea. A Scotch nobleman has just chartered a bark, and has laden it with barley-meal, oatmeal, porridge-pots, table-beer, carrots, potatoes, salt, butter, cheese, fish, hams, groceries, wines, spirits; and an Edinburgh professor has enabled him to add a useful stock of medicines and appliances. The wealthy owners of crack pleasure-yachts have, in more than one instance, made their yachts serviceable as carriers of useful commodities to the Crimea. Let us write down tobacco at home at leisure, if we think it ought to be written down, but as a little of the Virginian weed is often meat and drink to men suffering hardships abroad, this is not the time to be chary of it to the troops; consequently, a London cigar-dealer has sent out as a present cigars to the value of two hundred and fifty guineas; and we have just heard of a person who, not being in circumstances to effect anything very imposing, has sent out a box of common pipes, each filled with its due share of 'shag' or 'returns.'

The clothing of the troops, like the provisioning, depends of course upon the exertions of the government; and these exertions, say what we may about delays, certainly appear to be formidable. The Minister of War has lately stated, that the first supply of warm clothing for the declining months of the year reached the Crimea on the 17th October; and that the stores sent out in the *Prince*, which was so unfortunately lost, comprised 35,700 pair of woollen socks, 53,000 woollen shirts, 2500 watch-coats, to go over the ordinary great-coats, 16,000 blankets, and 3750 rugs. These, with the articles before sent, made up an amount of 150,000 pair of socks, 100,000 woollen shirts, 90,000 pair of flannel drawers, 80,000 pair of woollen gloves, 40,000 railway-wrappers, 40,000 waterproof-capes, 40,000 fur coats, and 12,000 pair of seal-skin boots—all of which come under the designation of warm clothing, beyond the general articles of soldiers' uniforms. And since then the quantities prepared have been immense. We hear of an order for 50,000 fur helmets, with flaps to cover comfortably the neck; of 50,000 pea-jackets and leather overalls; of 70 seal-skin coats, lined with fur, sent out by the Prince Consort as a present to the officers of a regiment of which he is colonel; of waterproof campaigning-sheets, each large enough for a soldier to wrap himself in when lying down on damp ground; of 400,000 dozen of hare and rabbit skins being required for linings and capes, and cuffs of various kinds; of 44,000 suits of complete winter-dress, supplied by one firm in one contract. And then come the voluntary stores. A great London clothier offered to make winter clothing for the entire forces, without any profit to himself, engaging only to be repaid the cost of materials and the wages of labour. The ladies connected with the family of a great iron-master industriously set about collecting a store of most useful minor articles of clothing and hosiery, and sent them out as a present; and two Southampton ladies solicited gifts of lint, linen, knitted comforters, muffatees, warm caps, furs, flannel, worsted stockings, list slippers, gloves, books, lucifer-matches, newspapers, pens, ink, paper, envelopes, and a number of other useful articles; and we have very little doubt that these have long since reached the Crimea.

Still more striking are the voluntary exertions in respect to the sick and wounded. It is all very well to have ambulances; but if they are at Eupatoria when they are wanted at Alma, their usefulness becomes of little account. It is all very well to send out surgeons and hospital-stores; but if the stores are at Varna when the wounded are at Scutari, the wounded have little to thank us for. It is all very well to pack up hospital-stores with other things in a fine ship; but it is *not* well to place them underneath all the shot, and shells, and powder, and heavy stores in the hold. The luckless *Prince* could not leave her hospital-stores at Scutari, on the way to the Crimea, because they were quite buried beneath the heavier cargo; and hence the medicines became the prey of Neptune, as well as the other contents of that noble ship. There have been, unquestionably, abundant supplies of medicines, and a strong corps of surgeons; but they were not always at the right places at the right times. Here we are at once reminded of those noble gentle ladies, who, leaving home, relations, friends, comforts, luxuries, congenial associations, intellectual pursuits—who despite of rank, and birth, and fortune, and taste—left our shores to go and tend the poor wounded soldiers, to dress their wounds, administer comforts, cheer their spirits, and talk to them of the old folks at home, whom they might perhaps live to see again. It was on the 23d October these ladies left England; and after the Boulogne fish-women had rendered their homage, by carrying the baggage gratuitously from the steamer to the railway—and after the Boulogne hotel-keeper had rendered *his* homage, by gratuitously entertaining them—the ladies and nurses, about forty in number, set off for the East, and arrived at Scutari the very day before the terrible battle of Inkermann, which speedily made a demand upon them for the full measure of their powers and abilities; each put on her apron and band, inscribed with the words 'Scutari Hospital,' and set to work bravely in her heroic, self-imposed task. Fifty others have since followed; and it was a kind act for an English clergyman to go out and read to the poor fellows while on their sick-beds; and it was kind in a member of parliament to sit by the bedsides, and write letters for them to their friends at home. And when Miss Nightingale wrote to say that they were short of lint and bandages, it was kind in a London firm to offer to receive gifts of old clean rags, and to take all the trouble incident to transmitting them to the Crimea; and how the firm were overwhelmed with letters and applications, let the columns of the *Times* declare.

When the men at Scutari were sufficiently free from pain to be able to read, and when those at the Crimea were sufficiently free from hard work to have a bit of time to read, many of them longed for a book or a newspaper. When this want became known at home, offers came in from all quarters. One publisher offered to give a hundred small volumes; another made a similar offer; while others tended aid on a still larger scale. The brother of one of our popular London favourites busied himself in collecting books from anybody or everybody who could and would spare, and packing them off to the East; while the General Screw Steam Shipping Company added kindness to the other kindness, by conveying such things for nothing. When Messrs Peto and Brassey sent out a staff of men to do that extraordinary piece of work—make a railway in an enemy's country, to aid us in besieging that enemy's fortress—they sent out Bibles and Prayer-books, and other books, and a minister of religion to render services in his own particular way. Then the soldiers who may be neither making a railway at Balaklava, nor lying sick at Scutari, may yet wish to write home to friends, and they may possibly be glad of a few postage-stamps: so thought a kind man, who thereupon sent out fifty pounds' worth of postage-stamps, transmitted to the commanding-officers of all the regiments, to be distributed as far as they would go among the men. And then we have heard of a lady who wished to render aid in some such way, but whose means were not so strong as her wish; but as she had a photographic apparatus, and skill in using it, she bethought her of producing a number of photographic views and portraits, which her friends eagerly bought up; and the fund thus raised enabled her to carry out her original intention.

If our soldiers should have to pass the winter in the Crimea, and should huddle into their wooden huts and barracks during the long dark evenings, what are they to do for lights; what sort of candles, or lamps, or lanterns, could they use, that would bear the rough usage and precarious exigencies of such a situation? This question has been answered in a remarkable way; another example of Kind Thoughts for Balaklava. The proprietors of Price's Patent Candle-works—the great concern whose establishment was noticed in a former number of the Journal—wished to aid in the subscriptions now and lately going forward, but could not exactly determine in what manner. It then occurred to one of the Messrs Wilson, managing-directors of the company, that the large lanterns which they had been in the habit of supplying to the government emigrant-ships, might be turned to great use in the soldiers' tents and huts—as these lanterns give a strong, steady light, are not liable to break, and can easily be converted into a substitute for stoves. It was then determined that the company would subscribe L.300, and individuals connected with the company another L.300, and that the sum thus obtained should be appropriated to the making of lanterns and candles, as a present to the Crimea army; and the whole were despatched to the East in the course of a very few days. As the company reckoned nothing beyond the cost-price of the materials, and as the workmen at the factory with one voice refused to receive any wages for making these lanterns and candles, it was calculated that the L.600 worth really represented L.1000 worth at the ordinary market-price. But this is not all. The number of persons employed by the company at their various establishments is so large, that the daily wages are said to amount to L.300; and the men unanimously made an offer of one day's pay each, to make up L.300 as the nucleus of another fund to provide for another cargo of lanterns and candles; and we find that in such a spirit is this matter taken up, that already there is a whisper, that 'if we have more than enough to give a stove and a lantern to each English hut or tent, the excess shall be sent out to General Canrobert for the use of the French.'

The mention of 'stoves' here reminds us of the probable wants of our army encamped in winter on such a bleak spot as the region between Balaklava and Sebastopol. One of the officers writes: 'There is a great scarcity of fuel—nothing, indeed, of the kind but what the men can grub up of roots and twigs from stunted oak to boil their kettles; and green bushes make but a sorry fire.' And the *Times'* correspondent said in one of his letters: 'Pray never lose sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal-fires at home, that fuel is nearly all gone here, and that there are savage fights, even in fine weather, among the various domestics for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood.' As soon as the news of the terrible hurricane of 14th November reached England, all the loss seemed loss indeed; for it had not occurred as being possible, that the bits of wreck would be cherished as firewood. Yet such appears to have been the case; and the officers and men really considered this supply of wood as no contemptible set-off against the sad calamity of the day. But it would not pay to wreck a ship every day or two as a means of obtaining firewood, and so fuel must be provided from other quarters. Ship-loads of coal are going off from Malta to the Crimea, and presents of coal have been sent from England—a Glasgow baronet has lately sent out 500 tons. When the Candle Company made their decision concerning the emigrant-lanterns, it was borne in mind that those lanterns can, by a few slight alterations easily made, be converted each into a cooking-apparatus, such as will in half an hour bake a piece of meat or boil a pint of water. Messrs Wilson, in a circular addressed to the proprietors of the company, say: 'It is possible that coal, wood, and charcoal may have reached the camp in considerable quantities; but the weightiness of all these for burning in sufficient quantities, in any way in which they can be burned with safety to health, is too great to admit of continuous sufficient supplies to give warmth and the means of cooking in every tent. What we are trying to do, and apparently with the certainty of success, is to make for each hut or tent a sort of candle-stove sufficient to cook by, to dry the men's clothes, and to warm their feet and hands, and to give, at the cost of perhaps two poundweights of a cheap fatty material, a great deal of warmth throughout the whole night. The Crimea Committee are watching our trials of this stove with deep interest; and they say that if we succeed in it, as we seem to be doing, we shall have done almost more than can be told for the comfort of the troops, and indeed for the keeping many of them in life at all; for all the accounts agree in making the means of dryness and warmth the first necessary for the more weakly ones, first even before regular supplies of food.' The printed 'directions for use,' sent out with each lantern, shew how ingeniously they must be constructed; they are the *lanterns*, not the *cooking-stoves*, which will evidently be productions of greater size and pretension. 'These lanterns were designed to give light only; but for our soldiers in the Crimea, the following auxiliaries have been added, enabling them to boil water or cook a ration of meat when no fires can be lighted. If you want to boil water without lighting a fire, open the lid of the lantern, place your canteen on the wires at the top of the reflector, and the flame of the candle will boil a pint of water in half an hour; the canteen or vessel holding the water should be wiped quite dry on the outside before placing it over the flame. A ration of meat may be cooked in a similar manner, by means of the small round cooking-dishes with covers, which have been provided and sent out with the lanterns. A chop or steak will be well cooked in half an hour; and when once put over the candle and covered up, no attention is required till the meat is done. Each lantern has been provided with the following spare fittings in case of breakage:—two glass-slides, one glass-chimney, and one steel-spring. The outer glass slides in a groove in the frame of the lantern, and can readily be replaced if fractured, without the use of putty.'

These, then, are among the many modes of shewing Kind Thoughts for Balaklava.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BLACK BAND.

HAVING briefly related what steps Paolo di Falco—confined unexpectedly to a cell of his prison, whilst Walter Masterton imagined he had the run of the island of Maretimo—took for his liberation by the appointed time, we are compelled to go back somewhat, and cross over once more to the mainland of Sicily. There, events, crowding one on the heels of the other, seemed to threaten disaster to all our friends. Already we know that the little party of night-wanderers, having given way to fatigue in the chestnut-grove, had been dispersed—just at the very moment when all obstacles had been, as it were, miraculously smoothed away—by accident and violence. We left Walter, who had returned too late to his post, wandering over the heath, vaguely hoping to find some traces of Angela, accompanied by the terrified Josefo. The poor lad, as we have said, for some time was deprived of speech; and even when he attempted to answer the impetuous questions of Walter, remained long incapable of forming a complete phrase.

At length it was possible to understand that Josefo had suddenly been awakened by the sound of angry voices. He had chosen to lie near the trunk of a tree towards the outskirts of the grove; and on starting to his feet, saw at some distance a confused crowd of persons struggling. The Englishman, his master, he said, fired a pistol: several knives flashed. Angela had risen on one knee, but remained motionless, 'I looked only for a moment,' continued Josefo, 'and then crawled away on my knees. Some one followed me, crashing through the branches; but I lay quiet, and escaped. Shortly afterwards, a number of people on horseback galloped by, and I heard the lady utter piercing shrieks. This is all I know.'

Walter at first believed that the persons who had committed this outrage must be Pipo and his sons; but Josefo positively declared that this was not the case. They were dressed quite differently, he said. Julio Castelnuove still persisted in his opinion, that the relations of some of his friends with the patriotic brigands of the mountains would be of assistance in procuring the liberty of the prisoners. At the worst, he maintained, they would be compelled only to pay a heavy ransom. These consolations were received moodily by Walter, who believed that the disaster had happened because of his absence, not sufficiently reflecting that he might have lost his freedom or his life had he been there to attempt resistance.

They went back to the Villa Castelnuove. The old marquis and his two younger sons were astir, listening in amazement to the strange narrative which Bianca and Antonia in alternate exclamations communicated. Antonio, the serving-man, who had accompanied Luigi Spada to Trapani, was on the watch, lest any prying eyes should be there to witness the new arrival. 'Where is the lady?' he inquired anxiously, as Walter and Julio entered by the garden-gate. They passed by in sombre silence, and their countenances told their assembled friends before they spoke that some strange and unlooked-for event had occurred.

Walter sat down, humbled and miserable, whilst Julio related the disappearance of Angela and her companions. Bianca listened without uttering a word; but her fixed eyes, pallid cheek, and parted lips, revealed how deeply she was moved. When she knew all, rising, whilst exclamations of pity and terror were heard on all sides, she went and took the Englishman's hand, and pressing it, said:

'This is but a new call on your energy and courage. No blame falls on you. How much better is it to be here, capable of comforting and encouraging us, than a helpless prisoner! Who would have known that this thing had happened, had not Providence directed your steps to our threshold?'

The frank manner of Bianca, combined with the reasonableness of what she said, recalled Walter to himself.

'If,' said he rising, his breast dilating with the consciousness of strength and indomitable courage—'if I could see the way to action, I would tread it at once. But what can be done? What are the preliminary steps? Who can say where the enemy is to be met with? Of what avail would it be to pursue these mounted brigands through pathless forests, not knowing which way to turn?'

The old marquis, though marvellously alarmed for the safety of his sons, was of too fine a temper to dissuade them from assisting in this extreme case. He advised, however, some temporising.

'We cannot,' he observed, 'appeal to the government. All this plotting, in which ladies supposed to be best affected towards Naples' (here he smiled at Bianca) 'are engaged—for what purpose I have yet to learn—would be at once put an end to. Yet it seems strange that the daughter of the high and mighty Marchese Belmonte should be a prisoner in the mountains, and that it should be necessary to keep the knowledge thereof from him of all others.'

'Nevertheless, so it must be,' said Bianca firmly. 'If Angela fled from her father's power through such dangers as we have heard of, we have no right to betray her into his hands because she is in momentary danger.'

'Then our only resource is negotiation,' was the reply. 'It cannot be difficult to bring these villains to parley; and I can conceive no object in their violence, save gain. We will pay the price asked.'

The good old man rubbed his hands in delight at the prospect of so pacific a solution, and then turned pale; for his sons, obeying a common thought, had crowded round a little recess, and were counting their collection of rifles and fowlingpieces.

'Quiet means first, father, most certainly,' exclaimed Julio; 'but if these be not successful, any others necessary. Debate the matter in every way. I must go to Palermo for friendship and assistance.'

His brothers seemed to understand what he meant, and nodded approvingly. He left the room, and presently the clatter of a horse's hoofs told that he had ridden away on his unexplained errand.

Although Walter's thoughts were chiefly absorbed in the threatening probabilities of the future, it is not surprising that the presence of Bianca contributed to make the time pass more lightly. He imagined that now he could not fail to learn, without direct inquiry, what was her position in the world, and studied with interest the manner in which she was addressed. All he could gather, however, was, that she and Antonia had been educated at the same convent; that their friendship had been formed under very peculiar circumstances; and that, whenever she came to Palermo, she passed her time in the Palazzo Castelnuove. The news of Angela's escape had been brought to Messina by a courier direct from Castellamare; but the Princess Corsini had omitted to mention the circumstance of the letter by which Mr Buck had obtained admission into the villa.

'The trouble of explanation and apology on that score,' said Bianca with some embarrassment, 'is therefore postponed.'

They were sitting in the garden, the young men and their father being closeted for the purpose of discussing future proceedings. Antonia was evidently a complete confidante. The Englishman, therefore, thought he might now indirectly aim at the secret he so much desired to penetrate.

'You accused me once, signora,' he began, 'of double-dealing and art. Admire, however, how implicitly I trusted in you, and carried what might have been the letters of Bellerophon! It is now my turn to ask the meaning of that enigmatical epistle.'

'Then you read it, though it was sealed,' observed Bianca.

Walter, at the risk of appearing to excite a romantic interest in himself, was obliged to relate the perils he had encountered on board the *Filippa*. He became animated in the narrative, and forgot to look at Antonia, who listened with flashing eyes, ready to take the part of Luigi, though he did not appear to much advantage in this narrative; and he forgot, also, the reason that had kept him silent on the catastrophe which had deprived them all of so many friends. An expression of pity and regret escaped him.

'Poor Luigi!' exclaimed Antonia starting forward, and repeating his words.

Walter understood the mistake he had made. It was too late to repair it; and, however reluctantly, he was compelled to describe the destruction of the *Filippa*. The desire, however, to comfort the poor pallid girl, who gazed at him as he spoke with eyes dimmed with tears, for the first time made him discover reasons not to fear the worst. There is nothing so ingenious as affectionate hope. The vessel was indeed destroyed, he said, but it was well supplied with boats, and it was not likely that any of the means of safety had been neglected.

'Why, then, have we not heard from *him*?' said Antonia in a dreary voice, wilfully, as is the custom at the birth of a great sorrow, refusing to allow its growth to be checked. 'Why has he not come to us? No: he is dead; drowned in endeavouring to do good to others; and I care not what comes of you all now!'

So saying, she went away sobbing; and Bianca, surprised at this secret of love betrayed so painfully, followed to comfort her.

'Is it possible,' thought Walter desponding, 'that this enterprise can have a joyful termination? I have moved on, seeking an uncertain good—at first, almost in the spirit of a boyish adventurer; but by degrees tragic clouds have come over my path. Death and violence, and sorrow and despair, surround me. I have read old stories in which some single personage advances towards joy amidst destruction—trampling on the lives and fortunes of others—accepting, without remorse, the sacrifice of immortal souls—slaying even accidental opponents—and yet my thoughts have left him happy. 'Tis not so in real life. What dreams will visit the good Paolo, even if I bring the beautiful Angela to make his arm her pillow! I feel sick at heart, and yearn to be disentangled from the toils of this adventure, or be strangled by them.'

No doubt the particular phase of Walter's sentiments for Bianca at that period—the uncertainty he was in, not only as to her feelings towards himself, but as to his own feelings towards her—played its part in producing this state of discouragement. His reveries were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a man of great stature, dressed as a Sicilian peasant, who came from under the trees of the garden.

'I seem to be fortunate, Signor Englishman,' said he, glancing cautiously around. 'Although the presence of the family would not have disturbed me, yet 'tis better that you and I should converse alone.'

Walter eyed his interlocutor curiously. He was, as we have said, remarkable by his stature, though not by his costume. He had long passed the middle of life, and scanty locks of gray hair escaped from beneath his red cap; but it was evident that his vigour was but slightly, if at all, impaired. His rugged countenance, marked by several scars, was nevertheless not destitute of a certain expression that invited confidence.

'What have you to say to me?' inquired Walter, beginning to suspect for what purpose the man was present, and looking, as a measure of precaution, through the trees, to see that he had no followers.

'Fear nothing,' said the seeming peasant, understanding his suspicions. 'We know this house is well guarded, and have no motive for attacking it. Your glance tells me that I may answer your question without hesitation. I come as a messenger from the Lady Angela.'

'Is she safe? Is she well?' exclaimed Walter.

'Safe and well, upon my honour,' replied the bandit, not reflecting that his asseveration thus supported could have but little weight with a stranger to Sicily.

'And what is her message?'

'That is all from her. But we have something to say. What will be the price paid for her liberty?'

'Name your ransom,' exclaimed Walter, 'and we are ready to purchase her freedom at any price!'

'These are generous words,' said the bandit in a slightly ironical tone; 'but we know that Englishmen are generous in deeds. Speak, signor; and, mark me,' he added with peculiar emphasis, 'offer a good price, or the matter cannot be arranged. Talk of guineas; and I shall understand you.'

Walter mentioned a hundred for the freedom of both the prisoners, but the offer was received with contemptuous silence; two hundred—a shake of the head; three hundred—a smile.

'I am not a prince,' said Walter, perceiving that it was necessary to appear at least unwilling to bid very high.

'No: but the daughter of the Marchese Belmonte has many friends, and is worth a better price than that. We know all that has passed this night. Amusing things sometimes happen. The bales of Messer Pipo had tempted us, and we were waiting to speak to him, when more dangerous enemies disturbed us. Our booty was mostly dispersed, but we learned that a valuable prize was abroad in the country. What would you have? Our occupation is such. A daughter flying from her father in company of strangers and smugglers seemed fair game. How much do you think the marchese would offer for her?'

'Perhaps,' suggested Walter, looking very hard at his interlocutor, 'a messenger is with him at this very moment.'

The bandit seemed a little troubled, and assented by silence.

Walter felt that a tremendous contest had begun. It would be necessary to bid against the most powerful and wealthiest man in Sicily, not excepting the viceroy. There was no knowing what the marchese might give or promise, to obtain that his daughter should be delivered up. The hope that had come to him, therefore, when the bandit had first revealed himself, gradually departed. There was an interval of silence.

'You say nothing more!' exclaimed the old man with strange bitterness. 'What is there so lying as report? I came here doubting, it is true, your wealth, but believing in your virtue. Three hundred guineas for the wife of Paolo di Falco!'

Walter's surprise at the turn the colloquy had assumed was great. The old bandit, in a tone of unmistakable sincerity, chided him for his want of enthusiasm; but seemed quite indifferent on his own account as to the magnitude of the ransom offered. It was evident that some personal and permanent motive stronger than avarice swayed him.

'I perceive,' Walter replied, after some deliberation, 'that you know how much depends on the lady's liberty; and I will, therefore, speak without disguise. Say boldly what you expect; and, if it be possible to comply, the ransom shall be paid.'

'Would a thousand guineas—a thousand guineas in gold—be impossible?' inquired the bandit eagerly; but mentioning this extravagant sum as if he himself had no particular interest in the division of the spoil.

'You may say a thousand,' said Walter, already composing in his mind an order for the sale of stock on his agent in London.

The bandit rubbed his hands, and took two or three steps up and down the garden-path.

'But,' continued Walter, 'have you reflected that we are sufficiently strong here to seize upon you, and make you a hostage?'

'Young man,' was the reply, 'there is no danger of that. The father will pay, whatever becomes of me. Wait till you know all. Who secured the lady from outrage? What would have become of her but for this arm?'

Walter turned pale at this allusion, and was about to ask for an explanation, when the appearance of Bianca checked him. She had seen what was passing from a distance, and, partly understanding, came rapidly towards the bandit, and gazed at him with a keen glance, as if of recognition. He also gave a start of surprise. She recovered herself; and passing her hand across her brow, as if to brush away a disagreeable thought, said:

'What is this conference?'

Walter explained that the stranger was an emissary from the men in whose power was Angela.

'Then she is to be ransomed!' exclaimed Bianca with delight. 'What is asked? What have you promised to pay?'

'We have to bid against the marchese,' said Walter, watching the expression of the bandit's countenance.

'Alas! yes,' said he; 'and the Lady Bianca can tell us whether his munificence will surpass yours.'

Bianca had become very pale, and her silence revealed how little she hoped for success in this strange competition. The bandit looked at her with a mixture of affection and respect, of fear and interest. Addressing her, and trying to speak very gently, he added:

'We did not know that you, signora, were on this side. Those whom the marchese loves have no care for the happiness of the Di Falcos.'

'This is not the time to explain,' replied Bianca, speaking to the bandit in a confiding manner that Walter could not understand, and which, indeed, she could scarcely have accounted for herself. 'Tell us more of Angela. We must busy ourselves about her comfort, for her captivity will not end to-day. Is it not so, my friend?'

The old man said that Angela was at a place not more than a couple of hours distant. She was attended by his daughter, who, when he left, was endeavouring to check her tears by promises of liberty. There was now not much danger of insult, he added, with a grim look. The Englishman, who had at first been furious as a madman, was with her.

'We saw blood in the grove!' observed Walter.

'It was not his,' replied the bandit. 'He wounded one of our men in foolishly resisting; and I came just in time to ward off a knife from his throat. He is not used to these incidents, and requires to be taught wisdom. No sane man undertakes to fight half a dozen. A Sicilian at such a time lets himself be taken skin-whole, for he knows 'tis a question of ransom.'

Bianca interrupted these observations by what seemed to Walter a strange and rash request.

'Under what conditions,' said she, 'could I be allowed to visit her, and preserve my liberty?'

The old man looked at her for a moment in amazement and admiration.

'Signora,' he exclaimed at length, 'if you will trust the word of a poor outlaw like myself, I swear by the blessed Virgin, and by St Pacomo, to take you to the place of concealment, and to return you in safety to this villa.'

'I will go,' replied she quietly.

Walter objected with passion, speaking as if he had some right to control the movements of Bianca. She looked at him with an expression of surprise, that was in part, perhaps, affected, and had no need to use words to reduce him to angry silence. At this moment, Julio came from the villa with his brothers. The bandit, though he seemed slightly uneasy, remained motionless. In Walter's mood of mind, all that passed now appeared absurd, and almost revolting. This savage bargaining for the liberty of human beings—this free-and-easy intercourse of quiet citizens with acknowledged brigands—was indeed, under all circumstances, sufficiently surprising to shock him; but the idea that Bianca should peril herself as she meditated, without any apparent motive, was too much for his equanimity.

The light in which Julio looked upon the matter increased his indignation. 'I have learned at Palermo,' said he, having heard what had been proposed, 'that the Black Band has shewn itself in this direction. You no doubt are—Jeppo?'

The bandit nodded.

'Tis a difficult case,' proceeded Julio, with a phlegm that exasperated Walter. 'If the marchese is in the field, we shall have to bid high. *He* can give both money and free pardons.'

Jeppo again assented.

'It is of no use, Signor Masterton,' continued the young man, 'hiding our cards from Jeppo: his reputation is as wide as the boundaries of Sicily. If I had known of his presence in this district, I should have saved myself the trouble of a ride. Ah! Jeppo, Jeppo, you are a wild unmanageable fellow!'

'Yes,' said the old man bitterly; 'wild and unmanageable, because I would not join in the fantastic projects of you city-gentlemen, and be one of the honourable thieves who keep all the country in alarm, and, refusing to do good to themselves, do no less harm to others. Which is better, noble sir—to carry off a rich prize now and then, and sell it back for an honest ransom, or to levy contribution on miserable villagers, who have been too successful in shamming loyalty?'

'But the story of Beatrice Massolini?'

Jeppo's face became livid, and he murmured:

'I resisted, and I punished.'

'That is known; and they say, Jeppo, that of late you have remembered what blood you have in your veins, and if occasion offers, will not remain quiet with your men whilst true Sicilians are perilling their lives.'

'My men!' exclaimed Jeppo contemptuously. 'Do you believe their minds obey me? No: here lies my authority,' stretching out his arm, vast and gnarled like the branch of an old tree. 'I reign by hard blows—by fear, not love. What service can you expect from such as we?'

Walter, who thought this discussion ill-timed, understood that allusion had been made to unusual violence inflicted by the Black Band on some hapless victim; and listened with terrible anxiety for Julio to decide on Bianca's rash undertaking. To his surprise, the young man seemed to entertain perfect confidence in Jeppo's word.

'If the presence of a friend will console the wife of Paolo,' he said, 'you may go, Signora Bianca. I see that your resolution is fixed.'

Walter with despairing eagerness, which was commented on by a keen smile from Jeppo, again objected.

'Mr Masterton,' said Bianca very kindly, 'I have no right to command your actions since I will not yet allow you to influence mine; but if I possessed that right, I should say: Time is passing, and Paolo is languishing in prison. Soon he will be on the sea-shore waiting for a friend's arm to save him. Go! Do your part, and let me do mine. Are you ready, Jeppo?'

So saying, as if fearful of being detained by further entreaties, she glided away; and her slight form was soon lost to view amidst the trees. Jeppo exclaimed that they should hear again from him, and followed her.

'How strange is all this!' murmured Walter, who in the midst of his fears, his grief, his uncertainty, felt as it were a subtile glow of happiness pervade his form. One little word, *yet*, had told him, he thought, more of the position he occupied in Bianca's mind than could have any elaborate confession. The confidence that seemed to be felt by all but himself revived his courage.

'We are never certain,' said Julio, however, as they returned towards the villa, 'of what these lawless people may do. Jeppo, an outcast son of a noble family of Messina, is famous in Sicily as an honourable bandit; but he is now nothing but a bandit—the most respectable of cut-purses. Our patriotic friends have often had a shot at him, and yet have often been compelled into temporary alliance. There is a sacred fellowship between all who wield the carbine in the mountains; and as this man has become wealthy, they say he is beginning to aspire towards a more honourable career. I suspect, from his words, that he has of late shewn too many scruples, and is obliged to keep order in his band of ruffians by violent means. They say he shoots a mutineer as he would a rabbit.'

These reflections, it may be easily imagined, brought uneasiness back to Walter's mind. He expressed fears for Bianca's safety.

'I have none,' quoth Julio with a mysterious look. 'She may return a little fluttered, but she knows where confidence may be placed; and she, above all others, may rely on Jeppo's word.'

They passed through the ante-chamber, and heard suppressed sobs in a side-room.

'Poor Antonia!' whispered Julio. 'Come away; there is no consolation for her yet. Our father will ask her why her eyes are red, and the poor thing will not dare to answer.'

Walter, meanwhile, had rapidly taken a resolution. The words of Bianca—though all he heard and saw seemed to deepen the atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her—were commands for him.

'I have still some days before me,' he said, 'and am no worse off now than I thought I should be when I first passed through Palermo, expecting to have to conduct this enterprise without the assistance of friends. I must try my talent for disguise. What character can I play best? I must, in the first place, go to the city and consult with Mr Bell.'

Shortly afterwards, Walter—dressed as a Sicilian country-gentleman, but accompanied by Julio, to answer all questions in a case of emergency—was slowly riding towards the gate of Palermo. They passed into the hot streets without attracting any notice, but, soon separating, agreed to meet at nightfall at the Palazzo Castelnuove. We shall join Walter at a future period; but must now, following the index of his thoughts, accompany Bianca on her journey towards the mountains.

Jeppo had a horse tied to a tree at some distance. Bianca, who tacitly admitted his right to exhibit a certain degree of familiarity, allowed him to lift her into the saddle, and he walked by her side holding the bridle. There was something exceedingly strange in the humility with which the lawless old man watched for every word that fell from her lips, and answered even her gestures. Evidently some bond existed between them, of which by mutual consent they did not choose to speak. Bianca seemed indifferent to it, except as it formed her justification for the bold step she was taking; but every now and then some troublesome thought—some vague suspicion—some undefined reminiscence—flashed through her mind; and when the old man lowered his eyes, she leaned forward in the saddle, and studied his countenance more eagerly than as an artist she had ever studied the forms of nature to reproduce them. At length, however, she muttered: 'I know of Jeppo only by reputation—I have never seen him before. What matters it if a face like his has appeared to me in some horrid dream?'

Then she forced her eyes away from his countenance, and turned them to the country they were traversing.

In the rear of the Villa Castelnuove, as we have said, the vast forests that clothe most of the Sicilian mountains approach towards the limits of the lovely and fertile valley called 'The Golden Shell.' Jeppo and Bianca soon entered beneath the shade of mighty trees, chestnut and oak intermixed. It seemed already as if they were a hundred miles removed from the neighbourhood of civilisation. The path they followed—now ascending, now descending, but gradually leading towards the summit of a great range of hills—was almost entirely overgrown by thick grass; branches, which Bianca gaily thrust aside with her small hand, sometimes obstructed the way. There was no noise, except the crackling under foot of the dry wood that had fallen the previous winter. Even the birds, which had chirped gaily on the outskirts of the forest, seemed not to have dared to penetrate into its depths. Rocks covered with dark moss, or stained by age, began to shew themselves amidst the trees. The ascent became rugged for a time. Then they went down rapidly towards the bottom of a deep valley.

Here Jeppo paused, and uttered a peculiar cry. It sounded long and shrill amongst the trees, but remained unanswered. He seemed uneasy, and roughly pulling the horse's bridle, began to ascend the valley, following the course of a little stream that gushed down amidst grass and mossy stones and masses of decaying leaves. Bianca watched his countenance with some anxiety; he had ceased to attend to her, and was evidently troubled.

Two or three times he halted, and uttered the same cry as before in vain. They came to an open space, with a little hut of branches built near the edge. People had evidently been there recently. The ground was trampled by men and horses.

'The rendezvous was here,' said Jeppo, speaking at length; 'but it seems that our friends have been alarmed, and have moved away. I know where to find them; but—it is yet time, and I can take you back in safety, if you please.'

'Jeppo,' replied Bianca, slightly frowning, 'whatever has happened, I will go on with you. I have your promise, and will confide.'

The old man was on the point of telling her that he was less influential with his band than report made him; but he restrained himself. With compressed lips and closely-knit brow, he urged the horse at a rapid pace up the valley, and presently reached a considerable expanse of ground, covered with loose rocks and bushes, amidst which led a winding track towards a distant range of hills.

They advanced for an hour more, the country still rising, and at length reached the entrance of a terrific gorge, bordered on either side by inaccessible rocks, and penetrating, as it were, into the heart of a vast mountain. Bianca's heart contracted, not so much in fear for herself, as at the thought of poor timid Angela led away captive by this horrid road. She knew not how brave the wife of Di Falco had become in her misfortunes. The words and manners of Jeppo had much disturbed her confidence; he seemed to regret having allowed her to accompany him, regarding her as a clog upon his movements, or fearing for her safety.

At the entrance of the gorge, Jeppo stopped and said solemnly:

'I call Heaven to witness, that whatever has happened, and whatever may happen this day, I am innocent of. You are determined, lady, to follow me, and load me with this responsibility?'

'Determined!' she replied resolutely, commanding him with her eyes to proceed, and relieve her from the terrible suspense in which his words kept her.

They entered the gorge, and Jeppo several times whistled, without attracting any notice. At length, however, at the summit of a steep ascent, the form of a man appeared. He was armed with a carbine.

'Fine watch is kept here!' exclaimed Jeppo in a stern voice, when they drew nigh.

The man answered at first sulkily; but recalled, as it were, to old sentiments by the appearance of his chief, after looking cautiously round, said:

'They don't like your justice, captain; and some grumble as fiercely as after that affair of Beatrice! 'Twas right, it seems to me, but we wild fellows cannot be governed by the laws of towns.'

Bianca was convinced by these words that a dangerous mutiny had taken place in the Black Band, and that even the most obedient were beginning to complain of Jeppo's new-born scruples.

'And the lady?' inquired she, addressing the man, who, believing her to be another prize, looked amazed at her hardihood.

'*Poveretta!* she has been in a sad plight. The Spaniard has spoken gently to her. *Sangue!* he may change his mind now, for you are handsomer than the other.'

Bianca, who indeed looked exquisitely beautiful beneath the blue scarf which she had thrown over her head to protect her from the sun's rays, shuddered at this first experience of intercourse with lawless men, whom she had been accustomed to invest in her imagination with certain poetical attributes. For reasons which we have not yet explained, what she knew of Jeppo had tended to confirm her illusions.

The old bandit chief left the sentinel, muttering:

'The Spaniard is at his usual tricks; I should have stopped them long since.'

Having passed between rocks that sometimes touched overhead, forming a kind of natural tunnel, Bianca and her companion came upon a scene of wonderful beauty and grandeur. The defile had led them right through a ridge of rocks, forming the crest of the range of mountains they had been ascending since their departure, out on the opposite side. Here, instead of a gradual incline or series of steps, the ground fell away suddenly in rugged slopes and precipices towards an immense valley or forested plain, surrounded by hills on every side. Here and there only were signs that the country had been cleared for cultivation. But for this, they might have fancied themselves on the brink of some unsettled valley of the New World, where the woodman's axe had not yet resounded. The distant hills were blue, and the vast expanse of trees shewed all tints of green, as the sun, now long past the meridian, shone upon it. At the foot of the range, seen in fragments amidst the forest, or coming round points of rock half-clothed in brushwood, was a tranquil stream.

The path turned to the right, and ascending still, at length came to a platform, where a dozen men, reclining on the ground, were listening to a stout ferocious-looking fellow, armed to the teeth, who was perched upon a great stone, and spoke with an assumption of authority. A half-ruined hut was built beneath a projecting ledge of rock, and in the man who sat near the door hanging down his head, Bianca had no difficulty in recognising, from the description she had heard, the unfortunate Mr Joseph Buck.

Jeppo's appearance seemed to produce contrary emotions in the savage-looking group of banditti: the looks of some brightened, whilst others received him with ominous side-glances. The Spaniard, as the orator was called, tried to talk louder, and played significantly with the lock of a pistol which he held in his hand. Jeppo watched his motions without appearing to do so.

'You will find your friend there,' said he hoarsely to Bianca, pointing to the hut. 'Go in; and let the man follow you. Whatever you may hear or fear, remain there.'

Bianca, though pale with terror, leaped lightly from the saddle, and speaking to the astonished Englishman as she passed, pushed open the door, and entering the dismal half-lighted single chamber within, beheld Angela kneeling before a little niche, containing a rudely-carved figure of the Virgin. Presently she was on her knees likewise; and then, for the first time in their lives, these two young and beautiful women, not pausing to inquire why they had lived so long without seeming to love one another, interlaced their arms and closely embraced, mingling tears of sorrow and of joy.

A dark young girl, who was blowing up a fire on the hearth with her breath, looked at this group compassionately for an instant, and then turning to the Englishman, who seemed quite cast down and deprived of all energy, exclaimed:

'What! her sister too! Poor unfortunate things'——

The report of two or three pistol-shots, fired in rapid succession, interrupted her. Bianca and Angela clasped their hands in speechless terror. The Englishman remained motionless. From what he had seen and heard, he anticipated a massacre. Furious shouts seemed to announce that the strife was proceeding with other weapons than firearms. Suddenly, however, the door burst open, and Jeppo, his brow streaming with blood, entered. A number of faces inflamed with passion appeared behind him.

'This,' shouted he, pointing to Bianca, 'is the one come hither under my safe-conduct; and this is your prisoner. Her friends offer a thousand guineas for her freedom.'

From the irregular exclamations of the banditti, and the reproaches of their chief, it could be made out that the Spaniard, who had conceived a violent passion for Angela, had attempted to murder Jeppo, but had been shot. There was, therefore, no danger that his desperate proposal to keep the prisoner in spite of the government, and in contempt of all ransom, would be revived. But the old captain was alone in wishing to negotiate with Walter. His followers, believing with the simplicity of satiated criminals in the possibility of pardon, were all resolved to return under the pure protection of Angela into the bosom of civilised society. Strange delusions of that sort have often seized like an epidemic on such ferocious bands. The word 'pardon' has a magical effect on men who have lived all their lives in fear of the halter or the galleys. During the prolonged absence of Jeppo, the messenger sent on horseback to the Marchese Belmonte had returned. He said that the unhappy father would give heaps of gold, and all manner of privileges and exemptions, as the price of Angela's liberty. The offers of the Englishman were therefore despised by some, and disbelieved by others; and Jeppo, feeling that his authority—which since that morning he had been twice compelled to maintain by bloody executions with his own hand—was slipping from him, at anyrate seemed to consent to the irrevocable decision of his ferocious followers.

'It is not very cruel,' said he roughly to Bianca, 'to remove a daughter from this place into her father's house.'

AGNES STRICKLAND'S LIFE OF QUEEN MARY.

A FIFTH volume of *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* gives the history of Mary during somewhat less than one year of her melancholy life, being that in which the death of her husband Darnley and her marriage to Bothwell occur. The oft-told but always interesting tale is given by our authoress with her usual animation, and an undisguised leaning in favour of the beauteous Queen of Scots. The murder of Darnley is treated as springing from a conspiracy, of which Moray was the head, and in which Bothwell was used as a tool, the ultimate object being to depose the queen. Mary is regarded as simply the innocent victim of the plot. While the writer thus appears as the determined partisan, she does not the less on that account display industry and skill in the collecting and marshalling of facts, or patient ingenuity in arguing from them in behalf of her own conclusion. A few new facts of importance are brought forward, all of them telling in favour of the unfortunate queen.

We are amongst those who have never seen any clear proof of Mary's guilt; but on the contrary, have always thought there were considerable grounds of suspicion that matters had been pressed too hard against her. She was in her previous life neither cruel nor licentious. The likelihood of her helping to destroy one husband in order to obtain another, is therefore small. On the other hand, Moray, Morton, and all those who combined against her, had been assassins in the case of Rizzio, and therefore cannot be supposed to have had any scruples about murdering such a person as Darnley; indeed, several of them are proved to have been concerned in that crime. As to the theory of an infatuated passion for Bothwell, on which alone it will be found that most persons rest their conclusions against her, it can only be maintained against certain facts of the most irreconcilable nature—namely, her having known the man for years unmoved; at one time inflicted punishment on him for a plot to entrap her into his arms; and, only a twelvemonth before the date of her alleged passion, having promoted his marriage to another woman, her own cousin. A sudden infatuation under such circumstances is unknown in human nature. Her alleged love-letters to him are the sole evidence of her supposed passion; and that these were forgeries, and of a very clumsy kind, their discrepancy with the course of actual events pretty clearly proves. The one thing, in our opinion, which is more reconcilable with the theory of her guilt than that of her innocence, is her not, at all hazards, declaring against the man who had outraged her honour, instead of submitting to marry him. Her idea of 'making the best of it,' was a compromise with crime, which could not but leave a stain upon her. It might, after all, be only a result of misjudgment, and this we think highly probable; but certainly the opposite theory is tenable; and even if it was a mistake, it was one almost amounting to crime.

We must decline entering into any of the darker passages of this portion of Mary's biography, as to treat them fully demands more space than we can spare. Let us rather try to select some simple descriptive passage, calculated only to give pleasure to our readers. Such a passage is that giving an account of Mary's first movements after recovering from a severe illness at Jedburgh, in October 1566. Being at Wedderburn, in Berwickshire, on the 14th November, she 'took a sudden resolution to go in state to visit the English boundary.' To pursue Miss Strickland's narrative:—

'Queen Mary was accompanied on this occasion by Moray himself, and the rest of her ministers, and attended, as a matter of course, by Bothwell as her lord-lieutenant, Lord Hume, and the other Wardens of the Border, and an escort so numerous, that Sir John Forster, the English deputy-governor, to whom she had sent notice of her approach, considered it prudent to take precautionary measures for the defence of Queen Elizabeth's good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, by having the artillery mounted, the walls manned, and the gates secured, before he and his colleagues ventured to go forth to meet and salute the fair North British sovereign at the Bound Road—evidently in some alarm lest, in spite of her friendly message, she had hostile intentions. The details afford so characteristic a picture of the manners of the times, that they must be related in his own words: "My Lord of Moray yesterday morning sent me word that the queen his sovereign was to pass to Coldingham, and in her way desired to pass through some part of the Bounds. Whereupon I gave order to the Master of the Ordnance to prepare in readiness the great ordnance, and left him and certain captains in the town, and took with me to the number of forty horsemen, and caused the gates to be locked after me, and suffered none else to depart out of the town, and gave order that all the soldiers should be on the old walls with armour and weapon, to the utmost show that could be; and so rode to the Bound Road, and met the queen, accompanied with my Lord of Moray, the Earl Huntley, the Earl Bothwell, the Secretary, and the Lord Hume, with the number of five hundred horse. At our first meeting she said: 'I am thus bold upon my good sister's favour to enter into her bounds, not meaning any way to offend her, nor any subject of hers.'"

'After a suitable exchange of compliments from the governor, "for then," observes Sir James Melville, who was also present, "all England bore her majesty great reverence," Mary expressed a wish to behold Berwick in the distance; and the English gentlemen, proud to oblige their royal neighbour, conducted her to Halidon Hill. She made Sir John Forster ride by her side, and honoured him with much discourse, observing: "There has been much cumber between these realms, but never during my life will I give occasion for any wars to England." "After this, and other pleasant talk," continues Forster, "she said 'she had something to say to me touching the Earl of Morton, that I should be a favourer of him and his company.' I answered her majesty: 'That until I had received direction from the queen's majesty, my mistress, for their passing away out of this realm, I had used them friendly; but so soon as the queen my mistress had commanded me to avoid them, I had after no dealings with them; for I mean not to have my mistress's indignation for any subject you have:' adding, 'I trust your majesty hath that opinion of me, that I make more estimation of your favour than of any subject you have.'" Mary appeared very well pleased with this discreet answer, and pursued the theme no further. "I had great discourse of our Border matters," continues Forster, "and then she called my Lord Bothwell, the Laird of Cessford, and the Lord Hume, and gave straight commandment in my hearing 'to cause good rule to be kept; and if she heard by me that the same were not kept, her officers should repent it;' with very earnest words, 'that she would do all things that might continue the peace.'"

'When Queen Mary reached the summit of Halidon Hill, she was saluted by a royal feu-de-joie from all the guns at Berwick, and beheld not only that town, but a far-off prospect of the land she fondly hoped one day to call her own. A proud moment it doubtless must have been, as she sat gazing across the broad waters of the Tweed, surrounded by the admiring gentlemen of England who had conducted her to that spot. And here an accident of a very alarming and painful nature befell her; for as she was conversing earnestly with Sir John Forster, his fiery charger reared up, and in coming down struck her above the knee with his forefeet, and hurt her grievously. Few ladies but would have screamed or fainted; but Mary, though still feeble from her recent severe illness, had sufficient fortitude and self-control to preserve her composure and conceal her pain. Sir John Forster, far more disconcerted at this unlucky occurrence than she, sprang from his horse in great distress, and knelt to entreat her pardon. Mary bade him rise, and kindly said "she was not hurt," exerting all her firmness with right royal spirit to control her pain while performing the ceremonial courtesies of taking leave of the English gentlemen, and returning thanks for the honours that had been paid to her. She requested Sir John Forster to "make her commendations to the queen of England, her good sister, and to tell her majesty, in his next letters, how she had presumed on her friendship;" and so she parted, not forgetting, however, to send six-score French crowns as a reward to the gunners of Berwick. Sir James Melville, who was an eye-witness of the accident that befell his sovereign, says: "She was very evil hurt, and compelled in consequence to stop two days on her journey at a castle of Lord Home," instead of going on to Coldingham that evening, as she had purposed. When sufficiently recovered to proceed to Coldingham, she slept not in the Priory, but in Houndwood, the prior's castellated house, where a small apartment is pointed out to visitors as "Queen Mary's Room." The spot where she mounted her white palfrey obtained, in commemoration of that circumstance, the name of Mount Album, which it still bears.

'A portrait of Queen Mary, mounted on her white palfrey, is in the possession of the Baroness Braye, which, although painted by an artist who certainly did not possess the power of depicting female grace and beauty, is curious as affording a specimen of her equestrian dress on state occasions. She is almost as much loaded with jewels and gold embroidery as her good sister of England; and is dressed in the like fashion, only her ruff is of less imposing height and amplitude. Her palfrey is trapped with purple velvet, and cut out in lattice-shells, on which are worked a net of pearl-beads; the bridle and headgear are richly jewelled, and ornamented with pearls and bands of ribbon.'

Our authoress then gives us a number of details as to the queen's style of dressing, which readers of her own sex will not fail to peruse with interest. 'Among the items,' she says, 'in Queen Mary's wardrobe inventory, we observe "ane little hat of black taffety, embroidered all over with gold, with a black feather and gold band. Another hat of black taffety, embroidered with silver; one of black velvet, embroidered with silver; and one of white *crisp* [crape]; also a little gray felt-hat, embroidered with gold and red silk, with a feather of red and yellow"—the royal colours of Scotland. These belonged to her riding-tire; but she had also a rich variety of hoods, coifs, cauls, bonnets, and cornettes of velvet, silk, damask, crape, and other costly materials, embroidered with gold, silver, silk, and pearls: with these she wore her regal frontlet of jeweller's work and gems. Her veils were for the most part of crape, passamented with borders of gold, embroidery, and pearls. The following quaintly described article of Oriental luxury in Mary's wardrobe inventory, appears to have been an anticipation of the modern parasol, for defending her face from the too ardent rays of the sun: "A little canopy of cramoisy satin, of three-quarters long, furnished with fringes and *fassis* made of gold and cramoisin silk, with many little painted buttons, serving to bear shadow afore the queen." Another of these fanciful hand-canopies was made of silver damask and carnation silk, fringed with carnation and silver. She had six-and-thirty pair of velvet shoes, laced and passamented with gold and silver, besides *mulis* or slippers in great variety. Her gloves were of the gauntlet form, fringed and embroidered with gold, silver, coloured silks, and small pearls. Her hose were silk, stocked with gold or silver; but she did not disdain the use of Guernsey *worsett* for winter wear. She had short cloaks of black velvet, embroidered with silver, and of white satin, embroidered and fringed with gold; a Highland mantle of black frieze, passamented with gold, and lined with black taffety; a blue Highland mantle, and a white Highland mantle. Her gowns, *vaskinis*, skirts, sleeves, doublets, and vardingales, were very costly, but not so numerous as those of her good sister of England, who rejoiced in the possession of two thousand magnificent dresses. Mary Stuart's wardrobe contained but fifty, of surpassing richness and elegance. The first in her inventory is "a robe-royal of purple velvet, embroidered about with gold, and furred with spotted ermine. A long loose gown, white satin, the breasts thereof lined with a breadth of cloth-of-silver, and passamented about with a broad passament of silver. A loose gown of crammosie satin, *lang-tailit*, lined in the breasts with frosted cloth-of-gold, with a broad band of gold about the same. Ane *high-neckit lang-tailit* gown of thin *incarnit* [carnation-coloured] taffety, with long and short sleeves, passamented over the body with silver passaments, and small cordons of silver and blue silk." This dress, from the lightness of the material, was evidently for summer wear. She had also a lang-tailed gown of *layn* (woollen manufacture), *sewit* (meaning embroidered) with silver and white silk, *laich-neckit*, with *burlettes*—that is to say, made low in the bodice, trimmed with stuffed rolls of the same material. A white satin lang-tailed high-neckit gown, passamented all over with gold; one of blue damask, passamented all over with silver; one of *aurange* damask, with silver; one of cloth-of-silver, frosted with gold on green velvet; another of cloth-of-gold, embroidered with silver, grounded with purple satin, made low in the bodice, and trimmed with a *geit*, or edging-lace of gold.

'It must be remembered that, with the exception of the nineteen months and ten days of her public married life with Darnley, and one month of forced and joyless union with Bothwell, Mary Stuart wore widow's mourning during her seven years' personal reign in Scotland. Hence her Scotch portraits represent her, with few exceptions, either in the dule-weed, or black trimmed with white. There is, however, a fine old portrait of her in the bishop's palace at Gloucester, erroneously stated, in an inscription of more modern date, to be Queen Elizabeth—the person by whom that inscription has been added having been deceived by the costume and family resemblance into that mistake. But the perfect oval of the face, pouting lips, long straight nose, almond-shaped dark hasel eyes, chestnut hair and eyebrows, delicate brunette complexion, and slender elegant throat, are those of Mary. The melancholy expression—true mark of a royal Stuart—which pervades her countenance, well accords with the state of her mind at the joyless period when she wore her gayest colours and most elaborate decorations, as if the royal purple and the gems could hide the anguish of a breaking heart. Among other little traits which serve to identify this portrait as that of Mary Stuart, is the crown of Scotland surmounting a crowned ruby heart—the cognizance of Darnley's maternal ancestors of the house of Douglas, whose representative in the elder line, through his mother, Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, he claimed to be. This jewelled device, which forms the centre of the pretty circular fan of yellow ostrich-feathers, tipped with red, which Mary holds in her right hand, was probably a token from that lady, denoting the matrimonial connection between the sovereign of Scotland and the grandson of the house of Douglas. But it is certain that Queen Elizabeth would not have condescended to use the cognizance of a Scottish subject among her decorations, and that she never pretended to have the slightest claim to the regal diadem of Scotland, although Mary had assumed the royal arms and title of Queen of England when under the tutelage of her father-in-law, Henry II. of France.'

Among the many remarkable *points* which Miss Strickland makes in favour of the unfortunate queen, is one in which we believe she has been led into a mistake. It has been stated by all historians since Buchanan, that Bothwell seized Mary at the Almond River, on her way from Linlithgow to Edinburgh. This is a place seven miles from the city. Miss Strickland, finding, however, that the act of parliament forfeiting Bothwell, lays the scene of the event 'ad Pontes, vulgo vocatos *Foulbrigs*,' and seeing there is a suburb of Edinburgh which once bore that name, lays eager hold of the idea that the abduction took place there—a spot, of course, less likely to have been selected for the purpose by Mary, had she been, as alleged, in collusion with Bothwell on this subject. She says: 'A vast amount of falsehood is overthrown by the evidence of the parliamentary record defining the when, where, and how Mary's capture was effected by Bothwell. The act was framed within seven months after the offence was perpetrated; and it behoved to be correct, because several persons assisted in that parliament, as Huntley, Lethington, Sir James Melville, and others, who were not only present when the abduction was effected, but were carried away with their royal mistress as prisoners to Dunbar. The statute for Bothwell's forfeiture, reciting the overt treasons he had committed, was, moreover, proclaimed to the people of Edinburgh by the heralds, first from the window of the Tolbooth, where the parliament then sat, then from the Mercat Cross and other public places, in the ears of hundreds who might actually have been eye-witnesses of the facts alleged.' Our authoress, in a note, adds her thanks to a gentleman of Kirkliston parish, 'for the friendly zeal in the cause of truth which induced him to take the trouble of ascertaining, by personal inquiries, both from the landed proprietors and peasantry in Linlithgowshire, that no traces, either documentary, historical, or traditionary, existed of there having been any bridge or bridges on the Almond which could be identified with the Foulbrigs specified by the *Acta Parliamentorum*,' &c.

Now, it is very true that the act of parliament is high authority, and it mentions Foulbrigs; but it does not follow that this Foulbrigs was exactly the place latterly so called near Edinburgh. Places called by such names as Foulmire, Foulford, and Foulbrigs, are very common in Scotland, and there may well have been another Foulbrigs in the time of Mary besides the suburb in question. It appears to us that, though there be now no Foulbrigs on the Almond, the constant reference to that river by contemporary authorities, as Buchanan and Birrel, is not so easily got over as Miss Strickland assumes. There might quite well be a Foulbrigs on the Almond then, though not now. There actually is a place still called Brigs close to the Almond, at the point where the ordinary road from Linlithgow crosses it: it appears in Timothy Pont's map of the time of Charles I., and is now a farm. What more likely, then, that this place was once 'commonly called *Foul*-brigs,' as its marshy situation might well entitle it to be? The phrase in the act, 'ad Pontes, vulgo vocatos Foulbrigs,' appears in fact simply a translation of 'at the Brigs, commonly called Foulbrigs,' such translations being common in public writings of that time. What, in our opinion, decides that this really was the place is, that another contemporary diarist, the writer of the *Diurnal of Occurrents*, clearly states that the incident took place 'betwix Kirkliston and Edinburgh, at a place called the Briggis.' Miss Strickland must have been well aware of this, but has wholly ignored the evidence, in her eagerness to establish a locality which she considered as better suiting her case for Queen Mary. It happens that the Brigs is a spot remarkably suited for an ambuscade, being situate in a tongue of land between the Almond and its tributary the Gogar Burn. We believe that both of these waters were then without bridges, though probably not so always; and, accordingly, any small party, beset there by a larger or better armed one from the north, could not have fled a hundred yards except at the peril of drowning. If Bothwell, therefore, was not in collusion with the queen, but under a real anxiety to make her capture certain, 'the Brigs' on Almond Water was certainly, of all places between Linlithgow and Edinburgh, the one he would have been most apt to select for his purpose.

AN UNENVIABLE FATE.

The following appears in a St Louis newspaper of 26th August, as a true incident:—

One day last week, early in the morning, that miserable conveyance which takes the poor and friendless dead to the City Cemetery at the city's expense, halted in front of a house in a street of the southern part of the city. The driver alighted from the wagon, entered the house, but appeared again soon after, carrying, in company with another alike disinterested-looking man, a coffin made of rough boards. The coffin was placed on the wagon, and it made speed over the deserted streets towards the cemetery.

Not one followed the wagon with a sorry look—not one stood at her grave with a feeling heart, when the earth fell upon the coffin: and yet this coffin contained the corpse of a lady who once was sincerely adored by hundreds—who once was honoured, extolled, envied in society—who could command riches—and who, but a few years ago, before she trod the shores of this continent, could expect a happy and contented old age.

This lady was Rosa Neschemi, the daughter of an immensely wealthy Polish nobleman. In early youth, she was taken to the imperial court of Austria, where, in her eighteenth year, she was married to a French nobleman, who was also very rich. Rosa Neschemi lived many long and happy years, partly upon the possessions of her husband, partly travelling through Germany, Spain, Italy, and England, and gave birth to three sons, who received the best education, and upon whom the eyes of the parents rested with great pride.

But then the July revolution at Paris came. Rosa's husband took a considerable and active part in it; and on the 28th, he fell from the effect of three shots which he received. His name is still honoured with a place on the column in the Place de la Bastille.

Of the sons, the oldest one, an exceedingly gifted young man, was surpassingly successful in Spain, and was at the time private secretary to King Ferdinand. After the king's death, he removed to a villa in the neighbourhood of Valencia, where, as is believed, he fell a prey to the dagger of an assassin.

The second son, who had joined himself to the ministers of the church, was an especial favourite of Pope Gregory. He died, also, soon after that event.

The third son, yet very young, remained with his mother, who found an asylum in Switzerland, whither she carried the remnants of her ruined fortune. In his sixteenth year, he left his mother and came to America. In New Orleans he soon found employment, and earned much money. Bad associates, and his own inclination to dissipation, caused him to deviate from the proper path; and some five years ago, he grasped at the last and most contemptible means to save his credit—he persuaded his old mother to cross the ocean. She could not refuse the prayer of her only son, and arrived. She succeeded in bringing with her 6000 dollars, which sum was spent by her son in a short time. About a year ago, he ended his career in New Orleans; being employed as deputy-sheriff, he killed a Creole by stabbing him. He escaped to California, and his old mother, to whom New Orleans naturally became a place extremely distasteful, turned her steps towards St Louis.

One day last week, early in the morning, the miserable city-hearse conveyed the remains of Rosa Neschemi to the last unwept-for resting-place. Such is life!

TAKE THE BABY.

O yes, take the baby along, by all means. Babies love dearly to ride in the cars, and toddle about in steam-boats. Why, the baby is the life of the party. We have known a whole room full of people entertained by one, hour after hour. Sleeping or waking, the pretty little creature, that can lisp a little English or French—one can hardly tell which—is the universal delight, and many a party has been stupid just for the want of one.

In old times, when they used to journey in stages, a lady who had a sweet little child with her could scarcely call it her own the whole way, the gentlemen were so fond of carrying, keeping, and kissing it. Even the bachelors loved to play with, and dandle it on their knees, though at first they might be a little bashful, and awkward in taking hold of the strange and unaccustomed thing. But the smiles and winning-ways of the baby were always irresistible, and sure to overcome at last the most obstinate. People love babies as they do flowers. Gentlemen especially, who are fond of flowers, like babies—the sweetest of them all to carry in their hands—just as they would put a carnation in their button-holes.

How babies and butterflies do swarm in summer, to be sure! It is then they are on the wing. Pray, don't try to keep them from flying about and alighting here and there when something strikes their fancy, opening and shutting their hands and wings awhile, then flitting away again. Ye that have babies, don't go anywhere without them. Better leave your purse behind; it will be less missed. The light of your eyes will be quenched, and your tongue will miss its inspiration. What a literally everlasting topic is the baby! She does this, she did that. Baby laughed in her sleep; her mother does believe it was because she saw something which one so lately from the skies could only behold. Baby can say this word, and hides away sometimes from her mamma, though all but her nose and eyes are in plain sight.

Ye who have no baby! get the lawful ownership of one as soon as possible. You don't know what a fountain of pure felicity it is. The baby is the light and joy of the whole house. The sweet little creature is the brightest jewel in your cabinet, and ornamental to your drawing-room; the choicest garland in your garden; most inexhaustible of entertaining company. There is no solitude where a baby is. Care and trouble disappear at the approach of the laughing little cherub. She is chloroform to your anxieties, and exhilarating gas to your pleasure. We adopt the style of advice of a money-loving father to his son, with a change of a word or two: 'Procure a baby, friend—honestly, of course, but at anyrate be sure and get one.' A graceful vine she will be to you in youth, which will support you in the infirmities of age.—*Newark* [*American*] *Advertiser.*

1710 AND 1855.

....'He added that, for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which, he believed, could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture.' He then told us, 'that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in that part of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons, who were not much talked of; and those,' says he, 'are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirando!'—*Tatler*, April 6, 1710. The Menzikoffs are still at it, after the lapse of 145 years—but who is the Duchess of Mirando? The prince above mentioned was a great man in his day, and procured the succession to the throne of the widow of Peter the Great: but he was sent to Siberia, poor man, by her successor, and died in poverty. Who can say that the coincidence will not go as far as this with regard to his descendant, Prince Menschikoff, as we now think fit to spell the name?

GAELIC LITERATURE IN AUSTRALIA.

We observe by the newspapers of Melbourne, that it is proposed to issue a periodical in the Gaelic language in that city, for the use of the Highlanders resident in Victoria, and in the other Australian colonies. This periodical, to resemble a monthly newspaper, and to be called *Am Fior Ghaidlical,* is to embrace articles of moral and religious instruction, and to communicate intelligence from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The very proposal to start such a periodical, shews that there must be a considerable number of Highland immigrants in Australia requiring the solacements of literature; but we doubt much the policy of cultivating a language which is of no value in letters, and which can serve no other purpose than to make the Highlanders in Australia the same peculiar people they were at home. Instead of attempting still more to Gaelicise their minds, it is our bounden duty to teach them to read, speak, think, and feel in English.

HOW TO MAKE SEA-WATER.

There cannot be a question that by far the simplest plan would consist in the evaporation of the sea-water itself in large quantities, preserving the resulting salt in closely-stopped vessels to prevent the absorption of moisture, and vending it in this form to the consumer; the proportion of this dry saline matter being 56¼ ounces to 10 gallons of water, less three pints. This plan was suggested by Dr E. Schweitzer for the extemporaneous formation of sea-water for medicinal baths. Mr H. Schweitzer writes me, that he has for many years made this compound in accordance with his cousin's analysis. The proportion ordered to be used is 6 ounces to the gallon of water, and stirred well until dissolved.—*R. Warrington in Annals of Natural History.*

THE VOICE.

[These beautiful lines are extracted from a volume of elegant Poetry by Mrs Abdy. This is the sixth volume the accomplished authoress has presented to her friends: a selection from them, we are sure, would be an acceptable offering to the public.]

Thou art not now so fair and gay as thou wert wont to be;
Pale is thy cheek, once blooming as the wild-rose on the tree;
No longer are thy coral lips by sportive dimples crowned,
Thy form hath lost its airy grace, thy step its springing bound.

Thine eyes—those deep and glorious eyes, at once so dark and bright—
Shine with a saddened lustre now, a veiled and languid light;
I see upon thy noble brow the lines of anxious care,
And silver threads are twining with thy locks of ebon hair.

Yet hast thou kept one gift from Heaven, unharmed, unaltered, still;
How on my eager senses seems that tuneful voice to thrill!
Like to the gushing melody of waters pure and clear,
It comes amid the din of life to soothe my wearied ear.

Visions of bright and banished scenes around me seem to throng,
When daily I held speech with thee, whose very speech was song:
And now, methinks, that well-known voice, with soft and silvery chime
Pours forth a lay of triumph o'er the startling wrecks of Time!

Thy fresh and youthful loveliness has ceased to charm the sight,
Yet deem not, sweet enchantress, that thy wand is broken quite;
Love's subtle spell thou yet mayst weave, since yet thou canst rejoice
In Woman's most resistless charm—the magic of a Voice!

SENDING TO COVENTRY EXPLAINED.

Clarendon reproaches with virulence our spirited ancestors for disloyalty to Charles I. The day after the king left Birmingham on his march from Shrewsbury in 1642, they seized his carriages, containing the royal plate and furniture, which, for security, they conveyed to Warwick Castle. They apprehended all messengers and suspected persons; frequently attacked, and reduced small parties of the Royalists, whom they sent prisoners to Coventry. Hence the proverbial expression, in reference to a refractory person, 'Send him to Coventry.'—*Willis's Notes and Queries.*

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT AT LEEDS.

In this article, in No. 51, the cost of grinding is erroneously stated as having been reduced to 1s. 8d. per bag; it should have been per quarter. Another matter is understated in behalf of the society—namely, that the shares subscribed were never more than 21s. each; in all, 3200 guineas, all the increase of funds beyond that point having been by profits, of which there was L.4387 in 1853 alone.

NEW WORK OF FICTION BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

On the conclusion of MARETIMO, the author of WEARYFOOT COMMON will present our readers with another story of modern life, to be continued in weekly chapters till completed.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by J. M'Glashan, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

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THE SECOND BABY.

BETWEEN the first baby and the second, what a falling off is there, my countrywomen! Not in intrinsic value, for the second may chance to be 'as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina,' but in the imaginary value with which it is invested by its nearest kin and more distant female belongings. The coming of the first baby in a household creates an immense sensation; that of the second is comparatively a commonplace affair. The first baby is looked for with anxiety, nursed with devotion, admired with enthusiasm, dressed with splendour, and made to live upon system. Baby Number Two is not longed for by any one, except, perhaps, the mother; is nursed as a matter of course, and admired as a matter of courtesy; is dressed in the cast-off clothes of Number One, and gets initiated into life without much ceremony or system.

Such was my reflection the other day as I watched the assembled family welcome the little stranger—*the second* in our household. I am but a bachelor uncle, and my opinion on such matters may be little worth, but it seemed to me that this second child was a great deal superior to the first, seeing that it was larger, quieter, and not nearly so red as his elder brother. Thereupon, retiring to my accustomed corner of the spacious family parlour, I indulged in various lucubrations apropos of babies generally, and second babies in particular, which I took care not to deliver *vivâ voce* at the time, but which I amused myself afterwards by committing to paper, and which I now offer to the reader.

'A babe in the house, is a well-spring of joy,' saith a modern philosopher. He speaks from experience, doubtless; and the saying shews that he hath never had misgivings about getting the daily bread for the babe, or for the mother that should give it suck. Yes, to people with health, peace, and competence, a babe in the house is a well-spring of joy; but to people who are indigent, harassed, and of doubtful health, I fear it is a well-spring of something very different.

I know I shall seem like an old brute of a bachelor to sentimental ladies, married and single, for saying such things; but this is a land of freedom of speech, where 'a man may speak the thing he will.' And this I *will* say, on behalf of the poor babies themselves, that if they had any sense at all, they would wish they had never been born—at all events, the *second* would, and every succeeding baby of the aforesaid unhopeful parentage. The *first* baby is generally welcome, even to parents who are doubtful about the morrow's meal. It flings a poetry over their poverty; they look on it with unutterable love, with tender respect, as a charge committed to their trust by God himself, as a renewal of their own lives—a mystic bond of love that no time, and perhaps not even eternity itself, can untie. It is a new and wonderful thing! They can't get familiar with the wonder of it! Its whole little being is a marvellous work; and the hearts of the parents, especially of the mother, glow with the purest ecstasy when they take it in their arms, and think: 'This is my child, my own flesh and blood! From the care and the love of this creature nothing, I thank God, can set me free!' So it is with the first child. Indeed, one would think no child had ever been born into the world before, when one listens to a couple talking of their first-born during its first year. To them it is as it was to Adam and Eve when they hung together over their infant Cain: it is a new and grand experience. Thoughts of God and Paradise are in it: God is near above them, smiling his blessing; the gates of Paradise are close at hand, and wide open; and the angels look forth with sympathising eyes upon their joy. Ah! there is scarcely any joy in life equal to that joy at the birth of a first child! It never comes again: there is never another *first* child. Of course, parents will say and will feel that the second 'is very precious;' that 'indeed they love it as well as the first;' that 'each child brings its full share of love with it;' and that

> True love in this differs from gold and clay—
> That to divide is not to take away:

so that they can love a dozen as much as one. But let them compare their sensations at the first birth with their sensations at the second, and if they have any faculty of self-observance, be sure they will acknowledge a wide difference; to the love of the child itself in the one case, is superadded the novelty of parentage.

But it by no means follows, that because the first child creates so much more vivid a sensation in the household than the second, it deserves to be loved more. As a general rule, you will find the second child, in various ways, superior to the first—often superior to all the succeeding children, where the family is numerous. The law and society give the preference to eldest sons and daughters; fairy tales invariably give the preference to the youngest. I set myself, in this particular, against both the existing social system, and the wont and usage of fairyland, and think the second child is generally the best, physically, intellectually, and morally. With all due consideration for the Octavias and Septimuses, for Sextus and Quintus, and with the usual undue consideration for Mr Primus and my Lady Una, I contend that their second brother or sister is likely to excel them all. I am not prepared to go to the stake as a martyr for this opinion, but I am prepared to wield a pen in its defence, and now add a few of the strongest arguments in its favour.

In the first place, a second child of ordinary parents, tolerably well off, benefits in infancy and childhood by the experience they gained with the first. They try experiments with the first; ask advice of doctors and old ladies; and are so anxious to help nature, that they often hinder her operations. The child is never let alone; it is always being taken notice of by some admiring nurse or relative. Now, the proverb of the kitchen, that 'a watched pot never boils,' applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the nursery, and it may be said that 'a watched baby never thrives.' But the second child profits by the experiments made with the first. The parents, having discovered that 'let well alone' is a safer maxim than 'trust nothing to chance' in the case of an infant, are content to let Baby Number Two lie on the floor sometimes, instead of being always in the arms; are not anxious to coax it to walk before it can get up on its little feet and stand; will allow it to ask for food, instead of forcing food down its throat; are not frightened into foolishness because it looks up to the open sky without a hat on. So when it can run about, they do not mount guard over every motion, remove from the child's path every obstacle, and help it to overcome every small difficulty; they have learned that all these acts of love are not so good for the child as its acquiring habits of self-help and self-reliance. If they have any faculty of prevision, they will see that a child who requires to be watched and helped all day long, will probably want watching and helping when he grows a man.

Baby Number Two escapes most of the medicines administered to Number One, and a great deal of the dressing—in which respects Baby Number Two has decidedly the advantage.

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of flattering tongues, which tell Number One twenty times a day that it is 'the sweetest little thing that ever was seen.'

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of jealous suggestions, such as, 'Ah! *your* nose is put out of joint. You're not the only one now! The new baby is the darling now.'

Baby Number Two has the advantage of the company of an elder brother or sister: he learns a thousand things more easily in consequence. His own voluntary imitation is worth all the direct teaching mothers and nurses can give.

Then, again, if Baby Number Two be followed by more of his kind, he is sure to take to them kindly; as he has never been the *only* one, he sees no harm in the coming of 'another, and another, and another.'

It is also an advantage to him to play the protector and the teacher in his turn: he cares for the little ones, and is patient with them. I don't deny that *this* advantage he shares with his socially-favoured elder brother.

As he advances in life, I have no hesitation in saying that the second son has frequently the best of it. In cases where the eldest son succeeds to a fortune and an estate—that is to say, in a family *of family*—your second son is almost always *first* in everything but birth. He goes to school and college as the relative to his antecedent, if I may be allowed a grammatical pun. He has there all the advantages of equality, together with those which appertain to another grade. The eldest son is not obliged to work hard at either seminary, and he never does work harder than it suits his inclination or sense of duty. The second son, being duly warned by his father that he must study for a profession, and that on his success in that profession he must depend for a maintenance, goes to school and college determined to work; or if not, he is speedily made to know the difference between an eldest and a second son. His tutors force him to work; and if he have profited by his home education as a child, in the way I have already described, he very soon learns that work of all kinds well done is worth more than its wages to the doer; and he blesses the accident of birth which made him Baby Number Two, instead of Baby Number One.

'But,' says some reader, and with considerable show of reason, 'do not all these advantages which you attribute solely to the second son, belong also to the rest of the younger children?' I think not, and for these reasons:—

After the second child is born, parents get quite familiar with the birth and infancy of their children; and whereas the first child attracts too much attention, it often happens that the third, fourth, and fifth, do not attract enough. They are cared for well, in a general way, but they do not get that particular care and attention which the eldest child got, and which was too much; nor the half of it, which was bestowed on the second child, and which was just enough. Parents with limited income—as if any incomes were unlimited—find that to educate the younger children at as great a money-cost as the two elder, is more than they can manage; and so the younger children are not so well off as the second child. Of course, I speak only of average children; here and there you have a genius born among the younger members of a numerous family—a Wellington, a Nelson, a Scott, a Napoleon; such children arrive at their destination in life, whether they be eldest, second, or younger children. The exceptions may prove the rule, but they do not weaken its truth.

In conclusion, I invite my readers to study the family history of their friends and acquaintances, and see if they do not find my assertion good. The second child is generally the best of the family. I ought to know, for I am a second child myself, and on that ground alone I began to turn my attention to the subject; and having come to the foregone conclusions, I make a point of watching the career of a second baby.

A HONOLULU NEWSPAPER.

We have lying before us a recent number of the *New Era and Weekly Argus*, a newspaper printed at Honolulu, island of Oahoo, one of the Hawaiian group—better known to many of our readers as the Sandwich Islands. Ere proceeding to give some account of this remarkable voucher of the prosperity and civilisation of the country which has been aptly termed the Heart of the Pacific, it may be interesting to trace briefly the modern history of the islands, which are certainly destined at no distant period to become an important and powerful maritime state.

The whole group is of volcanic origin, and on Hawaii is the largest active volcano in the world. The mountains attain the enormous height of 14,000 feet, and the general scenery of the islands is picturesque and beautiful. Even thirty years ago, upwards of fifty whaling-ships have been in the harbour of Honolulu at one time. At the present day, hundreds of whalers, chiefly from the United States, Sydney, and Hobart Town, annually visit the ports of Honolulu and Lahaina. In 1820, the first missionaries landed at Hawaii, idolatry having already been abolished by the will of the king, and of a number of the leading chiefs and priests. From this period civilisation progressed steadily and surely. In a few years, many churches were erected, schools were established, printing-presses were at work issuing books in the native languages; England, France, America, Spain, Russia, and other countries, had resident consuls; a considerable trade sprang up; and the whole group was rescued from the slough of gross and degrading superstitions. Suffice it, that at the present time the

Hawaiian Islands form a recognised independent kingdom, possessing a regular constitution, code of laws, and system of government. The power of the king is limited, and he is aided by ministers of different departments of state to administer the laws and govern his kingdom. The laws themselves are enacted by a House of Representatives, chosen by the people, and by a House of Nobles. Notwithstanding the various unhappy differences which have occurred from time to time between the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries, and the jealousies and struggles for predominancy between the American, English, and French consuls and settlers, the little kingdom has really been very judiciously governed on the whole, considering its antecedents, and its unique position and character. Its trade and commerce is increasing at a very rapid ratio; and according to some recent writers, the decrease in native population is likely to cease erelong, although others predict, that by slow and sure degrees the race of pure-blooded aborigines will become altogether extinct. Mr Jarves, the able historian of the islands, declares that 'this group is capable of supporting a dense population. With the exception of metals, its natural resources are sufficient to meet all its necessities.' It is, however, the remarkably advantageous geographical position of the islands, which is certain eventually to render them populous, and exceedingly important possessions. 'Their position,' says Jarves, 'is central to both the neighbouring continents, being nearly equidistant from Central America, Mexico, California, and the north-west coast, on the one side, and the Russian dominions, Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands, on the other. When a civilised and enterprising population shall have developed the resources of these countries, these islands will bear the same relative importance to them, in proportion to their extent, that the West Indies now do to North and South America.' We are inclined to anticipate a far more magnificent destiny for the islands than that indicated by their historian. In less than another generation, they will become one of the greatest depôts of commerce in the world. Australia was comparatively unimportant in relation to the Hawaiian group at the time Mr Jarves wrote, but the case is very different now.

And now for our newspaper—one of the two or three weekly broadsheets published at Honolulu. Of its contemporaries, we only know that one, *The Polynesian*, is the semi-official organ of government. The number of the *New Era* before us bears date June 8, 1854. It is a paper of four pages, somewhat smaller in size than the London *Globe*, yet its price is 12½ cents per copy, or six dollars per annum paid in advance. So high a price indicates a very small circulation, or else great expense of production. In its general appearance it precisely resembles an American local newspaper, but it is well printed, on shabby paper. Nothing conveys a better idea of a strange place than a copy of the local newspaper. A glance over the columns of the *New Era*, gives the *coup de grâce* to any lingering romantic fancies associated with the name of Honolulu, and that of the island of Oahu, of which it is the capital. We are struck with the one pervading idea, that Honolulu is a place where business traffic—ordinary, prosaic buying, selling, and exchanging—is the general, if not the sole, pursuit of the people. All that meets our eye in the paper has some connection with dollars and cents. At the outset we count *one hundred and seventy-five advertisements*, occupying thirteen out of the twenty columns of the paper. These advertisements are addressed to all whom it may concern, by tradesmen, merchants, and professional men of all kinds. A dozen or more hotels solicit public support, on the score of providing first-rate comforts and luxuries; and drapers, grocers, provision and other merchants, butchers, bakers, brewers, confectioners, tailors, clothiers, hosiers, hatters, shoemakers, ironmongers, watchmakers, jewellers, perfumers, auctioneers, estate, commission, and shipping agents, masons, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, druggists, &c., all set forth their claims to patronage in excellent Queen's English, and in the orthodox advertising style. We are only occasionally reminded that they hang out their signs on an island in the heart of the remote Pacific, by such names of streets as Nuuana, Kaahumanu, Mauna Kea, Alakea Street, &c. The majority of the streets, however, appear to bear common English names. One circumstance, also, is very suggestive—we do not notice a single *native* name among those of the hundred and seventy-five advertisers; four-fifths bear English patronymics, and the residue are German and French. Goods of every conceivable description—in some cases, entire ships' cargoes—are offered for sale. Articles of utility and luxury from every quarter of the globe, almost everything the epicure can wish to eat and drink, or people of fashion to wear, can be procured at Honolulu—for a consideration. Literature, we regret to add, appears to be at a discount. At anyrate, there is not a single bookseller's advertisement, although there certainly is one of the 'Honolulu Circulating Library Association,' which announces that 'donations, whether of books or money, will be most thankfully received.' Only one advertisement is given both in English and Hawaiian, being an intimation 'by command of the king,' to the effect that 'it has pleased the king to appoint William Webster, Esq., Assistant Agent for the sale and letting of His Majesty's lands, and for the collection of all rents due and accruing for the same.' There are also a couple of noticeable advertisements which announce the forthcoming meetings of the Excelsior Lodge of Ancient Foresters—or perhaps Shepherds, for a couple of crooks are affixed, and the letter-press is somewhat mystical to us—and of a lodge of freemasons. It is easy to see from the advertisements, that many of them are addressed more especially to the captains of ships entering or calling at the port. In fact, not merely does Honolulu supply hundreds of ships annually with what they need for their own crews, but it is a grand depôt where whole cargoes of miscellaneous goods are bought by vessels from all countries bordering on the Pacific, to carry elsewhere for sale and barter. The same observation applies to European ships trading in that great ocean on a roving commission.

Of the remaining seven columns of the paper, nearly four are occupied by reports of the 'Hawaiian Legislature,' one contains foreign intelligence, and the residue is occupied by editorial paragraphs. The foreign news is relative to the war between Russia and Turkey, England, and France—the declaration of war by the Western powers having just reached Honolulu. The reports of the Hawaiian parliament are novel and interesting. As in England, the real burden and business of legislation is evidently done in the Lower House—or House of Representatives, as they call it. The proceedings appear to be based on the English and American system. There were a number of petitions presented of the usual local character—one of which, by the way, curiously enough, shews that the canine race is becoming as great a nuisance in the Hawaiian group as with us in Britain. It prays 'that the dog-tax be *raised* to five dollars per head.' We read of speeches on many subjects that sound exceedingly familiar to English ears. Thus, there were 'Orders of the Day;' discussions, &c., on the 'Landlord and Tenant Bill;' the 'Bill to Amend the Laws on Smuggling;' a 'Bill to Amend the Law of Evidence;' a 'Discussion of the Militia Bill,' &c. We meet with native speakers, the reporter telling us that on the subject of the Honolulu Reef Bill 'Mr Kaumaea was eloquent;' that 'Messrs Kalama and Maika very earnestly advocated the bill;' that 'Mr Kamaipelekane read for the first time a bill,' &c. About half of the names of the representatives are English. Here are two curious items: 'Mr Nahakuelua read first time a bill *to make soldiers of all illegitimate persons:* laid on the table. Mr Uma read first time a bill to forbid the king to sell any of his lands to foreigners.' A singular instance of roguery at Honolulu comes out in the discussion on a bill to reduce the duties on alcohol imported for medicinal or mechanical purposes. 'Mr Bowlin, in advocating this bill, stated that there was in Honolulu at present a very good article of brandy labelled "Heard's Sarsaparilla," which was imported as sarsaparilla, entered as brandy, and afterwards withdrawn from the custom-house under a minister's permit for medicinal purposes, infused with a slight tincture of cloves, and then sold as "Heard's Sarsaparilla."' In other words, by underhand manœuvring, brandy was openly sold under a false name, thus evading the heavy duty on that article. The proceedings of the Upper House of Parliament are reported under the head of 'House of Nobles.' Judging by this newspaper, the proceedings in both houses appear to be conducted with great decorum, order, and deliberation; and the speeches of some of the representatives, both native and naturalised foreigners, are straightforward, and replete with good sense.

Turn we now to the editorial department, to which is prefixed the motto: 'Open to all: controlled by none.' Adverting to the expected arrival of the English and French squadrons, the editor calls the attention of the legislature to the necessity of deepening and widening the harbour; and 'as under almost any circumstances, a proper dredging-machine could not be sent for and arrive from the United States or England before some time next spring, we are absolutely obliged to fall back on our own mother-wit and power of contrivance to meet the dilemma.' And so 'we, the *poor, libelled, vilified editor* of the *New Era and Argus*, offer 200 dollars to any person who, within a month from to-day, shall lay before the government for its acceptance the cheapest and most feasible plan of clearing out the sand and mud of the passage of the harbour of Honolulu; the work to be performed by the first of December next.' Patriotic editor! Several paragraphs on local subjects of interest follow; one being an acknowledgment of a present of 'a bag of new corn-meal, ground at the steam flouring-mill at Honolulu.' It would appear that the personal comfort of the editor is worthily held in thoughtful remembrance, for he begs that 'the person, gentleman or lady (for kind hearts are of both sexes), who, during our absence the other day, furnished our sanctum with a commodious editorial chair, will be pleased to receive our grateful acknowledgments.' May the editor live to read, six months hence, this article descriptive of his newspaper while he lounges, like the luxurious fellow he probably is, in that very chair!

Some omissions in the paper strike us as rather remarkable. For instance, there is not a single paragraph relating to crimes, trials, or accidents; there are no births, marriages, or deaths announced; there is not a single scrap of poetry or of literary extract. The foreign news is solely confined to intelligence concerning the great European war; and it would seem that the Hawaiian Islands either are singularly barren of incidents of domestic interest, or that the good people there are totally devoid of all curiosity or concern in any and every subject, except what immediately relates to their pockets. But, taking it all in all, the Honolulu *New Era* is a literary curiosity, and does honour to the press in the Pacific. It has given us a clearer idea of the growing importance, and the splendid future promise of the Hawaiian Islands, than the perusal of a dozen books of travel would have done.

Since we began to write this paper, a letter has been published in the *Times*, dated from on board Her Majesty's ship *President* at sea, July 28. The *President* is the flag-ship of the English squadron in the Pacific, which, in conjunction with the French squadron, is sailing in search of the Russian men-of-war. The combined squadrons arrived at Honolulu last July, and the writer gives some interesting details concerning that place. He says that Honolulu is 'a well-built town, of about 15,000 inhabitants, where everything bears the air of advancing civilisation and improvement.' King Kamehameha III. 'keeps up his court in the same manner as in England: he has his palace-guards, ministers of departments—Europeans principally—and all the attributes of royalty. Her majesty the queen is blessed with a daughter called the Princess Victoria, after our own queen, and there are several princes of the royal blood. The chiefs are perfect aristocrats, and boast of their unpolluted descent for many generations. The nobility are very fine well-grown men, and the difference of their appearance and that of the lower orders indicates a decided superiority of breeding.' His testimony to the importance and value of Honolulu and the islands generally, is emphatic. 'I never saw,' says he, 'in the Pacific such splendid facilities for obtaining supplies for ships. Of course the arrival of our large squadron [three English and four French ships of war] raised the price of the market considerably—more than double; but everything can be procured—water in abundance, coal, bullocks much finer than the English, sheep and cattle of all kinds, vegetables, fruits, and almost everything can be obtained, either produced on the islands or brought from San Francisco, which is only about ten or twelve days' sail. About 800 whalers come to Honolulu every year to refit, and its central position makes it invaluable. It is a sad pity our government has not possession—a more glorious depôt for the squadron and merchantmen could not be found.'

This writer alludes to the probability that the United States will erelong obtain possession of the Hawaiian group; and if newspaper statements are to be relied on, there is great likelihood that such will be the case. A New York paper positively states, that the Hawaiian government, some time ago, made overtures to the United States' government to 'accept the cession of the islands.' A favourable answer was returned, which 'was submitted to the council, in which body it was approved by all the members, except Prince Alexander, the heir-apparent, and Paki, a high chief. The majority, however, decided in favour of annexation; and the treaty to that effect was brought over to San Francisco in the *Restless*, in time to be despatched to Washington by the steamer of the 1st of August.' It is possible that this statement is substantially correct; and should the presumption of the annexation of the islands to the United States be realised, that power will thereby obtain a splendid and incalculably valuable acquisition. Even apart from the commercial importance of the islands, it is hardly possible to overrate their immense value to any great maritime power. To quote the opinion of Mr Jarves: 'If the ports of this group were closed to neutral commerce, many thousand miles of ocean would have to be traversed before havens possessing the requisite conveniences for recruiting or repairing shipping could be reached. This fact illustrates their great importance in a naval point. Should any one of the great nations seize upon them, it might be considered as holding the key of the North Pacific; for no trade could prosper in their vicinity, or even exist, while a hostile power, possessing an active and powerful marine, should send forth its cruisers to prey upon the neighbouring commerce.' Well for us, we may add, that Russia is not in possession of these islands!

Without entering into any political considerations, we may safely conclude, that whether the Hawaiian group continues an independent state, or whether it is annexed to some powerful country, a great future is certain to open on the history of these islands. Their trade, and the number of foreign settlers upon their shores, must inevitably increase yearly at an accelerated rate; and no limit can be assigned to their progress in commercial and political importance. At present, the Hawaiian is perhaps the most interesting and promising minor kingdom in the world.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DANGERS OF ANGELA.

ANGELA was at first so much surprised, so pleasantly surprised, by the coming of Bianca, that even before the violent scene we have described she was unable to utter a single word; and when the Black Band had retired to continue their altercation without, could for some time express herself only by indistinct murmurs. The two beautiful young women—the wife and the maiden—sat pressing close together with clasped hands on a rude wooden bench in the innermost corner of that sombre hut; whilst poor Mr Buck, although downcast and sad, related what had happened since their capture in the chestnut-grove. He did not indulge in many details. They had been surprised, he said, in their sleep. After a violent struggle, he was overpowered, and placed, with his arms pinioned like a malefactor, upon a horse. Angela was seized by the man called the Spaniard; and the whole party galloped furiously towards the forest. They soon learned that the object of their captors was ransom; and Jeppo, who had watched their movements alone for some hours, and knew that Walter had gone to Villa Castelnuove, himself proposed, during the halt by the side of the stream in the valley, to act as messenger. Another man, however, rode off to Palermo, where, through the medium of a Tripoline tradesman, allowed by common consent to play this part, the marchese was to be made acquainted with what had happened.

'They seem to do these things in quite a business-like way,' said Mr Buck dismally. 'It is an organised system of dealing in human-flesh. If I were governor in this island, I would say: "Do your worst, scoundrels!" and I would send a whole regiment of soldiers to destroy this band, root and branch.'

The young girl whom we have mentioned—Jeppo's daughter—smiled strangely at this speech.

'Signor,' quoth she, 'are you sure that what you say will not be done? When we took the niece of the Bishop of Catania, six months ago, the viceroy would not allow the ransom to be paid. Poor thing! her fright was terrible. But the churchman begged and prayed, and sent his own steward with the money. 'Twould have been a pity to kill so pretty a child. Then they say that the viceroy swore he would never consent again, even if his own daughter were taken.'

'But cannot the parent pay without his knowledge?' suggested Mr Buck, turning very pale.

'It is not easy to collect much money in this country without it being known; and the viceroy—a hard man, verily—threatens to punish all who pay ransoms as our accomplices.'

'And you mean, young woman,' inquired Mr Buck solemnly, 'that if he refuse to allow the freedom of this lady to be purchased'——

'What would you have? We have no other means of terror,' said she, answering the question which the Englishman had not ventured to terminate.

Then she related, in an indifferent tone, that as soon as the bishop's niece was released, all the defiles of Etna, where the band at that time was, were occupied by troops, and many of their bravest men were taken or killed. Jeppo fought his way through at night with a small party, and for some time attempted no further enterprise, remaining in a sure place disguised. His companions, however, tormented by poverty and idleness, came and forced him once more to head an expedition. He wished to yield the command to the Spaniard, but not even those who afterwards mutinied would consent. They fell in with some of Pipo's sons, who asked them if they had seen the fugitives; and this was what led to the capture.

'We have been so harassed and pursued this last month,' said the girl, who seemed proud of the breathless interest with which her words were listened to, 'that the men are again tired, and would like to disperse and be honest. This is why they will listen to no proposal but the marchese's. When the viceroy hears the truth, we know not what may happen. But your father, signora, is powerful with him—is he not?'

The last words were addressed to Angela. She tried to answer; but could not find courage to speak to this young girl, who talked so calmly of the alternative of ransom or death. There was silence for a moment; and Mr Buck, who was superstitious at times, thought that a strange expression passed over Angela's countenance—the expression of one who has suddenly wandered to the edge of a tomb. She seemed to become more pure-looking, but more cold than before; to lose some of her womanly suppleness, and to take the rigidity of those figures in ancient paintings, intended for angelic visitants standing pensive by the side of a death-couch. All this was fancy, but honest Joseph Buck—in his ordinary moods so practical and positive—had been marvellously influenced by the wild adventures he had recently encountered, and certain beliefs which had slumbered in his mind, perhaps since they had been implanted there by his mother or his nurse in early infancy, revived in full force. He closed his eyes, and prayed that the omen might be averted. Angela remained in her posture of terror only for a moment; then she bent her head slowly down, and rested it on Bianca's shoulder.

'There can be no doubt, can there,' said Jeppo's daughter, 'that the Marchese Belmonte will grant what he has promised? Great men should be as true to their word as we children of the mountains.'

Bianca was silent, because she knew the stern character of the marchese; and that it was he, not the viceroy, who, in order to occupy his restless spirit, had been organising for a year past the means of exterminating the brigands, who were as troublesome to peaceable society as to the Neapolitan government. She did not believe that he would deliberately sacrifice or risk his daughter, however disobedient, but the facility with which he had agreed to the overtures made to him alarmed her. It was natural, she thought, to expect that he would try the influence of threats first; she remembered many occasions on which he had spoken of the expediency of abandoning one or two victims to the mercy of the banditti, in order to put a stop to a system according to which every great family in Sicily was constantly liable to be put under heavy contributions. At that time, however, he could not believe that his own daughter would ever be exposed to the dangers of such a position; and she tried to hope that he would not think it necessary to make display of too Roman a virtue.

Jeppo's daughter went forth, leaving the fire brightly burning. By this time night had come on, and all was silent without. Angela—feeling curiosity, which had before died away within her, revive—asked in the first place, if amidst all these miseries Paolo had been forgotten. On hearing that Walter had gone to attempt the rescue alone, she aided him with a prayer—all she could do—and then whispered, her head still leaning on Bianca's shoulder:

'Tell me, since when has your heart softened towards me.'

'It was never hard but in semblance,' said Bianca, embracing her tenderly. 'We knew each other but little, because your ways were not my ways, and your thoughts not my thoughts. At your coming from Naples, they told you that when all the world believed I was about to wrap myself in the novice's veil at the convent where I had lived in peace since my childhood, left lonely as I was by a terrible disaster, I suddenly took counsel of my heart, and returned into the busy world. You could not understand the motives that guided me; nor can you perhaps now. Nature framed you to fulfil all the pleasant and all the sacred duties of home, and your life was not complete until you loved. For my part, I was betimes soured by grief. You know my early troubles; but I dare not now—it would not be well in me to describe the sufferings which began when I was so young, and which, instead of fading away under the influence of time, increased as my power of feeling increased. He who sorrowed with so legitimate a sorrow, made me a partner in his despair. But we must not now be too strongly condemned, because Circumstance has punished us by bringing to pass things of which we never dreamed. The vow of vengeance which I uttered, and which he dictated, was but an expression of grief. The offender—I wish I could forgive him, dear Angela, for your sake; but of what value would be a falsehood; pardon on the lips, and hatred in the heart?—the offender drew his own punishment on himself, and it seemed that we might safely indulge, I a child, and *he* a strong despairing man, in the extravagant vow of hatred to that enemy's offspring and descendants for ever. Family feuds are the growth of this Sicilian soil. We hate not only our foes, but those who love them, and those whom they love. Well, time passed. I was without friends, and almost without fortune. People who, like your Princess Corsini, think they pay their debts to Heaven by sacrificing, not their own pride, but the human hopes of others, told me there could be no honourable life for me outside the walls of the convent where they had placed me when I became indeed an orphan. I was too young to understand what I undertook to do. The world was a dull pantomime to me, for the motives of most actions, the sources of most delights, were hidden from me. Besides, I felt that my mind needed purification. That vow remained like a sin within me. I agreed to what they said, and should never have left the tranquil chambers of the convent, had I not suddenly been mastered by a violent passion.'

'For whom?' said Angela innocently, looking up, as if eager to find that the great act of her own life was excused by the example of the austere Bianca.

'For Art,' replied her friend smiling; and then she related—rather to while away the time than in anxiety to tell her own story—how, in contemplation before wonderful pictures, she had found that her mind busied itself, more than was consistent with devotion, in penetrating the means by which results so perfect were obtained. She was seized, she said, with an irresistible longing to take rank amongst the active intelligences of the world. Others might need, might be satisfied with the quiet life of piety, the monotonous round of duties, the perpetual waiting for death, the calm enjoyment, the absence of all violent emotions, which the convent promised. Her mission was not contemplation; her mind loved to wander forth and commune with the beauties of nature in its picturesque aspects. But idle communion did not content her; like the bee she brought home honey from every flight.

'I felt, or thought I felt,' said she, checking her enthusiasm, 'that I, too, could produce something before which the pious and the good might experience exquisite emotions—emotions denied in complete purity to me, because disturbed by ambition. This is the reason that through so many painful scenes, and in the teeth of so much calumny, I forced my way back into the world, and claimed protection from your father, who, alas! had almost forgotten me. His old feelings, however, soon revived; and, let me confess the truth, it was partly gratitude for his patronage, partly obedience to my vow, that made me not wear out my knees before him in supplications for you when all the mystery of your love was revealed. I must admit that when I heard how the heir of Di Falco—whom nobody had troubled, though we were bound to persecute him—had again introduced unhappiness into the house of Belmonte; when I heard of your secret marriage and of Ascanio's wound, I remained silent, and was so far an accomplice in your misfortunes. Afterwards, too late, I interceded; my prayers, my entreaties, unknown to you, joined with yours. They failed: but do not be too harsh, Angela; it is a hard thing to introduce pity into a breast that has harboured sorrow for fifteen years.'

Bianca spoke a good deal more, endeavouring to justify the Marchese Belmonte; and Angela, holding both her hands in hers, listened intently, watching her countenance as the flame on the hearth, starting up more brightly now and then, illumined it. The young wife seemed to be struggling hard to bring her mind into a simple attitude of filial affection, but could not; for the form of Paolo, pining away in his far-off prison, seemed to force itself between her and duty. She tried to persuade herself that the wound on her wrist, accidentally given, was some further justification for the bitterness of feeling she could not suppress. Her eyes directed those of Bianca to the scar.

'A deeper scratch might have been given by a briery rose,' said her friend, putting her hand over the wound, 'and have been received and forgotten in an hour.'

Angela remained perplexed; and, trying to speak, burst into tears.

'This is a sad story,' thought the Englishman, now for the first time made a witness to the working of the passions in which all the adventures and dangers he had encountered took their rise—'this is a sad story; I do not see how it can end happily for any one.'

A tremendous burst of voices without—exclamations of fury and despair; and then a rush of many feet towards the door of the hut, seemed to announce that a catastrophe was indeed imminent. Some influence, however, checked what violence may have been intended; the clamour continued long—now approaching, now retiring to a distance—but at length utterly subsided. Then Jeppo came in with a torch. His countenance was expressive of uneasiness, and almost of terror; and his words, meant to be cheerful, fell from his lips dismally, like clods of earth on a coffin-lid.

'It is time to depart, Lady Bianca,' said he. 'We shall have a long night-ride back to your friends; and you know there are evil men in the forest.'

'And why can I not go too?' murmured poor Angela, pressing close to Bianca's side. 'I must not be kept prisoner any longer. My ransom is waiting for you.'

Jeppo, not being able to afford any consolation, answered roughly, that his men would only give her up in exchange for money and amnesty.

'That we know,' said Bianca, who understood more of the peril of the situation than her friends. 'If, then, our offers be refused, let the others be accepted at once. We must trust in Providence for further help.'

'Trust in Providence,' replied Jeppo solemnly. 'For this night, however, our prisoners must remain here, and you must go. There is something to be done that you alone are capable of. Embrace her tenderly; for—loneliness will make her wretched this night.'

Jeppo's tone and manner had changed. He spoke kindly, and seemed to struggle with some powerful emotion. He was perhaps about to betray his thoughts, but suddenly checking himself, and saying, 'I will wait for you outside, but come at once,' stooped and passed hastily through the doorway. Angela, no longer sustained by the hope which had given her courage before, and troubled by strange fears which she could not define, clung desperately to Bianca, whom she thought too impatient to leave her; and when by gentle violence her hands were released—for she would not listen to entreaties—she sat down on the ground, and cried out:

'You should tell me the truth. I am doomed to die without seeing him.'

Bianca bent over her, and kissed her fondly. Then saying to Mr Buck, who stood trembling near, not knowing what to do, 'Keep her from despair,' she hastened forth, and found herself on the platform before the hut. By the light of the stars, she could see the group of banditti sitting near at hand, engaged in eager but subdued talk. They checked themselves to look at her, and could not help wondering at the calm intrepidity with which she passed amongst them, and went towards the edge of the platform. Bianca, whilst waiting for Jeppo, looked forth upon the country, which stretched like a mighty shadow in the darkness far beneath her. There never was a stiller night. No sound came to her ears, save the dashing of a few bats against the window of the hut, lighted by a dim red glow from within, and the singing of some nightingales in a clump of bushes on a slope just below. There is a power in nature to soothe or agitate the mind, which seems sometimes to play the part of prophecy. Whilst all human actions around threatened disaster, the tranquillity of that night was of good promise to Bianca, and the few moments she spent waiting for her guide so calmed her, that she was minded to return to the hut, and leave some cheerful words there before departure. Jeppo, however, came and hurried her away.

'Our horses are ready,' said he gloomily, dispersing her hopes at once; 'we must ride fast, for life is at stake. Is the poor lady quieted?'

Bianca did not answer, but shuddered, because it seemed that Jeppo spoke of Angela as one doomed. She followed him down the path to a place where a man held two horses, and they were presently descending the defile by which they had come. They could not ride side by side until they reached the plain; but at length Bianca learned the meaning of the sinister allusions that had so disturbed her.

Jeppo was frank. He said that Haj Ahmed, the Tripoline tradesman through whom it was customary for the banditti to make bargains for ransom, had sent a messenger to warn the Black Band that their offers had been only accepted in semblance. Some paid spy of his had revealed to him, that as soon as the marchese had promised to comply with the demands made, he had hastened to the palace of the viceroy; that immediately afterwards couriers had been despatched to various places where troops were stationed in the interior; and that, if the band remained in their present position, they would soon be surrounded, as on Mount Etna, and might be utterly destroyed.

'I can scarcely believe this,' said Jeppo; 'the marchese is a stern man, but he has entrails, and has studied Sicily too well not to know that if the Black Band be attacked in the midst of this treaty, they will cast his daughter's corpse at the feet of the first soldier that appears.'

'But, cruel man,' exclaimed Bianca indignantly, 'you must be sure that if that crime be committed, not one of you will escape with life.'

'At anyrate, if we are attacked at all, we are doomed, and my men will not die without vengeance. Do not accuse me. I am sick of this business, and you have seen that my efforts have been towards Angela's deliverance. How feeble is my authority you have also seen. This blood will not be upon my hands.'

'Miserable self-deception!' said Bianca. 'By whose cunning was Angela made prisoner? Who gathered, who disciplined this atrocious band, but one whose birth, whose position, whose knowledge, formed him to act in nobler scenes, and who chose rather'——

'Bianca!' shouted Jeppo with a terrific gesture, 'do not remind me of that time, for I do not, cannot repent of what I did; and when I bring it to mind, vengeance is the only passion of my soul.'

He rode ahead, and refused for some time to speak. They traversed the plain; and proceeding by a nearer road than that they had taken in the morning, at length arrived in sight of Villa Castelnuove.

'Let us talk no more of old times,' said Jeppo in a soothing voice, as he halted on the skirts of the forest; 'you do not know—no one will ever know—the real history of my turbulent youth. There is a secret in every bad life which might soften the judgment of the world. But I have done too much to care for reputation; and it will be a kind of penance for real sins, if I allow my memory to be blackened for false ones. The past is irrevocable; the future may be made more cheerful for some. Your part is simple. Hasten to the marchese this night—immediately. Tell him that his schemes are known, and that our laws are inexorable; the first hostile shot fired—the first bayonet seen gleaming in the wood—will bring a dozen daggers from their sheaths. Let him not believe that fear of his wrath will protect her. One man may falter; one miserable man, who has perhaps lost the right to preach mercy, may make a rampart for her with his body, but he cannot parry every thrust. Be eloquent, be importunate; do not leave him till you have counter-orders for the troops in your own hand. See them despatched yourself. Otherwise, within forty-eight hours, we shall be surrounded by a circle of fire; and then there will be no hope.'

So saying, Jeppo seized the reins of the horse from which Bianca had dismounted, and rode away into the forest. It was now near midnight; and the moon lighted the path along which the intrepid Bianca had to proceed alone. She soon reached the gate of the villa, and was admitted by the youngest Castelnuove, who had kept uneasy watch.

'You seem worn out with fatigue,' said he, gazing at her anxiously.

'There will be no rest for me this night,' replied she. 'Disturb no one, but saddle two horses. You have the pass-word. I must enter Palermo with you, and see the Marchese Belmonte. It is a matter of life and death.'

The young man, proud to be the guide of this beautiful, but to him incomprehensible lady, hurried through the necessary preparations without noise; and having waked Antonio, to bid him see that all was made fast, announced that he was ready to depart. In a few minutes, the rapid tread of their horses' feet resounded on the road to Palermo.

They entered the city without difficulty; but time had passed, and the forms of the houses were already beginning to be visible in the cold light of a summer's dawn, when they reached the palace, whither the marchese had repaired on his arrival.

'Go, Andrea, to your own house,' said Bianca to her young companion, 'and wait for me there. I may, perhaps, have need of your assistance again. Meantime, you will learn what has happened to Julio—and what to Walter.'

The last words were spoken in a slightly tremulous tone; but to Andrea they seemed merely natural, and did not warn him to stifle feelings which that romantic night's ride had almost necessarily given birth to. He went to the place of rendezvous, feeding on delightful fancies, whilst Bianca, full of terrible anxieties and fears, was waking the servants, and insisting on being led into the presence of the marchese.

She found him in a small room, lighted not by the new day but by a dim lamp. He had manifestly passed the whole night without attempting to rest. A large map of Sicily, with lines recently marked upon it in red ink, was on a table near him; but he had turned from it, and sat with his face buried in both hands, thinking the fathomless thoughts of one who has long ceased to look forward in life, but gazes intently at a spot in time past, ever receding, and ever seeming more bright as it recedes, and shines across a darker and a deeper gulf. He looked up on the entrance of Bianca; and she was startled by the strange refulgence of his eyes.

'My child,' said he, trying to soften his voice, 'why are *you* not resting? What brings you to Palermo at night? For it is still night, is it not?'

'I come,' said Bianca, who knew better than any other how to deal with that stern nature—'I come to remind the Marchese Belmonte that he has a daughter, and that that daughter's life is in peril.'

'No, no,' replied he hastily, not pausing to reflect how Bianca could have learned what she knew; 'not her life. They will not dare to touch that. But she is a prisoner; and must be won back with hard fighting.'

'Then it is true,' said Bianca firmly, 'that the promise given has been broken; that the bandit Jeppo will be able to charge the governor of Messina with treachery.'

Not waiting to be interrupted, she then related, with some suppressions, her dangerous visit to the mountains, and described with all the strength of eloquence she was capable of the despair of Angela.

'Then you have seen and spoken with this rebel child!' exclaimed the marchese, trembling like one stricken with the palsy. 'What did she say? Does she repent? Is she willing to fall into these arms, and receive her pardon?'

Bianca was silent.

'Still obdurate! Still implacable!' cried the father, whose love, controlled by egotism, even in that moment could not think with patience of tempered obedience and conditional submission. 'She still prefers the imprisoned wretch who stole her to the unhappy old man who gave her life!'

'He is her husband,' said Bianca; and then hastened to add: 'But let us not talk of that now. Angela is within your reach: her liberty may be purchased: you have promised. There is no duty strong enough to compel you to risk your own daughter's life.'

'I am not willing to do so,' replied the marchese; 'but my position is false. The viceroy, whom I have so often goaded to action, has reminded me of my old words. I am not obliged to refuse ransom; but amnesty he will not grant easily. The times are gone by when I could command. But tell me: is Jeppo really with the band?'

'It was under his guidance that I came and went.'

'Then there is less danger. He is not a man of blood.'

'You willingly deceive yourself, marchese; I have told you that he is no longer powerful with his men. Do not seem to trust where no trust can be placed. Am I to think that vengeance is more powerful with you than a father's love? Would you rather find your daughter lying dead across your path, than know her to be at liberty in the arms of one you hate?'

There are men with whom this pitiless search after motives is necessary, to enable them to understand the mysteries of their own heart. The marchese stood, as it were, revealed to himself. He had struggled all that night to grapple with the reason which made him lean rather towards public duty, to the sacrifice of his own flesh and blood, than towards the promptings of natural affection. He struck the air indignantly with his clenched hand, and exclaimed:

'You are cruel, Bianca; but you are privileged.'

Then he once more buried his face in his hands, and thought long and anxiously. When he looked up, great drops of sweat stood on his brow, and his eyes were haggard.

'I think,' he said, 'that you would persuade me I wish to murder my daughter.'

'No, sir!' exclaimed Bianca, bursting into tears, and drawing near to him to take his hand; 'but your sorrow—our sorrow—has been great. It is possible for children who have never suffered to do good easily, without any struggles of the heart; but this virtue is not imputed to them. Forgiveness is a luxury to be enjoyed only by the miserable: it is their compensation.'

The marchese rose, and walked with rapid strides to and fro. At length he said:

'I understand that you are a messenger from this Jeppo to me. He wishes me not to allow the soldiers to attack him. Let him remain in suspense. The orders sent were to be in readiness; not a company will move until a given signal. Did you really think, Bianca, that I could so lightly peril the life of one whom I love, even though she has torn my breast with her hands?'

Bianca knew that the marchese was deceiving himself; but this time did not tell him so. She related the adventures of Angela during the previous nights. When she came to the wound received during the flight from the escort, the marchese, with a movement of pride natural to one who had served in all the Italian wars, exclaimed: 'And she did not utter a cry! Brave girl!'

Though Bianca could not exactly appreciate the marchese's military sentiments, she felt that admiration for Angela's courage, even more than regret, was fast allowing to revive, in all their purity, feelings which for a whole year had slumbered or been alloyed by evil passions. She enlarged on the scene; and at length had the satisfaction of drawing forth a few tears. Then she mentioned the name of Paolo di Falco; but too soon. A mournful silence succeeded. Presently afterwards the marchese requested to be left alone.

Bianca understood from what she had seen of the Black Band, that it was impossible to obtain Angela's liberty at once. They laid more stress on amnesty than on ransom. One the marchese could give them; the other could only be obtained from the viceroy. However, if the threatened attack was suspended, and negotiation opened, a good result might be hoped. She began to blame herself for having too easily given admission to tragic fears into her mind. 'How we will laugh in times to come,' thought she, 'over this romantic story! When Paolo and Angela are happy, and their children surround me in winter, when the log blazes on the hearth, I shall often be called upon to tell the adventures of this night.'

Such were some of her thoughts as she retired to her room to rest awhile, perfectly satisfied that the marchese had not deceived her; and, indeed, that he was prepared to relent in time even towards Paolo di Falco. She was right in her belief that he would not urge an attack upon the Black Band until Angela was free; but from circumstances which we shall afterwards explain, the influence he once possessed in Sicilian councils, making him practically, though not nominally, supreme, was on the wane; and there were other men besides himself inclined to bend public policy at the pleasure of their private passions. He had half perceived this; and prepared at a leisure time to make an effort, if necessary, to attain the viceroyalty. Authority had become his life since all his affections had been so rudely shaken. But he did not think the day was yet near when his wishes could be treated with contempt, and the only remnant of his family deliberately exposed to peril for the satisfaction of private vengeance. Men like him do not easily believe that their sins can be imitated. When the day was sufficiently advanced, he went to the viceroy, and signified rather haughtily that it was his intention to treat for the ransom of his daughter; and without deigning to suppose he could be thwarted in so reasonable a request, returned to his palace to mature a plan which had suddenly suggested itself to him. Having seen the Tripoline merchant—to whom he spoke very fairly, hoping that his daughter would be treated with proper respect, and requesting that the demands of the Black Band should be distinctly stated—he left Palermo without seeing Bianca, and secretly set out by way of Trapani for the island of Maretimo.

IMAGE-WORSHIP.

Unlettered man is not the only idolator. Even in our own well-taught community, mechanical as its spirit is thought to be, we find images set up and worshipped, infinitely more fantastic than any of those erected in joss-house or temple. Yonder barrister passing down Chancery Lane in gown and wig, smart and practical, repudiative of poets and artists, thinks himself the very essence of sober worldliness. Institute a search into the contents of his busy brain, and you find an idol perched there—a religion to him, should he have no other. This idol is an embodiment of the idea predominant in his mind—that of the position of chancellor, to his conception the highest dignity on earth. To this, at every interval of occupation, does he bow down with the most abject adoration; to this tend all his dreams of day and night; a visionary he, even while rising early and sleeping late, engaged in a pursuit demanding the most plodding industry, advancing step by step in the confidence of the attorneys, and quietly, steadily 'biding his time.' Not less is the toiling merchant filled with a shrine and an idol adapted to the worship of his inner man. With him it is the idea of some fine old firm, the name of which moves markets, and thrills through the nervous system of banks, with a prestige there is no resisting. Deep in bales and ledger-figures are his hands and eyes; no time does he seem to spare for any but the most mechanical details of his calling; yet, all the while, there is a worship going on within, loud in praise and aspiration as any that ever filled a church.

There are images, too, set up in strange, out-world places, which have other but equally abiding influences on their devout worshipper. Those who follow the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war' have their peculiar idol. The soldier moulds it out of the clay ploughed up by his horse's hoofs on fields heaped with the dead and dying; he hews its laurel crown with his burnished sword, as the Druids of old did the sacred mistletoe with a golden sickle; he drapes it with banners wrung from the powerless hand of the enemy; and at the close of the fight, bows down before it in the light of the waning watch-fires, invoking it by the proud names of Fame and Glory. Patient is he, for its sake, of toil and hardship—the shivering night-bivouac; the lengthy, struggling march over hostile ground, beset by horrible phantoms in a thousand shapes; exhaustion, thirst and hunger, surprises, ambuscades, home-sickness, pestilence, and death. The sailor has a twin-deity to this. Standing at his gun, he feels it nerve his arm, strengthening the dauntless metal within his hardy frame; or, rising up before him on his lonely night-watch from the crest of some monster-billow, it grants him sweet visions of one more alien flag planted by his hand in the old Greenwich Hall. He pictures not the wrecked and maimed figure—crushed, limbless, halt, bowed, and decrepit—above which those folds shall float in the welcome day of his far-seen triumph; he sees nothing but the waving ensign, bought with his best blood, and presented to his country in exchange for a little hard gold, and some equally hard salt-beef and weevilly biscuit. And where, O ye Cynics, who flout at glory!—where, without such idols, moulded and framed out of the best metal of the land—where were your boasted birthright of liberty; your citizen-rights; your uninvaded pastures, eloquent with the peaceful sound of Sabbath-bells? Where your swelling fatherland pride, your lofty patriotism, your ignorance of the knout, and innocence of the bastinado?

The would-be discoverer of lands hitherto unknown, has also his mere mortal deity. He, too, like the soldier and the sailor, has a shrine for his especial worship; he, too, prostrates himself before the goddess Renown. In his case, the blindness of devotion is equal to its fervour. For the sake of some possible after-day's memory in the minds of his fellow-men—the graven image in his soul—he is content to take the chances of perishing by a fate which has in it little or nothing of the heroic. His cherished idea is that of giving some new piece of ground to the future geographer, to be marked, perhaps, by his own name. In this 'forlorn-hope' he goes forth to die on some inhospitable shore, the cruel savage for his field-mate, and the barren, unproductive earth for his last housing-place. The renown he looked for becomes all summed up in a vague suspicion that he may have perished where no living eye, save that of the frozen bear or the scared eagle, beheld either his suffering or his sacrifice. All, possibly, that will ever be known of him is, that wherever he disappeared, a relic shall be found in the hands of a bewildered savage—a love-token, hoarded for years, and religiously borne with him even to the desert's brink, to be at last hung round an Esquimaux's neck! Or, it may be, a coin, useless to procure food where food was none, serving to deck some squatter in the snow: or some article of household use or custom, bearing its engraved heraldic motto; a legend conveying no meaning to the untaught being in whose hands it lies, a curious enigma which countless ages could never solve for him in his benighted ignorance, but strangely beautiful and touching in its old plain simplicity to those forlorn ones who may one day, by some inexplicable chance, recover the lost relic, repeating its well-known inscription in memory of him who is no more—*Spero meliora!*

Perhaps the most worthless and ungodlike of all the worldly images set up by man, is the idol moulded by the grasping hand of the miser. Can anything be more humiliating to poor human nature, than the sight of a shrunk and time-wrinkled visage, gazing up in adoration at a lumpish divinity in the form of a huge unwieldy money-bag? Surely it is the very dry skeleton of ambition that can seek to swathe itself in a winding-sheet of bank-paper, or find a joy in the idea of lying muffled in the grave amid a pile of useless gold-dust. Yet, strange as it may seem, for such an end do some men 'scorn delights and live laborious days,' hugging the burnished idol, pursuing the mystic shadow of a good, on the substance of which the man of ordinary reason cannot lay so much as a finger! Nothing comes up to the miser's greed in the mere force of absurdity. The maniac's hallucinations weigh light in the balance. There is something, though frightful, almost sublime in the fervour with which the poor lunatic bows down before the god of his idolatry; or rather, we should say, stands erect in its ideal presence. Even when most abject in his worship, he will tell you in excuse that the throned deity that claimed the homage of his knee 'the likeness of a kingly crown had on.' He himself grows regal as he looks on it; the 'majesty of Denmark' is as nothing to the dignity which lifts him above earth, and gives to his iron tread the march of a monarch after victory! The greatness which is his idol, and in the presence and worship of which his mind has given way, hangs around him like the true imperial purple. Haply he has passed out from the poor debtor's prison, spirit-broken and abashed, to tread the floors of Bethlehem, the self-elected ruler over countless millions of crouching slaves. Wo to the misguided subject who shall dare to approach his august presence, and not lick the dust beneath his feet! In his rich poverty—in his sublime, threadbare grandeur—in his moneyless wealth—in his sad, perilous, but lofty aspirations—is he not a king? 'Ay, every inch a king!'

And so, like the valiant Crusaders of old time, we each and all alike journey towards some cherished altar-ground of our hope—some distant and visionary Salem of our souls. Earnest and eager, we spur onward, full of such vivid aspiration, such devout longing, as is needful to carry us across the desert that must intervene between us and the immaculate shrine of our chosen ideal. The spirit of enterprise within us is the true dragon-slayer: our crusade is against the infidel—Despair. Beheld through the softening medium of distance, hope, and a great courage, glorious appears the struggle, and sanctified the end. Yet all our gain in the issue may prove but the tomb of a lost or disappointed ambition—an empty and barren sepulchre. So be it; the pursuit is all. Still let but our ambition be a worthy one; and the more earnest, the more self-denying, the more unflagging, are our endeavours to attain to the object of it, the wiser shall we grow, and the better able shall we be to sustain defeat, or to use our victory as becomes us. Better than an existence that stagnates without aim or design, is the stir and turmoil of the world's most crowded path; better the dangers of the wild-boar hunt, than the slothful office of the swineherd. To be a sage, a hero, or a martyr, we must have an object to live for, or a cause for which to die.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

BARS, GROGGERIES, MAINE LAW, AND OTHER THINGS.

The sketches I have been able to present, along with what was previously told by others, respecting American hotels, would appear to have inspired a wish that houses of a similarly large and commodious kind were established for the accommodation of visitors to London. I now mention the circumstance, in the hope that the suggestion, through the circulation of the present work in America, may meet the eye of such capitalists in the United States as may be disposed to transfer themselves to the British metropolis, where, we can assure them, hotels in the style of the Astor, the St Nicholas, and others in Broadway, would be much appreciated, and would certainly yield a splendid fortune to their enterprising founders.

If, with the American hotel-system, we could also introduce the limited accommodation for drinking which that system affords, a step would be made towards general temperance such as could not fail to be advantageous in a social point of view. In short, if instead of secluded drinking-parlours in hotels and taverns, there were simply a *bar*, in which the consumption of liquor was open to general observation, not a little of the intemperance disguised under the name of conviviality would be prevented. Some may be curious to know what is the precise appearance of a bar in an American hotel. Bars are various in aspect; some very splendid, others plain and small in size; but in all cases they have a character distinct from what is seen in England. The bar in an English hotel is usually a snug little apartment, entered from the lobby of the house. It is provided with cupboards for liquors, glasses, tea-cups, and other things ready to be served out to the waiters; and is furnished as a sitting-room for the landlady and her gossips—only favourite customers being admitted within the bar. For convenience in handing out supplies, the bar-rooms of some taverns have an open sash-window at one side, and in passing, you command a view of the two or three topers who are enjoying themselves in the society of Boniface—a personage whose laugh, as Burns says, is always 'ready chorus' to the jocularities of steady friends of the house.

An American bar does not possess this attractive coziness. To understand its character, it is necessary to bear in mind that drinking among the Americans is less social than with us. We do not see several persons adjourning in the evening to a tavern, and there, secluding themselves in a room, set to drinking and talking for hours together. There may, indeed, be such things, particularly among foreigners with old habits clinging to them; but as a national characteristic, this festive drinking is unknown to the Americans, who are in the main a sober and grave people. Except to the lower order of spirit-tipplers and beer-quaffers, the bars of the hotels are the accustomed resort. A bar of the ordinary kind is a room rather meagerly furnished—no carpet and no tables. On one side is a narrow counter, where the liquors are dispensed. In some instances, there is a paling of open work at the two ends of the counter from the floor to the ceiling, and a similar paling above, leaving only a wicket which can be closed at night—the whole affair reminding us of the barred cage of a menagerie. More commonly, the bar is an open counter, with a person behind it to serve customers. The most remarkable thing is the small stock of liquors, and the method of supplying them. We see no barrels, and no measures. Behind the attendant, is a single shelf running along the wall, and on it is a row of crystal decanters and tumblers. When a glass of any particular liquor is wanted, the appropriate decanter and a tumbler are set on the counter, and the applicant is left to help himself. He may take much or little; but so far as I saw, the charge was the same—a circumstance shewing that liquor is not only of little value, but that customers have a conscience in their potations. Wine-glasses are not used in this kind of liquoring. A free-and-easy dash of brandy or rum into a tumbler is the fashion—then a smart gulp and exit. I did not observe that any change was returned by the bar-keeper. A York-shilling, as a coin equal to an English sixpence is called, was thrown down on all occasions, and swept with nonchalance into the till. When 'something hot' is required, the demand is easily satisfied. The attendant, opening a drawer in the counter, takes out a spoonful of ground lump-sugar, and putting it into the glass, leaves you to fill up with hot water from a kettle at the stove. No additional charge is made for these comforting accessories; and this, with the *ad libitum* allowance, gives some surprise to the consumers of 'goes' of 'brandy-and-water hot' fresh from the Old Country. For those who prefer cold water, a jug is ready at hand. In the finer hotels, such as that at the Astor House in New York, the counter is of white marble; and instead of a kettle or jugs, there is a plated metal vase, the water in which is kept boiling by means of a spirit-lamp, while from another vase water of icy coldness may always be drawn.

Scattered about these bar-rooms are a number of painted arm-chairs, scooped smooth in the seat, and occupied by loungers—some solitary, with a cigar; others grouped in twos or threes; and if the weather be cold, a number are clustered round the iron stove. I remarked a considerable diversity of attitude. We have heard much of Americans putting their feet on the backs of chairs, and in other odd positions. I cannot say that I observed anything so outrageous; but, undoubtedly, in the bars there *is* a fancy for sitting sidewise, and throwing the legs over one of the arms of the chair; or, what is not unusual, sitting in one chair, and putting the feet on the cross-bar of another—just as we see awkward lads doing in this country. I could not help being struck with the taciturnity which generally prevails in these drinking and lounging rooms. You observe no hilarity, nor are you ever incommoded with boisterous conversation. At all reasonable hours, the behaviour is quiet and orderly; and it is only at night, when respectable bars are shut, that rowdyism makes its appearance.

In those states in which the 'Maine Law' has been introduced and strictly enforced, the bars of hotels have generally been transformed into reading or sitting rooms, and the smaller varieties of taverns have been altogether shut—their occupation gone. Wherever this revolution has been effected, I heard it spoken of with that high approval which noblemen generously bestow on charity soup: an excellent thing—for the poor. Whether the law to render the sale of intoxicating liquors penal has utterly put down drinking, is by no means certain. My own impression is, that in the states which have adopted the Maine Law, there is not much less private drinking than formerly—those families who wish to buy wines or spirits finding little or no difficulty in getting them; for it will be recollected there is no rigorous Excise-system, such as we are acquainted with, to check the transit of liquors. I was informed by a gentleman of St John's, that since the passing of the anti-liquor law in Maine, there has been a large contraband importation of brandy into that state from New Brunswick. Unless the whole sea-coast and land-border of the United States were lined with a preventive service, and private distillation suppressed by an army of Excise-officers—both things entirely out of the question—I am at a loss to see how the Maine Law could be enforced to an extent absolutely prohibitory.

The substantial benefit derived from the law is the suppression of *groggeries*, by which is meant the meaner class of public-houses, so that in those places where the law is supported by public opinion—for very much depends on that—there is no open liquor-store into which tipplers may drop at all hours of the day, to spend their money and muddle their brains. No doubt, determined drinkers are acquainted with houses where drams are slyly sold to known customers; and while there is a taste and a craving for such stimulants, it will be impossible to prevent such illegal traffic. But the amount of this tippling is insignificant in comparison with what goes on in our large towns through the attractions of licensed gin-palaces and taverns. The Maine Law, therefore, may be said to have greatly diminished drinking among the lower classes, without doing so in any material degree in the higher circles; but as the latter drink much less than in England—the dry and exhilarating nature of the climate forbidding such a thing—it may be concluded that the extent of private drinking is hardly worth mention. I should not like to charge the Americans with the offence, once too common in Scotland, of measuring the law to the individual; yet I may mention the fact which came under my own eyes—that in Boston, where tippling in groggeries is legally extirpated, there was connected with the hotel in which I resided *a regular bar for dispensing liquors*, open indifferently to guests and inhabitants of the town. From this circumstance, I infer that the Maine Law is not always applied with perfect impartiality in the states and cities which have adopted it.

On the 1st of August last, the law went into operation in Connecticut, on what is described as an exceedingly stringent scale; and if a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* is to be believed, the results are altogether marvellous. This correspondent, writing in October from Newhaven, the capital of the state, presents some details which, in an abridged form, may interest the agitators for a Maine Law in this country.

'At that time, 1st of August,' he says, 'more than 1,000,000 dollars was invested in the wholesale and retail liquor-traffic in this city; and the retail sales amounted to more than *Six hundred thousand dollars* annually! Previous to 1st August, a census, taken to ascertain the number of grog-shops, shewed them to be *Two hundred and ninety*, which, as nearly as could be calculated, were supported by 1500 regular customers, chiefly of the humbler class, and of whom 600 annually found their way to the alms-house or the county jail, helping to swell taxes already burdensome, and leaving helpless families to be supported by charitable and benevolent persons or societies.

'On the 1st day of August last, every dram-shop was closed, and there was not a place in Newhaven where a glass of liquor could be bought for *any price*. Wholesale and retail liquor-dealers voluntarily stopped the traffic, knowing it would be useless to resist the law. The question may be asked—How the 1500 customers of the Newhaven grog-shops procured their liquor? The wealthier class of drinkers received their supplies from New York, by a sort of "*liquor express;*" but the poor fellows, without money or credit, could not drink, *because they could not get it!*

'A great change was visible soon after this law went into operation in Newhaven. The noisy gangs of rowdies disappeared, and their midnight brawls ceased; our streets were quiet night and day; and the most violent opponents of the law said: "If such are the effects of the law, we will oppose it no longer." A few persons got intoxicated upon liquor from New York, and were promptly arrested, and fined twenty dollars and costs, which they paid or went to jail. As to the prisons and alms-houses in various parts of the state of Connecticut, they are getting empty. The Windham County Jail has only a solitary occupant, and there is much speculation about the use of keeping up a jail there any longer; the good people of that town talk of converting it into a hotel, or some kind of a school, or a female seminary! A large number of our most desperate villains, who formerly kept grog-shops and gambling-houses, have emigrated, finding business so bad in Newhaven. Several who kept gambling-saloons and disorderly houses, in defiance of law, have declared that neither one nor the other can be supported without liquor, and have moved to New York, where they can continue their infamous business, and be as much respected as anybody.'

By the continual influx of immigrants into the States, a copious supply is maintained of keepers of groggeries and beer-houses, as well as of customers for their liquors. Comparatively few native Americans, if we except the coloured population, engage in this petty and not quite reputable trade. A groggery or oyster-saloon being within the limits to which a free coloured person may direct his ability and gain professional importance, mulattoes will in various places be found carrying on such concerns, and realising wealth by their industry. In the market-place of Philadelphia, below the level of the street, I was introduced to a crack oyster-saloon, in which two coloured persons conducted a flourishing and lucrative business. I was told that no one could match these individuals in the preparation of stewed oysters; that their establishment, mean and obscure as it seemed to be, was a resort of some of the most respectable people in the city. At the time of my visit—about eight o'clock in the evening—the place was crowded with customers. Behind a counter, on the left hand of the entrance, a respectable mulatto of middle age, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, exposing his tawny arms, stood opening oysters for his customers; and he went through his work with surprising expedition and gravity. The rear of the shop consisted of two rows of boxes, shrouded in buff calico curtains, where the dressed article was served to small parties; and from beyond, in some far recess, was heard the frying and frizzling of this strange subterranean cuisine. I suppose the Philadelphians will warrant me in saying, that to the lovers of oysters, not among the least of the attractions of their city is this favourite 'saloon'—not less successful in the way of business, I should hope, since the Maine Law was talked of in Pennsylvania.

Talking of oysters, it is but justice to say that they are found of a superior quality in almost every place you visit, inland as well as on the sea-coast. I do not quite understand how it is managed, but it is certain that daily, during the season, oysters are despatched by express to the most remote cities and populous villages. In a small town in the extreme western part of Canada, I found a regular oyster-shop; and all through Michigan and Ohio, and down the Mississippi, oysters are to be had in any quantity. This, however, need cause no astonishment. Wherever there is a demand for an article of commerce, the Americans are too shrewd a people to leave it unsupplied; and what with railway and steam-boat, a keg of oysters can have little difficulty in travelling a thousand miles at a stretch.

New York, as may be supposed, abounds in oyster-saloons—some respectable ones in Broadway, near the Park; and such is the universal taste for oysters in the city, that the consumption of this kind of shell-fish alone, during the season, is said to amount to the value of 15,000 dollars a day. New York, likewise, owns some magnificent restaurants, such as would compare with the finer things of this kind in the Palais-Royal, and which are frequented by crowds of fashionables of both sexes. One of these, Taylor's Saloon, has been casually alluded to. A pamphlet has actually been issued describing this superb dram-shop: its architecture and marble; its frescoes and crystal fountain; its coloured glass windows, rich upholstery, gilding, and mirrors; its carvings, and its wonderful clock, which goes four years; and more wonderful still, its kitchen-apparatus, with the 'immense ice-cream reservoirs shining like pure silver.' And who are the customers of Mr Taylor's gorgeous refectory? Let a writer in the *Herald of the Union* say: 'The most refined ladies of New York now frequent his establishment, and after ten or eleven o'clock, for several hours during the day, superb equipages can be seen standing before his door, from which alight, or in which are departing, fashionably-attired and beautiful women, with their friends and young daughters, after regaling themselves with the delicacies of the season. And thus—[mark the kindly consideration of the eulogist!]—the monotony of a long day, while they are waiting the return of their husbands and brothers from business for a late dinner, is broken up, and they have enjoyed some slight refreshment—[possibly a cake, an ice, and a *petit verre*]—which relieved the tedium of the hour, and mingled with the day some pleasant incident worth remembering or speaking of afterwards in the family circle!' Happy city, which possesses such a temple of luxury, where the wives and daughters of merchants may 'while away the hours of mid-day, amid fountains of sparkling water, and surrounded by the most exquisite productions of classic genius!' What lady would not wish to be a wife in New York? Who would not desire to see the illustrious Taylor, who, we are told by the modest pamphleteer, has great designs on hand, and 'a still higher mission to fulfil?' We hope this distinguished genius will come over to England, and give a rub up to our 'penny-bun' shops. If he can be at all spared from Broadway, Regent Street would hail him as an acquisition. That, surely, is Taylor's mission!

Let this, however, pass as an episode. I would keep to the undisguised groggeries and beer-houses of New York, both of which species of the tavern genus are, for the greater part, owned by foreigners. Looking at the practice here, as elsewhere, it would seem that the Irish slip with as great facility into the business of retailing drams as the Germans do into the equally characteristic profession of dispensing glasses of beer. In New York, Irish groggeries and German beer-houses are as numerous as the most indulgent toper could desire. They are chiefly in the form of that class of diving-shops, which American architects would appear to have copied from the worst cellar-dwellings of Liverpool—flights of break-neck steps, yawning and setting off their vulgar attractions beneath the windows of the most handsome stores. Plunging down into these gulfs, you arrive at a suite of underground apartments and vaults, some of which extend below the foot-pavement in the street; and there, under the hurrying throng, in a blaze of gaslights even at noonday, sit bon-vivants over glasses of rum or beer, with their thirst sharpened by dishes of sardines, deviled crackers, and other spicy provocations. A lantern at the doorway at night, is the beacon which guides the passing stranger into these profundities—dens possessing the recommendation of being pleasantly warm in winter, and cool as a grotto during summer, when everybody is panting for iced coblers, and seeking for refuge from the insupportable blaze of the sun.

The groggery proper is an exceedingly plain establishment, with a strip of deal-counter for a bar, and if of the humbler order, the value of the liquor for sale is probably not above twenty shillings; for a supply from a wholesale-dealer is always readily obtainable. In the groggeries and beer-houses, generally, drinking is of a more protracted and convivial nature than in the above-ground bar-rooms of hotels. The searcher after character, costume, and low life, would also discover more varied materials for study. It is said that there are as many as 2000 places, chiefly of this kind, where that drink dear to the German palate, *lager beer*, is sold; and it is stated, with what degree of truth I know not, that on that variety of fermented liquor alone about 1,400,000 dollars are spent annually in New York. Many of the German houses are kept by refugee politicians—great continental agitators, the heroes of revolutions which somehow never come off, even when the said heroes get everything their own way. A writer in the *Tribune* presents so graphic a picture of these lager beer-houses, that I take the liberty of introducing it to the reader.

'Let us look in at a well-known saloon in William Street. We find a small middle-aged man listening to the noisy declamation of a tall customer, who sports enormous whiskers and moustaches. The tall man appeals to the complaisant host to bear witness to some revolutionary feat which he asserts that he performed several years ago. The walls of the room are adorned with cheap pictures, the most of them being portraits of revolutionary celebrities, such as Kossuth, Mazzini, Hecker, Blum, and others: the furniture is very simple, without a vestige of luxury. Seven or eight deal-tables, covered with English, German, and French papers, and the glasses of the customers present; a dozen chairs, nearly all occupied; one or two smoke-stained looking-glasses; and a bar with the ordinary fixtures, constitute the inventory. Behind the bar, or rather hanging upon it, is a sleepy-looking bar-keeper, roused only by calls for beer or payments offered. A peculiarity of the people is developed in these arrangements. A German must have time for his libations. He cannot march up to the bar, pour out a drink, dash it down without the possibility of tasting it, toss the money over the counter, and rush out like an ignited sky-rocket, as the majority of Americans do. Tables, chairs, newspapers, cigars or pipes, and friends, are not merely comfortable additions, but actual essentials to his enjoyment. Instead of a quarter of a minute, he wants at least a quarter of an hour, for the proper enjoyment of a drink. Conversation is another essential. However taciturn the German may appear among others, let him sit down at one of these tables, and get his glass of lager beer and a listening friend, and if any one desires to know how much talk a human tongue can reel off in any given period, then is the time to listen. But to our host. If you observe him closely, you will note that he is not yet at ease in his new vocation. He who was but a short time ago the orator to whom hundreds and thousands were listening, is apt to forget what he is now—an humble publican, subject to the rude commands of any one who chooses to shew sixpence in money and any quantity of self-importance in his saloon. This landlord was one of the most influential leaders of the German democracy, and escaped death, or at least the dungeon for life, by fleeing from his birth-land. Without money, and with precarious health, what could he do? He was a lawyer; but the knowledge of German and Roman law is hardly available here. Manual labour his health would not permit. Finally, he joined with a partner (who stays up nights and does the drinking), and here is our classically educated and talented gentleman—the keeper of a beer-saloon! Had any one prophesied this ten years ago, the victim would have laughed at him. Now, he laughs at himself, and bears his blushing honours more philosophically than could have been expected.'

About the quays and adjoining thoroughfares there flourish a much lower class of drinking-shops, known as 'porter-houses,' which, by those acquainted with their character, are described as the constant resort of thieves, emigrant-entrappers—the latter a powerful interest in themselves, to be hereafter the subject of a Jotting—and vagabonds of every complexion. I could, of course, cast only a glance in passing at these hideous centres of depravity; and regretted, that by the weakness, if not by the connivance, of the city executive, they were permitted to exist. Several energetic attempts have been made to establish the Maine Law in New York, with a view to a suppression of the different classes of drinking-houses to which I have referred, but without avail; nor, in the event of the law being adopted, am I able to understand how, in present circumstances, it could be enforced in a city so full of potent antagonisms to good order and temperance. According to newspaper accounts, the rum, beer, and rowdy interests, acting in formidable combination, can affect the primary elections, and so influence the most important questions likely to come before the legislature; for although these interests are not perhaps the largest in point of numbers, it needs to be recollected that every ruffian, besides a vote, considers himself entitled to exercise a bludgeon in vindication of his principles. Myriads of ignorant and excitable foreigners, the refuse of Europe, too easily admitted to the rights of citizenship, are undoubtedly the pest of this great and prosperous community: guided by passion, and suffering themselves to become the instruments of native place-hunting politicians, they assault and intimidate, or at least keep away from the poll, many of the peaceably disposed inhabitants. Practically, through the agency of this base element in the population, a condition of things is produced such as has been hinted at in my previous account of New York, and which struck me as the nearest approach to an abdication of public authority.

In a subsequent Jotting will be thrown together a few particulars respecting the late remarkable movement among native Americans in various parts of the States, against the growing, and, as it is thought, dangerous influence of foreigners. W. C.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Among measures in progress for the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855—which, by the way, is not forgotten, though of late but little talked of—is one in which science will be worthily represented. A committee of distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society is at work, conjointly with the 'Science and Art' department of the Board of Trade, to provide for the exhibition of philosophical instruments and apparatus. The finished skill of English workmen could hardly be better shewn, than in the ingenious contrivances produced of late years to demonstrate and verify the phenomena of light, heat, and magnetism; and when set forth in the handsome building in the Champs Elysées, there will be something for the instruction of French philosophers, as well as for the admiration of French artificers. We have heard of a new electric-telegraph apparatus, more efficient than any yet invented, and not one-fourth of the cost; but as yet the inventor keeps the secret of his process from the public.

Dr Herapath's discovery of artificial tourmaline, which we noticed some months since, has led already to practical results—crystals of this singular substance being now regularly produced for sale, varying from one to three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Students in optics may, therefore, provide themselves with cheap tourmaline for their investigations. The system of spade-husbandry, practised on a small scale at Lois Weedon, near Banbury, by which larger crops of wheat are raised without manure than in the adjoining fields with manure, will now probably come into wider use, for Dr Daubeny has given a lecture at Oxford—Oxford the Tardy—explanatory of the method and its results. What these are, our readers will remember from the details we published at the end of last year. Mr Mechi has delivered his annual report and balance-sheet to the Society of Arts, shewing, with improved value, a clear profit on his farm of L.757. He accompanied his statements by an earnest recommendation to farmers to make general use of steam-power, to roof their yards, light their buildings with gas, and pay more attention to drainage and the distribution of liquid manure; contending that, by proper management and wise preservation of fertilising matters, 'we could grow more than all the food that is required by the British people.' A hardy assertion, yet fully borne out by what is known of really good agriculture. We are glad to see that government is taking some pains in the collection of agricultural statistics, though not with equal success in all places. In the neighbourhood of towns, the guardians furnish the information required; but in country districts, where prejudice is strong, it is not given without reluctance.

At last, there is a slight improvement in the London atmosphere: it is perceptibly less black than it was last winter, a fact for which we have to thank the authorities—and we do thank them—for the Home Secretary has issued orders to the police, to bring into court any manufacturer whose chimney still smoked in defiance of the law. A considerable number of recusants have thus been reduced to submission, if not to reason, to the manifest benefit of the neighbourhoods they too long darkened and defiled. Of the 3,000,000 tons of coal imported every year into London, more than 300,000 are wasted in smoke. At twenty shillings a ton, what a fund might be saved here for the improvement of the metropolis! We hope the committee appointed by the Society of Arts to draw up a report on the improvements in Paris, with a view to ameliorations here, will not lose sight of it. Besides what is mentioned above, government have had a statement prepared concerning slaughter-houses—tripe and bone boilers, and other offensive trades, and have requested the city corporation to co-operate in the suppression of all such abominable nuisances. A great step is gained when trade and property are thus made to feel they can no longer annoy the lieges with impunity.

Another step has been taken towards a knowledge of our Indian resources, the government of Madras having ordered the preparation of reports, accompanied by specimens of the forests and woods of Northern India. Laird, of Liverpool, has just built another steamer, the *Tapajoz*, for the trade on the Amazon: the Brazilian line is augmented by three noble vessels of 1800 tons each—the *Imperador*, *Imperatriz*, and *Pampero;* and the government of that long dormant country, Paraguay, are having war-steamers built here for the navigation and defence of their magnificent rivers. The first has already sailed. Erelong we shall know yet more of what lies in the interior of the great South American continent. Not long ago, some wood-cutters working at Chanoccillo, a place about nine leagues from the Copiapo Railway, discovered four large and valuable veins of silver, the news of which excited a rush such as those at the Gold Diggings. A fresh supply of silver is much wanted. Then we hear from the north of Texas, that a species of gum-bearing acacia, the *Mequitze*, has been discovered, which grows abundantly in that part of the country and the adjacent territories, and is supposed to be likely to prove an important article of commerce. The gum oozes from the bark, and when it hardens, is nearly colourless, and is in its prime from July to September, which are the gathering months. A man will collect from ten to twenty pounds per day; and the gum, when collected, can be sold at half the price of gum-arabic.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society, a letter was read from Colonel Rawlinson, who, when he wrote, was encamped amid the ruins of ancient Babylon. He had succeeded in tracing the old bed of the river all through the city, and in identifying many of the chief buildings by the aid of inscriptions on bricks and slabs scattered near their remains. He had, moreover, made out the site of the ancient wall, which in extent is not far from the dimensions described by Greek writers. Being obliged to suspend operations for a time, on account of the extreme heat, the colonel had set himself to translate the inscription on the slab now preserved in the India House; and finds it to be a historical narrative of the deeds of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, so much in agreement with the statements left by Berosus, that he is inclined to place faith in that much-questioned historian. The excavations continued at Birs Nimroud and Kouyunjik, have led to no new discovery of inscriptions—nothing more than sculptures, and a few cylinders, the latter confirmatory of what is known respecting Esarhaddon. Sir John Bowring has sent home some Chinese translations of the Buddhist books carried into China from India in remote ages, the earliest being the most desiderated. Many of them are exceedingly valuable, and it appears that no time is to be lost, if more are required, for the rebels destroy all the libraries and books that fall in their way, except the few published under their own authority. M. Marriette is pursuing his excavations at Memphis, doing for that long-buried city what Layard did for Nineveh. The site was scarcely, if at all, known before he began his labours, and he has now disinterred the famous temple of Serapis—the Serapeum so often alluded to with regrets for its destruction. He has also found the tomb of Apis, which, in extent and multiplicity of vaults, chambers, and passages, is said to resemble a subterranean town. The style of architecture shews the buildings to have been erected at the time when Greek and Egyptian art came into combination. Numbers of oxen, representatives of Apis, have come to light, covered with inscriptions, from which important revelations are hoped. Most of the statues and monoliths have been sent to the Museum at Paris.

We regret to have to follow these particulars concerning the cities of the dead with ill news from another quarter—we mean from the interior of Africa. Dr Barth has fallen a victim to the deadly climate. In his last letters, dated March 1854, he announced his intention of leaving Timbuctoo, after a stay of seven months, and his death is believed to have taken place within the next month or two. Mr Warrington, one of Dr Vogel's companions, is also dead, and the doctor himself ill with fever; he has, however, despatched a confidential messenger to get possession, if possible, of Dr Barth's papers. Africa exacts terrible penalties from those who penetrate her secrets.

Another traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, has returned in safety. This enterprising lady is now in London, after an absence of three years and a half, during which she has seen places left unvisited in her former voyage round the world. She sailed in 1851 for the Cape of Good Hope, intending to travel from thence up to Lake Ngami, but being prevented by want of means, confined her journeyings to Cape Colony. Then she proceeded to Borneo, where she explored the interior, Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, across to California, and by the Isthmus to New Orleans, up the Mississippi to the Falls of St Anthony, through the United States to Canada, and so to England. She is now taking steps for the publication of her adventures.

Professor Buff has carried on the experiments set agoing by Cavendish, to shew that glass, when heated, is a good conductor of electricity, and is especially useful in delicate researches, from the facility with which the passage of the impulse may be controlled, by a simple alteration of the temperature. It appears, also, that glass will serve instead of the liquid conductor in the pile, as alternate disks of brass, zinc, and glass, are found to produce effective voltaic results. Dr Emil Braun exhibits what he calls 'cast marble'—a fluid substance, which, when poured into a mould, brings out the sharpest outlines, and hardens with a crystalline surface. It is said to be as well adapted for a group as for a single bust; and if so, copies of choice sculpture may be multiplied to any extent. Mr Bowerbank has called the attention of geologists to an interesting fact—a bone found in the London clay of the Isle of Sheppey, which is believed to have belonged to a bird of the ostrich tribe, as large as the emu—another instance of animals now existing only in tropical climates having once lived in these latitudes. Apropos of geology: an example of the use to which names may be put, is to be seen in the *Silurian* Mills, recently opened at Knighton, Radnorshire, for the manufacture, among other articles, of a new species of woollen substance, to be named *Silurian* cloth. Professor Agassiz has, we hear, been invited to offer himself as candidate for the vacant chair of Natural History in the university of Edinburgh; but we think the distinguished naturalist will hardly be tempted to abandon his pleasant home and numerous friends in Massachusetts. M. Brocchieri mixes the albumen and fibrin of the blood from the Paris abattoirs with flour, and thereby produces a nutritious biscuit, which, as we hear, might be used with advantage in large public establishments, or in the relief of the poor. So great is the demand for India-rubber combs, that an enterprising American has started a factory for their wholesale production in the department of the Oise. An engineer at Rouen has invented a magnetic indicator for steam-boilers, the use of which offers manifest advantages, as it is fitted in the same orifice that serves for the safety-valve and alarm-whistle: practical men know that the fewer openings in a boiler, the better. The indicator, which is connected with a copper float, tells whether there is too much or too little water, by the movement of a needle along the index, the excitement being derived from the action of the steam. A captain of engineers at Cherbourg has invented a universal and perpetual sun-dial, by means of which the hour at any place of known latitude can be told whenever the sun is visible; or the latitude may be determined by measuring the height of the sun. The instrument, which is made of pasteboard, will serve for twenty years, and tell the time within a couple of minutes, and can be carried in a portfolio. A dial to produce similar results was invented some time ago by Mr Wheatstone; but it is less simple in construction than the other. Sundry scientific congresses have been held in Holland: for the promotion of rural economy—for the improvement of medical science—for the better cultivation of tobacco, and some other important vegetable products—for the abolition of pauperism—and one to agitate against the abuse of alcoholic drinks.

Since the extension of the railway to Tilbury, opposite Gravesend, a scheme has been talked of for erecting there the Emigrants' Home, suggested by Mrs Chisholm, somewhat on the model of the Homes at Hamburg and Bremen, that so well accomplish the purpose for which they were built. Should it be carried out, an intending emigrant in any part of the kingdom may ascertain the cost of carriage from his residence, and of a week's stay in the Home, and proceed thither direct. He would have the best of information concerning ships—all his things would be packed under the direction of experienced packers—apparatus for washing clothes, &c., would be provided—and all at a moderate rate. Such an institution is much wanted. We may just remark, however, that more than 30,000 persons *returned* from America to England during 1854.

The French are still trying what can be done with their 'mixed system,' as it is called, applied to marine steam-engines, concerning which Messrs Rennie, and other experienced engineers, have pronounced an opinion not altogether favourable. *La France*, one of the large steamers that lately left Marseille for the Black Sea, travelled nine knots an hour under this system, which consists in the steam not being condensed in the usual way, but being passed over a vessel filled with sulphuric ether. The ether evaporates at the moment of contact, absorbs the heat, and the steam being made to move another piston in a second cylinder, adds materially to the effective power of the first cylinder. The inventor, M. de Trembley, promises a considerable saving of fuel by the use of his system; but as yet all the expectations have not been realised, and a serious objection exists in the fumes of the ether.

Professor Callan, of Maynooth, whose remarkable improvements in galvanic apparatus we noticed some months ago, has made a further advance by the invention of a 'single-fluid battery,' which offers advantages of great importance to science and manufacturing industry. Nitric-acid batteries, as is well known, though the most powerful, are not so much used as they might be, in consequence of the high cost of the acid and the porous cells required, and the difficulty of manipulating them without loss of time and accident, to say nothing of the noxious fumes from the acid. Moreover, if one of the cells be defective, the power of the whole battery is weakened; and in any circumstances, the effectiveness of the power depends much on stillness, the results being sensibly reduced when the battery is in motion, carried from place to place. All these, and other defects, are obviated by Professor Callan's single-fluid battery. We do not as yet know what the fluid is—the secret being kept until the invention is secured by patent; but we learn that the plates may be of any size, from three inches square up to two or three feet, and that neither nitric acid nor porous cells are required. The battery is thus easily filled; it may be carried in the hand, on a railway-train, or on board ship, without suspending its action, and will maintain a steady electric light although itself in motion. Here, then, is a means by which vessels at sea in foggy weather may make their situation visible to the eye at a considerable distance; and to have our locomotives rush along attended by an uninterrupted blaze of light will greatly diminish the chance of collision. For light-houses, for signals on the tops of hills, or for use at the bottom of mines, or for public establishments, the electric light of the single-fluid battery is a promising innovation. And with all this, the new battery is much less expensive than any other. We have understood that the fluid for sixty cells will not cost more than 3d., or 4d. an hour for a brilliant electric light. The question has been asked, Why should not such a light be employed during the dark hours at the works of the New Westminster Bridge, as well as at the Napoleon Docks in Paris? We think the best way would be to try Professor Callan's battery in conjunction with Deleuil's apparatus for regulating the coke points.

The new battery is to be called the 'Maynooth Single-fluid Battery,' to distinguish it from the 'Maynooth Battery,' which comprises nitric acid and cast-iron plates. Besides this, Professor Callan is prepared with improvements for increasing the energy and effect of constant batteries generally.

An impression prevails that, considering our superiority over the Russian in practical science and mechanical art, we are not availing ourselves as we ought of our great resources in reducing him to reason. Civilisation is expected to do something more than meet barbarism with equal weapons. We hear, however, that government is taking measures for some tremendous demonstrations in this particular: Mr Nasmyth is using his steam-hammers in the manufacture of wrought-iron cannon of extraordinary dimensions and strength, to which a ball of five hundredweights is to be but a trifle; Dr Church's cannon, to throw a hundred balls in a few minutes, is again under consideration; a firm at Wolverhampton are at work on a peculiar kind of iron plates, to be employed in some way with a new species of projectile; cannon-balls of all sizes are being made by the thousand; and the manufacturers of armourers' implements and of rifles are as busy as too much work can make them. More than a thousand Miniés a week are delivered to the government. It has been suggested, moreover, that as Perkins's steam-gun has been lost sight of through want of a sufficient demand for its services, the present juncture is one when it might be tried against a real enemy, and not, as in the experiments made a few years ago, against planks and boards. A machine, discharging a continuous stream of bullets, would be a terrific weapon. In one respect, at anyrate, we have not been deficient, and that is in the railway, which by the time these lines appear in print will be commenced from Balaklava to the camp. Such a liberty has never before been taken with an enemy's country, and we shall probably see new devices in the hostile arts growing out of it. Another matter in connection with the war, is the order forbidding the export of nitrate of soda to European ports north of Dunkirk. Few suspect this mineral to be other than a valuable fertiliser; but Dr Stenhouse drew attention to the fact, that by the addition of an acid it could be converted into nitre, and without waste, for the refuse liquors convert Russian tallow into excellent soap. Thus, by exporting nitrate of soda, we threw a double advantage into the hands of the enemy. Again, when we read that gangrene prevails to a large and fatal extent in the hospital at Scutari, we can but regret that Dr Stenhouse's demonstrations of the beneficial effects of charcoal in such cases have not been applied. Finely powdered charcoal, sprinkled on gangrene, effectually prevents the infection, and cures the disease; and it is most assuredly a remedy to be adopted in hospital practice.

A MIXED FOOD NECESSARY.

If I only bend my arm, or move my finger, there is a certain portion of the tissues destroyed, which must be supplied by my food; the more work that a man performs, the more of those nitrogenous substances he requires. So far as supplying the waste of the tissues, it is a matter of indifference whether we give an animal food containing gluten or albumen; but it exercises a considerable influence on the character of the animal. Take, for example, a hunt, at which we have an omnivorous animal, man, riding on a graminivorous animal, a horse, accompanied by a carnivorous animal, a dog, following a herbivorous animal, a hare. Even the character of nations is very materially affected indeed by their food. The other class of food serves a very important, but totally different purpose—namely, that of supplying animal heat. The temperature of our bodies is, in temperate climates at least, higher than the surrounding air. Now, in order to keep up this temperature, a combustion goes on similar to that of an ordinary fire. The same products—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—are evolved from the mouth of the furnace of the body and the mouth of a common chimney. In cold weather, a certain portion of heat is gradually abstracted from our body, which must be supplied by the combustion of our food or of the matter of our bodies; the colder the climate, therefore, the more heat-giving materials must be supplied in the food.—*Professor Lyon Playfair.*

RACHEL.

I am disposed to think that Rachel has not genius, but talent, and that her talent, from what I see year after year, has a downward tendency—there is not sufficient moral seasoning to save it from corruption. I remember that when I first saw her in Hermione she reminded me of a serpent, and the same impression continues. The long meagre form, with its graceful undulating movements—the long narrow face and features—the contracted jaw—the high brow—the brilliant supernatural eyes, which seem to glance every way at once—the sinister smile—the painted red lips, which looked as though they had lapped or could lap blood—all these bring before me the idea of a Lamia, the serpent-nature in the woman's form. In Lydia, and in Athalie, she touches the extremes of vice and wickedness with such a masterly lightness and precision, that I am full of wondering admiration for the actress. There is not a turn of her figure, not an expression in her face, not a fold in her gorgeous drapery, that is not a study; but withal such a consciousness of her art, and such an ostentation of the means she employs, that the power remains always extraneous, as it were, and exciting only to the senses and the intellect.—*Mrs Jameson, New York.*

THE INTENSITY OF LOVE COMPUTED BY MATHEMATICS.

Mademoiselle de Launay, a French authoress of the eighteenth century, whose writings were distinguished by their piquant delicacy and correctness of judgment, thus writes concerning one who had formed an early attachment for her: 'Monsieur de Rey always shewed me great attachment. I discovered, by slight indications, some diminution in his passion. I often went to see Mademoiselle d'Epinar, at whose house he almost always was. As she lived very near my convent, I generally returned on foot, and he never failed to offer me his arm to conduct me home. We had to pass through a large square, and at the beginning of our acquaintance he took the road by the side of the square. Then I saw that he crossed it in the middle, whence I concluded that his love had at least diminished by the difference between the diagonal and the two sides of the square.

THE DEAD.

UNDERNEATH the nodding plumes,
Black in dolorous pride,
All along the busy streets
Curiously eyed;
While anon the mourners follow
In feigned calmness, grief as hollow,
Some few idly glancing wide—
How quietly *they* ride!

Underneath the artillery's tramp
Charging, fiend-possest,
Storms of rattling fiery hail
Sweeping each safe breast,
Till the kind moon—battle over—
Kiss their faces like a lover,
Calm boy-faces, earthward prest—
How quietly *they* rest!

Underneath the pitiless roar
Of the hungry deep,
Crossed the gulf from life to—life,
In a single leap;
Hundreds in a moment knowing
The one secret none is shewing,
Though the whole world rave and weep—
How quietly *they* sleep!

Life, this hard and painful Life,
With a yearning tongue
Calls unto her brother Death:
'Brother dear, how long?'
Lays her head upon his shoulder—
Softer than all clasps, scarce colder!—
In his close arms, safe and strong,
Slips with him from the throng.

THE OLD COUNTESS OF DESMOND.

Sir Thomas, the twelfth earl, died in 1534. He was famous as the husband of the 'Old Countess of Desmond,' who lived to the age of one hundred and forty-five years. Some would make her one hundred and sixty two or three. 'I knew the old Countess,' says Sir Walter Raleigh in his *History of the World*, 'who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, and who was married in Edward IV.'s time, and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen in Munster can witness.' If she was married, even at the early age of fifteen, in the last year of Edward IV., and if she died in 1612, about two years before the publication of the *History of the World*, she must have been no less than one hundred and forty-five years of age—that is, the same age as Old Parr. There is a story current that she danced with Richard III. And she always affirmed that 'he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward: and he was very well made.'—*Last Earl of Desmond.*

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OUT OF WORK—AND WHY.

We are in the midst of the cold wintry weather, the fireside is comfortable, and easy-chairs with high backs, which keep off any stray draught from the shoulders, are in domestic request. It is just at this time, if my observation has been exercised to any purpose, that that 'melancholy spectacle,' as he has very appropriately been termed by a popular writer, the man out of work, steps forth upon the public scene. Yonder he comes: look at him, and note whether the description be not just. Before he advances sufficiently into view to subject his characteristic details to your scrutiny, you remark that his gait is slow, heavy, hesitating, and uncertain, like that of a pedestrian who has nowhere particular to go this morning: that is precisely his case, and he is as likely as not to turn down the next street should a ray of sunshine there, or anything half so pleasant, attract his observation. But, no; he comes straight on, rather loungingly, with his hands in his pockets, gazing vacantly on this side and on that, with a look of settled thought and a demure sort of depression, which is not resignation, in his lean and sallow countenance. What, seven years ago or thereabouts, was his Sunday-coat, hangs loosely upon his shoulders; repeated brushings have worn away its woolly surface, and every thread of its texture is bare to view; it is a little, a very little, out at the elbows too, and the buttons, ready to start from their coverings, shew like 'the new moon with the old moon in her arms,' while the button-holes gape wide with lips of ragged fringe. His vest, once bright with a natty pattern of figured colours, but now sombre-hued and shreddy with long service, a mere remnant of the prosperity of a former day, is partly concealed by the folds of a clean white apron, rolled up and coiled round his waist. The continuations beneath have already continued beyond all reason, as is evidenced by their patched and unctuous condition; and they terminate in a pair of mud-wrecked boots, whose antecedents you at once discern were respectable, even genteel; but the weary feet have at length burst their fragile cerements, and a gaping crack over each bulging side proclaims that their long pilgrimage is well-nigh done. Yet has a forlorn attempt been made this fine morning to give them a jaunty appearance; they glimmer faintly with a spectral kind of polish, in which there is little of the glossy jet of Day and Martin, and considerably more than a suspicion of substituted black lead. There is nothing like vivacity in his lacklustre eye, as it momentarily meets yours; nor is there any appeal to your sympathies—which as yet he does not want, as he turns away and pursues his uncertain route, like a man who has no business in the world.

Like a man who has no business in the world! He *is* a man who has no business in the world; and it is nothing else than that stubborn and ill-favoured fact which has made him the melancholy spectacle you see him. Look around, and you will find at this particular season, and in truth at all seasons, though just now in greater plenty than usual, a rather large variety of his fellow-miserables. They are to be found not only in London, but in every place where labour of any kind is at any time in large demand; they vary wonderfully in their physiological phases, but they are all one in character, and all more or less melancholy spectacles. There is a whole army of disbanded artisans of one craft or another, or of several crafts together, perpetually on furlough, and whose means of living, and of supporting the unfortunate beings dependent upon them, have come to a sudden and perhaps an unexpected stop. The exhibition of spectacles such as these in London streets, and in the streets of all manufacturing and commercial towns, is a phenomenon as regular in its appearance, although varying greatly in its intensity, as the changing seasons of the year, and is just as certain in its recurrence. There is hardly a single handicraft, exclusive of those exercised in the production of the most indispensable necessaries of life, which has not its periodical undulations of high and low demand: now a season when work is abundant, and wages consequently high; and now a season—called characteristically by those affected by it 'the siege'—when employment is scarce, and the gains of the workman necessarily small. The great sea of British industry has, in fact, its ebbs and flows, its high-water and its low-water, with the fortunate peculiarity, however, that all the departments of labour are rarely depressed at the same time, but that the depression of one branch is for the most part contemporaneous with the prosperity of another.

Having mingled much with working-men, and filled the post of an operative workman myself for some quarter of a century, both at home and abroad, I have had good opportunities of judging of their condition; and I came to the conclusion long ago, that although the great evil of their lot, want of employment, is by no means peculiar to the English workman, he suffers more from it, and suffers for a longer time, than do his continental brethren. Taking this fact for granted, perhaps some few other facts gathered from my own experience, and which the experience of other operatives may enable them to corroborate, may lead to the discovery of some of the causes of the evils under which they periodically groan, and furnish a practical hint towards their removal.

I must be allowed to glance, first, at some of the prominent facts in the history of the English workman. It is a settled rule, to which there may be some exceptions, though not many, that no man shall be allowed to work at his trade unless he has spent seven years in acquiring it, or rather has sacrificed seven years of his time under the pretence of acquiring it, and can produce his indentures of apprenticeship, or some other equivalent warranty, in proof of his having so served. This law is universal in all respectable trades in London, at anyrate: it was enacted by the men in their own interest, and is regarded by them as the grand bulwark of their privileges and their independence. I have seen excellent workmen who had not served their seven years, turned ignominiously out of the workshop, while the most notoriously ignorant bunglers were retained. In such a case the employer has no voice, and is not allowed to interfere. In order that he may serve seven years before he becomes of age—for he could not be compelled to serve after—the English boy is taken from school at fourteen, full two years too soon, to his irreparable loss in an educational point of view. Curiously enough, though apprenticed for seven years to learn the business, and though the business might be learned in twelve months on an average, yet he does not, in one instance out of a hundred, learn his business while he is an apprentice. The reason is obvious: apprentices are rarely taken but with a view to premium and profit; to teach them the whole art and mystery of any business, would occupy too much time, and distract their attention from the *one* department in which they may be made readily useful and profitable. The exceptions to this practice would be found in small country workshops, where the probability is that the master understands his own trade but indifferently, and is therefore unqualified to teach it well. When the boy is out of his time, and grown into a man, he resorts to London, or to some other centre of industry, to practise his trade, and there finds out to his mortification that he has it to learn. Over and over again have I seen him in this predicament bind himself to a London master as a 'turn-over' for a year or two, during which he works for half wages, in order to acquire the knowledge of which the master to whom he had indentured himself had defrauded him. But even then he learns but a part of his business—that part which it will be most to the profit of his new master to teach him: if a carpenter, he may learn to make a door or a window-sash; if a cabinet-maker, he may stick for all his life at dining-tables; if a printer, he learns to pick up types; and so on. 'If you are for an easy life,' says the wit in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, 'bind yourself apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel for seven years.' The satire is sharp enough, and yet this is what millions do in this industrious England of ours —emerging from the bond of seven years' servitude, just as ignorant of the true principles of their craft as though they had done nothing but turn a wheel during the whole period.

I have heard very clever people contend that this difficult and complex process of getting at the simplest knowledge, and which results generally in confining a man to the exercise of one simple mechanical function for the whole of his life, is an excellent thing, inasmuch as that, and that only, is the cause of the acknowledged superiority of British manufactures. I am inclined to think it has little to do with our superiority, real or supposed, but that it is rather the cause of a vast amount of British stupidity and incapacity, and of that complete obfuscation of every intellectual faculty which is characteristic of a considerable section of our labouring-classes, and renders them incapable of any other pleasurable excitements than such as are purely sensual. Look at its effects upon operatives in manufacturing districts, when new machinery, or the application of any new discovery in science, renders their one sole service no longer indispensable. Their independence is gone for ever, and they become a burden upon their masters, or upon the parish, from the loss of some trifling occupation, which ought never to have been looked upon as their only resource. Cases like these, and they are sad enough, are familiar to most of us. It was but the other day, that in going over a large pin-making establishment, I came upon a curious illustration of our favourite system. There sat a stalwart military-looking fellow of forty, grinding pin-points, devoting all his energies to the performance of that single operation, in the actual presence of six little machines, the whole under the charge of a young girl, who had next to nothing to do, and each one of which turned out 260 pins per minute, all completely manufactured from a coil of wire, and all headed, ground, and finished, ready for use. The absurdity of the poor fellow's position struck me forcibly, and I could not help regarding it as a practical satire upon the sacred laws of trades' unions, which, notwithstanding the many advantages they hold out to their members, advantages I am not disposed to call in question, do virtually prevent multitudes from doing anything better than grind pin-points for the whole of their lives.

'How is it,' I said to the proprietor who was shewing me round, 'that you continue to manufacture by the old process, having such machines as these?'

'What are these poor creatures to do?' he replied; 'they can do nothing else. If we turn them adrift, they will come upon the parish, or go to the dogs, and we may as well pay them one way as another, leaving charity out of the question.'

Alas! for the independence of the workman, thought I. What I should like to see, since we live in free-trade times, would be such an extension of the free-trade principle as would allow any man to work anywhere at any trade or craft he had the ability to pursue. I know this will be regarded by many working-men, and especially by those who, although not masters, bear rule over them, as a tremendous heresy. It will be thought a destructive measure, fraught with ruin to the regular hands, inasmuch as it would let in to a thousand workshops a crowd of candidates, whose only claim to the privileges of the trade is the ability to work at it. But why should not the *skill* to labour be a recognised passport to the *right* to labour? And why should it not be open to any man or boy to learn as many occupations as he chooses, or has the talent and opportunity to acquire? Were this allowed, we should see fewer of those melancholy spectacles which sadden us, and bring a tax upon our sympathies and our pockets—since, as I have already hinted, it often happens that while multitudes in one profession are starving for want of work, multitudes of a different craft are toiling and moiling day and night, Sundays and week-days, for want of supplementary hands, qualified and privileged to help them.

It may be objected, that such a liberty, if permitted, would operate to lower the price of labour; and I think it would do so to some small extent. But how does the present system operate? I am sure, from my own observation of from twenty to thirty years, that the diminution of earnings arising from want of employment at some seasons, and having only partial employment at others, in the trade to which I belonged, was very little, if anything, less than 25 per cent. Now, the liberty for which I am contending could not reduce wages by one-fourth of this amount, and perhaps would not reduce them one-tenth, because by it the pressure in the labour-market would be relieved in one quarter as much as it was increased in another; and because, moreover, a man who could work skilfully at two trades, is less likely to submit to an abatement in the price of his labour than he who can work at only one. On the other hand, look at the advantage to the workmen themselves as a body. Total idleness, which leads to so much demoralisation, would be almost done away with; that excessive toil which kills thousands would be diminished; an occasional change of employment would have the effect of recreation upon the workman's health; and, above all, the stimulation of a new set of faculties in a new occupation, would save him from that dreary deadness of soul and spirit which is apt to grow from the monotony of one mechanical pursuit, and which transforms the man into a mere breathing machine—one of the most melancholy of all spectacles.

But let me cite a case in illustration. When, in the year 1826, I was compelled to seek in France that employment as a compositor which was not to be procured at home, I found myself, after a few months' residence in Paris, working side by side with a young Frenchman engaged in 'composing'—that is, arranging the types—of a Greek grammar. He was a fellow of infinite vivacity and playfulness, and it annoyed me that, from ignorance of the language, I could not converse with him.

'But,' said he one day when I was boggling at a new phrase, 'do you understand Latin?'

'Yes, a little.'

Then he produced a slate and pencil, which, as it lay on the frame between us, served as the medium of communication in such questionable, yet, as it proved, very useful Latin, as we were able to write, until I became from practice better qualified to speak his own tongue. Here was one advantage which the French middle-class had possessed over the English: he had left school at sixteen, instead of fourteen, and had brought away such a knowledge of the classics as the London boy in the same grade of life never acquires. Five out of eight of his companions, who wrought in the same room, were as well educated as he—could read a page of Virgil opened at hazard, and could appreciate its beauties. I may remark, by the way, that many years afterwards, in a London office, filled with nearly 200 men, the élite of the trade, I could discover but two who could do as much, and both of them were Scotchmen.

One morning, Germain did not make his appearance. On inquiring the reason, I was informed that he would not be back for several days, until his author's proof had returned; but that if I wanted him, I should find him at Rotier's, in a neighbouring street. I repaired thither in the afternoon, and, behold! Rotier was a saddler; and there sat Germain, stitching away at a pig-skin in the neatest possible manner, as though saddle-making were the sole study of his life, and he the most enthusiastic of students. The same cause of interruption to his printing labours occurred again about a month after; and then I found Germain hammering away with all his might at a ponderous plate of silver, which, with a monster-mallet of hard wood, he was moulding upon a *lignum vitæ* anvil into the shape of a festive goblet, preparatory to its going into the hands of the engraver. Again, under the pressure of similar circumstances, I saw him with a nondescript wooden machine between his legs, closing boots at a bootmaker's; and again after that, I actually caught him in the act of plucking fowls at a poulterer's! What Germain could do besides, I do not pretend to say; but to what he would do rather than be idle, if the alternative were forced upon him, I am pretty sure there was no limit. He would do anything on earth, except pull a long face, which faculty was not in him; and he would be anything, save a 'melancholy spectacle,' which no reverse of fortune, if such a thing were possible to one who had so many strings to his bow, could have made him.

The French operatives have their trade-laws and by-laws as well as we, and in some respects they guard their privileges with even greater jealousy and rigour. But they never countenance the absurd and inhuman practice of refusing a man the right of doing the work he is qualified to do, because he may not have served an apprenticeship to the craft; a man may lose in such a case all participation in the honours and privileges of the guild, but no one will think of calling in question his right to maintain himself by his labour. In London, a bricklayer's labourer is always a bricklayer's labourer; in Paris, he rises as naturally and certainly to a bricklayer, if he has the required capacity, as the boy rises to the man. A Parisian artisan may learn any craft he chooses, with the assurance that it will be of use to him, and he may make his own bargain with the man who teaches him; and though it may be that comparatively a small number pursue, like Germain, several professions, yet a very large number follow more than one; and the liberty to carry their industry to any market, has an effect upon the character of the French artisans too obvious to everybody intimate with them to need pointing out. I would defy any man to find in all Paris a healthy fellow of forty, who, if he could grind pin-points, could do nothing else. I am sure a search for such a genius as that would prove utterly fruitless.

We are accustomed to animadvert pretty freely upon the French workman's holidays. He takes a good many of them; but, after all, not so many as the average of English workmen have thrust upon them in the course of a year. There is this difference: that the Parisian enjoys his holidays, while the Londoner growls and grumbles over, and perhaps anathematises, his enforced idleness, which is the reverse of a holiday. There would be more real holidays, and a more equal division of work for the multitude who labour, if some of the absurd restrictions upon industry I have pointed out were done away with.

But, to return to our melancholy spectacles. Sad proofs of evil-fortune and bitter domestic calamity, hard to be borne they are, yet I cannot but regard them as a social disgrace in a community which boasts such endless resources as ours. Are they not, for the most part, the victims of their own protective laws, which, in shutting out others from their peculiar advantages, have also excluded themselves from the advantage of the general market? The number of such spectacles one meets with in the course of a London winter, is something appalling. There, are the huge hulky fellows, who, during the summer, have earned perhaps three guineas a week at brick-making, and drunk it all up, now sending out their wives to waylay decent persons in the streets, and beg an alms for their starving children; there, are tall grenadier-looking men hoisting upon their shoulders, instead of the soldier's banner or his musket, a cabbage or a bunch of carrots, stuck on the top of a pole, and wailing in dolorous chorus because the soil of the market-gardens is frozen, and they can do nothing but dig; there, are carpenters walking the streets in hunger and dismay, while the shoemakers are working night and day to supply the demand for winter wear; there, are compositors lounging about the beer-shops and public-houses, with hands in empty pockets, waiting for the opening of parliament to set them to work; and the Houses of Call of various crafts now in a state of depression, are besieged by hosts of unwilling idlers, while the employers in a dozen different departments are driven to their wits' end to find men to work for them. I ask, are not these things in a great measure the result of the monopoly which the working-man has endeavoured to secure for his labour? Has he not secured personal helplessness by his own act? And would not the recognition of the principle of free-trade in labour tend to ameliorate the evil under which he groans?

I have said nothing of the unjust operation of the present system upon the employer; and yet he has an interest in the question which ought not to be ignored. He is not at liberty to employ a good workman, however much he may stand in need of superior skill, if the said workman have not the necessary credentials to shew; and he is thrown back upon the bungling blockhead who, producing his indentures, has the sanction of his comrades, and supplants the man of merit. This I have witnessed more than once in the printing business, which may be learned as well in one year as in twenty by a person qualified to learn it. But swarms who are not qualified, do learn it somehow; and, mark the result! An oaf, who ought never to have dreamed of touching a type, comes, by virtue of his indentures, into a London office, and sets to work. If he picks up the types of such a page as is now under the reader's eye, the probability is, that he makes, if the manuscript copy should be indifferently written, some hundred, or hundred and fifty blunders. These he has to correct for nothing; and doing it for nothing, he does it with headlong haste, spiking and spoiling, through his clumsy handling in the villainous process, two or three ounces of type, worth from two to four shillings a pound. Yet he *must* be paid, such is the trade-regulation, at exactly the same rate as the dexterous compositor who perhaps has not made a single blunder, and whose work, taking all the concomitant circumstances attending it, is really worth 50 per cent. more; and it may be, for I have known it happen, that meanwhile this accomplished compositor is driven to seek employment in a foreign land, because he is not allowed to work in England.

I know that anomalies analogous to this, exist in other trades—the result of the arbitrary, despotic, and senseless rules which prevail, and which demand revision for the sake of the working-man himself, who should be allowed and encouraged to have as many strings to his bow as he can manage to get; or, in other words, as many means of escape from the misfortune of becoming a melancholy spectacle.

A WINTER CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

We left Malta on a winter cruise, with orders to touch at Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, Palermo, and Messina, to communicate certain instructions to our consuls at those ports, and not to remain more than three days at any one place, unless some unexpected circumstance requiring our assistance should arise. Thus a model-yacht cruise was planned for us.

We left Malta on a Saturday, with a light contrary wind, and for the next two days scarcely advanced more than a hundred miles. But the weather was very fine, and we passed near what is now termed Graham's Shoal, but which in 1831 was an island. On the 10th of July, a coasting-vessel saw, at the distance of a gunshot, a mass of water which rose sixty feet above the level of the sea for a circumference of nearly a mile. A sulphurous smoke came from it, and a quantity of dead fish were seen floating in the vicinity. It was found shortly afterwards, that where this water had risen an islet twelve feet high had been thrown up; in its centre was a plain and the crater of a volcano, from which burning lava was running, while soundings around gave a depth of 106 fathoms. Captain Smith, R.N., visited it later in July, and then found the highest part 80 feet above the sea-level. The side of the crater was broken down level with the water, and the lava rushed into the sea, causing great noise, and miniature volcanoes of white curling smoke, with eruptions of cinders and hot stones, thrown 1000 feet high, and falling into the water, which was then become a sheet of foam. In August, it was 180 feet high, and still throwing up large quantities of ashes. In January 1832, it had again entirely subsided into the sea; but a column of boiling water, 24 feet in diameter, was thrown up 20 or 30 feet above the sea-level. In February, the island had sunk several feet below the surface, and it is now a shoal, with a depth varying from two to four fathoms. This is the simple state of the case. The version of Alexander Dumas is much more amusing, and so thoroughly French, that it is worthy of a translation. He calls it the Island Julia, and says:

One fine morning in the month of July 1831, the Island Julia sprung from the bottom of the sea, and appeared on its surface. It was two leagues in circumference. It had mountains and valleys like any other island. It even had a fountain: it is true, however, that it was a fountain of boiling water. It had scarcely sprung from the waves when an English man-of-war passed: in whatever part of the sea any phenomenon appears, an English man-of-war always passes at that precise moment. The captain, astonished to see an island situated where his chart did not even point out a rock, had his vessel brought-to, got into his boat, and landed. He found that the island was in the 38th degree of latitude; that it had mountains, valleys, and a spring of boiling water. He sent for eggs and tea, and breakfasted near the fountain; then, after his breakfast, he took an English flag, planted it on the top of the highest mountain, and pronounced the sacramental words: 'I take possession of this land in the name of His Britannic Majesty;' then he returned to his vessel, made sail, and went on his course to England, where he arrived after a good voyage, announcing that he had discovered an unknown island in the Mediterranean, which he had named Julia, in honour of the month of July, the date of its discovery, and that he had taken possession of it in the name of England.

After the English vessel, a Neapolitan one passed, which was not less astonished than the other. At the sight of this unknown island, the captain, who was a prudent man, commenced by trimming his sails, so that he might keep at a respectful distance. Then he took his glass, and by its aid found that the isle was inhabited; that it had valleys and a mountain; and that at the top of this mountain the English flag was planted. He at once called for four volunteers to go on a voyage of discovery. Two Sicilians offered themselves, got into the boat, and departed. A quarter of an hour afterwards, they returned with the English flag. The Neapolitan captain then declared, that he took possession in the name of the king of the Two Sicilies, and named the isle St Ferdinand, in honour of his gracious sovereign. Then he returned to Naples, prayed for an audience of the king, told him that he had discovered an island ten leagues in circumference, completely covered with oranges, lemons, and pomegranates, and in which there was a mountain as high as Vesuvius, a valley like that of Jehoshaphat, and a spring of mineral water, where an establishment of baths might be set up larger than that of Ischia. He added, in an off-hand manner, and without entering into details, that an English line-of-battle ship wished to dispute possession of the island with him, and that he had sunk the said line-of-battle ship, and brought her flag in proof of his assertion. The minister of marine, who was present at the audience, thought this proceeding a little hasty; but the king of Naples entirely approved of the captain's conduct, made him an admiral, and decorated him with the Grand Cross of St Januarius.

The next day it was announced in the three papers of Naples, that the Admiral Bonnacorri, Duke of St Ferdinand, had discovered in the Mediterranean an island, fifteen leagues in circumference, inhabited by a race who spoke no known language, and that the king had offered the hand of his daughter to the admiral. Each of these papers also contained a sonnet to the glory of the adventurous navigator. The first compared him to Vasco de Gama; the second, to Christopher Columbus; the third, to Americus Vespucius. The same day the English ambassador went to the Neapolitan minister of marine, to demand explanations of the rumours affecting the honour of the British nation, which had been spread about an English ship Admiral Bonnacorri said that he had sunk. The minister of marine answered, that he had heard some vague rumours of something of the sort, but that he did not know whether the English or the Neapolitan vessel had been sunk. Far from being satisfied by this explanation, the ambassador asserted that his nation was insulted by the simple supposition that an English line-of-battle ship could be sunk by any other vessel whatever, and demanded his passports. The minister referred the matter to the king, who ordered the signature of all the passports that the ambassador demanded, and on his part sent to his minister in London to leave the capital of Great Britain instantly.

Nevertheless, the English government pursued the taking possession of the Island Julia with its ordinary activity. It was a stage it had long sought for on the track between Gibraltar and Malta. An old naval lieutenant, who had lost a leg at Aboukir, and who had ever since been soliciting for some recompense from the Lords of the Admiralty, was appointed governor of the island, and received an order to embark immediately for the seat of his government. The worthy sailor sold a small property he had inherited from his ancestors, bought all the articles of primary necessity for colonisation, went on board the frigate *Dart* with his wife and two daughters, doubled Ushant, crossed the Bay of Biscay, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, entered the Mediterranean, coasted the shores of Africa, came off Pantellaria, arrived at the 38th degree of latitude, looked about him, and saw no more of the Island Julia there than on his own hand. The island had disappeared the day before, and I have never heard say that any one has ever heard it mentioned since.

The two belligerent powers, who had made considerable armaments, continued to shew their teeth for eighteen months; then their grimace subsided to a bitter smile; at last, one fine day, they embraced each other, and all was over.

So much for our veracious French historian.

On the third day of our voyage, we came off Pantellaria, a lofty island about thirty miles in circumference, which is seen from a great distance. We passed very near it, and had a fine view of the broken hills and numerous ravines, covered with brushwood and olive-trees, with scattered villages along the ridges. On the south side there is a fine wood of chestnut and oak trees. There is a small town and a castle on the north-west end, with a very large church. It is at the head of a cove, which appears a tempting place to anchor, but is not so in reality, as it is open and bad holding-ground. It was tantalising, however, to pass so near, and not be able to land for a few hours to visit the curious crater which is at the summit of the highest mountain. This, as we had been informed, is now an unfathomable lake; near it are boiling sulphurous springs. The population is said to be about 5000; a large proportion being convicts from Naples and Sicily, of which kingdom the island is a dependency.

Next day we encountered a very heavy gale from the north-west, which blowing across the Gulf of Lyon for about 200 miles, uninterrupted by any land, is always accompanied by a great deal of swell. It is called mistral or mæstral, and is much dreaded by Mediterranean seamen. We battled against it for a whole day, but after carrying away a spanker-boom, two of our topsails, and various other little things of less moment, our old refuge of Asinara being under our lee, we bore up for it, and anchored at sunset. A quiet night was a great treat after tumbling about in the wet in all directions. Next day being fine, we set sail again without staying for a second attack on the partridges, or a second visit to our friends the Sardinians. That evening the mistral came on again stronger than ever; and this time we had to fight on against it, which we did until Saturday, when it fell suddenly. It was quite curious to see it blowing a gale, the ship scarcely standing up under close-reefed topsails, and not ten minutes afterwards rolling to the swell with the sails flapping in a perfect calm. These are the vicissitudes of life at sea. We were not fifty miles from Nice, saw distinctly the high land above it, and next day lay becalmed for hours within ten miles of our port, but could not reach it. It was not until the ninth day after leaving Malta that we anchored at an early hour at Villa Franca, that being the port of Nice for large vessels. This is a small town at the head of a narrow bay, separated from Nice by a high hill, on the top of which is a large fort; there is a fine light-house on the eastern part of the entrance, with a bright light revolving every half-minute. The hill which separates Villa Franca from Nice is called Mount Alban; it quite protects the harbour from the west and north-west winds. In the north are very high mountains; and to the east, lower ridges covered with olive-groves and fruit-trees. The bay is about a mile deep, and nearly half a mile across. There are about 2000 inhabitants in the town, which is clean, and has a gay appearance from the houses being white with green jalousies. There is a small naval arsenal on the west side of the bay, and batteries above it. We saluted the Sardinian flag with twenty-one guns, and the salute was returned from their batteries. After this we set off to see Nice, some pulling round in boats, others walking over the hill—either way takes from half to three-quarters of an hour: those pulling round land inside a mole which has been run out on the eastern side of a hill, on which the old castle of Nice stands, and which separates the old from the new town. Within the mole is a moderate-sized basin, in which vessels of any size under 200 tons or so lie very snugly moored close to the quays. A short walk along the sea-side brings us to the public promenade—a double row of shops, separated by a broad walk and an avenue of trees, with the theatre at one end, and, branching off to the right, the principal square and two or three streets of shops. These lead to the banks of the river Paglione, on the western side of which all the principal hotels and lodging-houses used by the English are built. The situation is very pleasant; for although the river is but a narrow stream winding along broad banks of stones, which it has brought down, and may perhaps cover after heavy rains, yet the quays along the banks form a pleasant sunny walk, open to the south-east, and sheltered from the north-west winds by a ridge of hilly land which extends to some distance behind. All these houses are lofty, and are generally let in flats, having a common entrance, as in Paris; the front rooms are very cheerful and sunny, but the back, being open to the north, and kept all day in the shade, are so chilly, that while one sits with open windows in the front rooms a fire is quite requisite in the back. We were told that the difference of temperature in the daytime was often as much as 40 degrees—not a desirable change for an invalid who has left England in search of an equable climate.

Strolling along the streets, we looked into shops of French books and prints, and found an English reading-room, supplied with our daily papers. All the signs on the shops are French, and this language appears to be much more spoken by all classes than Italian. None of the shops have anything peculiar to the place, except those of the Ebenistes, where many very pretty things in inlaid wood-work are to be seen. It may be remembered how many specimens of this work were in our Exhibition in 1851. We saw in one shop a beautiful table, destined for the Exhibition at New York, and others for a national Exhibition at Paris. The most common articles are desks, boxes for gloves and cigars, reading-desks, drinking-cups, candlesticks, and card-cases, made principally in olive-wood, or fig dyed black by some composition. This wood has the peculiarity of resisting heat, so that soup-tureens and drinking-cups may be made from it, which are uninjured even by very hot water. When prepared, it is as black as ebony, and forms a good contrast with the bright olive. The designs inlaid are various, but mostly figures of country-people or animals, copied from drawings, and formed by inlaying on the ground of black fig-pieces of lighter wood of various shades of colour. Nice is also famous for its scents, prepared from violets and orange-flowers, which grow in profusion in the environs: these scents and candied fruits are exported in considerable quantities.

A great many English always reside at Nice during the winter, and our arrival made some sensation among them, as no English man-of-war had been there for several years, with the exception of one flying-visit of a steamer; besides, anything is a novelty to people who have nothing to do in a place where nothing is to be done, so we were most cordially accosted by numbers of our countrymen, and the naval uniform became at once a passport to those even who did not happen to stumble upon old acquaintances. Some of us quite fancied ourselves in London again, for at a dinner-party on the very day we arrived, given by the Duchess of Bedford, three of the fairest of London's beauties—Lady Grosvenor, Lady Jocelyn, and Lady Harriet Hamilton, with the husbands of the two former, both parents of the latter, members of the Russell family, and other well-known faces—quite transported us from Piedmont to Belgravia. No one escaped invitation from our hospitable fellow-countrymen. One veteran wrote to our captain to come and dine with him, both 'on that day and the next, accompanied by any number of his officers;' and almost all found themselves engaged to dinners and evening-parties for many more days than we were to remain. Of course, the time passed pleasantly enough, diversified by a drive up to a sort of miniature Alpine pass, along the banks of the Paglione, near a building called the Château de Saint André. But the walk back to Villa Franca by moonlight, after a pleasant dinner and evening-party, was, perhaps, the most delightful of all. The sharp clear bracing air; the bright moon; the quiet town, with its lights scattered along the dark plain like daisies in a field; the rapid mount of the hill at a race with high-spirited companions; and a cheerful song and chorus while descending on the other side to the ship—will probably be remembered by some of us long after other traces of our visit to Nice have vanished like many other memories of the past.

The next day was to be the last of our stay. The ship was crowded with visitors. Being small, there was not much to shew our friends; but we did our best to make some return for the kindness we had met with. One party of young ladies, somewhat more frank than others, answered our excuses by a laughing assurance, that 'they did not come to see the ship, but to look at the officers!' As may be supposed, this was not the party who had the fewest attendants from among us in their walk back across the hill. Seen thus in fair companionship from Mount Alban, and lighted by a setting sun, few places in the world can offer a more lovely prospect than Nice. The distant headlands, stretching far out into the Mediterranean to the west; the shores of the deeply curved bay; the hills rising behind the town, and closing round it like the degrees of an ancient theatre, with deep ravines for the passages to the seats, and white villas for spectators, the valley and town forming the area, the shore the proscenium, and the old castle rising from the shore like some gray-haired veteran actor addressing his audience; the rich soil of the lower hills, covered with the olive, the orange, and lemon, with here and there a palm or a cypress, contrasted with the bold barren mountains behind, rising to sharply defined crests tipped with snow, and gilded by the setting sun—form a scene which requires only the female companionship a sailor so often sighs for, but which was now not wanting, to be remembered as the perfection of the picturesque.

Most of us met at the Opera in the evening, after dining in different places. It is a fine house, nearly as large as Drury Lane, with five rows of boxes. A lively French vaudeville was first performed, and then Donizetti's favourite *Lucia di Lammermoor* was much better represented than one expects to see it now-a-days out of London or Paris. The prima donna sang charmingly; the baritone was excellent; and the tenor, although with a failing voice, sang with great feeling, and received his full share of applause. The house was well attended, many ladies wearing their bonnets in the boxes; and all was over soon after ten, so that we had time for a waltz and polka, and some good-bys with our fair friends, before we repeated our moonlight walk back to the ship.

Next morning, or, more correctly, later on the same morning, our anchor was up again, and the good ship sailing out of port, with one instalment of our friends, who had come for a sail and a last good-by. We carried them off the town, made a tack or two close to the public-walks, with hundreds of people watching our movements; then the boats we were towing were dropped, and took their fair cargoes to the shore, while we bore up for Genoa before a fair wind, saluted by many a waving white handkerchief, and with expressions of regret among us, for once unanimous, that our stay had not been longer. More than one, temporarily galvanised by bright eyes, talked of leave and returning; but the sailor 'loves and sails away,' and few such schemes are carried out.

SMALL-SHOT.

It is somewhat disheartening, after so much has been written, and said, and thought, and hoped, about the 'March of Intellect,' and the effect of that march in checking the tendencies and alleviating the horrors of war—it is somewhat disheartening to think that we are now in the midst of this same war, giving and receiving wounds and death, and employing lead and iron and steel for mutual destruction instead of mutual benefit. However, so it is; and the conviction that the war is just, accompanies the certainty that the war is terrible. Bullets and shots are in men's thoughts and in newspaper columns; and if we *must* read about such things, it is as well to understand what we read. Already many missiles of the war-field have been described. The Revolver and the Minié-rifle received a little elucidation in No. 519 of the second series of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal;* the Shrapnels and Shells in No. 10, the Lancaster-guns in No. 38 of this Journal. But the humbler missiles—the bullets and small-shot—are not wholly unworthy of notice, especially in respect to the very curious way in which the last-named are made.

It is not easy for a quiet civilian to understand the technical terms which military and naval men employ.

For instance, although a Newcastle manufacturer will give the name of *shot* to the little spherical morsels of lead he prepares, the fighting-man gives the same name generally to the large as well as the small masses which he hurls against the enemy. There are, however, abundance of names to distinguish the different kinds when in actual exercise. The great guns, whether of bronze for land-service, or of cast iron for naval-service, or of wrought iron—as some of the recent writers to the *Times* have suggested—require iron masses to be fired from them; and these iron masses receive different names, according to circumstances. If the cannon is very wide and short and stumpy, it is a *mortar*—and the missiles fired from it are *shells* or *bombs*, or *bomb-shells*. If the cannon be somewhat longer, it is a *howitzer*, either a siege or field howitzer, according to its destination—and hollow *howitzer-shells* are fired from it. If it be yet longer than a howitzer, it becomes a *cannon*, properly so called, or a *gun* in familiar newspaper language. The field-gun, and the siege-gun, and the rampart-gun, however different in other respects, fire off solid iron balls; whereas the mortars and the howitzers fire off hollow iron shells, containing gunpowder only, or gunpowder and bullets. The length of the bore of a cannon is generally from eighteen to twenty-five diameters of the iron ball fired from it; and a siege-cannon is somewhat about two hundred and fifty times as heavy as the ball fired from it. *Bar-shot*, as distinguished from round or spherical shot, are formed of two masses joined together by an iron bar—and are intended to cut down masts, sails, &c. *Case-shot* or *canister-shot* are cases filled with bullets, stones, iron, and various fragments—they are used to clear the enemy's decks, by sweeping off the luckless men who may be there employed. *Grape-shot* are small-shot tied up tightly in canvas-bags, somewhat cylindrical in shape, and about as large across as the bore of the cannon from which they are to be fired. *Chain-shot* are two shots joined together by a short piece of chain, which give them the character of terrible arms wherewith to grasp an object in the embrace of death. When, therefore, the newspapers tell us that the Allies 'poured in a volley of grape,' or that they or their enemies 'shelled' a battery, or employed 'canister,' we may easily understand that each and all of these phrases imply something more fearful than even the fearful cannon-ball. As the bomb-shells may contain any practicable amount of powder and ball and iron fragments, and as the grape-bags and the canisters have no other limit in size and fulness than that of the piece of ordnance which is to fire them off, the destructive power may be imagined.

Besides the family of great-guns—mortars, howitzers, field-guns, siege-guns, battery-guns, Lancaster-guns, with their 42-pounders and 68-pounders, and so forth—there is the family of small-guns, muskets, fowling-pieces, carbines, blunderbusses, common rifles, Minié-rifles, needle-guns, common pistols, Colt's revolvers, &c. All these, instead of using iron balls, are employed to fire leaden bullets. These bullets are cast in moulds, corresponding in size with the bore of the weapon. The spherical leaden bullets may vary from a poundweight to an average of forty to the pound, or from 1¾ inches to ½ an inch in diameter; in actual practice, there may perhaps be about fourteen musket-bullets to the pound, twenty carbine-bullets, and thirty-four pistol-bullets; but these numbers will of course vary according to the diameter of the bore. For making the best shot, the lead is hardened with a little tin, and weighted with a little quicksilver. The arms of recent invention, such as the Minié-rifles and the needle-guns, have shot of a peculiar shape; and these require moulds other than spherical in cavity. But whether spherical or not, the leaden bullets are sent on their message of slaughter. The soldier is taught that 'to hit a man in the middle of his body' with a common musket-ball, the musket must be aimed at the chest if the man be a certain number of yards off; if at a further distance, aim at the shoulder; if a further, at the head; if still further, aim at the top of the shako, making allowance in all these cases for the gravitating tendency of the ball after it has left the musket. But if the rifle be substituted for 'Brown Bess,' the common old musket, the point of aim must be nearer the point to be hit, because the range is greater, and the course straighter; and if the Minié be substituted for the common rifle, the angle of sight must be chosen still more closely.

The bullets with which cartridges are filled, belong to what we may term the musket-class. A mould casts them sixteen or twenty at a time; they leave the mould strung together, if such a simile be pardonable, like strings of onions, and boys separate the bullets from the string formed by the little adherent bits of lead extending from one to another. One bullet is dropped into each cartridge, together with a few drachms of gunpowder; and the cartridge thus made is more useful to the soldier than separate bullets and loose gunpowder.

But it is not wholly the scenes of the war-field that call for bullets and shot; the more peaceful scenes of wood and glade, and mountain and heather, echo with the discharge of arms. Yet even here death seems to be doing his work; for if men are not falling, snipes and wood-cocks are. The sportsman must have his shot, and very good shot too; and it happens that the sportsman's shot are more interesting as examples of manufacture, than the iron and leaden missiles used by the soldier. Small-shot, too, are used for a few other purposes in the arts besides killing and wounding, and we think that a few particulars in the career of a small-shot may not be uninteresting.

One of the earliest modes of making lead-shot consisted in cutting up sheet-lead into narrow strips; cutting these strips again into little cubes or fragments, and working them about between two flat stones until the fragments had assumed somewhat of a globular form. Another method bore some resemblance to the plan on which boys' marbles are made: the small pieces of lead, after being cut in any convenient way from the sheets, were shaken together in a bag, whereby each fragment was enabled to rub off the irregularities of its neighbour, and—like the members of a social community—all enabled to civilise and polish each other. A third plan, better still for larger shot, was that of casting in a mould—a process still adopted for musket-bullets. For this purpose a mould is employed, formed of two oblong pieces of brass hinged together at one end. In each half are several hemispherical cavities, so arranged that when the mould is closed, the cavities form spherical hollows just the right size and shape for the shot; small channels are left open to communicate with these cavities; and melted lead is poured through the channels until the cavities are full. On opening the mould, the shot are extricated, and are soon finished by cutting off the asperities of the surface. The small-shot, however, are required to be made by some process more expeditious than that of casting; and hence the importance of the present remarkably quick mode of manufacture.

A person named Watts has the honour of a place in all descriptions of the shot-manufacture; and he will probably continue to enjoy that honour, unenviable though it may be in some of its particulars. The story runs thus: Once upon a time, somewhat more than seventy years ago, a plumber named Watts, residing in or near Bristol, obtained a patent for the manufacture of shot by a process which is said to have been suggested to his mind in a dream. The method consisted in pouring molten lead from a considerable height, in order that, while falling, it might cool into separate globules, or shot. He is further reported to have made an experiment from the tower of the church of St Mary Redcliff, at Bristol, which was satisfactory. He obtained a patent, which he was fortunate enough to dispose of for the sum of L.10,000. But now comes the dark side of the story. He knew how to obtain money honourably, but not how to spend it judiciously. He appropriated his L.10,000 to the formation at Clifton of a crescent, on so grand a scale that the money was all swallowed up in the excavation and foundation-walls, leaving the houses of the crescent existing nowhere but on paper and in the brains of the projector. Thereupon the undeveloped crescent obtained the expressive name of Watts's Folly. Such is the legend. Whether this legend is coloured in any of its parts or not, the shot-granulation appears to have been due to Watts.

The very remarkable system whereby shot—that is, small-shot for pistols, and muskets, and fowlingpieces—are now made, whether devised originally by Watts or not, requires a great perpendicular height for its due management. On the banks of the Thames there is a lofty tower originally built for this purpose, near Waterloo Bridge; but in the north of England, another contrivance of a curious kind is adopted. The shafts of coal-pits are occasionally abandoned, when the old seams of coal are worked out, and the shaft remains, although useless for its original purpose. Now, such a shaft, if not too deep, will constitute a capital shot-shaft, as a substitute for a shot-tower. Newcastle-upon-Tyne happens to be well located in respect to this matter, for it is the place to which all the rich lead is brought from the Alston district—on the confines of Yorkshire, Durham, and Cumberland—for conversion into saleable forms; and it is surrounded on every side by coal-pits, some of which are abandoned for their original purpose, and are available in aid of shot-making. Some of the large establishments in and near this town have the requisite working-apparatus for extracting silver from lead, for casting or rolling sheet-lead, for making white-lead, for making red-lead, for making shot, and for other manufacturing processes wherein lead is the principal material operated on. But the little shot are the only products here demanding notice.

Supposing that a deserted coal-pit be available, and that this pit is sixty or eighty yards deep, by six or seven feet in diameter; the mouth of the pit, closed over for safety, with the exception of a small square hole in the centre. Over this opening a tripod is supported, at about a yard from the ground; and in its turn this tripod supports a kind of colander or perforated metal pan, the perforations in which correspond in size with the kind of shot to be made. The smallest holes, for the smallest shot, are about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter; from which minimum there is a gradation of twelve or fifteen sizes, up to the shot one-fifth or one-sixth of an inch in diameter. The shot are not made entirely of lead; a small percentage of arsenic is added, to harden the lead, and to enable the shot more readily to assume a spherical form.' Near the tripod is a small furnace, in which the two metals are melted. A little of the scum or dross from former meltings is laid over the holes in the colander, to separate the molten metal into distinct little streams. A workman, provided with a ladle, pours molten metal from the furnace into the colander; and presently a bystander will see a brilliant shower of silvery rain descending from the holes in the colander into the abyss below. Now, it is just at this juncture that the philosophy of shot-making presents itself for notice. The object in view is to granulate the lead—that is, to separate the fluid mass into a number of little globules, all distinct, and all spherical. When this system was first adopted, the drops of molten lead fell into a vessel of water almost close to the under surface of the colander; but it was found that, although the drops were cooled into shot by this sudden immersion in cold water, the shot were distorted and sadly misshapen. It was here that Watts's dream—if it was a dream—gave him the advantage: he dreamed that by greatly increasing the distance between the colander and the water, the drops, rotating in various directions as they fell, might assume a spherical form before the instant when the sudden chill solidified them. By adopting a descent of some 200 feet or so, this object is attained. Every little circumstance connected with the process, affects the probability or improbability of the drops reaching the water in the right shape; the ratio of arsenic to lead, the temperature of the melting, the nature of the layer placed over the holes in the colander, the thickness of this layer, the quantity of molten metal poured into the colander at one time, the depth of the pit—all are important.

But with all the care that can be taken, 'lame and impotent' shot make their appearance, and these must be separated from the good shot; for the direct course of a missile depends intimately on the symmetry of its shape. In the first place, when several hundredweights of shot have collected in a pool of water at the bottom of the pit, a man is lowered by ropes, and he sends up the shot in baskets or other vessels. The shot are spread out on iron plates, heated from beneath, and are speedily dried; and a series of siftings bring them into groups according to their sizes, sieves being employed, whose perforations correspond with the sizes of the respective shot. Then ensues one of the prettiest and most singular processes which we know in manufactures—the separation of the good from the misshapen shot. An iron table is prepared, the bed of which is as flat and smooth as possible; and this table can be tilted up at one end, to give any desired angle to the surface. A handful or a shovelful of shot are placed on the upper end of the table, whence they can roll down to the lower end. The shot, which have a true spherical shape, roll in a straight course down the inclined surface of the table, and fall into a box at the bottom; but those which are wanting in due sphericity descend irregularly, tending now to one side, and now to the other, and reaching the lower edge of the table after a somewhat tortuous course. Now, the consequence is this: the good shot, descending regularly, acquire increased momentum, and dart off into a box at some distance from the lower end of the table; whereas the bad shot, descending irregularly, gain very little momentum, and fall into a nearer box. The angle of inclination given to the table is just sufficient to insure this separation between the good and bad shot. If too much inclined, many of the bad shot would dart off to the distant box; if too little inclined, many of the good shot would drop into the near box. This is really a very scientific application of one of the well-known laws of dynamics.

A little more has yet to be done. The shot have a kind of dead silvery-white appearance; but sportsmen and other shooters have a liking for a neat polished blackish appearance. This is imparted by means of black-lead—which, by the way, is no lead at all, only carburet of iron. The shot, with a little powdered black-lead, are put into a kind of churn; they are rotated for a considerable time, until they become still more spherical, and the black-lead rubbed into their surfaces. Finally, they are tied up in bags containing twenty-eight pounds each, and thus they reach the market.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COMMANDANT LEARNS THAT LIFE IS NOT MONOTONOUS.

Signor Girolamo di Georgio, commandant of the island and fortress of Maretimo, had been disturbed in the tranquillity, or rather the stagnation of his life, since we last introduced him to our readers. To all outward appearance, his position was unchanged; so was his daily round of conduct. The cause of discomfort was a hidden one. One of the most wonderful attributes of man is conscience, which, according to conventional speculators, ever remains awake, keeping, therefore, we must suppose, the good in a state of perpetual delight, as the evil in a state of perpetual torture. Retribution, however, does not in the real world seem to follow so rapidly on crime as this view would lead us to believe. Great evil-doers have grown fat in success, have been comfortable in mind and body, sleeping well, and preserving a serene brow; have built palaces, have written madrigals, have nursed children, and talked seriously of their own virtues. But a time comes—perhaps in some half-century, for villains are occasionally tough-lived—when the profits of sin have been dissipated, when the end of life draws nigh; above all, when punishment is threatened. The bill of vengeance becomes due. There is nothing so humiliating to the human mind, as the idea of wickedness perpetrated in vain. Pleasures past seem nothing but the foil of sufferings to come. Then conscience indeed starts up as an intestine enemy, and will not by any means be quieted.

The commandant had reached this period about the time of Walter's arrival in the island. No one around him, not even Mosca, who penetrated so many things, knew that any great reproach weighed upon his conduct in times past. Yet certainly this was the case. He began to decline from his usual solemnity and haughtiness; at times sought, at other times shunned, the company of his fellow-creatures, irregularly, by fits and starts. The principal inhabitant of the village of San Simone was an old fisherman, who had attained, by means lawful or otherwise, something like ease in circumstances, and could consequently be associated with. This personage, named Justo by his parents rather than by society, was now invited almost every evening to the castle, and kept there late, under pretence of playing backgammon and cards. He, accordingly, became spectator of some singular scenes. The commandant, even when fortune favoured him, would frequently start up, knock the board off the table, or scatter the pack abroad, uttering exclamations seemingly addressed to invisible persons. At anyrate, when Justo followed the direction of his host's eyes, he saw that they were fixed on the wall at the darkest end of the room. What Signor Girolamo said conveyed no information whatever; he simply denied the fact with more or less energy; but what fact, remained mysterious. The impression left, however, was that his denial was not sincere, but merely protective. Justo on these occasions was much alarmed, and wished that his visits might cease; but he was in awe of the commandant, and dared not question him, or refuse his invitations, which resembled commands.

Once or twice, the soldiers on guard were attracted by cries proceeding from Signor Girolamo's chamber; but when they went to see what was the matter, were received with anger, or put off with the pretence that some suspicious sound had disturbed light slumbers. Carlo Mosca began at length to suspect that all was not right; and of course listened, and watched, but learned nothing. One night Justo came much later than usual, and went away immediately. On returning from the gate, whither he had gone with the pass-word, the jailer passed by the door of the commandant's chamber—left open by accident—and saw him with frightened look and pallid cheek engaged in reading a letter. Curiosity overcame discretion, and Mosca entered. To his surprise his steps were not heard, and he approached near enough to see that the letter was only signed with a large C. At that moment, however, the commandant, perceiving that he was not alone, started up, and seizing the eaves-dropper by the throat, hurled him away with tremendous violence. Then seeming overcome by terror, he said in a half insinuating way:

'The words are very enigmatical, are they not?'

'I did not read them,' replied Mosca trembling, and stooping to pick up his night-cap.

This appeared probable, and the commandant, recovering his presence of mind, sternly dismissed the man, with a threat to put him under arrest if he were not circumspect for the future; but always remained uncertain whether or not his secret had been discovered.

Mosca had seen nothing but what we have said. He meditated, however, on this circumstance, and came to the conclusion that some powerful person interested in Paolo's fate was endeavouring to corrupt the commandant. Here was a new incentive to vigilance. Although scarcely yet able to totter without the assistance of a stick about the dark corridors of the prison, he watched unceasingly for some new indication of what he considered a conspiracy against himself; and the occupation thus given him, was probably one of the reasons why Paolo had so much leisure left to make his preparations for escape. Thus time passed; and at length the long-looked-for morning of the fifth of June brightened over the Archipelago of the Ægades.

It was a brilliant day. The vast rocks of Maretimo itself rose solid and opaque in grim reality above the fortress, and all the lines and slopes of the steep descent to the yellow beach and the scattered hamlet, apparently deserted by its inhabitants, were sharp and almost painfully distinct. But beyond, the landscape seemed to become vague and uncertain, from the excess of light poured over it. The sea was so transparent as to be almost invisible, looking like another sky of unfathomable blue below; and the numerous boats and galleys that, gaily decked out as if for a festivity, were coming from Marsala towards the strait, seemed to float in mid-air. The tall-peaked islands and the mountain-ranges of Sicily were lightly sketched, as it were, on a vapoury background, and touched here and there with gold. The moody commandant stood on his firm island-citadel, gazing forth on this scene, that seemed unreal from very brightness, the figure of Man buried in gross reality, yearning in vision towards the gaudy regions of fancy.

A boat had appeared coming from Favignana in the morning, but had long been withheld by the calm.

Now and then probably a slight puff of wind played across the surface of the water, for the great lateen-sail bellied out; but progress was mostly made by a full complement of oars. It was after mid-day when the boat drew near the beach. Signor Girolamo, whom any new incident disturbed, had a hundred times examined it with his telescope without being able to make out anything. When he saw the sentinel at the landing-place present arms, he knew that some distinguished person had arrived.

The Marchese Belmonte, for it was he, accompanied by a single attendant, slowly ascended the steep path, and was met half-way by the commandant. The meeting of these two men to a casual observer might have seemed that of indifferent persons; but in reality the marchese was compelled to exert all his self-command to be able to look calmly on one whose presence reminded him of the most painful period of his life—a memory not unaccompanied by resentment or contempt; and he was indeed so troubled, that he did not notice the constrained, uneasy, and anxious manner of Signor Girolamo, which might otherwise have received some interpretation. The words exchanged at first were merely of formal politeness, and it was not until the marchese and the commandant were alone within the fortress together, that the former, who sat down, and allowed his host to stand before him like a lackey, said:

'I come to receive in person your report on the state of this prison.'

'Paolo di Falco,' replied the commandant, knowing what was meant, 'is still in the cell where we were obliged to put him after his last act of insubordination.'

'This hypocrisy,' said the marchese contemptuously, 'is useless now, Girolamo. He refused, and still refuses, I suppose, to comply with the conditions offered.'

'He has never asked for a second interview,' was the reply, 'and my instructions were not to see him until further orders.'

There was a long time of silence. The marchese, with his brow in his hand, remained thinking; and the commandant, who had feared, he scarcely knew why, that this visit boded ill to himself, having drawn a long breath, as if relieved from a mighty weight, went to the window, and waited patiently for further notice. Both these men, however, were not present in the saloon of that fortified house, but far away in time and place, thinking with very different feelings of an incident that had coloured all their subsequent life.

At length the marchese said that he wished to speak to the Prisoner; and in a short time, as we already know, he was face to face with Paolo in his cell. This was the first time that these two men, whose fortunes were so mingled by chance, who had inflicted so much suffering one on the other, had met, except for an instant. The first impulse that came to Paolo was now, once for all, without waiting for knowledge of the reasons of this interview, to empty his heart of accumulated reproaches, and avenge himself, in words at least, for a whole year of misery. But there was something in the countenance of the marchese that withheld him—not friendship, not compassion, not relenting: it was that, as it were, beneath those features, ravaged by time and passion, he could see the faint outline of other features, in the presence of which no evil sentiment could visit him. Angela shone through her father upon Paolo's soul, as if a star were to send down its kind rays through a tempestuous night to some wayfarer in search of a path.

After a little hesitation the young man, looking down, said:

'I little expected the visit of my'——

'Enemy,' suggested the marchese, noticing that he paused.

'My father-in-law,' said Paolo firmly.

It was impossible that these two unbending natures should meet without a conflict. This word forced the marchese to begin the colloquy in a more hostile spirit than he had intended. He had always chosen to assume that his daughter's marriage, from the circumstances under which it took place, was null and void. Angela's resistance had baffled him in the attempt to obtain the sanction of the law for this strange view; but he had never deigned to speak of what had happened, except as an intrigue in which the affections of a foolish girl had been won by a reckless adventurer.

'No!' exclaimed he violently; 'never shall the son of that wretch call me by such a name beyond the walls of this dungeon. The old spirit is gone, young man. You know that there is an impassable line drawn between us—a line of blood; and yet, because I am powerful and you suffer, you crawl across it towards me under protection of a sham title which you tried to steal, but which law knows nothing of.'

'This is the first time, marchese,' replied Paolo, his eyes kindling as he drew up to his full height, and met the glance of his persecutor—'this is the first time you have accused me of cringing. How many offers have I spurned! What brilliant promises—probably intended to be broken—have I turned from with scorn! You do not believe what you say, but seek a reason for wreaking vengeance on my head for an offence which was perhaps never committed by him who is now no more.'

The two men—equally stern, equally obstinate in their idea of right—having exchanged these words of defiance, felt that in that tone it was impossible the interview should proceed. Each, though considering himself deeply injured, had a strong motive for moderation; and it was not extraordinary, therefore, that the marchese, instead of noticing the violent outburst of Paolo, perhaps admiring his courage, replied in a mild voice:

'We have other words to exchange, young man, than words of recrimination. Listen to me well. This is the first time we have met, and there can be between us no motive for personal hatred. When I look on you, I feel that the obligation of a feud is a severe one. As long as you kept out of my path, did I try to harm you? But you have taken my daughter from me: that is a venial fault, you will say, which most men forgive in six months. I have punished you by imprisonment; but if, Paolo di Falco, if forgetting the irrevocable past, I could exclaim "You are free, and Angela is yours," would not all that has passed seem but a troublesome dream, and might I not win your affection?'

'Believe me, sir,' exclaimed Paolo, starting forward, deceived by these words, 'that if your generosity'——

The marchese's cold hand, which he had seized, thrust him back, and a glance of deadly hatred interrupted his words.

'Solitude has made you mad,' said Belmonte bitterly. 'Where, but on the stage, have you seen these silly reconciliations patched up on the heels of discord, before the flush of anger has left the cheek, or the fire of hatred gone from the eye?'

'You have come, then, to apply a new kind of torture?' inquired Paolo, sitting down and folding his arms, as if prepared to suffer whatever might be in store.

'You cheat yourself, and blame me,' replied the marchese. 'When I tell you, as plainly as words can, that your only crime is that you are your father's son, and that, this wiped out, the paltry persecution you have suffered from me would be but the zest of future happiness, your weak nature leads you to believe we are actors in an idyl of milk and honey. I am not cruel, and wish you no harm: why am I obliged to say so? Has this been a prison of punishment to you? Is not the key always within reach of your hand? Say but the word which gives me back my daughter, and go forth into the world even with my blessing, which I will try to utter!'

Paolo was silent.

'I cannot bend to you if I would,' continued the marchese, his eyes glaring wildly. 'The son of the man who made me miserable, even were I to sham forgiveness, would not be safe from my sudden wrath. What! have you no understanding? Must I tell you, that even the thought of your happiness with my daughter well-nigh drives me mad? Would you dare to embrace her in my presence? Would you dare to touch her ringlets—dare to exchange insolent smiles with her—dare to lead her from my sight? Do you not fear that an old man, with mind somewhat unsettled, goading himself with thoughts of joy snatched from him by you—for you seem to be your father as he was then—do you not fear that some day amidst paternal smiles should break forth a grin of hatred; or that, wandering through silent corridors at night, lashed by imagination, he should come to mingle blood with your joy, and then take refuge in death or insanity? There are dreadful mysteries in life, Paolo, which you do not know, because you are young.'

The Prisoner now, for the first time, understood the depth of the gulf that separated him from the marchese. Nothing could fill it up; no reconciliation was possible. He looked forward, therefore, with impatience to the end of this painful interview, fearing it might be prolonged beyond the time appointed for his flight. But he had other things still more terrible to hear.

The marchese, whose eyes had flashed with insane brilliancy whilst he revealed the real state of his feelings towards Paolo, suddenly recovered himself, and collecting his thoughts, came to the real object of his visit. He related all he knew of the escape of Angela from Naples, down to her arrival in Sicily; and without waiting for Paolo's expressions of surprise, went on speaking rapidly and loudly, as if fearful that reflection might bring on repentance, and proceeded to say:

'I do not yet know how this disobedient daughter, travelling like a gipsy in the company of strange men, perhaps known to you, fared during the first days of her arrival. They tell me she was wounded in a night-skirmish between soldiers and the banditti she has chosen for companions. But her punishment was not to end there. She is now a prisoner with the Black Band; and her life will be forfeited if the ransom asked be not paid.'

Paolo, bewildered at first by this announcement, soon recovered presence of mind to say, almost with a smile:

'But even if other wealthy friends are absent, her father will buy her freedom.'

'Her wealthy friend,' replied the marchese sternly, 'the madcap Englishman, if he be wealthy, who was accomplice in her flight, has, it seems, been separated from her. Perhaps he has tired of this disgraceful adventure.'

The young man felt certain that the whole truth was not told him. If Walter had left Angela, it could at anyrate only be to effect the deliverance of her husband.

'This news seems to touch you but slightly,' said the marchese bitterly—perhaps he was angry that his daughter should be so little cared for. 'There is more to come.' Then he related, with every circumstance likely to introduce despair into Paolo's mind, the real position of Angela, the claims of the Black Band, the determination of the government to allow one victim to be made; and concealing his promises to Bianca—speaking true without knowing it—declared that after the banditti had been wearied out by long negotiation, they were to be surrounded on all sides and exterminated. Many men, less impulsive than the marchese, more masters of themselves, without the morbid yearning for vengeance that sometimes made him mad, have, when excited by passion, exhibited the same mental phenomenon that made him now calumniate himself. Speaking from emotions which he had suppressed, in an unnatural character which he had assumed for a moment and quitted, yet deceiving himself at the time, as he deceived his hearer, the unhappy father exclaimed with a ferocity which visited him afterwards in vengeful pangs of remorse:

'I loved my daughter as long as she was my daughter. What matters her fate to me, now that she has fled into another family, and applies the sweet name of father to the shade of him who hunted me from my happiness? Have I not often wished her dead? Have I not often prayed that she should be snatched from the sphere in which she becomes confused with the objects of my hatred, to one where she will forgive even these thoughts? I tell you, Paolo di Falco, that if we part ere you have yielded, that innocent blood—innocent but for your machinations—will be on your head as well as upon this.'

A tempest of agony swept over the mind of Paolo, and for a moment bent all his energies to the earth. He was about to give way—to consent to the word which would make him a villain, and brand Angela with shame—but suddenly, amidst the gloomy terror of his thoughts, there seemed to rise a form of hope, that encouraged him with smiles, and turning to the marchese, he upbraided him with a look only, and said sadly:

'The will of Heaven be accomplished. I cannot do what you ask.'

The father, repressing an expression of involuntary admiration, turned away, and without another word, retired from the cell to hasten—as Paolo by a kind of revelation seemed to know—back to Sicily to struggle for his daughter's liberty, as if his love for her had never been checked, as if he did not mean to consign her, as soon as she was within his arms, to the same widowed misery as before. There are few opportunities of penetrating the mysteries of such natures, which only reveal a part of themselves in the painful struggles of life, and may deserve commiseration even when they seem to labour to earn hatred. Who was this Speranza—the promise of whose love made a man of that stamp, not new to affection, believe in an earthly paradise, and despair like a fallen angel when deprived of it? What manner of woman was she? Fair in form, certainly, and sweet in speech, they say—the cynosure of the impassioned. Beyond this we know nothing, save that the marchese was received into her secret thoughts—was allowed alone to linger with her in the twilight orange-grove—to frame for her ear in words the emotions that troubled him. Some people remembered the sweetness of her smile, which had a strange power of fascination. But ordinary beauty is invested with arbitrary privileges by those who adore it. Speranza may have been nothing but a lovely girl, willing to be married. Take away the glory which we project around the forms we love, and there remains nothing ofttimes but fresh and pleasing mortality. Yet we are willing to believe that Speranza was more than this. Some rude shepherds, who from the rocks towards Syracuse saw the wreck in which she perished, say that she stood on the doomed vessel as calmly as if she had been an angel which had but to spread its wings and fly away; and according to reports common and believed in Sicily, though no one knew who could be so well informed, she had met death cheerfully as a refuge from violence—swooning away into the waters without a struggle—a prayer and a smile upon her lips.

But tradition always hallows its favourites. We must speak of her chiefly from the love which she inspired—its depth and its endurance. Like faith in religious reformers, who wield the Word, not the sword, and govern the souls of men by the emanations of their own souls, the sentiment she left behind in all hearts that approached her increased and strengthened with time. Wherever the seed fell, it germinated; and her memory, like a choice flower, was preserved in many a secret mental recess; but with various tints that reflected themselves around. Bianca's mind, naturally glowing with contrasted hues, was softened by the presence of this principle of harmony; whilst the diseased imagination of the marchese, distorting all form and corrupting all colour, was now filled by a gentle rosy light, as when morn stoops over a sleeping landscape, now stained by ruddy flashes, such as can only burst from some telluric forge where Cyclops groan and labour. There were those in Sicily who had sainted this woman in their imaginations; and who, judging of Belmonte's grief by the value of what he had lost, took his part against Paolo, on whom they charged as a heavy sin, that to gratify a selfish fancy he had recalled this old man to the burning passions of the world, just when he might have found consolation in piety and repentance.

These, however, were refinements which the young man would not have admitted. According to him, love had the power to bind and loosen everything in this world; and when he believed, as he was sometimes forced to do despite filial affection, the accusations against his father's memory, he tried to justify what had been done by the irresistible power of Speranza's beauty. The candle cannot blame the moth that extinguishes what consumes it; and if Semele's embrace had left the world Joveless, her memory would have been accursed, not his. Thus did he sophistically excuse himself for revering the father whom most men spoke of with scorn, and for having in some measure imitated his example.

Let us allow him his illusion, as he had suffered for it; and admire the desperate resolve with which, having spent some minutes in weeping over the misfortunes and sufferings of Angela—we are not ashamed to confess that the tears fell fast along his cheeks—he suddenly said to himself: 'Courage; let me free, and she cannot remain a captive.' And stifling vain fear and sorrow, began calmly to review for the last time his preparations for escape. The presence of the marchese, whom he succeeded in thinking of merely as an instrument, seemed to him favourable: it would attract the attention of the people of the fortress. No one could imagine that he would choose that day to break bounds; and indeed, without a concerted plan—the existence of which was not suspected by any one but Mosca, and by him only vaguely—the attempt he was about to make would appear so childish as to be impossible.

Carlo Mosca, as we have said, had been thrown off his guard when he attempted to discover what was the nature of Paolo's anticipations for the fifth of June; yet he always retained an uneasy feeling, which increased as the day approached. The arrival of the marchese would have diverted his attention completely, had not a circumstance, trifling in itself, excited his vigilance in an extraordinary degree. He had been walking on the roof of the fortified house the previous day, meditating on the peculiar conduct of the commandant, when leaning over the parapet just above the window of Paolo's cell, he noticed that all the leaves of the rank weeds at the foot of the wall were covered with white stains, as if a powder had been scattered there, and wetted by the dews of night. He immediately went out upon the glacis, and convinced himself that he was not mistaken. To one of his sagacious mind, no other information was necessary; he knew that Paolo had been labouring to loosen the bars of his window, and that what he saw was the cement incautiously thrown out.

Under ordinary circumstances, he would instantly have instituted a search, and procured Paolo's removal to another cell; but since his suspicions of the commandant's fidelity had been excited, strange thoughts and ambitious fancies had occupied him. The man's vanity lulled his common sense; he wrote and got ready for despatch a secret denunciation of his superior, announcing that the Prisoner had been supplied by him with tools, and would attempt to escape one night. 'Carlo Mosca, however,' he added, 'is on the watch, and will bring their plots to confusion. He seems a man of zeal and energy, worthy of a higher post.' This precious document was confided to a proper agent, and went to rot in the police archives of Palermo; for events were moving more rapidly than that miserable Mosca anticipated.

The marchese, before leaving, walked some time on the platform before the castle, and asked to speak with the jailer. Signor Girolamo heard the request with terror, and shewed an evident desire to be present during the interview; but the marchese, who treated him with less ceremony than if he had been a common soldier, signed to him with his chin to be gone.

'Fellow!' said he to Carlo when they were alone, 'how often has the Prisoner bargained with you for his liberty?'

'A thousand times,' replied Mosca with an obsequious chuckle; 'but he mistook his man.'

And then, forgetting his cautious part in the pride of that interview, he related what he had seen, and even went so far as to say that he was persuaded the commandant was an accomplice. To his surprise, the marchese expressed no indignation; and observed, on the contrary, with a smile, somewhat equivocal it is true:

'The young man must occupy his time in some way; but unless he can swim this strait, what will it avail him to get loose? However, Signor Mosca, as you know so much, remember you are responsible for him, dead or alive.'

'Dead or alive!' mused Mosca half aloud. 'Of course he cannot get away; but the soldiers will fire at him if he pass the moat.'

A diabolical thought had come to the jailer, who knew that he was speaking to Paolo's only enemy. He looked with the familiarity of crime with its accomplice into the marchese's eyes, and thought he made out connivance underneath the frown that silenced him. What confirmed him in his belief was, that in saying adieu to the commandant, and giving a few general directions, Angela's father breathed not a word of allusion to the supposed plans of Paolo.

'That villainous Mosca may have said something, nevertheless,' soliloquised the commandant after separating, greatly relieved, from his distinguished guest, who would not allow him to descend to the beach. 'If he saw a line of Cacamo's letter, the villain will denounce me. Yet I treated it with contempt—disregarded it quite—promised merely to consider. Ah, Carlo Mosca! the asthma may shake you stronger one of these nights than you are aware.'

If the jailer could have met the cold vengeful eye cast upon him, he would have known that his doom was sealed; but he was too profoundly absorbed in meditating a crime of his own, which was to bring him, in an unexpected way, the comfort and the distinction he had so long aimed at.

So, whilst Paolo, believing that all his preparations had been made in secret, was down on his knees praying as twilight thickened in the cell before beginning his great attempt, Carlo Mosca—who did not, however, believe that he was to be so soon called on to act—was taking his station behind a piece of wall, whence he could watch the little window without being seen. He expected to pass many nights on that duty. To his surprise, the bars were at once removed; then a large mass of something was forced through the aperture upon the iron spikes; next, Paolo appeared, looking cautiously round. A sentinel was pacing to and fro at the other end of the glacis, but noticed nothing. A strong wind had begun to blow, and its whistling and howling drowned whatever noise might have been accidentally made. Presently Paolo dropped into the moat, and remained motionless for a time, as if hurt; then he waded across, and Mosca could not see him. A single cry would have brought the garrison out in a moment, and the Prisoner's attempt would have ended in ludicrous failure; but he was allowed to work on, in belief that at every step fortune favoured him; he was even imprudently noisy in forcing his bars between the stones. Twilight thickened still as he worked; but at length Mosca saw his head appear cautiously above the wall of the moat. Two hearts were beating with terrible emotions: Paolo, whose hopes rose higher and higher every moment, still trembled whilst he hoped; Mosca, who grasped a pistol, and was determined to do the bloody work which he believed the marchese required of him, hesitated when he saw this powerful young man almost within reach of his arm. What if his aim should fail? Would he not be punished before aid could come? Protected by the cowardice of his enemy, Paolo crawled cautiously towards the foot of the rock, where he knew began a path that zigzagged towards the summit, and was about to commence the ascent, still slowly, in hope of being unperceived, when a tremendous uproar in the castle convinced him that his escape had been discovered.

The commandant had at length determined to have an interview with Paolo; for the letter of Cacamo, the substance of which we shall learn at a future time, had troubled him. He found the cell empty, and instantly, with the instinctive readiness of a prison-keeper, gave the alarm. The soldiers rushed forth, whilst Girolamo hastened to the roof, persuaded, as it was not yet quite dark, that Paolo was still in the moat. A shot was fired. Mosca expected to see the Prisoner fall, for he had taken steady aim.

'This way, this way!' shouted he, as Paolo, rising from his crouching position, began to climb the steep path that went backwards and forwards up the face of the huge precipice, trusting to his speed alone for safety. He could just be distinguished like a shadow flitting upwards; but he ascended not alone. Mosca, furious at his failure, forgetting his fear of close quarters, and better knowing the path, was following with another pistol in hand, determined to fire only when certain of dealing death.

'Bring him down!' shouted the commandant, whose tall form could be seen on the roof of the fortress.

A dozen soldiers were ranged on the glacis, whilst others were preparing to follow the fugitive.

'We are afraid—to hit Mosca—Signor—Commandant,' replied the corporal, delivering his sentence in fragments, with all the strength of his lungs, for the wind had increased in fury and clamour.

'Bring him down. Fire!' shouted the same voice more imperatively than before.

Signor Girolamo had a rifle in his hand, which he had snatched up on the first alarm—we might say, without premeditation, were it not true that a thousand criminal sophisms can flash through the mind in an instant. The barrel moved slowly to and fro as it followed some object dimly visible overhead.

A dozen flashes and a dozen reports succeeded one another irregularly; the bullets were heard to patter on the face of the rock, and several stones, loosened, came rumbling down. Then there was the short, sharp sound of a rifle-shot; and as the soldiers, who had fired at random, afterwards declared, it was not till at that moment that a shriek of pain rending the air was heard, and a struggle as of some one grasping at supports that gave way. Presently, amidst a rush of stones, and pebbles, and dry earth, some heavy body fell with a dull sound, as no thing in which life remains can fall, to the foot of the rock. After this, nothing was heard but the roaring of the wind and the rattling of the tackle of the tall flag-staff. The commandant, who still leaned over the parapet, dared not speak.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

Whenever a cheap work creates a more than ordinary sensation—whenever it reaches a third or fourth edition in a few days, and sells by thousands and tens of thousands as fast as it can be bought—we may at once expect the work to be of American origin. Our trans-atlantic neighbours are evidently fond of surprising us. It is not enough that they have their Hawthornes, their Longfellows, their Emersons, their Stowes, for us to admire and cordially welcome; a never-satisfied desire for excitement seems to pervade them, and unless they can continually startle us with some new work more remarkable than that which has preceded it, they evidently do not consider their literary life in a healthy condition. The last book we have had from America is certainly a curious one: it is the life of Barnum the showman.* It tells us of his early talent for making money: how, as a boy, he traded in candy, and made a small fortune out of his playmates; of his introduction to commercial life; of the tricks he learned in his employer's establishment, and which he studied to advantage; and of his career in various capacities, until he became what he has ever since continued—a showman by profession. Then follows an account of his various exhibitions: the Old Negress, 160 years of age, and formerly nurse to General Washington—the Mermaid from the Feejee Islands—the Woolly Horse of Captain Fremont—Tom Thumb the Dwarf—and others of a like nature. How to make these sights attractive and profitable, was Barnum's study; and in pursuing it, he stopped at nothing. Falsehood and impudence were his two great assistants; by means of these, his schemes were so far successful, that a large fortune has been the result. There is something almost ludicrous in the pretence of morality Mr Barnum puts forth in the midst of his confessions. Self-convicted as a most extensive dealer in humbug, he claims to be regarded as a pattern of virtue and a saint, and seems to think his readers will believe him. Those readers may well afford a smile at the credulity of a man who has played so unmercifully with the credulity of others. But the book, in its general aspect, is anything but calculated to leave a pleasurable impression upon the mind. It is as much an evidence in its way of popular weakness and ignorance, as the records of the witch-superstitions of two centuries ago. Of weakness and ignorance, too, not only among the humbler classes, but among those which, if not representing the intelligence, may at least be supposed to represent the refinement of the age. Who can read, without something akin to a feeling of shame, of the manner in which a miserable dwarf was received in the halls of royalty, or of the eagerness with which the eccentric taste displayed by the highest personage in the land was imitated by the whole of the world of fashion? Mr Barnum has unconsciously read us a lesson which we ought to ponder on; but it is humiliating, although instructive.

One of those events which attract merely passing notice in a newspaper, but which are among the most interesting indications of the growing intelligence of the age, is the opening which recently took place of the Great Northern Railway Company's schools at Doncaster. These schools have been erected at a cost of L.1000 by the company. They are intended for the children of the operatives and servants of the company, and will accommodate 500 pupils. A church, liberally endowed by the company, is in course of erection. The proceedings in connection with the opening of the schools were of an interesting nature. Mr E. B. Denison, Q.C., presided, and in a very effective speech pointed out to the workmen present the advantage resulting from education, as shewn in the superior intelligence of the American workman when compared with the English. Mr Denison also alluded to trade combinations and strikes; shewed the evils arising from them; and impressed upon his auditors the necessity of educating their children, as the best and surest means by which they might avoid such errors, and improve their general condition. It is gratifying to find a large commercial association like the Great Northern Railway Company not wholly absorbed in the question of dividends and profit, but lending their aid to the educational movement of the day. It is to be hoped that other railway companies will follow so laudable an example. The Great Western Company, years ago, took a step in the right direction, by establishing in the midst of its works at Swindon a literary institution for the men engaged at that place. This institution has been so successful, that its members have recently built a new lecture-hall, capable of holding more than 1000 people, the company liberally making a grant of L.100 a year *for ever* towards the expenses incurred. Not only are lectures delivered during the season by professional lecturers, but classes have been established to add to the usefulness of the institution. Amateur dramatic performances by the members are also presented at intervals, and a good amateur musical band lends its assistance on these occasions. Scenery painted by the performers is one of the attractions of the Swindon stage. Institutions of a somewhat similar kind are also in existence in connection with the South-western and Brighton Railways.

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* *The Life of P. T. Barnum; Written by Himself.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

Our neighbours across the Channel—wearied, probably, with the monotony of the news from the seat of war—have just set in circulation a strange report respecting the discovery of an inedited manuscript novel by Sir Walter Scott! The story has been given to the world by M. Philarete Chasles, in the *Journal des Débats*, who states it at length, and evidently with a belief in its correctness. He says that Sir Walter, when in Paris with his daughter Anne in 1826, immediately after his pecuniary difficulties, was visited by an intimate friend, Mr William Spencer. This gentleman was very much interested in an individual, a German, who had been seized with a kind of madness, which developed itself in a morbid desire to obtain some manuscript by Sir Walter. According to Mr Spencer, the German had allowed this passion to take possession of him to such an extent, that from want of the means of gratifying it he was rapidly sinking, and might, unless cured, soon fall a victim to his strange conceit. Anne Scott had in her desk a novel by her father, entitled *Moredun*, which had been written some years, but which Sir Walter had not thought worth publishing. She requested, and after some hesitation obtained, permission to give this novel to the German. It was, accordingly, presented to him; and at his death some years after, was sold among his effects to a gentleman who was entirely ignorant of the treasure he had purchased. His son, however, has just made the discovery, and M. Philarete Chasles has been the means of making the whole story public. Competent English judges, as usual, have seen the novel, and of course have pronounced it interesting in the highest degree, quite worthy of the author. Who the competent judges are has not been stated, but the public generally will require very conclusive testimony upon the subject before they are likely to believe in the genuineness of *Moredun*, ushered into notice as it is with so romantic a story. It is scarcely possible that Sir Walter Scott, in the midst of his difficulties, should have given away a work he could instantly have turned into money. Surely a shorter piece would have been equally efficacious in curing the German's malady, if such malady or such German ever existed. The whole story looks very much like a canard; but having once been circulated, investigations will no doubt be commenced erelong, which will place the matter in a proper light before the public.

Among the lighter kinds of works, so popular at this season of the year, none has been more deservedly successful than Mr Thackeray's Christmas-book.* It is in many respects the cleverest he has produced. There is a charming simplicity in the style, which cannot fail to win the admiration of both young and old. And yet Mr Thackeray's book is essentially one for children. Like *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights*, however, children of larger growth—such at least as still retain freshness of heart and purity of sentiment—may read it with a pleasure which higher pretensions and more laboured productions fail to impart. Herein is Mr Thackeray's triumph. Another feature in the work, is the pictorial embellishment it has received at the hands of its author. Nothing can equal the grotesque humour of many of the engravings. With a breadth of comic effect equalled only by Hood, Mr Thackeray has a refinement and finish which Hood as an artist never attempted. What can be more graceful than Betsinda dancing before the king and queen, or the expression in the face of the fairy appealing to the porter for admission? But the cleverest engraving in the work, in drollness of invention and effect, decidedly is that same porter when turned into a street-door knocker. Mr Thackeray will certainly rise in the estimation of his readers by this little Christmas-offering, humble and unpretending as it is.

Among announcements of new books published, or about to be published, are—*A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol, by a Non-combatant;* a volume of poems on the war by Alexander Smith and Sydney Yendys; and a book upon the same subject by Mr Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, and for which Mr Murray is said to have given L.1000. Among noticeable reprints may be mentioned a very nice illustrated edition of Mr Leitch Ritchie's *Wearyfoot Common*, from *Chambers's Journal*, brought out by Mr Bogue; Chaucer's works, in the excellent edition of the English poets published by Parker and Son, and annotated by Mr Robert Bell; and two editions of those witty effusions, the *Rejected Addresses*. Concerning the last-named work, some interesting particulars are made public. It seems that the Messrs Smith originally offered the work to Mr Murray for L.20. Mr Murray, without even looking at the manuscript, declined the offer. Another publisher was soon found, however; and some proof of the popularity of the work is to be found in the fact, that when sixteen editions of it had been published, that same Mr Murray gave L.181 for the right of issuing a new edition. The total amount received by the Messrs Smith for the *Rejected Addresses*, was considerably more than L.1000. It should be mentioned here, that the Chevalier de Chatelain has made an attempt to introduce our Chaucer to his countrymen, by publishing a partial translation of the *Flower and the Leaf*, with the English text in juxtaposition. If this should meet with the success it deserves, the Chevalier will next perform the same good office for the *Canterbury Tales*.

So many books upon Russia—reprints, compilations, adaptations, and translations—have lately been issued, and so few have been found to repay perusal, that an exception to the general rule is worthy of special mention. Such an exception is *The Englishwoman in Russia*, just issued.* It gives us a clear and apparently unprejudiced view of Russian society, as seen by the authoress during a ten years' residence in the country. In that time, she had many opportunities of mixing with all classes, which she availed herself of with advantage; and the information thus acquired, she has presented in the volume before us. The pictures she gives of Russia are not likely to advance that nation in popular estimation. Ignorance, superstition, cruelty, and the evidences of an iron despotism, were observable in every society. Among ladies of the highest rank, petty pilfering is carried on to such an extent, that no small portable article which may take their fancy is safe, if they can abstract it unobserved. The government employés appear, however, to be the most corrupt and servile class in Russia: honesty is unknown to them, and there is no meanness of which they are ashamed to be guilty. The authoress gives the Russians credit for many good qualities; but, on the whole, her picture is far from flattering to them. She writes carefully, and is evidently influenced by a desire to relate her experiences free from all suspicion of any motive except that of communicating, with as much accuracy as possible, everything she had an opportunity of seeing. There is an air of truthfulness about the book, which will entitle it to far more consideration than any work upon the subject yet published.

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* *The Rose and the Ring; or, the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo: a Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children.* By M. A. Titmarsh. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE STUDIO.

Amid the mass of intelligence from the Crimea which every day crowds the columns of the daily press, the *Times* has found room for the letter of a correspondent upon the subject of Mr Gibson's coloured statue of Venus. The writer describes the statue as being only very slightly tinted; but says that the impression which even that amount of colouring imparted to him was, that it would have been much better away. There can be but little doubt that such will be the opinion of the majority of those who look upon Mr Gibson's work. Notwithstanding all that has been urged upon the subject, it seems very doubtful whether the Greeks coloured their statues; and without the most convincing proof upon that point, it surely is unadvisable to depart from a principle of art which has been so long recognised, and against which nothing can be advanced. That colouring will give an increased effect of a certain kind to statues, there can be but little doubt; but that it will be at the sacrifice of purity, and of that ideality which should characterise the sculptor's works, appears equally certain. Now that the subject has been again brought into notice, much discussion will doubtless be provoked. A speedy settlement of the question is in many respects very desirable.

The Winter Exhibition of the British School has opened, according to custom, at the gallery, Pall Mall, but with rather more finished works than we recollect on previous occasions. Among the contributors are Maclise, Eastlake, Stanfield, Ansdell, Leslie, Lee, Frith, Pickersgill, Roberts, Egg, Cope, and other well-known names. Some of the specimens are mere sketches; others are copies of works already known; while some are original productions. There are many that will well repay a visit. In particular, may be mentioned the first sketch of Mr Frith's *Ramsgate Sands*—that bustling picture, so full of life and humour, and which was such a mark of attraction at the last exhibition of the Academy. Sir C. Eastlake's *Pilgrims in Sight of Rome*, is another picture that will not fail to arrest attention.

British art, it is stated, is to be principally represented at the Paris Exhibition by works borrowed from various public and private collections. The Vernon Gallery is to contribute a large number of its specimens, and the Houses of Parliament are to furnish others, from among works in progress for those edifices. This arrangement does not appear to give very general satisfaction. The excluded will, no doubt, be a goodly legion, and may perhaps find an organ for the proclamation of their grievances in a new weekly periodical, devoted exclusively to the subject of art, recently advertised as on the eve of publication. There is room for such a periodical, and if conducted with ordinary spirit and ability, it stands a fair chance of success. The French artists are very busy preparing for their Exhibition, and the arrangements in every department are proceeding rapidly. The fund now raising for a monument to Professor Wilson, is being augmented by the sale of a bust of him, recently issued by Messrs Child & Co. of Edinburgh. It is in porcelain, and is a copy of the bust in marble by Mr Fillans of Glasgow. Messrs Child are entitled to considerable credit for having produced a good likeness well executed; and the sale will, no doubt, add considerably to the funds for a more imposing monument now in course of collection. Mr Brodie, of Edinburgh, is believed among his townsmen to have at once advanced himself to a first-class position amongst sculptors, by a statue which he has recently executed, and on which a local patron has put the stamp of approbation, by purchasing it at L.500. The subject is Corinna, the Greek poetess.

There seems very little chance of preserving the open space of ground recently laid bare in St Paul's Churchyard, and from which so fine a view of the cathedral can be obtained. The spot, small as it is, is worth too many thousand pounds to be relinquished by the city authorities, unless they are compelled by act of parliament; so that, in all probability, the opportunity will be for ever lost of improving a locality so hemmed in by buildings as to neutralise the grand effect of Wren's splendid edifice. There is some talk, however, of great improvements in another part of London, Mr Janing having sent in to Sir William Molesworth a plan for concentrating all the public offices into one large edifice; which, if carried out, will be a fine addition to the ornamental buildings of the metropolis, besides facilitating the transaction of official business.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT IN BOTANY.

In Sicily, there grows a wild grass, which when ripe, at the end of summer, is gathered by the peasantry, tied in bundles, and set on fire. Not, however, to be consumed, but for a mere scorching. The flame flies rapidly through the light husks and beard of the plant, and leaves the seeds slightly roasted, in which state they are eaten with considerable relish by numbers of the rural population. What the Sicilians do with their grass might be done with other grasses, and in other countries, were it not that the seeds generally are too small to repay the trouble of producing them for food. If all were but as large as those of the maize, or even wheat and barley, we should hear but few complaints of dear bread. Instances, indeed, are on record of grass-seeds having been largely eaten in times of scarcity, and with the desired effect of sustaining life, for all are more or less floury.

The botanical name of the Sicilian grass above mentioned is *Ægilops*, or goat's-eye—the Greeks having believed it to be a remedy for a disease that appears in one corner of the eye. There are three or four species growing all round the Mediterranean, as well as in the islands, chiefly on the hot, dry, sandy plains near the sea. They flourish even on the scorched volcanic soils, in strange contrast to the prevalent aridity, shewing the vital principle to be in them unusually energetic, and proof against extremes of heat. Moreover, the *Ægilops ovata*, as though sporting with its powers, shoots out another species, the *Triticoides*, or wheat-like, from one and the same root; not by artificial cultivation, be it understood, but spontaneously. Clearly, these goats-eyes are remarkable plants, and, as we shall see presently, they have been experimented on with remarkable results.

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* *The Englishwoman in Russia. Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home.* By a Lady Ten Years Resident in that Country. London: John Murray.

M. Fabre, an enlightened agriculturist of Agde, in the south of France, considering these grasses to belong to the cerealia, began a series of careful experiments on the *Ægilops ovata*, with a view to ascertain what effect would be produced upon it by cultivation. A plot of ground, sheltered by high walls, and sufficiently distant from fields of grass and other gramina, was prepared, and in this he sowed a few seeds in 1838. The plants grew from twenty to twenty-four inches high, and ripened by the middle of July in the following year; and though with but few fertile spikelets, the yield was in the proportion of *five* to *one*. Here was already a difference, best understood when we remember that in its wild state the *Ægilops* seldom grows higher than from six to nine inches, with curved stalks, bearing a small flat rudimentary ear containing one or two grains. The stalks are extremely brittle, and when fully ripe the ears turn black and fall off, like the leaves from a tree. In these latter respects, M. Fabre's crop of 1839 retained its original habit, for the ears were deciduous, and the stalks broke easily; but we see a marked difference in height, and in amount of produce. The seeds were again sown; and in 1840, the spikelets were more numerous, scarcely an ear without two seeds, and these more floury than before, approaching the character of wheat. In 1841, the resemblance to wheat was still more observable; the ears, which were less flat, had from two to three grains, and the awns or beard had almost disappeared. In the next year, the plants stood still, being slightly attacked by rust; the number of grains, however, was not diminished. But in 1843, the delay was made up: the stalks grew three feet high, and stronger than in any previous season; the ears could not be easily broken off; the grains were plumper; and one of the plants yielded 380 for 1; another, 450 for 1. In 1844, every ear was full, and the grains not so densely coated as before; and in 1845, M. Fabre considered the transformation into wheat (*triticum*) complete: all the plants were true representatives of cultivated wheat.

Here, then, in seven years, we have a change effected by artificial means, which may be regarded as one of the most extraordinary phenomena of cultivation. The brief account we have given of the history of the experiments, shews by what a gradual progress a wild and comparatively useless grass was converted into one of our most valuable cereals; and more than this, the question as to the origin of wheat may now be considered as settled. Botanists have long repeated the statements, that our cultivated wheat once grew wild in Sicily, Babylonia, and Persia; and here we have the explanation. No need now to assume the existence of a distinct variety; and already the first scientific agriculturists of France have come to the conclusion, that cultivated wheats, *tritica*, are only races of *Ægilops*.

Since 1845, M. Fabre has sown the seed, obtained with so much care, in an open field among vineyards by the roadside, and with a return from six to eight fold. The stems are straight and strong; the ears are round and beardless; the grains very floury; and in no single instance has there been any return to the form of the original *Ægilops ovata*. After this, who shall say what may or may not be effected by cultivation? The bearded wheat of Egypt is known to lose its beard when cultivated in England; and in some places the country-people have a notion that our own wheat is changed into rye-grass in wet summers. This may be an error; but one thing is certain, that the more wheat is treated as a biennial, the better is the result.

LOVE EVER!

SHE sang—her full voice thrilled the darksome room
With the impassioned feeling of her song;
The words went forth upon the evening gloom,
Floating the fields along—
'Love not,' she sang, 'love not!'

Her dark eyes look the burden of her heart,
The silken lashes gleamed with dewy tears,
From her life's dream she could not bear to part
In her youth's golden years;
But still she sang, 'Love not!'

Fair girl, thy song was but an idle lay,
A sad and doleful ditty of false feeling;
In thy young heart let it no longer stay,
Its truer impulse stealing—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

Love is the golden thread that links the years
With blessings from the cradle to the pall;
Better to love, though it may bring thee tears,
Than never love at all—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

Love cometh with the rain-drops and the dew,
And in the sunlight smileth from the sky;
Though earthly loves are lost, or prove untrue,
God's love will never die—
Love ever, maiden, ever! A. P.

COMMON-PLACE WRITERS.

They flatter the grand common-place middle and upper class, that has money in its pockets and is eminently respectable; and they never offend it. When M. Jourdain is told that he has been speaking prose all his life, a kind of exultation breaks from him at the wondrous discovery; and in like manner, where a common-place thought is dressed in pompous words, and puffed as genius, the common-place man, when he reads it, and finds that he has been thinking such thoughts for years and never knew they were genius, feels naturally delighted, and swells the applause to his utmost, feeling that exactly in proportion as the writer is celebrated, he is advanced also in his own esteem. For a swift and broad success in literature, there is no gift like mediocrity.—*Leader*.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GENTLEMAN.

I remember, when in the province of Archangel, a deaf and dumb gentleman paid the town a visit; he was furnished with letters of introduction to some families there, and was well received at the governor's table; his agreeable manners and accomplishments, joined to his misfortune, made him a general favourite, and caused much interest; he could read French, German, Russian, and Polish; was a connoisseur of art, and shewed us several pretty drawings of his own execution. Two or three times I was struck with an expression of more intelligence in his face than one would expect when any conversation was going on behind his back. It was not until three years after, that I accidentally heard this very man spoken of in St Petersburg. He was one of the government spies!—*Englishwoman in Russia*.

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THREE DAYS IN AN ITALIAN HOME.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Last year my old longing for travelling was again gratified. Once more I was in Italy, at Nice—beautiful Nice, with its wondrous skies and sapphire-like sea; its olive woods, and palms, and aloes; its mountains, luxurious valleys, and rich pasture-lands; and yet I was not content. When from the scenery around I turned to examine Nice itself—when, after paying a due tribute of admiration to the country thus lavishly endowed, I sought to learn something of its inhabitants, their customs, their social life, my dissatisfaction commenced. There seemed no individuality in this town; no leading features among its population. I found no interior to peep into, no traits of national character to record.

Nice takes its tone from the English and French, Bavarians and Russians, who make it their winter residence; the English influence, however, being predominant, as is evidenced by the number of British comforts and indispensabilities our country-people have introduced: English bathing-machines on the sunny beach; English goods and warehouses at every turning; chemists' shops, complete in all their time-honoured insignia; stay-makers to royal English duchesses; English groceries, hosiery, baby-linen; all are here to be found, besides English clubs, English doctors, English agency-offices—in fact, every imaginable device wherewith John Bull delights to surround himself when abroad.

Now all this may be very delightful, but it is certainly not instructive; and to those who think some improvement may be gleaned from foreign travel beyond seeing all the sights and taking all the drives set down in *Murray's Handbook*, it is particularly annoying to find themselves in a society where the prejudice and party-spirit, gossip and twaddle, into which a number of idle people must inevitably fall, are actively at work; within whose circles a native is rarely seen, and where a total indifference as to the history or condition of the country where they are sojourning is displayed. I was beginning to fret under this exclusiveness, and was endeavouring to resign myself to the conviction that my visit to Nice would be barren of reminiscence, when my good genius came to my aid, and one day, on the Promenade des Anglais, brought me face to face with the Comtesse de Laval, a Piedmontese widow lady I had known two or three years previously in Tuscany. She had lately come with her brother, a veteran general, who had lost an arm in the campaigns of '48–'49 against the Austrians, to reside on some property they had purchased in the neighbourhood. It was a most charming rencontre for me; and they really seemed so cordial, that making all requisite allowances for Italian exaggeration, I could not but believe the pleasure was mutual. The comtesse's first inquiry was if I were a *fiancée*, for in this respect all Italians are alike—Piedmontese or Neapolitans, from the north or from the south, they equally consider matrimony the sole object of a woman's life. Disappointed at my reply, she glanced nervously round to see whether I was unattended; but the sight of a servant reassured her, while I vainly attempted to demonstrate that my advancing years would speedily render any escort superfluous.

With a fixed determination to defer to the vassalage under which she considered I ought to be restricted, she begged me to take her to call upon the friends with whom I was staying, in order to proffer a request that I might be permitted to accompany her for a few days to her brother's villa at Latte, some thirty miles' distance from Nice—her own house in the vicinity being under repair. We were all amused at the stately old lady's punctilio; but the kind invitation, it is needless to say, was willingly accepted, and an early day appointed to set out.

Everybody has heard of the Corniche Road—the Riviera di Ponente; that is, the Shore of the West—which connects Nice with Genoa, and that portion of it leading to Latte is perhaps the most beautiful of the whole. October had already commenced, but no trace of autumn had as yet stolen over the landscape, no chillness in the balmy air reminded one of the lateness of the season. Our way at first wound along a gradual ascent, bordered with olives, cherubias, cypresses, orange-trees, and the maritime pine, and commanding the most extensive inland prospect, where mountains upon mountains displayed exquisite varieties of colouring and form; whence a sudden turn of the road brought us to heights overhanging the Mediterranean, with its endless succession of headlands and bays, towns nestling beneath the shelter of a protecting rock, or cresting some rugged eminence; while the blue waters stretched forth in their calm majesty, scarcely a ripple on their glass-like surface, scarcely a murmur as they wafted their wreaths of spray towards that highly favoured shore.

Soon after passing Turbia—a village constructed of Roman ruins—the road began to descend, always overhanging the sea; and then, far, far beneath us, accessible only by a very circuitous route, we saw Monaco, the capital of the smallest sovereignty in the world, with its towers and fortifications, rising along a rugged promontory, which flung its arms protectingly around the tiny city, and formed a bay, so graceful in its curve, in the outline of the hills which rose above it, that the scene looked like a gem worthy of Italy's diadem of beauty. From this I was directed to turn my gaze in the direction of Roccabruna, another town in this same Lilliputian principality, situated upon the shelving side of a mountain, so exceedingly precipitous, that the marvel is how it ever could have been built, or men found agile enough to climb there; the popular legend being, that, some hundred years ago, the whole slid some distance down the face of the rock to its present locality, without destroying its castle or other structures.

Through avenues of rhododendrons and oleanders, through woods where the rich green of the fig, bending beneath its luscious fruit, contrasted with the dusky foliage of the olive, we next came upon Mentone, the third and last town in the dominions of Florestan, Prince of Monaco, and Duke of Valentinois, who spends in Paris the revenues he obtains from his subjects by exactions which have rendered him deservedly unpopular. One oppressive right he possesses, is that of compelling all the population to grind their corn at his mills, and to buy their bread at his bakers; the result of which is, that the 5000 or 6000 subjects of the principality eat the worst bread in Italy. So the general said; and as he was of an agricultural turn, and had gone through the metaphorical act of beating his sword into a ploughshare, he was a great authority on such matters.

There has since been a rumour going the round of many of the newspapers, that the noble Florestan was treating with the government of the United States for the sale of his territories—a negotiation that would, no doubt, be equally gratifying to the pride and suitable to the interests of our transatlantic kinsmen, but one which the European powers would probably never permit to be carried into effect. Piedmont would greatly desire to become the purchaser; and situated as is the principality—lying like a wedge in her beautiful line of coast, which commences at Nice and terminates at Spezia—such a transfer seems most natural; but the Prince of Monaco has a grudge against the Sardinian government, and is obstinately opposed to treating with it on the subject.

Soon after leaving Mentone, we again dismounted to have a better view of a rocky defile, which seems to have riven the mountains asunder; and while sitting on the low parapet of the bridge thrown over the chasm, we were attracted by two figures advancing slowly in the direction whence we had come, in the costume of pilgrims, real *bonâ fide* pilgrims. Their appearance at once reminded me of those descriptions with which many of Sir Walter Scott's opening chapters abound. The elder of the two was a man of middle age, with handsome regular features, somewhat of a Moorish cast, to which his coal-black hair and bronzed complexion imparted an additional resemblance. His companion, whom we at once concluded to be his son, was a boy of eleven or twelve, with that golden hair so often observable in children in the south, which darkens rapidly as they grow up; a gentle suffering face, and an air of weariness in his gait, that, with the adjuncts of his picturesque attire, rendered him a very interesting little palmer. Both were dressed alike: in loose cloaks or robes of dark-green serge, with large oil-skin capes, thickly overlaid with scallop-shells, the largest between the shoulders, and smaller ones placed around, and in the front two crosses coarsely embroidered. A low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat—a long wooden staff, surmounted by a cross—a string of beads at the girdle—and a crucifix hanging from the neck, completed this equipment, which had neither wallet nor bag, nor any sort of receptacle for carrying food or raiment.

As they passed us, we perceived how coarse and travel-worn their apparel was, and how the little boy lagged behind, requiring often an encouraging word from the elder pilgrim to urge him on; and being curious to learn somewhat respecting them, as an introductory speech, the general called out to inquire if they had come from a great distance, and whither they were bound. The man replied in broken Italian, they came from Murcia, in Spain, and that their destination was Rome; then, with an inclination of the head, was proceeding, when their interrogator approached the little boy, and dropped a few coins into his hand. The child looked up at his companion inquiringly, and receiving a gesture of acquiescence, accepted the money with downcast eyes, and kissed it, but without proffering a syllable. The father then took off his hat, and crossing himself, remained for a few seconds in the attitude of prayer, his lips moving silently, the boy sedulously following his example. When their orisons were concluded, the child drew from his bosom a small brass medal, with an image of the Madonna, which he presented to the general, always keeping the same silence, which augured ill for the gratification of our curiosity. However, as they stood still for a few minutes, looking over the precipice, I mustered up courage to be spokeswoman; and in the few words of Spanish I could put together, inquired if the little boy was not very much fatigued with his long travel.

'Sometimes,' was the reply; 'although I purposely make very short days' journeys. We have already been four months on the way, and we have still one hundred and fifty leagues to traverse before reaching Rome.'

'Always on foot?'

'Si, señora.'

'It is part of your vow?'

'Si, señora.'

'And that little boy is your son?'

'My only one.'

'You have undertaken this pilgrimage from a religious motive?'

'Pardon me, señora, but there are subjects which can only be divulged between our conscience and our God.'

We had now arrived at the domain, and found a peasant in waiting, with a mule to receive the packages, which the servants handed down from the carriage.

'Ah, here you are! and here is Maddalena too!' said the kind master in the Nizzardo patois, as a comely young woman, wearing a round straw-hat, trimmed with black velvet, shaped like the mandarin hats on tea-chests, and large gold earrings, came forward with a smiling face to welcome us.

'All well, eh?—the children, and the dog, and the cows, and the chickens. Ah, *briccona*, I see you!' poking at a little roll-about girl, who had hidden herself in her mother's skirts, and now peered at us out of her almond-shaped eyes—the eyes of Provence, soft and long. 'Now, mademoiselle,' turning to me, and addressing me in French, which was the language of the family among themselves, although, whenever he and his sister engaged in any animated discussion, they went off to Piedmontese—a hopeless compound of gutturals and abbreviations to my untutored ears—'now, mademoiselle, let me do the honours of a ruined villa without a road;' and he led the way, for about a quarter of a mile, through vineyards and olives, and orchards laden with fruit, till we came to a lane, and a large old-fashioned gateway, originally very much ornamented with trophies and armorial-bearings. A large watch-dog now bounded forward, and greeted his master by putting his paws on his shoulders, and brushing his nose against the general's gray moustaches; after which salutations, passing under a long trellis-walk of roses and vines, the latter trained along tall white columns, after the fashion of the old Genoese villas, we came upon a lawn studded with palms and oleanders, and bordered with thick groves of lemon-trees, in the centre of which stood a beautiful palace, such as I had little expected to see in this secluded spot. A magnificent outer staircase, springing in double flights from the portico, and converging in a broad platform, conducted into a vestibule with glass-doors, from whence opened a spacious sala, or sitting-room. At the further end of this were two long windows, with closed Persian blinds, which the general threw open on my approach, and then I found myself upon a balcony overhanging the sea—so close, so very close beneath us, that I could have flung a pebble into it from where we stood. Both he and the comtesse enjoyed my surprise at the sudden transition, from the wooded scenery in the front of the palazzo, to the wide range of sea-view thus suddenly presented to me. The house, in fact, was built upon the shore of a beautiful little bay, shut in on one side by a promontory covered with feathered pines, and on the other by a ridge of rocks, which darted forward as if to complete its crescent-like shape, and form a safe harbour for the fishing-barks which now lay idly on the beach: beyond them appeared three successive headlands, each with its little town rising from the bosom of the waters—the whole so calm, so sunny, so brilliant, with its background of perfumed groves, and palms, and flowers, that it realised every anticipation, and concentrated in a glance all the varied attractions of the Riviera.

I was not allowed a long time to gaze uninterrupted, for the general reminded his sister that the dinner-hour had nearly arrived, and suggested we had better take off our bonnets. Any regular dinner-toilet, it may here be remarked, is very unusual amongst Italians when in the country, even in much more modern establishments than the one I am describing. The short sleeves and low dresses in which English ladies are wont to appear in everyday routine, would be considered by them the extreme of folly and bad taste. As the comtesse conducted me to my room—one of six large bed-chambers opening from the sala—in her gentle yet stately manner she renewed her apologies for receiving me with so little ceremony, repeating her declaration that we were literally *à la campagne*, in a dilapidated palace that her brother had purchased through a whim, because it had belonged to a decayed family in whom he felt an interest. There was no necessity for these excuses, however; and I was enabled to judge from what the Piedmontese called a rustic way of living, how much more luxury and expenditure were prevalent in Northern Italy, than in those southern parts of the peninsula in which my former experiences had lain.

The dinner, to which we were speedily summoned, was served in a large room on the ground-floor, corresponding in size with the sala upstairs, the doors at the end being thrown open, disclosing an enchanting view of the sea and the skiffs gliding along its sparkling waters. Here we found the general in conversation with a middle-aged, intelligent-looking man, whom he introduced as Signor Bonaventura Ricci, his friend and factotum, a resident of Ventimiglia, the adjacent town; and then, without further delay, we sat down to table, the comtesse alone making the sign of the cross, which is equivalent to saying grace with us. The dinner was a specimen of simple Italian fare, and as such I shall record it for the benefit of the curious in these matters: it commenced with a tureen full of *tagliarini;* a paste composed of flour and eggs, rolled out exceedingly thin, and cut into shreds—on the lightness and evenness of which the talent of the cook is displayed—boiled in broth, and seasoned with Parmesan cheese. Slices of Bologna sausage, and fresh green figs, for which, the general exultingly informed me, the neighbourhood of Ventimiglia was justly celebrated, were next handed round; and then appeared the *lesso*, a large piece of boiled beef, from which the broth had been made, with the accompaniment of tomato sauce. After this there came a large dish of fried fish, and the *arrosto*—roast veal, or roast chickens, or something of the kind—which with a dolce, or sweet, completed the repast. Several sorts of wine, the produce of the last year's vintage, were produced by Signor Bonaventura, who had the keys of the cellar in his keeping, and their different merits eagerly pointed out. Notwithstanding their interest in the subject, however, neither he nor the general seemed to think of drinking a few glasses by way of test, but contented themselves with merely tasting the wine pure, and then mixing it with water. The dessert consisted of oranges, peaches, grapes, figs, and a melon, all gathered that morning in the garden; which, considering how far the autumn was advanced, was wonderful even for Italy, and bore witness that the exceeding mildness of the temperature—whence, it is said, the name of Lacte or Latte is derived—has not been exaggerated.

After dinner, we walked in the grounds, it being too late for a longer excursion; and the general and Signor Bonaventura, whose surname was certainly a superfluity, since nobody ever addressed him by it, explained to me sundry matters connected with the culture of the lemon-trees, which constituted the principal revenue of the estate. It is certainly a graceful harvest, gathered every two months all the year round; the 500 trees in the garden having yielded upwards of 100,000 lemons in less than ten months, and 20,000 or 30,000 more being looked for before Christmas. These are sold at from 40 to 50 francs per 1000—a franc is equal to 10d.—to traders, who either send them in cargoes to England and the United States, or else retail them at large profits to fruit-dealers for home consumption. The lemon-tree requires great care, and is manured every three years with woollen rags—a process likewise applied in many parts of the Riviera to the olives, which certainly attain to a size and thickness of foliage not seen elsewhere. They shewed me some lemon-trees which were being prepared for the reception of the rags. A circular trench, about a foot deep and two feet wide, is dug round the trunk, and in this the rags, mostly procured in bales from Naples, are laid; a curious assemblage of shreds of cloth gaiters, sleeves of jackets, bits of blankets, horse-rugs, and so forth—the whole conveying an uncomfortable idea of a lazzarone's cast-off clothes. A quantity not exceeding twenty pounds English weight is allotted to each tree, and then the earth, which had been displaced for their reception, is thrown over them, and they are left to ferment and gradually decompose. Some agriculturists throw a layer of common manure over the rags before covering them with earth, but Signor Bonaventura said many experienced persons contended it was unnecessary. Great precaution is requisite to prevent any blight from settling on the leaves, and in our walk, black specks were discovered on the glossy foliage, which it was agreed should be summarily dealt with; accordingly, next morning four or five peasant-girls were hard at work, mounted on ladders, carefully wiping each leaf, and removing the specks, which, if allowed to spread, would have endangered the life of the tree.

When it grew dusk we went upstairs to the sala, and looked over the letters and newspapers brought in from the Ventimiglia post-office. Politics are now in Piedmont an engrossing theme, domestic as well as foreign being freely discussed; and no restrictions on the press existing since the Constitution of 1848, newspapers of every shade of opinion are in circulation. The peculiar views of each member of the family found a response in the journals they habitually perused. The comtesse used to groan over the *Armonia*, the only periodical she ever looked at—the organ of the ultra-retrograde party, which invariably represented the country as on the eve of an atheistical and socialistic revolution, the fruits of the innovations on the ancient order of things; the only glimmering of light amid the foreboding darkness being the rapid return of heretical

England to the bosom of the church—such events as the abjuration of the archbishop of Canterbury and a hundred bishops being confidently announced one week, and the approaching conversion of the whole royal family the next. All this was balm to the good old lady's heart, and I often detected her gazing on me with a beaming look, as if praying I might follow this good example, although she abstained from any direct allusion to the subject. The general, who sided with the ministry, pinned his faith on the *Piedmontese Gazette* and the *Parlamento*, though his old exclusive feelings could not always be laid aside, and he sometimes grumbled at all the privileges of caste being done away; declaring there was no longer any advantage in being born noble, since he might find the son of his doctor or lawyer sitting by his side on the benches of the Chamber of Deputies, or wearing the uniform of the Guards, unattainable formerly to a bourgeois. As for Signor Bonaventura, he confided to me that, notwithstanding he should always uphold a constitutional monarchy, he thought there was no treason in looking at all sides of the question, so that he occasionally glanced at the *Italia e Popolo*—the organ of Mazzini, a perfect firebrand of republicanism and discontent; but 'Zitto, zitto,' he added, laying his finger on his lips, '*they* would faint'—pointing to the comtesse and his patron—'at the mere notion of such a thing.'

At nine we were summoned to supper; after which we sat for some time on the beach, enjoying the beauty of the moonlight and the softness of the air, though, as far as the majority of the party were concerned, it was more properly speaking the physical comfort, the sensation of repose, which caused their satisfaction; for as respects the enthusiasm which almost every English person feels, or at anyrate expresses, beneath the influence of beautiful scenery, Italians, generally considered, are provokingly deficient.

The next morning we had visitors. Signor Bonaventura's two daughters, damsels of eighteen, or thereabouts, came by appointment to spend the day, and arrived soon after the breakfast of *café au lait* and chocolate had been served; this, with dinner at two, and supper in the evening, is the old-fashioned Piedmontese and Nizzardo system of refection. The sisters were fair specimens of Italian girls of the *mezzo cetto*, convent-educated, with ideas that never ranged beyond an excursion to Nice, or reading more extensive than the Missal or the Almanach. Immeasurably beneath country-bred English girls of a corresponding class in all intellectual points, they were undeniably superior in ease of manner, and the good taste and simplicity of their dress. As they stood upon the beach, watching the general bathing his large dog, looking so fresh and girl-like in their pretty, well-fitting light-blue muslins, and large round hats, they made me wish my young countrywomen would take a lesson in harmony and gracefulness of costume from continental maidens. They evidently looked upon the comtesse with profound awe, and upon me with great curiosity, as some rare animal escaped from a menagerie. It being impossible to carry on any conversation with them beyond monosyllables, I proposed we should walk out; and, accordingly, we passed most of the day, both before and after dinner, in exploring the neighbourhood, to their infinite delight, as I discovered that they rarely left the house except on Sundays; Italians of that class considering daily exercise for their womankind a superfluity, tending to form idle habits. Signor Bonaventura accompanied us, and towards me was very affable and communicative, although with regard to his daughters he evidently entertained very Oriental notions of their mental inferiority, and treated them as if they were incapable of receiving information, or as if it was not worth while to impart it to them.

In the course of our rambles, I was struck with the singular appearance of some of the dwellings of the peasantry near the shore—high narrow towers, only accessible by a steep flight of steps, detached from the main building, with which they were connected by a wooden bridge. He told me these were vestiges of the times when the coasts of the Mediterranean were so often ravaged by the Algerine corsairs, that no hamlet was safe from their dreaded inroads. To secure the inhabitants as far as possible, these towers were constructed, to which, on the first alarm, they might fly for refuge, and raising the drawbridge, be at least secure from being carried off into slavery, though forced to be passive witnesses of the seizure of their cattle and the pillaging of their stores. In case of an attack, they defended themselves by hurling stones through spaces in the battlements upon their assailants, a few of a more modern description having loopholes in the walls for musketry. Happily, in these more peaceful days, the peasants have almost forgotten for what such fortresses were originally intended, and fixing their habitations in what have survived the inroads of time, can look down complacently upon their olives and fig-trees, without trembling at every sail that rises upon the clear horizon.

As we passed through woods of olives, Signor Bonaventura descanted *con amore* upon their value and utility, and classing them above my favourite lemon-trees, which can be cultivated only in sheltered situations, assured me that they were the great staple of the Riviera, although a good crop is only realised every second year—the produce of the intervening one being very inconsiderable. In the good years, the yield of each tree is estimated, according to its size, at from five to eleven francs clear profit; the trees are carefully numbered on each estate, and from 1000 to 1200 constitute a very fair *proprietà*. When the olives turn black and begin to fall, sheets are laid beneath the branches, which are gently shaken to detach the fruit; whatever is thus obtained, is carefully spread on the floor of some rooms set apart for the purpose, and day by day, as the remaining olives successively ripen, they are shaken down and added to the store, until sufficient is collected to be sent to the mill, where it is pressed, and the oil flows out clear and sparkling. After this first process of pressing the fruit, there is a second one of crushing or grinding it, by which oil of an inferior quality, requiring some time to settle, is obtained; lastly, water is poured on the mass of stones and pulp, and the oil that rises to the surface is carefully skimmed, being the perquisite of the proprietor of the mill, who receives no other remuneration for his share in the transaction. The produce of the fig-trees is another though less lucrative source of revenue; great quantities are dried in the sun, and afterwards sold, not only for the supply of the country itself, but for the French market, where the figs of Ventimiglia, Signor Bonaventura declared, were as much prized as those of Smyrna. He shewed me large supplies in course of preparation, laid on long frameworks of reed lightly interwoven, which as soon as the sun rose were carried out, and remained all day exposed on the low parapet which divided the *jardin potager* from the beach. No guard was ever kept over them, and no fear seemed entertained of their being stolen. Indeed, the honesty of the peasantry and fishermen was marvellous, for in this same kitchen-garden—a strip of sandy soil stolen from the sea-shore—green peas, tomatos, cucumbers, melons, and a variety of vegetables, were grown in profusion; and nevertheless, unprotected as it was, being without the precincts of the iron gate at the back of the house, which was closed for form's sake every night, nothing was ever missed—not a single fruit or vegetable misappropriated.

Our walk after dinner was so prolonged, that darkness overtook us on our way back as we were scrambling through the dry bed of a torrent; but the kind comtesse had foreseen this, and a peasant, despatched by her to meet us, soon made his appearance with a blazing branch of pine-wood, which diffused a grateful fragrance. Some remarks on the picturesque appearance of this torch, and the properties of the pine, led to my hearing about the popular mode of fishing, *alla fucina*, which I was promised I should see the first cloudy night, moonlight being a bar to this pastime—a promise, by the by, that still remains to be fulfilled, thanks to the unbroken serenity of the weather during my stay at Latte. However, they shewed me the implements, which are simple enough; projecting from the stern of the boat, and elevated above the heads of those engaged in the sport is the *fucina*, an iron grating, piled with flaming pine-fagots, which cast a brilliant light upon the waters, illuminating their recesses with extraordinary clearness. The boat glides into all the little bays and rocky inlets, and the fish, scared yet attracted by the unwonted glare, are seen shooting rapidly along in all directions; while the fishermen, each provided with an instrument somewhat resembling a harpoon, with a staff twelve or fourteen feet long, spear them with great dexterity as they dart through the illuminated space. Fish of considerable size are thus taken frequently, and the enthusiasm attendant on the enterprise being extreme, a stormy night and a tempestuous sea prove only additional inducements to the adventurous fishermen.

BIRDS IN WINTER.

The commonest observer, however unacquainted with natural history, could not fail to notice the absence of the birds, and the silence of the fields, during a walk in winter. The trees and hedges, those green summer-chambers which they inhabited, are unfurnished, and the wind blows through the naked branches with a sound like that of a hollow footfall in an empty house. Although their songs no longer ring through the tangled copse and the open valley, there are thousands of them that remain with us all the year round, rummaging for food in storehouses only known to themselves, and to the few who watch their habits in the wild and out-of-the-way places where lie their hidden granaries. Providence has further adapted them to meet the severity of the season, by making them pass nearly two-thirds of their time, during the shortest days, in sleep; so that they do not require so much food as is needed for their support when they are on the wing for so many hours together during the longer days of spring and summer. Their little round bright piercing eyes and sensitive beaks see and feel many minute things scattered abroad for their sustenance, which we in our greater wisdom do not perceive. It would take us long hours to discover what they find and feed upon among the decaying leaves that have fallen from a single tree; how then can we hope to discover the great abundance suited to their wants which the long miles of our shadowy woods conceal? Among velvet mosses, green in the hardest winter; in the crevices of rugged bark; in the holes and hollows of unsound trees; among the withering grass and weeds that fall unmown by man; in thousands of seeds that drop from the flowering hedge-plants; on hips and haws, which the frost has ripened and blackened; on ungathered wild-fruits, which have escaped rustic hands—they find materials for their table spread by nature in the forest; and near at hand, a shelter from the sleet and snow, where, with heads under their wings, they sleep securely when the norland wind pipes aloud through the deep dark nights of mid-winter. The flowers of summer, though long ago dead and abandoned by the bees, after they had gathered their honey from the dew-bowed and pollen-gilded cups, were afterwards filled with seeds, which misty autumn ripened, and the winds burst and blew abroad, a banquet for the birds in winter. When the whole range of the wide landscape is white with snow, and neither dent of hoof nor print of foot breaks through the glittering waste, the birds find their way under bush and brake, and peck about beneath the fern and gorse—search the wood-stack, the corn-rick, and the hollow roots of trees—find something in the shelving bank and the bowery underwood, above which the snow lodges—while with the fluttering of their wings they shake off the flakes from the laden branches, like a shower of May-blossoms, to get at the few hawthorn-berries that still remain. In very severe weather, others, which are seldom seen excepting in their own wild haunts, throw off their natural shyness, and gather round the habitation of man. They approach the barn where the dusty thresher is at work, alight in the straw-yard amongst the cattle, hop and peck about the outhouses and stables, purloin the food that is given to the poultry, watching with keen eye until the owner is gone, then contending for the scattered grain even with the heeled and wattled chanticleer. You startle them from out the tufted reeds and frozen water-flags that stand up like sharp scimitars, around the edge of the lonely mere, whose waters lie black as night amid the surrounding snow of the hedgeless moorland. In the hedges that gird solitary lanes and by-roads, seldom traversed, saving when the team is driven afield during the hay and corn harvest, they nestle together and find food, while the armed furze on the treeless common affords them a home-like shelter. The countless millions of seeds which the autumn winds have sown broad-cast over the country—the grubs of insects in cocoon-cell, or barely covered with earth, and many other sources, unknown as yet to man, furnish food for the birds in winter; and it is only during those hard, black, bitter, biting frosts, which sometimes, though not of late years, continued for long weeks together, that so many birds perish; for then the earth becomes hard as iron, and all the fruit and seeds that summer and autumn scattered, seem as if burnt up and blackened by fire.

The little titmouse rummages about the roofs of the cottages and farmhouses, for insects that have buried themselves in the warm thatch; we see it hanging back downwards, pulling and tugging at the straw or reeds, and examining every inch it draws out beyond the eaves, while, quick as thought, its busy beak picks off and swallows the drowsy prey, before it has time to awake from its winter slumber. Beside rivers, streams, and unfrozen spring-heads, where it seems to watch the upcoming of the silver sand, the pretty wagtail—that strides out like a grenadier on the march, instead of hopping like other little birds, whose motions appear as cramped as if their legs were tied together—is on the look-out for the least stir of insect-life, or almost anything in the shape of food; for it has a most accommodating maw, and from the spawn of the frog to the black woolly down that is blown into the water from the tall nodding bulrushes, nothing seems to come amiss to it; and it thinks little of following cattle, or a mounted horseman, for miles along the road in hard frosty weather, in the hope of obtaining a meal. The throstle and blackbird—those hardy minstrels, that scarcely allow the struggling snowdrop to appear before they peep over the icy boundaries of winter, and pipe sweetly about the primrose-coloured skies of the coming spring—now frequent the home-croft, the garden, and the orchard. We are startled by the loud rushing of their wings in almost every rural nook and outhouse in the country; from cart and cow shed they dash by, and make their way to some neighbouring hedge or tree, until we are gone, when they hurry back again, in search of the food which they find most plentiful around our habitations. Many a meal do the wild wood-pigeons now make out of the delicate hearts of winter-greens, and the tender 'eye-bud' of turnip-tops, as country epicures too well know, who obtain their vegetables from the crops of the birds they shoot, by taking out, washing, and cooking the undigested green-buds, which the winged wanderers had flown many a long league to gather, little dreaming that in addition to their own savoury bodies, their very food would be made to supply the table with a dainty dish. Larks of all kinds are found everywhere—by the bleak breezy sea-side, or as far inland as we like to go—the autumn-sown corn-fields are often covered with them—and the bunting is one of the greatest of the farmer's winter plagues. A flock of these larks go to work at a cornstack like housebreakers; they have the roof or thatch off in no time. They do not stand pecking here and there, and darting in and out like the sparrows, but lay bare at once the rich ripe golden ears, and batten on the very heart of the plumy sheaves; and there fifty feed like one, and make noise enough for a thousand. But the corn they devour, though considerable, is often as nothing compared with the damage they so unwittingly cause, through the rain and snow lodging in the sheaves they have unthatched, and permeating the whole stack, until the very lowest sheaves are reached by the decay and damp, let in by these unconscious and noisy robbers, who will never starve while there is a corn-rick in field or farmyard. Even the 'singer at heaven's gate' is in winter of the earth earthy; and whatever the poets may say about his picking up fragments of angels' songs in his soarings, when driven by hunger he will pick up anything he can lay hold of, and even go the length of fighting his brother lark for possession of the booty.

The golden-crested wren—the very smallest of all British birds, and which, when full grown, rarely weighs more than eighty grains—remains with us the year round, and survives the severity of our keenest winters. You look at him, and wonder how he manages to keep the life in his tiny body at this inclement season. But see him out in field, wood, or fir-plantation, and then you will confess that there is not a livelier little fellow in all the world of birds. He never seems at rest, but is always in motion, as if he found it necessary to stir constantly about to keep his bit of a body warm. You see him one minute pecking away at the fir-cones; the next, he darts off into the thick-leaved ivy, as if to bury himself in the green and pleasant recollections of summer; anon, his golden plumes are seen waving amid the crimson holly-berries, as if determined to see only what awakens agreeable associations, and to shut his little eyes to the dark and dreary side of everything. When we consider the labour of that fairy-bird in the breeding-season, winter must come to it like a time of rest; for the journeys it has made during a day while feeding its young, have been noted by more than one naturalist, and found to average thirty-six in an hour, and to continue without cessation for sixteen hours a day. What human mother ever undertook a greater labour for the support of her children, than this little golden-crested wren? The many miles it must have flown, and the weight of food it must have carried, for many days, must make the winter season one long holiday. Were all those little hungry bills agape now, all her motherly perseverance and affection could not save them from perishing.

But robin-redbreast is the greatest favourite of winter birds: he brings with him the memory of the tears of childhood—the happiest tears we ever shed—of fallen leaves, and those 'pretty babes,' which his ancestors covered so 'painfully;' and while we think of the pious old ballad, we forget that he is the most pugnacious little songster that ever left footprint in the snow. The power of poetry has opened every heart and every hand for cock-robin; and he will never want while childish fingers are to be found to scatter crumbs on the frosted lintel. Then he sings, too, as if he knew that he had got all the silence to himself, and that no other bird is there to 'tootle' into the cold ear of Winter. Like the minstrels of old, he pays for the food we give him in notes of haughty song; and while you listen with closed eyes, you forget the waste of snow that lies around, and are carried away into a land hung over with the long leaves of summer. Though the wind rumples and crumples his every feather, and blows them back with such force that you think they never can fall right again, he clings to the paling bravely; and if he has made up his mind, will have 'his sing out' in spite of wind, frost, or snow. He is as familiar to all as the daisy in spring, as the snow in winter, that makes him a pensioner on our bounty. Other birds only migrate from one side of our island to the other; some coming from the north to the warmer south; while a few quit England for Scotland, and are never seen in their old summer haunts during winter. Sometimes, though very rarely, a late brood of migratory birds are left behind; but they seldom live to behold their companions come back again over the sunny sea in spring.

Our wonder soon ceases when we cast our 'thinking eyes' over the out-of-doors world, and see the provision made by Providence for the Birds in Winter; and not only for such as abide with us all the year long, but also for the myriads of wild-fowl that wing their way to our lonely lochs, marshy meres, and inland rivers. That many of them find food which we at present are unacquainted with, is no marvel, seeing that we are only just beginning to understand dimly the nourishing and sustaining powers of the earth. As from deeply delved land a new flora will arise, such as was never seen in that locality within compass of the oldest living memory; so may there be in every spadeful of earth a hidden sustenance for those creatures which in the ears of God are never dumb. Numbers of birds swallow sand and pebbles without injury; and partially dissolved food has been found in our winter-birds, which the finest analysis could only reduce to rich loamy and earthy matter. We must still in many things inquire, like Job of old: '*Who provideth for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God?*'

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

THE KNOW-NOTHING MOVEMENT.

Within the last twelve months, a mysteriously organised association has sprung into vigorous existence in the United States, under the odd designation of 'Know-Nothings.' The Know-Nothings were not spoken of during my stay in America (1853), and the commanding attitude they have already assumed, presents another striking instance of the rapid growth of new social features in this remarkable country.

That the fraternity of Know-Nothings should have made such head within so short a period, doubtless argues a wonderful unanimity of feeling on the particular grievance which it is the design of the members to rectify; and yet, accepting the popular accounts of the association, we doubt whether the parties concerned have thought deliberately on what may possibly be the result of their doctrines, supposing them to be carried out to the extremity which is generally avowed. As far as an 'outsider' may presume to form an opinion, Know-Nothingism is a profession of hatred against foreign settlers, more particularly when Roman Catholics; and it is an especial aim not only to exclude all such from places of trust and honour, but, as is said—though we cannot believe things will be carried this length—to refuse them employment wherewith to earn their daily bread. That America, entirely settled as it has been within the last two centuries and a half by foreigners of various races and forms of religious belief, and where every white man may trace his origin to a European ancestor, and, also, where the capital, the manual labour, and the ingenuity of immigrants, are essential to national progress—that such a country should do anything to repel accessions of foreigners, and to throw contumely on those recently settled amongst them, seems like an act of national insanity. In fact, looking to the shrewdness of the American character, we are necessitated to believe that along with the grudge against foreign immigrants is mixed up some unexplained political manœuvre.

Judging from recent developments, it would appear that the enmity of the Know-Nothings is directed principally against the Roman Catholic Irish—the very people who have been pouring in hundreds of thousands over the States, everywhere giving their much-wanted services in hotels, private dwellings, and in the execution of public works. So far as I had an opportunity of observation, these services were duly appreciated. As regards domestics, it was tolerably evident that but for young Irishwomen, the daughters of immigrants, vast numbers of families would be left without hired assistance, and the finest ladies be brought to the predicament of helping themselves. In point of fact, as noticed in my former papers, the Irish of both sexes have for some time been superseding the coloured races in the free states, and becoming an essential element in society. Moreover, the manner in which these humble exiles gradually acquired habits of self-respect and independence, was alluded to as a pleasing feature of their character; and when it is added, that their children are usually indistinguishable in language and appearance from the children of native Americans, we are more at a loss to understand the origin of the persecution. It surely cannot be a dread of the growth of Catholicism; if so, there appears to be some mistake. In 1850, there were in the States 35,711 churches, of which the Roman Catholics had only 1112; and out of a church accommodation for nearly fourteen millions of people, all the Roman Catholics mustered were 620,950. Nor does it appear, with all the immigration now going on from continental Europe and from Ireland, that Roman Catholicism is increasing in the ratio of other forms of Christianity: I was, indeed, assured that Catholicism has no little difficulty in maintaining its footing in the midst of the many eager agencies calculated to withdraw its supporters.

So much may be said of the unreasonableness of the Know-Nothing movement. Unfortunately, the subject has an opposite side. Americans declare, that the settlement of large masses of uninstructed foreigners in the midst of the community, is politically dangerous, besides being socially troublesome. Scattered thinly over the States, and mingling with the native population, there is, it is said, nothing to give uneasiness. But that principle of scattering is exactly the thing which neither the Irish nor the Germans are fond of. Independently of those who are hired as servants, or who proceed to the rural districts as farmers or labourers, great numbers cluster together in the large cities, where they are able to act in combination, and to disturb the ordinary action of free institutions. Unaccustomed to perform a part in constitutional modes of government, and of excitable feelings, they too readily lend themselves to designing politicians, and occasionally resorting to demonstrations of physical force, become in a high degree obnoxious to public resentment. Such is presumed to be the true explanation of the American animosity towards foreigners, though by no means justifying the measures which the Know-Nothings have thought fit to adopt.

Shrouded in secrecy, meeting under night, and constituted with illegal oaths and symbolical forms, the fraternities of Know-Nothings may be said to resemble the dark and mysterious societies of the middle ages; and the world sees with surprise that the modern democracies of America, like the ancient despotisms of Central Europe, require a Vehmgericht to rectify social abuses. That mystery should have been at all employed in establishing Know-Nothingism, is explicable only on the ground that, if publicity had been given to the movement at starting, the objects of the institution could not have withstood the assaults of the press, or the malevolent influence of designing politicians. Be this as it may, the fact of secret organisation being deemed necessary in a matter of political and social reform, is not calculated to excite any general admiration of republican institutions; and we are necessarily led to infer, that *freedom*, as it exists in America, is associated with some of the worst features of an irresponsible authority. Resorting, from one cause or another, to secret plans of operation, the Know-Nothings, in their central and local 'wigwams,' as their lodges are called, conducted their affairs with such profound tact, that when the time came for disclosing their powers, all the old political parties were struck with dismay, and the press was not a little astonished and mystified.

From anything that can be gathered from the newspapers, all political parties among the native Americans have been to blame in producing those evils which the charter of Know-Nothingism feigns to correct. At the primary elections, all have courted and used the votes of foreigners, with little regard to law or even common decency. Take the case of New York, which is instanced as not the most flagrant. Here there prevails a system of universal suffrage, under which foreigners, on giving legal notice of an intention to be naturalised, are admitted to the rights of citizenship. Now, it is notorious that this legal notice is frequently not exacted, and that votes of recently arrived immigrants are taken at the polls, merely if a citizen declares that he has heard them express a wish to be naturalised. In other words, hearsay affidavits are accepted as if they had been legally recorded. Demoralised in this manner at the outset, and puffed up by the cajoleries of party, we need feel no surprise that the more ignorant order of foreigners should become troublesome neighbours to the inhabitants of New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh—the well-known foci of immigrants from Ireland. The fundamental error for correction, consists in the loose administration of the naturalisation laws, as well as the system of voting, which seems to be based on no regularly made up roll of electors, and consequently admits of continual personal contests at the various polls.

Just let us take a glance at some of the election business at the beginning of last November. Scene—Williamsburgh, with a crowd collected at the polling-place. An Irishman goes forward to tender his vote, which is challenged by one of the deputy-sheriffs. Instead of the matter being settled quietly, a disturbance ensues, owing to some alleged rudeness on the part of the acting officials. A rush made by ten deputy-sheriffs, each using his club freely, is met by an infuriated band of Irishmen, who tear down fences, throw stones, and commence a fight. The fire-alarm bells are rung, and hundreds of citizens leave their houses, but few are inclined to mingle in the mêlée, where it is reported that many persons are lying dead in the streets, while bullets fly in every direction. Immediate result—one person killed, and many others dangerously wounded. The uproar is finally quelled by calling out the military. A few days afterwards, however, a large number of natives assembled and recommenced the riot. Marching in procession, and numbering about five hundred, they fired at every Irishman who came in their way, and at last attacked a Roman Catholic church, in order to destroy it. In this outrage, they were stopped by the authorities, and dispersed by the military. The next phase of the riot was a vengeful attempt of the Irish to tear down a Methodist chapel; but this also was frustrated by the military, not, however, till there was a good deal of pistol-firing, and one man received a shot. At the funeral of the murdered man, there was a grand procession of the fire-engine companies, according to the usual practice in making up a public spectacle. No mention is made of the capture or punishment of the murderer, who appears to have escaped from justice.

It will now be seen that in these troubles, religious is deeply intermingled with political dissension. The matter in dispute is, evidently, as much Protestant against Catholic, as native *versus* foreigner, if not more so. In the general conduct of the riots, we are reminded of the No-popery insurrections which broke out in England seventy years ago; the only difference being, that these recent demonstrations in the United States are on a less destructive scale. With the growth of Know-Nothingism, however, we cannot tell what they may come to. As England had her Lord George Gordon, America boasts of an equally fanatical demagogue, who is said to be a Scotsman by birth, and styles himself the 'Angel Gabriel.' This personage goes about preaching in the open air to great crowds of people. Taking his stand on a chair, a stump, or the top of a barrel, he summons an audience around him by the blowing of a horn, and forthwith commences one of his wild and inflammatory harangues. New York, we should suppose, is the head-quarters of the Angel, for he is often described as holding forth on Sundays in the Park—an open space, adjoining Broadway—whence he migrates with a troop of followers by ferry to Brooklyn, and there creates extraordinary commotion among the Irish. In the early part of last June, a newspaper had the following notice:—'There was preaching as usual yesterday afternoon in the Square at the head of East Broadway, and also in the Park. The Angel Gabriel preached from the steps of the City Hall, without being molested. He was followed by another man, and Mrs Bishop, an elderly woman, both of whom entertained a large audience for some time. Gabriel, after leaving the Park, was followed by over a thousand persons, and it is said that he and his followers went to Brooklyn.' The Angel's visits to this populous offshoot of New York, having for some time previously created considerable disturbance, the authorities, with more than usual activity, made preparations for preserving the peace. Bodies of police, and regiments of foot and cavalry militia, were in readiness in case of disturbance. The progress of the row is described as follows:—

About four o'clock in the afternoon, a large crowd began to collect in Atlantic Street, near Hoyt Street, where, on a vacant space of ground comprising several lots, the preachers were to hold forth. A pile of rubbish answered for the platform, and shortly after five o'clock, a procession from New York, headed by the Angel Gabriel, appeared on the ground. The Angel blew his trumpet, and took his position, when the large multitude gathered round him, and he proceeded with his harangue, which was listened to without disturbance. Another preacher now took the stand. Meanwhile, the Angel went off in a carriage, to cross by the south ferry, a crowd following him, and likewise a body of police, who were pelted with volleys of stones. Several Irish were captured; but this exasperating the crowd, they fired some shots at the police, and these made their way only by drawing their revolvers, and firing. A number of persons received shots, and one man 'had his jaw shot off.' The appearance of civil war in the streets gave much alarm to the more peaceful inhabitants. By means of fresh detachments of police, and the knowledge that the military were in reserve, the streets were at length cleared, and many rioters were arrested. In the course of the disturbance, shouts of defiance were uttered against the odious Know-Nothings.

Elated by the mischief he had caused on this occasion, the Angel Gabriel continued his extravagant orations, not only in New York, but in distant parts of the country. Shortly after the above events, we find him preaching in Maine. From Bath, a town in that northern state, the following telegraphic message is seen in the New York newspapers, of date July 7:—'The Angel Gabriel lectured here on Wednesday and Thursday evenings against popery. On the last occasion, the crowd was large, and a disturbance occurred. A mob of men and boys proceeded to the Old South Church, used by the Catholics as a place of worship, broke open the doors, rang the bell, and displayed the American ensign from the belfry. They afterwards set the church on fire, and it was burnt to the ground. No further destruction of property took place, but a mob of about one hundred paraded the streets, yelling and hooting until nearly morning. No arrests were made.'

Previous to these events, collisions between Irish and native Americans had occurred in various states. Several serious encounters had taken place in New Orleans. We are told that as early as the 29th of March, an effort was made on the part of the Americans in that city, 'to preserve or restore the purity of the ballot-box. Some eight hundred Americans, armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, proceeded to the seventh ward, the Irish head-quarters, and during the day endeavoured to keep out illegal voters. In the afternoon of that day, a mob of Irish, headed by a police-officer, marched into the room where the election was held, for the purpose of driving the Americans from the polls. They were met by American arms, and in less than five minutes the room was cleared of every Irishman, and two of their number were killed.' Subsequently, the Americans, apprehending fraud, went in a body, and destroyed the ballot-box; the excitement daily increased; and such was the hostility between the Irish and Americans, that for some time the citizens went about armed. Matters at length settled down; but on turning to the newspapers for September, it is seen that the mortal grudge between the Irish and Americans of New Orleans broke into renewed acts of violence. Savage fights with clubs and firearms took place in the streets; several persons were killed, and many carried away dangerously wounded. At length the mayor called out the military, and order was once more restored. The Know-Nothing lodges in New York are said to have been made promptly acquainted with these events, by telegraphic communications.

About the time of the New Orleans riots, a disturbance of a similar kind occurred at Newark, in New Jersey. It originated in a Protestant procession of two thousand persons, four abreast, nearly all of whom are said to have been 'armed with pistols, as if they anticipated an attack.' The display which they made roused the indignation of certain Irish, who, stationed at a Catholic chapel, fired on the procession as it passed. This was the signal for a general riot. 'The attack from the church rendered that an especial object of attention, and in less than five minutes from the first difficulty, the church was completely riddled, its doors and windows broken, its seats torn up, its altar dismantled, its organ destroyed, and the whole interior a mass of ruin.' One man was killed, and many wounded. In this sectarian demonstration, the Angel Gabriel did not make his appearance, but he could not have been far distant. On the 26th of September, he began to blow his horn in Independence Square, Philadelphia, and a crowd having been collected, to the danger of the public peace, the Angel was walked off by the police to the lock-up, there to await magisterial inquiry. What became of this active incendiary is not related; he is probably still pursuing his 'mission.'

In the paper which notes these events, we alight upon a paragraph descriptive of a riot which broke out at Cincinnati, between Americans and Germans; the latter being spoken of as Roman Catholics, and animated with an uncompromising hatred against a Sabbath-school, which a body of native Presbyterians had lately established in the place. 'The second Sunday,' says our informant, 'after the school was opened, a party of Germans waited upon the officers of the school, and requested them to close it. This request was, of course, not complied with. The following Saturday-night the school-room was entered by persons who tore up the school-books, and broke up and threw the furniture into the street. The trustees determined to open anew. Not to multiply details, the Germans informed them that they would destroy the school afresh, and kill those they found in it! Some friends of the trustees, finding war-to-the-knife declared, opened the campaign themselves, and attacked two houses occupied by Germans. A riot ensued. Among other incidents, three men were shot, but not fatally wounded. The school is to be opened next Sunday, come what may.' The result is not intimated, neither is any information given respecting the original cause of the disturbance. Perhaps, the Germans had in some way been previously exasperated. The distribution of tracts outraging the feelings of Catholics, and breathing little of the gentle spirit of the Gospel, is spoken of as a cause of deadly strife in New York.

From such casual notices, we may judge of the hostility which seems to have sprung up between natives and foreigners in various parts of the United States. We should, however, be doing an injustice to the Americans, if we considered that they carried their animosity into private life, or that sectarian differences habitually assumed the form of civil insurrection. A respect for law and order, as formerly noticed, is a prevalent sentiment in the older established states; and it is much to be deplored that in New York, and some other towns and cities, the heterogeneous character of the population should lead to such unseemly disturbances as have been adverted to.

As yet successful in carrying the elections, we cannot imagine that the Know-Nothings will push their doctrines to an extremity which would turn the tide of emigration from the United States. With all the pretensions to ignorance which their name imports, they at all events know this—that Canada presents as attractive a field for every variety of rural settlers as the most favoured states in the Union; and that if the Irish and Germans carry their labour and capital thither in preference, the Americans will have little reason to rejoice in the triumphs of the Know-Nothings. But this, we say, cannot have entered into the designs of the association; and after all, we venture to hint that the sublimely patriotic doctrines of Know-Nothingism, besides aiming at a reform of the naturalisation laws, probably point to objects not confided to the multitude. Independently of a means of recruiting the fallen fortunes of broken-down politicians, the schemes of the order may be presumed to embrace ends more ingeniously comprehensive. An old and well-known plan for diverting a pack of hounds from the pursuit of particular game, is to draw a red-herring across the trail. The cry of 'America for the Americans,' by distracting the popular scent from certain delicate questions—slavery, for example—may prove a remarkably effective red-herring!

W. C.

TWENTY THOUSAND FIRES.

During a period of nearly a quarter of a century, Mr Baddeley has prepared for the pages of the *Mechanics' Magazine* a curious analysis of the annual fires which have taken place in the metropolis, derived from official documents. The very efficient organisation of the Fire Brigade, renders easy a full tabulation of the London fires; because one individual, Mr Braidwood, is the governor of the whole—the real Fire-king of London. Mr Baddeley began with an account of the London fires in 1830; but it may be suspected that for some years his information was less complete than it afterwards became, as the numbers did not then reach a third of their present amount. At length, in 1833, the London Fire-engine Establishment was formed; ten of the companies—namely, the Alliance, the Atlas, the Globe, the Imperial, the London Assurance, the Protector, the Royal Exchange, the Sun, the Union, and the Westminster—agreeing to associate their engines, and place them all under one management, and to provide the men with more efficient dresses and apparatus than they had had before. The ensuing year was the first year of *large numbers* in the London fires. The numbers in the three preceding years had been 287, 220, and 209; but now they rose to 592. The truth evidently is, that a more correct ascertainment of actual fires became practicable. The real numbers have never once gone back to the nominal accounts of those three years. In 1834, they reached 651. This number is, however, made up of many curious items. It appears that a notable proportion of all the fires is confined to the chimneys in which they originate; and that another proportion, large, though not so large, consists of false alarms. Now, this is an odd affair. How happen these false alarms? Are the London boys such incorrigible wags, that they will 'go fetch the engines' whether required or not? One-tenth of the rattling journeys of the engines in 1833 were on false alarms; one-tenth again in 1834; and the records of the successive years shew a ratio seldom much less than this.

If an inquiry were made in what month of the year do fires most prevail, there would appear an antecedent probability that the majority would be in the winter rather than the summer months; because more chamber-fires, lamps, candles, and gaslights—the causes of most fires—are then burning. This is borne out by the tabular returns. The lowest month is always somewhere between May and August, generally in June or July; while the highest month is somewhere between November and March. It would not, however, be so easy to guess on which day of the week fires would be most likely to occur: nevertheless, even this has some materials for probability about it; for on the night between Saturday and Sunday, there is an immense amount of activity in the London shops; gas and candles are more in requisition than on any other night; and it is found that, on an average of a series of years, this is a very critical time of the week in respect to accidental fires. Indeed, Sunday is one of the most calamitous days in this matter, be the cause what it may. Another inquiry is, whether any particular hour of the day or night is more marked than any other by the prevalence of fires. This is answered in a very decided way; from eight to ten o'clock in the evening is the period in which the breaking out of fires most extensively occurs, while seven or eight o'clock in the morning is the period of least disaster. The numbers become in many respects a sensitive barometer of domestic and industrial usages. Six o'clock in the morning is an hour rather more disastrous than those which immediately precede and follow it; and this may be attributed to the lighting of many thousand workshop-fires at that hour.

The yearly fires have steadily increased as the houses of London have increased. In 1834, including both true and false alarms, the number was 651, among which was one of historic celebrity—the burning of the Houses of Parliament: 1835 was a bad year—there were 108 fires within so small a space as three weeks in August. Lest it might be thought that the false alarms unduly swell the numbers, it may be well to state, that though the engines do in these cases depart on a good work when there is no work to do, there are yet more cases of chimneys on fire to which the engines do not respond at all; insomuch that the total number of actual fires is greater than is indicated in the lists. Mr Baddeley states, that there are so many as 100 to 150 chimneys on fire *every month* in London. The official number of fires in 1836 rose yet higher than before—excluding the small fry of chimneys on fire just adverted to, it amounted to 756. There were 794 buildings actually damaged by these fires. Mr Baddeley records two singular expeditions among those to which the engines were subjected this year—one in search of *sunshine*, and one in search of *northern lights*. 'On Sunday, September 25, about half-past four o'clock in the morning, a red glare of light in the sky occasioned a general alarm of fire *eastward* to be given to the firemen all over the metropolis. No certain information being obtained as to the locality of the fire, the engines were driven at conjecture—some along Ratcliff Highway, some down the Commercial Road, while others went to Mile End. On reaching these points, however, the first appearance became gradually fainter.' The Will-o'-the-wisp, in fact, turned out to be the solar beams before sunrise. In the other case, about half-past eight in the morning, on October 18, 'a sudden cry of "Fire!" burst forth from hundreds of tongues, in consequence of a crimson glare of light appearing in the horizon. The apparent danger was north-east; and so strongly did the light resemble that of a fiercely-spreading conflagration, as to deceive the oldest fireman. The alarm was greatly strengthened by what seemed to be clouds of smoke rising up after the crimson glare, streaking and rolling away beneath it. Thirteen engines and a large body of firemen were turned out in search of the dreadful conflagration, and pedestrians as well as vehicles kept pouring down from the west end of the town to see the fire. The alarm upon this occasion was not confined to London: at Dublin, Leyden, Utrecht, Strasburg, Troyes, Rennes, and Nantes, the same alarm was created, attended with a similar turn-out of the firemen, military, &c.'

The years 1837, '38, and '39, were marked, like their predecessors, by formidable numbers of fire, amounting to 717, 755, and 755. Engines increased in number, firemen became more skilled and daring, fire-proof dresses were adopted, and fire-insurance companies multiplied in number, yet the Londoners do not seem to have been more careful than before: they had more houses to burn, and they burned more houses. The fire-proof dress here mentioned is an ingenious affair; although it should rather be called smoke-proof. It was invented by Lieutenant-colonel Paulin, commanding the corps of Sapeurs Pompiers at Paris. The dress, made of leather, consists of a kind of hood, which reaches down to the waist, and is there fastened by a belt. The wrists are secured by strings. Two glass eye-pieces afford uninterrupted vision to the fireman. A small leathern hose is attached to the back of the dress, through which a supply of fresh air is forced by the working of an engine, or by a pair of small bellows—the breathed or vitiated air escapes at apertures left for that purpose. A lamp and a whistle complete the apparatus. Mr Braidwood himself tried this smoke-proof dress at a fire in Baking Lane. Having equipped himself, he descended into a cellar, and there remained till the fire was completely extinguished, passing through the parts where the smoke was most dense, and yet experiencing no inconvenience. The firemen, who were not so equipped, were not able to remain in any part of the cellar more than ten minutes, from the difficulty of breathing.

One of the most curious circumstances connected with these London fires, is the steady maintenance of a sort of general average among the causes which lead to them. Not only are certain months predominant as fire-months, and certain days of the week, and hours of the day, but the causes of accident present a pretty uniform ratio. Accidents with candles always head the list; defective or ignited flues generally come next; while linen airing before the fire, is usually either third or fourth on the list. As for the rest, almost every year presents examples of fires originating from apparel ignited on the person, palpable instances of carelessness, children playing with fire, drunkenness, sparks from fires, fires kindled in improper places, fireworks, overheated furnaces, escape of gas, gunpowder, lucifer-match making, loose ignited shavings, spontaneous ignition of vegetable substances, defective stoves and stove-pipes, and fire-heat applied to various purposes of trade and manufacture. How many bed-curtains have been ignited by ladies reading the last new novel in bed, or by apprentices reading *Robinson Crusoe*, it would be hard to tell; but the records give formidable numbers in respect to candle-accidents. Thus in 1837, we find 47 fires from 'candles igniting bed-curtains;' 29 from 'candles igniting window-curtains;' and 49 from 'various accidents from candles.' These numbers in 1838 were 61, 33, and 38—a sum-total almost exactly equal, though differing in its component numbers; while the numbers in 1839 were 57, 27, and 44. Fires from accidents with candles in three successive years, 125, 132, 128—is there not here something like a law of human thoughtlessness?

It appears to us, that if the natural philosophers were to consult the firemen, they might obtain valuable information respecting various meteoric phenomena, which are interesting to both classes. The firemen have much useless and annoying trouble in running after meteors, under the impression that those meteors are burning houses; and they thus acquire the habit of watching the meteors very narrowly, that they may 'know them again' when they see them. These false alarms were adverted to in a former paragraph; and we may here give Mr Baddeley's description of a scene in November 13, 1838—the middle of November is a period rich in meteoric phenomena. On the night in question, the engines were kept running about for two hours—to Hampstead, to Kilburn, to Ealing, to St John's Wood, to Holloway, seeking a large fire, but finding it not. 'The first object that attracted the attention of observers was, several stars of an ordinary size shooting from their original spots, and falling apparently to the earth, when it seemed as if they exploded, for immediately afterwards the horizon was brilliantly illuminated by a vivid light. This within ten minutes disappeared, but another light of a most splendid description rose from the same quarter, and gradually expanded over the whole hemisphere. At intervals, immense masses of crimson vapour appeared, intermingled with branches of silvery coruscations, which at times formed a rich and variegated canopy, covering the entire expanse from the east to the western hemisphere, presenting a most gorgeous spectacle.' Scientific men are not often up and out at three o'clock on a November morning, to see such a sight as this.

The year just named was rendered memorable by the burning of the Royal Exchange. But it is not of individual fires we are treating: rather of certain general characteristics. The three years 1840, '41, and '42, exhibited an increase of fires fully equivalent to the increase in persons and houses; shewing that, with all our vaunted improvements, we had not learned to be more careful in respect to fires. The numbers were 868, 855, and 912. In the first ten years of the existence of the Fire Brigade, there were added to the range of the metropolis 750 new squares and streets, and 45,000 new houses; an increase which of course rendered an increase of fires probable, or even certain. The next three years—1843, '44, and '45—exhibited, as the numbers of London fires, 911, 926, and 875. The year 1846 brings us to four figures; and it is really curious to notice how near to equality are the numbers from that time to the present. In the last eight years, 1846 to 1853, both inclusive, there have never been less than 990, and never more than 1159 fires in the year.

The false alarms have become quite a recognised part of the affair; they seldom depart far from an average of eighty in the year—eighty times in a year the engines rattle about in search of that which is not; and there is also a pretty general average of cases in which the fire is confined to a chimney. Then, taking the report for 1853, it appears that out of the total number of fires, 87 were chimneys, and 75 false alarms, leaving just 900 as the number of real houses on fire. We shall probably not be far wrong if we look for a number of such fires, varying from 900 to 1000, in each year for three or four years to come; while, if Mr Baddeley's estimate be correct, there will be nearly twice as many small calamities which do not receive aid from the fire-engines.

As we have reached the latest year of these curious tables, let us notice the entries for 1853 a little more closely. December was the most disastrous month, and from nine to ten in the evening was the most disastrous hour of the day; thus corresponding with the results of earlier years. Of the 900 real fires, the cases in which insurance had been effected on the building and contents, on the building alone, on the contents alone, and on neither, were respectively 418, 113, 66, and 303—thus affording a pretty fair index of the extent to which fire-insurance is carried in London. We noticed in an earlier paragraph the kinds of establishments which seem most prone to suffer from disaster by fire. The classes of buildings enumerated in 1853 amount to no less than 112; striking off the round hundred, and selecting the twelve to which the highest numbers are attached, we find the following:—331 private dwellings, 43 carpenters, 41 licensed victuallers, 32 sale-shops, 23 drapers, 22 stables, 20 oilmen, 19 cabinet-makers, 19 bakers, 16 smiths and braziers, 14 booksellers, 13 milliners. We have before spoken of the *causes* of conflagration; and we find, on looking at the list, that accidents from candles seem to have increased in a greater ratio than the fires themselves. What are we to think of 117 accidents to bed and window curtains, and 101 other accidents from lighted candles? Are curtains more numerous, or candles more numerous, or people more careless? Fire-sparks were responsible for 50 burnings of houses; loose shavings for 41; fragments of burning tobacco or cigars for 28; linen while airing for 39; spontaneous combustion of hay, lampblack, nut-galls, oil, rags, oily saw-dust, and oily rubbish, for 29; defective gas-arrangements for 87; while the overheating or bad arrangement of flues, furnaces, ovens, stoves, and boilers, occasioned 172 disasters.

There is something approaching to an average in that which we would rather regard as wholly beyond the reach of such a law of sadness. We allude to the deaths by fire. In the last seventeen years, the average deaths by the fires in the metropolis have been twenty-three per annum; and it is surprising to observe how little the deaths have varied from this average in any one year. This number would probably be much greater, but for the praiseworthy exertions of the Society for Preserving Life from Fire. This society, established in 1844, has placed fire-escapes and efficiently instructed men in various parts of the metropolis, where they are to be met with all night on every night of the year. In 1844, there were eleven fire-escape stations, which were instrumental in saving nine lives; in 1853, the stations had increased to forty; while during the whole period of ten years, the fire-escapes saved no less than 209 lives—fifty of which were in the year 1852.

If any reader, having before him the Census returns for 1841 and 1851, were to ascertain how many houses there were in the metropolis at those two periods, he might perchance be able to calculate how many fires there were to a thousand houses, and might further ascertain whether that ratio seems to be increasing or decreasing. We think it increases—more shame to the community. There are other curious results to be obtained, perhaps, from Mr Baddeley's records of *Twenty Thousand London Fires* in twenty-four years; but these we will leave to the imagination of the reader.

One piece of intelligence interesting to ourselves we had nearly forgotten—London owes to Edinburgh the origination of the Fire Brigade; it borrowed the idea, and it borrowed the Fire-king to work it out. Mr Braidwood organised the Edinburgh Fire-engine Establishment nearly thirty years ago.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIFTH OF JUNE.

We left Walter Masterton—after he had torn himself away from Bianca, just at the moment when he conceived that his strong arm should be near to protect her—proceeding with Julio Castelnuove into the city of Palermo. He separated, as we have said, from his friend, hoping to meet him later in the day; and went straight to the house of Mr Bell, the banker who had previously supplied him with money. There is nothing like manliness, even in deception. Had he attempted to skulk in some retired place, the police—accustomed to the habits of ordinary evildoers, professional despisers of law and authority—would probably have laid hands on him at once. He went just where they never expected him to go; and whilst a sentimental young wine-merchant, named Hopkins, from Marsala, was dodged down a quiet lane, and arrested as a conspirator that evening, just as he was eyeing a balcony and producing a guitar, our straightforward friend was concluding arrangements for a pleasure-excursion—intended to have a very serious termination—in one of the most central and open houses of the city.

Mr Bell was averse to compromising himself with the government, but indisposed to leave a countryman in the lurch. At first, when Walter laid the case before him, he professed incompetency; but whilst he spoke, the conviction came to his mind, that if he had premeditated complicity, things could not have been differently arranged. His son, a young gentleman with a white face, a lisp, sleepy eyes, quiet manners, and an elegant absence of intelligence—like many Sicilian English—had projected an excursion to witness the opening of the Tunny Fisheries at the Favignana islands—a ceremony that takes place every year on the fifth of June, or thereabouts. Some English travellers, among others Lord Augustus F——, were to accompany him; and expectations were entertained that the voyage would be 'jolly' and 'prime,' founded partly on the fineness of the weather, partly on the extent of the supply of bottled porter and other stimulants, stowed away in the hold of the *Santa Rosalia*, chartered for the occasion. We shall not have much to say about these high-spirited youths, except to request for them the gratitude of our readers—all of whom, we presume, to be friends of Paolo di Falco.

They thought the little that was told them of the story very odd; but being generous amidst their love of fun and pleasure, gave up the inestimable services of tall John (a footman specially attached to Lord Augustus F——), and agreed to take Walter on board under his name. Mr Bell transacted this business very ably, exacting only compliance with two conditions—first, that Walter should pass the night in his house, and not shew himself at door or window; second, that Charles should not be led into joining in any perilous adventure. For the first of these reasons, Julio Castelnuove was set aside quite; and Walter once more found himself, after so many vicissitudes—so many promises of assistance picked up by the way—compelled to rely entirely on his own energies, just as when he journeyed first from Trapani with a whole month of time before him.

There are few things we seem to notice less attentively than the changes produced within ourselves by contact with men, who, from motives of interest or sympathy, are compelled to shew their cards as it were—to allow us to look over their shoulders as they play the game of life. Those who transact much business, whether the affairs of states or individuals are concerned, become wiser every time they see, understanding what they see, a human passion in labour of an action. Until this course of experience be opened, history remains a series of enigmatical pictures; but then each day supplies a key to a hundred mysteries, and the doings of the time present explain, and are explained by the doings of the time past. This is the meaning of the common saying, that knowledge of men is not to be got from books, although in reality no single perishing event teaches a true lesson until affiliated with the whole tradition of humanity. Walter had no time to make these reflections; but he felt that within a few weeks some of the faculties most requisite for the man who does not move in the harness of routine, some of the secrets of human nature which those who meddle with its fortunes, individual or collective, must know, had been developed within him or revealed—that he was stronger, and yet more prudent—fuller of resolution, yet less inclined to trust to rash impulse—at once dissimulate and honest—capable in all points of the arduous task he had undertaken to perform. He went on board the *Santa Rosalia* with his young companions, all in search of pleasurable impressions, feeling that sensation of power which sometimes makes man proud, even to his own destruction. He could not doubt that, since his arrival in Sicily was known, measures of increased severity would be taken to guard the Prisoner; but he never contemplated the possibility of failure. When the mind has long been in one attitude, tending towards a special object, it is difficult to bring it back to that repose and indifference in which alone it is possible to calculate the chances, and prepare for the disappointments, of the future. The soldier, who has represented victory in his imagination, continues to march on after the death-wound has been struck, and dies with visions of glory within him. Walter could not apply the wisdom of experience, or expend the strength he had earned in finding reasons for despair; but resolutely threw himself forward in thought to the appointed hour, when he was to meet Paolo di Falco coming down in the darkness with outstretched hands on the rocky beach of Maretimo—no matter what dangers might then close around them both—what sights of sorrow might be ready to fix his gaze, when he turned from that brotherly embrace! Do not suppose that the memory of Bianca was absent from him on this voyage; he could not forget her; and whilst the hours were inactive, necessarily busied his mind in hunting out the secret of her character. She appeared to him under aspects perpetually changing and contradictory—as the companion and protégée of the Marchese Belmonte, and as the friend of his rebellious daughter; in feud with the Di Falco family, and conspiring for the liberty and happiness of its only heir; intimate with the aristocratic Castelnuoves, and apparently bound by some tie of sympathy with Jeppo, the kidnapper. Walter was sufficiently young and pure-minded to conceive Bianca in all these various relations as perfectly innocent; and perhaps the very mystery by which she was surrounded, gave an additional fascination to her beauty. But when he translated his sentiments into prose, it sometimes seemed impossible to him that, once the knot of this intrigue untied, he should be bold enough, instead of proceeding alone on his way in search of new adventures, to ask this strange being to be his wife, and return to England with her, and introduce her to his friends, and look at her over a dining-table, perhaps in Portland Place, between two decanters and two silver candlesticks, with grave elder brother Thomas on one hand, and stout sister Fanny on the other—after having circulated an indefinite number of cards to an indefinite number of friends, and announced the happy event in the fashionable papers! Well, Signor Walter, pass her by, if you please; but remember when the world begins to hear of your name, and parliamentary honours descend upon you—when you have rounded your person and your estate—all things in this life may begin to seem tasteless and vapid, because the name of Bianca will only recall a vision that flashed across your path in youth, lingered a moment as if yearning to be seized and made of this life, and then faded away, not to be recalled by any means whatever.

But youth, pursuing and yet checking its speed to reflect ere it seizes what it can seize but once, will not anticipate the anguish of desolate age. Because the heart gives forth bright tones when the beautiful things of the earth brush by, it disdains to believe that the strings can slacken or snap. Perhaps Walter, like many other men, was incapable of two heroisms at the same time. As the *Santa Rosalia* glided gently out of port, he was desperately determined to sacrifice his life, if necessary, for the freedom of Paolo; but not so well determined to set aside his pride or prudence for Bianca's sake, although he had looked at her with the audacity of love, and obeyed her as we only venture to obey when we would command. Men reap as they sow; and let us not spend our anxiety on the froward sons of this world, who spurn the happiness they seek. The sun is up, and the boat is on its way, stealing like a shadow along the waters that shine up to the base of Monte Pellegrino. A vast panorama of hills and slopes, verdant to the summit, with bare rocks cropping through here and there, stretches behind. Close at hand, however, the travellers have newer objects of admiration; the base of the precipice is perforated with passages, and caves, and grottos, into the echoing depths of which the expanding wake of the boat sends eddies that waken a thousand murmurs. They keep close under the rocks, and sometimes linger provokingly. Walter, as the price of his passage, is compelled to join in geological discussions.

We will not describe all the details of this voyage, which was delightful only to those in whom we feel no interest. The *Santa Rosalia* soon doubled Capo di Gallo; but the wind not favouring, night found them no further on their way than Sferacavallo, where they anchored in a sandy creek, beneath an old tower on a solitary rock. Walter had earned a right to sleep; but whilst the travellers snored under the tarpaulin, and the crew, wrapped in capotes, stretched themselves on the sloping sandy shore, he sat at the prow of the bark, and mentally struggled with the difficulties of the future. The shore around, over which his gaze sometimes wandered, was barren and deserted, but the lights of a village shone amidst some trees a little way inland. An official visit had been paid to them by the coast-guard on their arrival, but they had instantly been recognised as harmless. The night wore on, and the moon rose. A large boat, with two broad lateen-sails, appeared gliding like a phantom towards the mouth of the creek; but instead of entering, turned sharply off, and lay-to some hundred yards out; then a small skiff, rowed by two men, glided in and took the shore on the opposite side of the piece of water which went deep into the land, like the shining head of a spear. Soon afterwards, the tramp of horses' feet was heard in a rocky defile, which opened in the hills upon the beach near where the *Santa Rosalia* lay, and a dozen men came riding rapidly out. One of them, advancing in front of the others, uttered a few words that seemed to Walter to have no meaning. He did not answer, being afraid to betray himself by his accent, for he thought it possible these persons might be police sent in pursuit of him. The skiff now came across the creek; and one of the men in it shouted: 'Buon' fortuna!' The cavaliers instantly answered; and perceiving that they had mistaken the *Santa Rosalia* for another bark, rode to one of the points forming the entrance of the creek. Here some of them dismounted, and a long conference took place; after which the skiff, with an additional person on board, left the shore, and the troop of strangers, with one led-horse, rode slowly away again into the silence of the country.

To one in Walter's mood of mind, this incident could scarcely fail to seem mysterious; and we need not be surprised that by the time the two-sailed bark, taking advantage of a slight breeze that breathed along-shore, began to shove away westward, he had connected what he had seen with the adventure in which he was himself engaged. The power of strong preconception is great. On another occasion, he would simply have imagined some romantic story, the truth of which he could never know, and figured these night-riders as engaged in the service of their own passions. As it was, all secret manœuvres seemed to have reference to the scheme in which he was engaged; and he remained in doubt only whether the persons he had seen were friends or foes, bent on assisting or counterworking his machinations. When morning came, these thoughts had prevented him from taking his rest; but he had ample opportunities of repairing lost time in the tedious coasting journey he had yet to undergo.

The *Santa Rosalia* was to have reached Trapani on the evening of the fourth of June at latest, and, indeed, with a brisk wind, the voyage might have been performed in twenty-four hours; but an unaccountable series of calms retarded their progress, and the crew were compelled to row nearly all the last night, under the impulse of great rewards promised by Lord Augustus F——, who would have preferred, he said, the loss of five dinners to that of the opening of the tunny-fishery. Money makes boats as well as other things to go; and just as the sun rose above the Val di Mazzara, Walter, who had passed an hour of intense anxiety, made out that the dim land he had seen from the commencement of the dawn on either hand belonged to the island of Levanzo and the coast of Sicily. The boats moving on the same course with themselves, interchanging lusty hails, were all laden with fishermen, or peasantry, or ladies and gentlemen from near cities, gathering for the sight. Hundreds of them, of various dimensions, had been distinguished as soon as day began to break—some advancing steadily, impelled by huge oars; others poling near the shore; others trying their sails, which sometimes filled out and took them on a few feet, and then flapped lazily against the masts. The long, sinuous strait between the precipitous shores of lofty Levanzo and Favignana on the one hand, and the mainland on the other, was as gaily filled as any Venetian canal on a festival-day. The bells of Trapani and the neighbouring villages were gaily ringing out, and mingled their clear, silver sounds with the murmur of the floating multitude. As the sun rose, the water seemed to grow more and more transparent; and in many places rocks and valleys beneath the keels of the boats, far down, could be distinguished, with here and there fields of sea-weed and innumerable fish, like shadows, darting to and fro.

All the craft afloat were converging towards the narrow passage between Levanzo and Favignana, bounded by two walls of rock, with landing-places, here and there crowded with people. Here was established the Tonnara—a huge trap, constructed of nets, several miles in circumference, with innumerable chambers, all conducting to a central one called the Corpou, or Chamber of Death. Its outline could be made out by the floats and the dismasted boats stationed here and there. The spectators were gradually ranging themselves in a vast circle around, the prows of their barks turned inward. A thousand flags and streamers enlivened the air, which was filled also with the hum of human voices. But above these, and above the splashing of the oars, rose a regular monotonous sound—the creaking of numerous windlasses that had been working since daylight to lift up the netted flooring of the corpou, already filled by a herd of tunnies, from the depth to which it had sank, and thus force the victims into sight and reach of their captors. Already, as the *Santa Rosalia* moved slowly towards its station, there seemed to be an unusual commotion on the water; and the shining sides of many a huge fish darting wildly to and fro, foretold that the work of death might soon commence.

The chief actors in this scene—terrible from the size and power of the intended victims—were several hundred fishermen, distributed in large boats over the surface of the corpou. They stood eagerly leaning over the bulwarks, half clothed, their harpoons already raised, waiting for the signal. One of the gangs was not more than thirty yards from the place where the *Santa Rosalia* had taken her position; and the English youths on board congratulated themselves on the probability of their seeing all the incidents of the massacre to perfection. Walter, however, paid little attention to what so deeply interested the others—partly because his mind was busy with the chances of that day in which he had so much to do, yet saw as yet no means of doing it, partly because every now and then his eyes were involuntarily attracted towards a large two-sailed bark, moored beyond five or six smaller ones, which instinct rather than observation told him was the very one which had paid so mysterious a night-visit to the inlet of Sferacavallo. Unlike the others, it contained only a few spectators, collected in a group towards the prow. The sun shone too dazzlingly from that direction to enable Walter to make out what manner of men they were.

Still the windlasses creaked, and presently a wild savage shout, that went increasing ever in vehemence all round the vast circle of spectators, announced that the first blow had been struck. Clusters of harpoons began to flash as they rose and fell, and long stains of blood soon polluted the surface of the water. It was a frightful butchery. The fish, brought up irresistibly within reach of their enemies, dashed and floundered to and fro—at first breaking away from ill-aimed blows, leaving fragments of flesh upon the dulled harpoons. Presently, however, the work was carried on more regularly; and huge tunnies were hauled on board, one after the other, and hurled struggling into the hold prepared to receive them. The crew of the boat nearest the *Santa Rosalia* seemed to be animated to fury. Shouting with fierce joy, they plied their weapons so unintermittingly, that nothing could be distinguished but a mass of waving caps, naked arms, flashing harpoons, and purple-stained scaly monsters, dragged over the bulwarks. To some natures there seems to be a strange delight in blood-shedding, and perhaps of all the spectators assembled, Walter was the only one who, whilst unable now to turn away his eyes from the scene, felt sick at heart as if he had been accomplice in some crime. At anyrate, one continued cheer urged on the desperate work for two whole hours, when the victims became fewer, and it was necessary to bring the net, with panting fish here and there, up to the very surface. Then the satiated sight-seers began gradually to break up the circle, and the passengers of the *Santa Rosalia* were talking of a move towards Trapani, when Walter, scarcely able to breathe from surprise, begged them to stay a moment.

The crew of fishermen who had attracted most of his attention, having abandoned the large punt in which they had worked, were rowing past in a small boat, still all covered with blood. He thought, nevertheless, that he recognised several of their faces; and leaning from the prow, and looking more attentively, with his hand over his eyes, became convinced beyond a doubt that the man who sat at the rudder was no other than his old friend Giacomo, the commander of the *Filippa*, whom he supposed to have perished. His first impulse was to cry aloud; but he checked himself, and seeing that the boat made towards the very bark which had already attracted so much of his notice, he turned to his companions, and said:

'Gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness. Excuse my sudden departure.'

With these words he leaped over the bulwarks; and without staying to apologise for the confusion he created as he went, scrambled through the half-dozen boats which had luckily not yet broken their order, and almost in a shorter space of time than it takes to relate this sudden manœuvre, was on board a large felucca, in presence not only of Giacomo and a portion of his crew, but of Luigi Spada himself, with young Julio Castelnuove. There was a rapid interchange of cries of welcome and recognition, after which Luigi exclaimed: 'We shall have time to tell our stories. Let us not be dramatic in presence of a crowd.'

The felucca was disentangled gradually from the fleet, and in about an hour succeeded in leaving the busy neighbourhood of the tonnara, and glided slowly out towards the open sea, beyond which the tall pyramidal form of Maretimo rose, glittering like a tower of some superhuman fortress in the sunlight.

The accident which had thus once more united the friends of Paolo di Falco, seemed miraculous to them at the time, and a sure presage of success; but they did not reflect that the strength of the impulse which they had all obeyed, was sufficient to bring them without concert to that spot on that day, provided death or imprisonment did not prevent them. Luigi Spada took pride in relating his escape from the wreck of the *Filippa*. A shot from the *Re Ferdinando* had carried away the mast; and another hit the unfortunate vessel between wind and water. Giacomo determined to run on shore, but a sunken rock was in the way; the *Filippa* struck, and went down almost immediately. Several men perished; but a boat large enough to contain the remainder was got out, and darkness coming on, they were enabled to escape the observation of the *Re Ferdinando*. On attempting to land, however, they found all the coast alive with gendarmes, and were compelled to put to sea again. They got out a sail, and stood along the coast westward. In the morning, they were in sight of the Bay of Palermo; but it would have been dangerous to land. Off Capo di Gallo they fell in with a felucca, which they boarded and appropriated, exercising the right of the stronger, sending the owners ashore in their own boat. Afterwards they made a sheltered nook near Capo di Gallo, and despatched a messenger to Palermo. Events, however, had proceeded more rapidly than they had anticipated. Angela had been made prisoner, and Walter was in the house of Mr Bell. The messenger found Julio Castelnuove at his father's palace, in conclave with two or three friends whom he had hastily assembled. What kind of men they were was not explained to Walter at that time, although, from certain hints dropped, he judged them to be of those patriotic banditti, specimens of which had not yet appeared to him. At anyrate, their party, swelling as they proceeded, had accompanied Julio to the rendezvous at Sferacavallo, and were to be in waiting there to receive the party in company with Paolo di Falco, every night for at least a week after the fifth of June. These professional conspirators, who had never yet succeeded in anything they had undertaken, still obstinately set aside the possibility of failure from their calculations.

Walter remembered his indignation against Luigi on the day when he found himself prisoner in the hands of Pipo the smuggler, and was tempted to ask for an explanation of what had appeared so suspicious to him then. But the aspect of affairs had much changed; and the presence of Luigi and Giacomo, in company with Julio on that day, seemed proof so positive of their good intentions, that they might be forgiven a little under-plotting on their private account. The great point now was the liberation of Paolo; that accomplished, he would become the master of his own actions—although flight was now impossible, for the only occupation of his freedom would necessarily be a struggle for the liberty of Angela.

As time wore on, Walter, who also believed that that day's work would be successfully carried out, began to look forward with increased anxiety to the terrible moment when, checking Paolo's effusions of joy and gratitude, he should be obliged to tell him the whole truth, and humble himself before him as the unwilling cause of misfortune. The hours, instead of seeming to linger, as he had expected, flew rapidly by, with the speed of a stream hurrying to leap a precipice. He nursed the pleasant anguish of protracted suspense, which often precedes, and seems to atone beforehand for intense joy. They floated some time idly about a mile off Favignana; but the wind at length rising, they tacked to and fro in the channel, through and across which several other boats were scudding, like great white sea-gulls, their sails flashing in the sunlight. As evening drew on, Giacomo began to talk of a gale from the south-east, although he said there would be probably time to run under the shelter of the rocks at the appointed place, after which, with the fortune of Paolo di Falco on board, they could go before the wind, and seek smooth water behind the northern point of Levanzo. Walter, remembering the terrible time he had passed on that sea, felt sick at heart as he heard the rattling of the ropes, and the straining of the timbers, as the felucca leaned over under its heavy sails.

A confused shouting, oaths, threats, entreaties, the canvas thrown aback, a terrible shock, a cry of terror—these things are the sure signs at sea of a collision. Walter, who was lying upon deck, saw a sail, wrapped confusedly round a mast, appear over the bows as they were hurled into the air by a wave; but ere he could run to the bulwarks, it had disappeared, and nothing was visible but the upturned despairing face of a man struggling in the waters. Two or three sailors also were clinging to the ropes, and scrambled lightly on board. The felucca, for a moment quite abroad, the man at the helm having been thrown stunned upon deck, splashed heavily in the trough of the wave like a huge log, and the face rose to the level of the bulwarks.

'A rope, a rope!' shouted Walter, suiting the action to the word; but the man evidently could scarcely swim, and had lost his presence of mind. His hands grasped, the air wildly, and then he disappeared. Obeying that irresistible impulse which sometimes shews itself as a sign that we are all brothers—bound together by invisible fibres, along which sympathy thrills even when we would remain isolated—Walter shouted, and leaped overboard.

The wave clasped him for a moment, as if it would have stifled him for his rashness; but he soon rose, cleaving it with a powerful sweep of his arms; and whilst the felucca, with a lurch and a dive, obeying the helm, once more darted away, Walter reached the spot where the drowning man, already with the bitter taste of death on his lips, rose a full head and shoulders from the water. The Englishman, a mighty swimmer, had now no fear either for himself or the other; and keeping him resolutely at a distance—for he sought to cling to him more firmly—looked around as the wave lifted him. The felucca was more than a hundred yards off; but it had tacked, and came back, rising majestically, shewing half its keel. They flung out a rope, which Walter seized with a firm hand; and in a few moments he was once more on the deck of the felucca, and sank down exhausted by the side of the person he had saved.

'Wonderful are the ways of Providence!' cried Luigi, taking off his cap in an access of involuntary devotion—for the event that had occurred seemed to him, and Giacomo, and Julio, and all the sailors, both those of the felucca and those who had escaped from the foundered boat, to have all the character of a miracle. 'Wonderful and mysterious! Walter:—the man whom you have snatched from death is no other than the Marchese Belmonte!'

'Look at the man,' said Giacomo in a hoarse whisper to young Castelnuove, who kept as much as possible in the rear. 'He must know why the Englishman is here. Let us see whether he is swayed more strongly by hate or gratitude.'

The marchese, who had by this time recovered to a certain extent his presence of mind, repeated the name, 'Walter, Walter, Walter!' looked at his preserver, then at the group around—smiled—first kindly, then bitterly—glanced at the tall rocks of Maretimo, glowing above the agitated sea in the rays of the setting sun—understood that his victim was about to be snatched from him under his very eyes—and overcome by emotion, that sent the blood in purple flow to his countenance, swooned heavily. By the time he recovered, the felucca was gently gliding under shelter of the lofty island, about half a mile from its nearest point; and although a few clouds moved swiftly overhead, like birds taking their flight from the summit of the rocks, there were innumerable stars far above, and innumerable flashes of light reflecting them in the heaving waters.

The marchese was too well braced to the vicissitudes of life, to spend his time or strength in vain menaces, or any attempt to turn Walter and his companions from the task they had undertaken. He maintained complete silence, or acknowledged in polite phrases the attentions which the Englishman proffered him; and even condescended to smile, as he said that the excellent brandy poured from a large stone-bottle, being French, was no doubt smuggled. They had carried him into a little cabin, partly out of respect, partly that he might not overhear the discussion which was taking place as to his fate. All the chiefs of the expedition proposed that as soon as Paolo was on board, the marchese should be landed in his stead; but some of the men, to whom reports of an approaching insurrection had come, talked of keeping him as the first hostage; whilst others, inaccessible to public motives, boldly proposed to put him to death, in revenge for the execution of one of their comrades, hanged recently for a trifling offence—merely a deep stab with a knife, inflicted according to the true laws of Sicilian honour. Several of their companions, too, had recently perished in the wreck of the *Filippa;* and when races are in feud, the rights of vengeance are easily expanded. Any Neapolitan life may be taken in payment for a Sicilian life.

Walter, who knew the proneness of this crew to adopt summary measures, and had that morning seen the zeal with which they indulged their sanguinary propensities, was by no means reassured by the whispered promise of Giacomo, that he would stand by him to the last; he even believed that the first impulse of the sturdy captain had been anything but benign. However, nothing evil seemed to be meditated for the present; for the time of idleness was rapidly passing, and every pulse began to beat with impatience, every eye to search the dark hollows of the island, and to watch the dim water-line for the form expected to appear.

They had yet an hour to wait, even if Paolo was exact to his time, when Walter once more went to speak to the marchese. He had learned from the sailors of the wreck that the father of Angela had visited the prison of Maretimo; but they did not know whether he had seen Paolo. A terrible suspicion had flashed across his mind. During the governor's presence, the Prisoner would not be allowed to roam through the island; he was confined to his chamber. They were there, then, in vain. The prospect of disappointment roused a feeling of hate in his breast; his voice was stern as he said:

'We have no right to force you, Signor Marchese, to become an accomplice; but if I have any claim upon your gratitude, tell me if Paolo di Falco can be abroad at this hour.'

'Your claim is all-powerful,' replied the marchese, sadly but kindly; 'I will tell you the truth. You will wait here in vain; for the last month, Paolo di Falco has been confined to his cell, and I saw him there not many hours ago. Unless he can fly through iron bars and stone walls, your presence here will be as useful to him as your visit to Naples—well-intended, but nothing more. His—my poor daughter—is prisoner, by your fault—yet I forgive you—with the Black Band. Paolo di Falco is and must remain a state-prisoner of his majesty the sovereign of the Two Sicilies.'

Walter tried to provoke the marchese to further communication; but could not. He remarked, however, a curious circumstance—namely, that as the night wore on, this enemy of Paolo, perhaps yielding unwillingly to communicated sympathy, began to come to the door of his cabin, and gaze anxiously at the rocks which were separated sometimes from the boat only by the narrow barrier of surf, and ask: 'Has he come? Do you see anything?' just as if he desired the success of the undertaking.

The appointed hour was long past; some of the sailors had landed several times on a point of rock, and got to the land to search along-shore, but had neither heard nor seen anything. The excitement which had seized all on board suggested at length an extreme resolution. Who first spoke of it, it would be difficult to tell. But at length Walter, already half mad with suspense and anxiety, looked round, and in a voice trembling, but not irresolute, said:

'Yes, we have arms—guns, pistols, harpoons. Eight or nine men at least can be spared from the boat; the garrison of the castle may easily be taken by surprise. We can seize the sentinel, and intimidate the remainder; bloodshed is not necessary. But, whatever happens, Paolo di Falco must be free this night.'

The assenting murmurs of the crew, who had already got out their weapons, confirmed Walter in the opinion that the enterprise might be attempted with success; but the derisive chuckle with which his somewhat boyish idea that life need not be endangered was received, shewed that the Sicilians were moved less by affection for Di Falco than by desire of strife, and that they would fall upon the sleeping Neapolitans as savagely as they had fallen on the defenceless tunnies that morning in the Chamber of Death. The die, however, was cast; and although the marchese, disregarding the muttered threat of one of the men, urged them to forbear, assuring Walter with sincere energy that the garrison was strong and on its guard, the hand of destiny seemed to urge on the most irresolute. Three hours after sunset, Luigi Spada, Julio Castelnuove, and seven sailors, all well armed, chiefly with the terrible harpoon, had landed under the command of Walter, and had formed, ready to march, at the foot of a steep defile or crevice that led up into the interior. Giacomo, with the remainder of the crew, remained on board; and the felucca lay-to under shelter of a detached rock, a little south of the spot where the unfortunate *Marc Antoine* had struck and gone down, within earshot of the land.

'Which way will the finger of God point?' murmured the marchese, retiring into his cabin, and burying his face in his hands.

A LINCOLNSHIRE MAGISTRATE IN 1780.

As Sir Francis Whichcote was dressing one morning, he perceived the undergroom making very free with his wall-fruit. When breakfast was finished, he wrote a note addressed to the keeper of the House of Correction at Folkingham, which he ordered the culprit to take without delay. The note contained the following words: 'Give the bearer a dozen lashes—he will guess the reason.' This he signed with his initials. Whether the offender was conscience-smitten, or, what is still more probable, took advantage of the wet wafer to acquaint himself with the contents, I know not; but he bribed a helper in the stable, by the promise of a pot of beer and the loan of a horse, to take it for him. The governor, after reading the note, ordered the bearer to be tied up, and the directions were scrupulously obeyed, to the consternation of the poor fellow, who had no idea why he was thus treated until his return, when his account of what had taken place caused much merriment in the stable-yard. The tale very soon came to the ears of the baronet, who laughed very heartily, and took no other notice of it, than fining the delinquent half-a-crown for the privilege of being flogged by deputy, and ordered it to be given to the suffering party.—*Gunning's Reminiscences of Cambridge.*

POSSIBLE 'FUTURE' OF ENGLISH FARMING.

All these works of drainage, construction of buildings for stabulation, erection of steam-engines, &c., involve great outlays. The expense to the proprietor may be estimated at about L.8 per acre, and that of the farmer L.4. On the strong lands it must necessarily be more, but on the light much less. This fruitful outlay accomplished, and well executed, of course rents and profits rise beyond their former figure, and that even in places where they have been the least affected by the fall; it also produces an adequate return upon the new capital put into the soil. The land will then produce at least one-third more of alimentary substances. The gross average production, which was equal before to L.3 per acre, will then be L.4, 10s., while the average rent will probably rise to 30s., and the farmer's profit to 18s. per acre. The only question is this—are proprietors and farmers in a condition to furnish the required capital? The question is one involving no less an amount than four or five hundred millions sterling. For any other country than the United Kingdom, such an undertaking would be impossible; for her even it is an arduous one, but only arduous. The nation which, in the course of a quarter of a century, has spent L.240,000,000 upon railways alone, may well employ twice that amount in renewing its agriculture.—*De Lavergne's Rural Economy of England.*

SONNETS.

[We copy these pieces from *Sonnets on the War*, by Alexander Smith, and the Author of *Balder* and *The Roman*, just published by Mr Bogue. The first, doubtless by Mr Smith, will be read with melancholy interest by those who know the amiable and lovely dedicatee—the wife of 'that dearer friend'—who bears what, we fear, are her life-long sufferings with a patient gentleness which is truly sublime. The other sonnet, we presume, is by Mr Dobell; and it fitly closes a work which, although here and there deformed by obscurities and affectations, contains much genuine, and a good deal of fine and noble poetry.]

DEDICATORY.

AND if we sing—I and that dearer friend—
Take Thou our music. He dwells in thy light
Through sun and shower, blue day and starry night.
And sometimes for a moment thou dost blend
Thy moonrise with my twilight. Away I wend,
Like one from prayer. A life-long hood of pain
Thou wear'st, and never will a murmur stain
Thy spirit's crystalline until the end.
I pass into the world from thy abode;
A something of thy radiance pure and tried,
Hangs round my soul for days. I would to God
We could thy burden in two parts divide,
Thy heart were blithe as dawn, and side by side
We three should travel on life's sacred road!

GOOD-NIGHT.

The stars we saw arise are high above,
And yet our Even-song seems sung too soon.
Good-Night! I lay my hand—with such a love
As thou wert brother of my blood—upon
Thy shoulder, and methinks beneath the moon
Those sisters, Anglia and Caledon,
Lean towards each other. Aye, for Man is one;
We are a host ruled by one trumpet-call,
Where each, armed in his sort, makes as he may
The general motion. The well-tuned array
We see; yet to what victory in what wars
We see not; but like the revolving stars
Move on ourselves. The total march of all
Or men or stars God knows. Lord, lead us on!

BEAUTY OF THE DEAD.

But the beauty of death is not so easily explicable. How far its strange fascination may arise from the idea suggested of a repose, compared with which that of the most tranquil sleep is agitation, I will not pretend to determine. I knew a man of the highest order of mind, a man of fine feelings, but of great simplicity, and far above all affectation, who, standing by the corpse of his wife, said: 'It gives me very pleasurable sensations.' And yet he had truly loved her. The exquisite lines in *The Giaour*, in which the present aspect of Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to every reader. Lord Byron, in a note to the passage, remarks that 'this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death.' But I have been told, by those in the habit of making casts, that on the second day the expression is generally improved, and even on the third day it is often still finer. I have in several instances been asked to make drawings from the dead; and though in every case I have entered the room where the body lay somewhat reluctantly, yet I have invariably felt reluctant to quit it.—*Leslie's Handbook for Young Painters.*

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BATTLING MADE EASY.

THE contest in which England is now engaged with a powerful opponent, is full of contrasts when regarded in the light of comparison with former wars. We are in friendship with a neighbour who has been deemed a sort of hereditary enemy ever since the days of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; we are fighting against a nation with whom we had never before come into actual collision; we are contesting for a something which, though incumbent upon us as a matter of honour and good faith, does not directly affect any of our possessions, or any of our freedom of movement; we are struggling for a Mohammedan sovereign against a Christian sovereign; we are raising seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, by voluntary individual subscriptions, for purposes connected with the army, which should have been provided for out of the national Exchequer, if our administrative organisation had been aught but a bungling affair; we are the greatest maritime people in the world, and yet our continental ally transports his men, horses, guns, and stores to the seat of war more cleverly and expeditiously than ourselves.

These are matters, however, which newspaper politicians are every day discussing; and to them we leave the discussion. But there are other aspects of the question which are likely to escape the notice of every-day readers, who are too full of the reported proceedings of Menschikoff and Gortschakoff, of Raglan and Liprandi, of Omar Pacha and Stratford de Redcliffe, to attend to the principles which underlie many of the operations going on. Let any such reader propound to himself this question: 'In what modes does the advancement of science manifest itself in the present war?' and he will find the answer, if he arrives at it fairly, full of interest.

First, in respect to warlike implements. The pages of this Journal have contained so many notices of the recent improvements in revolvers, rifles, needle-guns, oval-guns, and so forth, that we need do little more than refer the reader to those pages. But it is well to bear in mind, that almost the whole of these improvements have sprung up since the last great war. True, we had a rifle corps then, as now; but the prevailing infantry arm was 'Brown Bess'—the clumsy musket which is beginning to be held in contempt by all true soldiers. The quantity of bullets and powder wasted by these muskets is now known to be enormous; and if so terrible a thing as war *must* continue, this is no reason why wilful waste should continue also.

It might at first thought appear that these improvements in guns and cannons, balls and bullets, are simply mechanical, not scientific. But this is a fallacy. Every mechanical improvement results either from the discovery of a new scientific principle, or from the extended application of a scientific principle already known. The spiral grooving of a rifle or an oval gun, derives its efficacy from the scientific law, that if a body in motion can be made to rotate on its axis while moving, its course will be straighter than under any other circumstances. Many of the new-fashioned balls and bullets receive their peculiar shapes as a means of enabling them to conform to the grooves in the gun, and thus take a rotatory tendency; while others are shaped in deference to a dynamic law concerning 'the solid of least resistance.' We may surely depend upon it, that no great mechanical improvement is made without a previous development of some of the beautiful scientific laws whereby all processes are regulated. It may, perhaps, be remembered, that a controversy arose some short time ago respecting the relative value of cast iron and wrought iron for great guns; all our cannon are at present cast or founded, and men of the old school assert that such are the best; but Mr Nasmyth—one of that class of manufacturers now so remarkable, who exhibit a grasp of mind so much beyond that of mere hammerers of iron—lately offered reasons for thinking that wrought-iron guns would be better. So much reliance is placed by the public in the Nasmyths, and Fairbairns, and Whitworths, who have conducted long and elaborate investigations into the properties of iron, that Mr Nasmyth had offers of pecuniary aid to any amount to test his theory concerning wrought-iron guns; but he was able to announce in the *Times*, that the government, more prompt here than in many other matters, have taken up the subject. Mr Nasmyth is, at the time we are writing, engaged in the production of the guns. Nothing can yet be predicted as to the result; but the suggestion itself arose out of scientific investigations concerning the metals: and this is why the matter is mentioned here.

The properties of wrought iron just adverted to, and certain improvements in the manufacture of plates of enormous thickness, may be regarded as the forerunners of those unparalleled gun-boats, preparing at Low Moor, Newcastle, and elsewhere. Let the Clarendons and the Drouyn de Lhuys, the Nesselrodes and the Buols, and the other diplomatists, settle their protocols, and conferences, and 'notes' as they may; all the English public certainly know at present is, that we are still at war; and remembering that our huge ships were too large for the Baltic plans of '54, iron gun-boats are in preparation for '55. And such boats! Boats built up of iron plates, the majority of which will be four inches thick, and will weigh 4000 pounds each! Boats that will weigh, when fully laden, something like 2000 tons, and will carry twelve monster Lancaster-guns each! Boats that, if iron could laugh, will laugh to scorn all that cannon-shots can do against them! None such could have been constructed, until our manufacturers had arrived at the means of producing wrought plates of great thickness.

And what of *steam?* This is wholly a new warlike agent since the last great war. Every year the screws and the paddles are gaining ground upon the old ships of war; and the finest docks, perhaps, in the United Kingdom—the new Keyham Docks at Devonport—are wholly intended for war-steamers. It is not here that we need speak of the magnificent *Himalaya*, built for the Peninsular and Oriental Company, but now purchased by the government as a war-steamer; of the great *Duke of Wellington*, and the equally great *Royal Albert*, with their 121 guns each; or of the other large steamers built within the last few years; but it is well to bear in mind, that these fine examples of science applied to the arts have all the properties and powers of complete sailing ships of war, superadded to those which can pertain only to steamers. A mighty application of steam-power to warfare was suggested by Mr Nasmyth in 1853, in a letter to some of the public journals. He proposed the construction and employment of a steam floating-mortar, for destroying the largest ship by one blow. The plan consists in the adjustment of a monster self-exploding shell, so placed as to explode on having its breach-end crushed against the breach of a mortar. A motion of three miles an hour, bringing the front-end of the shell against any obstacle, such as the side of a ship, would suffice to explode a percussion-cap, which would then kindle the powder in the shell, and the whole shell would burst from the mortar, and act with crushing force against the obstacle. The mortar would form part and parcel of a steam-vessel of peculiar construction, almost impregnable by shot or shell; this vessel would advance slowly, end on, against an enemy's ship; the mortar would touch the ship at about six feet below water-level; the mere act of collision would explode the shell; and in the opinion of Mr Nasmyth, 'no ship that has ever been built, whether of wood or iron, could survive the fearful hole which a monster shell, exploded under such circumstances, would produce.' This fearful scheme has never, so far as we are aware, been put to the test of trial. Nor, indeed, has the steam-gun. Those who recollect the Adelaide Gallery in past years, will call to mind Mr Perkins's steam-gun, which propelled sixty bullets in a minute, and flattened them against a target of sheet iron. The affair has lately been revived, with additional claims to terrific power; but the actual propulsion of missiles by steam-power, in grim and earnest battle, has yet to commence.

And what of *gun-cotton?* This wonderful substance, which was described in one of the volumes of the Journal for 1846, is prepared simply by steeping ordinary cotton-wool in a chemical liquid. It explodes at a lower temperature than gunpowder; it explodes more rapidly than gunpowder; and with equal weights, it explodes with greater violence and destructive power than gunpowder. We have seen Professor Faraday explode two trains—one of powder and one of gun-cotton—simultaneously; and although of equal length, the cotton train vanished by explosion sooner than the powder train. This marvellous agent, then, invented or discovered by M. Schönbein in 1846, has been awaiting its day of usefulness. Men have seemed to be almost frightened by its vast power, and its practical applications have hitherto been few; but it has lately been announced, that 160 guns are being cast at Vienna, expressly for the employment of gun-cotton instead of gunpowder as a means of propelling the balls. A surmise has been thrown out, that the Russians may possibly have been making and using gun-cotton at Sebastopol; for it is unquestionably a fact that a few bales of cotton, and a few gallons of nitric and sulphuric acids, may be converted into gun-cotton much more quickly than any possible process of gunpowder making. The readers of Alison and other historians, will remember what prodigious efforts the French made, sixty years ago, to provide nitre for gunpowder-making; and it is impossible to avoid being struck with the mighty improvement offered by a system which depends on one of the cheapest and most abundant of vegetable fibres, and two of the cheapest and most abundant acids. Whether there is full truth in the assertion, that gun-cotton 'is from four to six times as powerful as gunpowder; it is quicker in its discharge; it makes little smoke; it does not foul the gun; it saves the delay of priming; it seldom misses fire in the worst weather; it may even be kept in water seven years without injury; it heats a gun less than powder; and it will be found safer in use, and eventually less dangerous to manufacture'—whether all this be true, we do not know, but assuredly we shall hear something of gun-cotton battling ere long, if the present war continue.

And what of *railways?* Let the reader only reflect a moment, and he will appreciate some of the wonderful changes which must inevitably be wrought in systems of warfare by the existence of railways. A railway will carry a complete regiment, 1000 strong, 100 miles in four hours; and if we compare this with the old system of fatiguing road-marches, the contrast will present itself vividly before us. Then the provisions, the gunpowder, the shot and shells, the stores, the ambulances, the medicines and surgical appliances—all might travel six or eight times as rapidly by rail as by heavy wagons on roads; and where there are no roads at all, or such channels of slime and mud as the roads at Balaklava seem to have been lately, the contrast, of course, becomes yet wider. This rapidity of movement is, in the fullest sense of the term, equivalent to a vast increase in an army; for the same corps might fight in four different parts of a kingdom within a few days, and be saved nearly all the fatigue of long marches. Suppose the czar had a continuous railway from St Petersburg to Odessa, *via* Moscow and Warsaw or Kiev, what vast bodies of troops might he not bring to bear upon one spot at one time! Even as it is, the rail from St Petersburg to Moscow aids him; while the Prussian lines from Berlin towards Cracow and Prague, and the Austrian lines from Vienna to the heart of Hungary, may yet render powerful aid as military roads. But the most remarkable instance of railway enterprise, perhaps, in connection with war, is the daring construction of a railway in an enemy's country, to assist us in bombarding and storming that very enemy's pet fortress. Who would have dreamed of a Crimea railway, made for a temporary purpose of besieging one single city, and constructed by the same Petos and Brasseys who have covered our own island with a net-work of railways? Towards the end of November, as most of our readers are probably aware, these eminent contractors undertook to construct a short railway in the Crimea—declining, if we understand aright, to reap any profit in the enterprise—claiming only to be reimbursed the actual outlay. They advertised for navvies, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, blacksmiths, plate-layers, engine-men, and others; and they were soon overwhelmed with applications from men willing to aid in any way to 'fight the Rooshians.' A number were engaged at high wages, for six months certain; and the whole arrangements were completed with astonishing energy and quickness—just such as we might expect from such men. The undertaking was—to construct a double line of railway from Balaklava to near the batteries, with single lines to each battery; materials for fifteen miles of line are to be provided; and the trains are to be drawn by wire-ropes, worked by stationary steam-engines. Vessels have sailed with the men and stores from London, Liverpool, Hull, and Sunderland. The first detachment sailed from Liverpool on 21st December, in a ship purchased by the contractors, and fitted up comfortably for about sixty or seventy men. The whole armament has required, or will have required when completed, eight or ten ships to convey it; for although the 'railway regiment' does not much exceed 500 strong, the weight of stores is immense—1800 tons of rails and fastenings, 6000 sleepers, 600 loads of timber, 3000 tons of engines, cranes, trucks, wagons, barrows, blocks, tackle, wire-rope, picks, bars, capstans, shovels, sawing-machines, forges, carpenters' benches, smiths' tools—a pretty considerable list this! The wholesome food, the warm clothing, the long hip-boots for muddy Balaklava, the oil-skin overalls, the huts for forty men each, the railway-sheets and waterproof-covers, the ample supply of coal and firewood, the baking and boiling and frying cooking-stove for every gang of ten men, the staff of surgeons and nurses, the supply of medicines and sick-bed comforts, the chaplain and the schoolmaster, the books and the writing-tackle—nothing has been forgotten. We may safely anticipate, although the time has not yet come for narrating the deeds of the railway regiment, that we shall hear of few such bungling achievements as those which have given unenviable notoriety to the government officials; for these Petos and Brasseys are accustomed to ascertain exactly what is to be done, and to calculate exactly the time at which, and the quantity in which, each contingent will be required. Even if one of the ships should go to the bottom, it would occasion only partial delay; for every kind of material is distributed pretty equally among all the ships.

And what of *electricity?* Is it possible that this evanescent, subtile, mysterious agent, can be made available in warfare, as in the lecture-room? Not only possible, but in all sober truth practicable. Vexing as have been the delays and the false reports in the transmission of news from the Crimea to France and England, short messages have undoubtedly passed to and fro in one-fourth of the time which would have been required but for the electric-telegraph. Until lately, the continuous European wire extended from Calais and Ostend to the south-eastern frontiers of the Austrian Empire; but while we now write, the railway journals announce the further completion of the wire to Bucharest, in the heart of Wallachia, and within a short distance—telegraphically considered—of Varna on the one hand, and the mouths of the Danube on the other. There is talk of extending it forthwith to Varna, Galatz, and Ibraila; and there are even projects—though we do not know whether more than projects—for a submarine cable from the Sulina mouth of the Danube to Cape Chersonese in the Crimea. One could almost find in one's heart to feel provoked if such grand railway and telegraphic schemes should fall to the ground by the re-establishment of peace—so much does the world love to contemplate anything which has resulted from genius, or bravery, or energy. However, be it peace or war, there has really been a miniature electric-telegraph sent out to the Crimea; and of a very ingenious kind. The Electric-telegraph Company, in November last, supplied the government with a small but very compact apparatus. It consisted of two wagons, each containing a complete set of batteries and electric apparatus, with a sufficient supply of insulated wire to establish a telegraphic communication to a distance of twelve miles, either subterranean or submarine. Each wagon was to be drawn by six horses, and to be accompanied by a staff of mounted officers and men belonging to the Sappers and Miners. There were also furnished many ingenious appliances for laying out the wire over irregular ground, and through marshes and rivers; and all the implements could be brought into working-order in the course of a few minutes. The principal objects in view seem to be—to hold communication, by night as well as by day, between the opposite banks of rivers, distant outposts, battering intrenchments, vessels at sea, and especially between vessels and the shore. The telegraphic wire is to be deposited in the ground by means of a subsoil-plough, or rather by a plough resembling the draining-plough invented a few years ago; the wire is coiled round a wheel, which rotates on a vertical axis fixed to a light truck, and drawn by six or eight men. Twelve coils of wire, each about a mile in length, were provided; and these coils, as well as all the working-tools, were neatly packed in the two wagons. One peculiarity of this very ingenious plan is, that the wire can at any time be readily taken up, and relaid in another locality.

Whether we shall ever fire off guns by electricity, remains to be seen; but another project in relation to Sebastopol, in addition to the telegraph, affords a means of appealing to this wonderful agent. Every one knows that, when warm work became certain in and around the beleaguered city, Prince Menschikoff ordered several ships of war to be sunk at the entrance of the harbour, to prevent the approach of the allied ships—an object which seems certainly to have been attained. How to blow up these self-same sunken vessels, is a task which electricity has been called upon to accomplish. The newspapers, some short time ago, announced the shipment for the Crimea of thirteen ponderous iron cylinders, each to contain one thousand pounds of gunpowder! These are (or were, according to the announced intention) to be lowered alongside of, and in contact with, the hulls of the sunken ships, and then to be exploded by an electric wire, in the same manner as many other submarine blastings have been conducted—such as that of the *Royal George* at Spithead.

And what of *photography?* A ship need no longer anchor or enter a harbour to allow draughtsmen time and opportunity to take sketches of fortifications or coast-lines. So wonderfully quick are now the photographic processes, that even the movement of a ship does not render it impracticable to obtain a sun-picture of objects at a short distance. Photographers were sent out, to the Baltic and the Black Sea, both by the government and by the *Illustrated London News;* and every one must admit that—albeit sometimes hastily and roughly engraved—many of the photographic sketches in the newspaper just named, convey a very clear and faithful idea of the nature of the countries where such stirring scenes are in progress. So far as the government is concerned, it seems to be understood that the photographic sketches are to assist the commanders in obtaining a knowledge of the exact state of things in a particular spot at a particular time, without rendering it necessary to visit that spot in person—in short, to give the commander a dozen eyes instead of two.

We might speak of the proposal to make use of a flash of the electric-light to illumine the beleaguered city on a dark night; we might speak of various suggestions relative to the employment of balloons; we might enlarge upon the advantages of the modern use of corrugated sheet iron, to make huts and barracks for the army; we might point to the capital modern improvement of preserving wholesome fresh food in canisters, which can be prepared for eating in camp in a few minutes; but enough. It suffices to speak of new forms of guns, new forms of balls and bullets, wrought-iron gun-boats, steam propulsion for ships, steam discharge of shells and shot, gun-cotton, railways, electric-telegraphs, electric submarine blasting —it suffices to have shewn how much these change the aspect of modern warfare. And even if an honourable and lasting peace should be nearer at hand than it now appears to be, there will not, so long as men's passions lead to war, be wanting interest in these applications of science to the dread art of battling.

THREE DAYS IN AN ITALIAN HOME.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUDING PART.

THE next day an excursion to Ventimiglia, about two miles distant, was proposed; and after some demur from the comtesse, who did not feel equal to the fatigue, and yet hesitated at confiding me to the joint care of the general, Signor Bonaventura, and one of his daughters, whom we were to pick up at her own residence, every difficulty was adjusted, and we departed, the whole establishment being as much excited as if we were going on a journey. They had left their own horses at Nice, but a carriage, the handsomest Signor Bonaventura could procure in Ventimiglia, was in waiting at the road, so exquisitely antique, rickety, and inaccessible, that in itself it was a refreshing departure from the routine of everyday life. Our drive along the coast was as beautiful as any part of the road previously traversed, and soon brought us to the town, built on the side of a hill sloping towards the sea—a wonderful little place to be so near a modern resort like Nice, and yet retaining so much originality. Whether owing to the splendour of our equipage, or the charm of our personal appearance, it becomes me not to determine, but it is undeniable that as our steeds shambled up the steep narrow street, every window was garnished with curious faces; and as we passed the apothecary's, where the priests and doctors gossipped, and the caffé, where the gentry lounged and smoked, hats were doffed on all sides, and a gratifying effect was evidently created. The general, excessively delighted, twirled his gray moustache, and affably returned the greeting; then, Signor Bonaventura's daughter having joined us, marshalling the party with military precision, he took upon himself the office of cicerone, and led the way to the Duomo, a very ancient structure, built on the site of a temple of Juno. On the piazza before it, until very recently, stood some oak-trees of great antiquity, which popular tradition had pronounced to form part of the wood sacred to the goddess. The ruthless canons of the cathedral, a few years ago, caused the old church to be thoroughly cleaned, and actually had the whole exterior painted over, although it was of stone, of the earliest period of ecclesiastical architecture. In the inside is preserved a marble slab, the sole relic of the ancient temple, containing a dedicatory inscription to the ox-eyed goddess, whereon antiquaries have puzzled and disputed to an edifying extent. A few faded pictures and tawdry ornaments were the only attempts at embellishment; and even these seemed at a very low ebb, for there was a printed notice near one of the confessionals, asking for contributions towards the purchase of a new image of the Madonna—a box, with a slit in the cover, being placed beneath it, to receive any offerings for that purpose. Next we went to a convent belonging to the Panonichesse Lateranensi—a visit to which had been the desire of my heart ever since my arrival at Latte, to the amusement of the whole family, who could not understand why such an everyday sight, as this and similar establishments appear to them, should interest me so much. The convent was a large, irregularly built pile, until the end of the seventeenth century the palace of the Counts of Ventimiglia, who here for a long period maintained a struggling feudal supremacy, waging wars with the neighbouring petty states, or else making common cause with them in resisting the suzerainship of the House of Savoy; which, in the gradual annexation of the territories constituting the present kingdom of Sardinia, had separately to contend with numberless principalities, marquisates, and republics, each jealous of its own independence, and regardless of the claims of the common weal.

Up a broken open staircase to a portico in front of the convent church—where two or three slipshod women were seated al fresco, plaiting each other's hair, or engaged in that animating chase an old Florentine painter has facetiously designated 'the Murder of the Innocents'—we passed to a side-door, at which an old woman presented herself, and inquired what we wanted. This individual officiated as portress to the nuns, went to market, executed their commissions, and brought them all the Ventimiglia news. In her appearance there was nothing poetical or impressive; she had not even two great rusty keys at her girdle, but was attired in a print-gown, somewhat the worse for wear, with an obvious deficiency of neatness in the tiring of her silvery tresses, and of freshness in her *chaussure*.

The general gave his name and title, and asked for La Madre Teresa, although, as he owned to me, he had but a dim recollection of her face, all minor associations being lost in the halo cast around a certain beautiful abbess, now no more, a distant connection of his family, whom, many years before, when staying with some relations at Ventimiglia, he had often conversed with at the grating. With great respect, we were now ushered into a sort of gallery, lighted by windows, around which the dust and cobwebs of many months had been suffered to gather unmolested. Opposite to these were two large apertures in the wall, defended by a double grating of thick iron bars, just wide enough to admit of passing a hand between their interstices, but placed at such a distance from each other, that the hand thus advanced could only reach far enough to grasp a hand similarly extended from the opposite side; so that even to press a kiss upon some fair nun's taper fingers was out of the question—a contingency, no doubt, had in view in the placing of the grating.

The general said facetiously, that in his visits to the abbess he had adopted the English fashion, and used to shake her heartily by the hand; 'and it must be confessed, poor soul,' he added with a sigh, 'she did press mine cordially in return.'

And now a rustling of robes was heard, as a door, invisible from where we stood, opened, and La Madre Teresa came forward, having evidently made some slight changes in her toilet, and not a little fluttered by this unexpected summons. She was a small, spare woman, with that waxen complexion which a sedentary unvarying routine of existence generally produces, peering, light-gray eyes, sharp features, but a kindly expression about the mouth and chin. As she stood behind the grating, courtesying first to one and then to the other, she would have made a very picturesque study in her white woollen robes and black mantle, the light from the window in the corridor falling upon her figure, and detaching it from the gloomy background. Still, the effect was nothing, the general found an opportunity of whispering—nothing to be compared to that produced by his lamented abbess, who used to come sweeping in with the dignity of a queen, every fold and plait of her drapery exquisitely adjusted. But to return to La Madre Teresa. After a few complimentary phrases, she inquired to what she might attribute the honour of this visit, of which the real motive was simply the gratification of my prying curiosity: the ostensible one, I grieve to acknowledge, was of an ignoble nature, although when communicated by Signor Bonaventura, previously instructed in his part, it did not appear as such to strike the old nun. It regarded the purchase of cakes! With as much good grace as he could assume while talking to a nun—for Signor Bonaventura was of the new school, and violently, intolerantly opposed to all monastic institutions, notwithstanding which, to please his wife, and for the sake of peace, his own daughters had been brought up in a convent—he began to relate 'how an English lady of distinction,' pointing to me—La Madre courtesied more deeply than before—'having heard in her own country of the famous cakes made by the nuns of Ventimiglia, was now come in person to test their excellence. Did the sisterhood chance to have any upon sale?'

The old lady was evidently pleased; and begging to be excused for an instant, retired to give her directions to the slatternly outdoor attendant apparently; for when the conference broke up, we found her in waiting with some neatly-papered packets of these celebrated comestibles—which, by the by, were really excellent, masterly compounds of almonds, olive-oil, and honey. Returning herself speedily to the grating, she engaged in an animated conversation in the Genoese dialect, which, or something very nearly approaching to it, is spoken at Ventimiglia—the general being evidently her favourite, and the one to whom most of her remarks were addressed. Her local memory was wonderful: she spoke about people he had utterly lost sight of; knew all their histories for thirty years past; their children's ages, marriages, and so forth; combined with a minuteness of detail, that nothing but the prolonged concentration of her faculties within a most circumscribed sphere could have enabled her to attain.

'Does Von Scia'—a corruption of the French *Votre seigneurie*—'Does Von Scia remember the Conte L——, who lived in the street just opposite the barber's, and had an only daughter, whom he married to the son of the Marchese of A——, who went away with the French to fight, and died of cold in England when the Great Napoleon burnt that town.—Ah, dear, I forget the name—stop—yes, yes, it was London. Well, as I was saying, his daughter, grand-daughter to the conte, was placed with us for her education, and then married at sixteen, the day after she left these walls: the spouse was rather *gobbo*—that is, humpbacked—and fifty years old, but very rich; so it was a good match. Von Scia has surely not forgotten her: you were a young man then?'

'Oh, I recollect perfectly, perfectly,' groaned the general.

'Well, she was not happy—as indeed who is in marriage?—and her youngest daughter being externally like her father in person, the Madonna gave her grace to see the vanity of the world; so that nearly a year ago her solemn admission amongst us took place. In another month or so, she will take the final vows. Oh, it is a peaceful, blessed life to those who are called to enter it! Does Von Scia imagine that the wicked government intends shortly to suppress all the religious communities?'

'The question they always ask,' observed Signor Bonaventura in an under-tone.

'Ah! we must hope,' said the general gravely. 'It would be terrible: you have been here so many years.'

'Thirty-seven completed on the Festival of the Assumption.'

'Impossible! You must have entered a mere child.'

'I took the veil at sixteen,' said the Madre Teresa with a simpering smile, which demonstrated that she, too, was not invulnerable on all women's weak point.

'How strange,' I said, 'to think that since then you have never stirred beyond these walls!'

'Never, signora. But we have a large vineyard and orchard, from which there is a fine view of the sea and the high-road, and we can see the diligence passing at some distance. It is the finest situation in all Ventimiglia,' she added proudly.

'You do not even go out to attend the sick?'

'No, signora; that is not one of the duties of our order: we are cloistered *religiose*. We pray and meditate, embroider and make the confectionary you have heard so much praised—I fear beyond our poor deserts.'

'Do you take pupils?'

'In former years, signora, before these unfortunate changes, this decline of religion in the state, we had many *educande;* at this moment, we have but one young lady under our care.' And then with great volubility she went on lamenting the degeneracy of the present day, and telling us how changed times were since her youth, when every cell in the convent had its occupant. 'We were upwards of seventy then,' she said with a suppressed sigh; 'now we only number eighteen.'

'Out of which I have heard that several are infirm and bedridden,' remarked Signor Bonaventura, with an affected air of commiseration.

It made one shudder to think how ghostly the long corridors and fifty-two empty chambers must look, and how dreary in their hearts the poor nuns must feel, dwindling away, till four or five withered, shadowy forms would soon be all that remained to talk over the glories of the days gone by.

The poor nun seemed quite sorry when we broke up the conference, and gazed at us wistfully through the bars, taking in all the peculiarities of our appearance for the benefit of the whole sisterhood, when repeating the details of what would constitute a memorable incident in her life. After quitting the *parlatojo*, we went into the convent chapel, rather a pretty structure, with some indifferent paintings, and a good deal of gilding. Over the altar there was a latticed gallery, in which the nuns could assist unseen at the celebration of mass, and another behind the organ, for those who formed the choir. Though the sun was shining so brightly outside, an unaccountable chillness and gloom pervaded the building, which Signor Bonaventura contended was like a living tomb, fit to be the receptacle of decrepit nuns. At this remark his daughter, who stood in great awe of her father, and had not opened her lips the whole time, ventured a word in defence of the convent in which she had been educated; but being told that women knew nothing of such matters, relapsed into the silent study of my bonnet and mantle, wherein she had hitherto been happily engrossed. As for the general, he took Signor Bonaventura's pleasantries in such good part, that it was well the comtesse was not present; what with these, and the allusions to the abbess, the poor lady would have been grievously discomposed.

From this we went clambering up narrow streets of steps to the church of San Michele, whilom a temple of Castor and Pollux, afterwards a convent of Benedictines, full of Roman antiquities, with a very old crypt, and a number of inscriptions, and a variety of other memorabilia, which I was surveying in helpless ignorance, when the general, who had sent Signor Bonaventura away on some mysterious mission, darted forward joyfully at seeing him appear with a young man, whom it turned out he had been despatched to summon.

'Here he is—here he is,' he exclaimed; 'our archæologist, our poet, our historian!' and then, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, presented him to *questa Signora Inglese molto dotta*—this learned English lady, who was making researches on the classical remains of Ventimiglia, and wished for authentic information concerning them.

The general then seated himself near a confessional, and indulged in a little well-earned repose, while the youth, who was not more than nineteen or twenty, attired in a suit of chess-boardlike checks, plunged at once into the duties that had been assigned him. He was a little nervous at first, but had none of the distressing bashfulness which would have overpowered an English lad, a complete bookworm, and wholly unused to society; in fact, it is rare to see an Italian thoroughly awkward or thoroughly timid. Their native loquacity always stands them in good stead. In this instance, moreover, a certain amount of modest assurance was not wanting. With surprising fluency the young savant favoured us with a dissertation on the temple, the church, the crypt, Roman milestones, Etruscan vases, and medieval architecture. The effect was remarkable; no orator could have desired a greater testimony in his favour. The lean sacristan, with the keys of the crypt in his hand, stood transfixed with admiration; Signor Bonaventura tried to look very wise; the general, awaking from his nap, made no effort at comprehending the discourse, but kept nodding his approbation; and the eight-and-twenty children, who had accompanied us into the church, ceased begging for centimes, and maintained a respectful silence. As for me, in whose honour this antiquarian lore was displayed, I felt incompetent to proffer more than a yes or no, hazarded at intervals, trembling lest some inappropriate rejoinder should discover my lamentable deficiency, and mortify the poor student, who was evidently so happy in holding forth to one he considered a kindred spirit, that it would have been a pity to dispel the harmless delusion. When at last we got out of the church, he grew more intelligible to my capacity; and leaving the past to itself, bethought himself of the attractions of the present, and conducted us to a bastion, just outside one of the gates of the city, which, small as it now is, with not more than 8000 inhabitants, was really of importance in the time of the Romans, or a still earlier period; from this grassy eminence, he said, one of the loveliest views in the whole Riviera was to be seen; and that he had Ugo Foscolo's authority for the assertion. And, in truth, he was not far wrong. Looking inland, there was a fertile plain, rich in the golden fruits and mellow tints of autumn, through which the river Roja ran its sparkling course, the mountains from whence it took its rise closing gradually on all sides, till a vast amphitheatre of hills formed the majestic background, towering in grandeur, piled one above another, the peaks of the last alpine range capped with snow, and suffused with a rosy light from the reflection of the setting sun. Then, turning to the sea, reposing in the gorgeous beauty of that hour, the close of a cloudless day, we saw the glittering towers and steeples of the cities of the coast—Bordighera, called the Jericho of Italy, from the palm-trees with which its environs are thickly studded; a few miles further on, the venerable walls of San Remo; more distant still, Porto Maurizio; and others, and others yet, each nestling against the guardian promontory which stretched forth for its shelter and protection—each mirrored in the fairy bay, which seemed exclusively its own.

Our young friend was much pleasanter here than in the crypt. He repeated Ugo Foscolo's description with an enthusiasm which made one regret that the talents and love of study he undoubtedly possessed should have taken so useless a direction. His case is an illustration of that of many an Italian man of genius, who has lost himself amid ruins, and given to crumbling remains the time and energies which might have benefited his country and mankind.

On escorting us to the carriage, he presented me with an Inquiry into the Dedicatory Inscription to Juno, and an essay on the Antiquities of Ventimiglia, his first literary productions; and, finally, composed an ode full of classic, mythologic, and historical allusions in honour of the daughter of Albion, whose studies, he fancied, were of so edifying a description. It was enclosed the next day in a letter to the general, with a request that he would lay it at the feet of the illustrious stranger. The whole family were charmed; the general scanned the lines critically, and said: 'The boy should go to Turin, and get on;' the comtesse copied them out; Signor Bonaventura was pleased that Ventimiglia was not without its representative in Parnassus; while I—delighted to find that at thirty miles from Nice, where I had despaired of seeing anything but English shops and English travellers, three days should have been so fertile in Italian scenes and Italian manners—looked upon this last incident as quite the crowning stroke of my pleasant visit to Latte.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON STEAM-VESSEL DISASTERS.

A few weeks ago, we called attention to the many recent disasters to ocean steamers, some of which, from all the circumstances known, we could not but impute to a certain degree of carelessness. Among the various cases mentioned, was that of the *City of Philadelphia*, an iron screw-steamer, which was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, fortunately without loss of life. Our notice of this unhappy affair has led to some correspondence with parties acquainted with the circumstances of the disaster; and not less for the purpose of setting the public right with respect to the conduct of the commander of the ill-fated vessel, than of saying a few words on Atlantic navigation generally, we now revert to the subject.

As is usual in similar cases of loss, certain special inspectors were appointed by the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, to inquire into the cause of the wreck of the *City of Philadelphia*, and the Report they drew up, after hearing all proper evidence, is now before us. We learn from this document, that several things conspired to produce the misfortune. The vessel left Liverpool on the 30th of August, with a crew of 88, and 549 passengers, besides two medical officers, and two stewardesses. The commander, Captain Robert Leitch, was an experienced seaman, having for years been in command of Atlantic vessels, and made as many altogether as eighty voyages across that great ocean without a single accident. A new vessel, well equipped, and in such hands, might have been expected to perform her voyage to America in safety. We shall immediately see, however, what seemingly small matters govern the fate of ocean steamers. During the early part of the voyage, it was found that little reliance could be placed on three out of the four compasses disposed about the deck or upper part of the vessel. Only one, 'the standard compass,' seemed to agree with the solar observations which were taken, and with the dead-reckoning—that is, the measurement by log. This only useful compass was not, indeed, free from errors, but a table of these had been procured, and calculations were made accordingly. About mid-day of 7th September, the vessel was known to be off the coast of Newfoundland, and fresh care appears to have been exercised. The captain gave such directions as he believed would carry the ship thirty miles south of Cape Race. 'About 8 P.M.,' says Captain Leitch in his evidence, 'it became foggy, and I therefore ordered a man to be stationed alongside the engine, two hands on the forecastle to look out, also an officer on the bridge, and another officer at the binnacle. I took these precautions, not under the impression that I should make the land, but in case of meeting with ice or a collision with another vessel. About 11-30 P.M., the vessel struck Cape Race Rock'—of course to the surprise of the commander, who now, with great tact and presence of mind, ran for St Johns; but owing to the rising of the water in the forward hold and stock-hole, fires being put out, and bursting of the forward compartments, he shortly made for the nearest land. All the passengers were sent ashore in the boats, with their luggage, and means of shelter. A part of the cargo was also saved. In reality, praise is due for these ulterior and humane operations; and, as regards the disaster itself, the inspectors report as their opinion, 'that every precaution had been taken by Captain Leitch and the officers of the *City of Philadelphia*, and they exculpate them from all censure in connection with this unfortunate affair.'

The misapprehension of the ship's actual position on the day of the wreck remains to be accounted for; this appears to have been the result of a strong current to the north-east, which was afterwards found to have been running several days, whereas, according to previous experience, the current here might have been expected to be towards the south-west. Why a vessel may thus be carried out of its assigned course, without any indication from the compass, will readily be understood. When a boat, for example, crosses a swift-flowing river, it drifts at the same time sidewise, and has therefore a double motion, but without any change of relation to the points of the compass. Consequently, if a vessel at sea drifts into an unknown current, its compasses may not reveal the fact, and only from other circumstances would the true position of the ship be ascertained.

The government inspectors do not quit the subject without making some remarks on the dangers prevalent in the quarter where the wreck took place. The currents appear to be variable, and not determined by any regular or well-known laws. By holding too far to one side, a vessel gets on Cape Race; and keeping to another side, it may run on what are termed the Virgin Rocks. The channel, in short, is extremely dangerous. Why, then, not steer out of the line of these combined horrors? Because, it is argued, by keeping somewhat southward—that is, more towards the outer edge of the Banks of Newfoundland—there is a chance of coming in collision with vessels on the fishing-ground; so that in attempting to avoid one danger, another would be incurred. It is likewise stated, that for several months of the year there is less chance of meeting with ice near Newfoundland than at a distance of from one to two hundred miles from it. This danger from ice greatly complicates the navigation of the North Atlantic. On some occasions, icebergs are seen rising to a height of several hundred feet, and of an extent in length and breadth not much less than the whole of Scotland. The worst season of the year for these floating masses is towards early summer, when the ice breaks southward from Baffin's Bay; but ice has lately been found floating about even as far on in the year as August and September. It has been plausibly proposed, that steam-vessels bound from England to North American ports should steer very considerably southward, so as to be beyond the sphere of ice, fogs, and fishing-vessels; but supposing that such dangers might be lessened by adopting a southern route, there can be little doubt that the public would be the first to complain. The shortest route in measured miles to Boston, New York, and other North American ports, is by way of Cape Race; and if this route is the more dangerous, the fault of taking it lies on the head of those who call for speed. In engaging berths in Atlantic steamers, the question put is not which is the safest ship or the safest course, but 'How long do you take to go?' and it is notorious that the vessels making the quickest passages are *always preferred*.

From all we can learn—and the fact is to be referred to with no little gratification—a reckless indifference to safety is not a characteristic of commanders in the British transatlantic service. Familiarity with the sea does not appear to produce a contempt of ocean hazards; but, on the contrary, commanders become cautious with experience. How else, after considering all the ordinary dangers of the sea, are we to account for the wonderfully small number of disasters? It is calculated that already as many as 2000 voyages have been made by steam across the Atlantic, and that the passengers carried have not fallen far short of 200,000. Yet, if we exclude the more than ordinary share of disasters last year, how few have been the losses of ships or of lives!

With something cheering in such general results, there is in the circumstance of occasional disasters matter for very grave consideration. Science is bound to make every effort to baffle the vicissitudes of the ocean; and more particularly as regards those influences which derange the action of the compass, some additional knowledge is required. From the evidence taken by marine boards and others, it appears that serious mishaps may arise from deviations of the compass, such being caused not alone by original defects in the instrument, or by circumstances connected with the ship, but by atmospheric phenomena. We have been informed of a recent case, in which a vessel on nearing Newfoundland was steered 150 miles out of its proper course, in consequence of the compass being deranged by an aurora borealis; and thus, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance, when solar observations cannot be taken, a vessel may be driven with violence on the very rocks which it was a special object to avoid. Lately, there have been some deeply interesting investigations into the nature of compasses; and these, with the regulations for the use of this important class of instruments, will form the subject of a future paper.

We understand that Captain Leitch is about to take command of one of the largest steamers now fitting up for the trade with Philadelphia, and we wish the enterprise every success. From what we have seen of that flourishing city, it appears only to want a constant intercourse with Europe to attain to the importance now exclusively enjoyed by New York.

SOCIAL BOREDOM.

Society in England is an intensely respectable thing; but it is also very dull. When we reflect, indeed, on the little satistaction one generally has in recollection of any of those assemblages called dinner or evening parties, it might be wondered why people have such meetings at all. We suppose they feel that they must meet somehow, and meet they do accordingly; but, from some deficiency in the national genius, they have not been able as yet to make these meetings really enjoyable. All acknowledge the leaden pressure of a decorous dulness, which pervades more or less each party they attend, but all alike seem helpless to effect an improvement. We go on suffering under this social boredom, and possibly shall do while the English idea of respectability is what it is.

Even in that comparatively simple affair, the morning-call, it is marvellous how much stupidity besets us. People go to other people's houses, nine times out of ten hoping they may not be at home; or if admitted, sailing up into the drawing-room, just for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour—merely to go through a ceremony, not to converse with their friends. Indeed, friendly intercourse among acquaintances is the last thing we think of in our England. We must be very, very intimate, before we relax from the glacial dignity we think it due to ourselves to maintain. We are afraid of being friendly; we are afraid of being natural. We partly fear our neighbours; partly we are uncertain of ourselves. Pride, or what they call *mauvaise honte* across the water, makes us reserved on the one hand, dreading lest we should be thought too forward; and pride, of the complexion of arrogance, keeps us back on the other, dreading lest the blessing of our speech should fall on ground socially unconsecrated. For we are so careful of the respectability of all with whom we hold even the most casual intercourse! That story of the Oxford man, who refused to jump into the river to save a drowning commoner, on the plea 'that he had never been introduced to him,' though a palpable exaggeration, has still much truth in it. We are, undoubtedly, more creatures of society than of humanity; we are more conventional than natural; more formal than real; and this it is which pervades our whole social system like a blight—this absurd fear of ourselves, which, indeed, is the very reverse of true pride, mixed in with that baneful arrogance which makes us shrink from our fellow-men, as either too high, or too low, for our notice. True pride and real dignity equalise all men by right of their common humanity: our social pride is only a make-believe after all!

The French fashion of setting one day apart for morning visits, and of thus doing penance pleasantly and becomingly, is a fashion worth considering. In Paris—in all French towns, in fact, where there is any society at all—on a certain day in the week, perhaps it may be only once a fortnight, the lady of the house is 'at home.' She dresses herself in her most fascinating toilet, arranges her bouquets and her vases, takes up a piece of gorgeous work, and sits in pretty state, waiting for her visitors. All the world—her world at least—arrives. Ladies in elegant dresses, gentlemen well got-up, '*parfaitement bien mises*,' nay, even little children smart and gay—for the French live much more with their little children than we do—flock to the house. All are sprightly as a crowd of painted parroquets, and about as noisy; pleased with themselves and all the world, chatting with their hostess and with each other—for abroad, visitors meeting under the same roof speak without introduction. Each person on the visiting-list of a responsible person being assumed to be respectable, unless proved the reverse—in England, it is exactly the contrary—all enjoy themselves more during that social scourge of ours—the morning-call—than we do in our finest evening-parties. In fact, it is a party in bonnets, instead of in wreaths. Now, is not this a more amusing, and so far a more rational, way of seeing one's friends than ours? Society is here a business; there a pleasure. Does not this explain much of the difference between us?

But morning-calls are not the only social forms in which we are beaten hollow by our allies. They understand society in all its forms better than we do, and carry the art to the highest point of perfection. As a rule, they seldom give dinner-parties. The rich who do, manage in this as in their soirées and 'at homes.' Their dinners are mostly general invitations to a select few, once a week, or once a fortnight, as the case may be. Of course, we do not mean to say that they never give dinner-parties by private and exceptional invitation as we do, but the proportion to ours, and to their soirées, is very small. They thus get rid of expense, and oftentimes of dulness, in favour of their easy, simple, brilliant, animated evenings, which have more life and less luxury in them than we can imagine, unless we have seen them for ourselves. Their soirées are delicious. There is an ease about their tone, a want of formality and stiffness, that gives them a wonderful charm, especially when we have been bored into mental atrophy by the starch and buckram of our own drawing-rooms. People come in every kind of toilet, at least to the weekly evenings, where there is nothing special going on: if there is, special requests are made, and special rules of costume observed. Some are in quiet morning-dresses—quiet, but so graceful!—and others in brilliant ball-dresses, or in opera-costumes, calling in here on their way to gayer places, fluttering in like beautiful butterflies, as bright and as fleeting, just to have a pleasant chat of a few minutes, and then off to their grander entertainment. But they make a sensation, our finely-plumed visitors; and who does not appreciate the luxury of that? In fact, the weekly soirées of most French houses are merely visits transferred to the evening instead of the morning, as their morning-calls are parties held by daylight instead of waxlight.

It is a pleasant mode of seeing one's friends altogether. It costs little, and that is of consequence, since it happens frequently. A little tea, and a few more lights, make up the sum of the expenses to the host; and the economical who visit him—or rather her, for madame is chief and ruler *chez elle*—may walk if they will, and if they live near enough; or come in omnibuses if they will, and the *correspondance* suits; or do anything else they will in the way of simplicity and economy—wisely thinking that society is to be an amusement, not an inconvenience, and that because a man goes among his friends he need not, as a natural consequence, go into the insolvent's court as well. With us, society is much too expensive. It is a common remark, that a man may live well enough on such and such an income, 'if he keeps no society.' In France, on the contrary, the poorest may see their *monde*; and they do: for their monde go to them for pleasure, not for luxury; and pleasure means gaiety even in simplicity, and not expensive dulness.

As for balls, there is no national contrast in them—they are much the same in both countries; with this difference, that they dance oftener in France than in England. Frequently a dance is got up in those simple weekly soirées we have been speaking of; and there is so much artistic education in France, that you always find one or many in the room able to take the orchestra, able to play waltzes and quadrilles with good accentuation, and in perfect time—the two necessaries of dance-music. So there is no expense of a band; no expense either of suppers, excepting when the ball is a grand affair—the house event of the season: but in general, a little tea and negus, and syrup and water, with a few biscuits, are found quite sufficient for refreshments. In England, the smallest 'carpet dance' is a great expense in refreshments only; not to speak of the wear and tear of temper, and time and trouble, the upsetting of the house, and the revolutionising of society, that follow as natural consequences. But really we think people might move about a room quickly, and in certain patterns, without causing a family fever! In fact, we want simplicity in our society, as we want ease in our manners. We are so formal, and yet so fussy—so expensive, and yet so dull, that 'society' hangs like a dead-weight round the neck of every householder. We are all bored; we are all borers; and none will try to introduce reforms in this overpowering mass of Boredom, everybody contenting himself with looking on in grim objection, and thinking his recorded protest all the work he has to do.

Let us have society, by all means—plenty of it. It is good to see our fellow-creatures often and pleasantly; but why must we always eat in company, like cows and sheep? Why can't we meet for love, not luxury; for pleasure, not show; for happiness, not ruin? Why must we make a feast when Jones, Brown, and Robinson, who dine on mutton-chops at home—as we ourselves do—come and dine with us instead? Why can't Jones, Brown, and Robinson, eat mutton-chops at our house as well as at their own? And why should we try to make them believe that our general diet is turtle and venison? These are vital questions, worth considering and worth answering.

We are too expensive and too stiff in all our social life. Our dress, our furniture, the conditions of our society, all are buckramed and bedizened out of all shape of nature and all power of attainment by people of middling fortunes. We will not speak to those we know perfectly well by sight, name, and reputation without a formal introduction; and we speak to those to whom we have had a formal introduction, as if our minds were stiffened into mere dictionary columns, without a single thought or feeling in them; we see our friends only under circumstances of relative pomp, and parade, and expense, and eschew as mean all simplicity and modesty. Well, all this is very unwise. We might do better. We might take a lesson from our neighbours in the whole art and management of society, and we would be much better off for it; for if we could once unstrap that buckram-belt round our hearts when in the world, and once see the beauty of naturalness in manner, and of simplicity in life, we would never go back to the old ways of reserve and luxury, but would laugh when we wanted to laugh, and speak to any of our same circle we wished to speak to, without fear of compromise to ourselves or of repulse from them; and we would see our friends without parade, and enjoy the pleasure of social intercourse without fuss, expense, or pomp.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE ISLAND.

When Carlo Mosca, with murderous intent, fired at Paolo, just after his successful passage of the moat, the shot took effect, but inflicted only a slight wound. We have already related what occurred immediately afterwards; and how the commandant—rapidly seizing an opportunity that might never present itself again—had delivered himself for ever of a man whose presence was a perpetual threat; for the reader will have guessed that the body which fell to the foot of the rock was no other than that of the wretched jailer. As to the garrison, not one of them took aim at Paolo; they fired in obedience to orders, and were rather pleased than otherwise with their failure. The sympathies of even Neapolitan soldiers are always at the first moment with whoever commits a daring and desperate action in quest of liberty. However, when ordered to separate in small detachments, and follow the three paths which lead from the northern to the southern side of the island, they started, firmly resolved to do their duty, and bring back the Prisoner, dead or alive.

Paolo did not calculate on being so hotly and systematically pursued. When out of musket-range, he stopped for a moment to bind a handkerchief round his right knee, where the wound was; and then continued to climb leisurely. As he rose, zigzagging, a vast but dim prospect over the sea and the distant land was revealed to him. He tried to make out whether there was any boat upon the waters to the west, but the twilight was nearly over, and he could not be sure whether the great white patches that glanced here and there were sails or the foaming slopes of waves. The wind, which roared awfully along the face of the precipice, alarmed him. He began to contemplate the possibility that his friends might be wrecked, or at anyrate compelled to run for shelter. Then he remembered the terrible weather during which he had first met Walter; and felt sure that no milder tempest could overcome that stout heart.

Paolo had miscalculated the time he should occupy in ascending to the summit of the pyramidal island, as well as the amount of strength it would require. His wound also checked his speed; and he was often compelled to pause and take breath. During one of these halts, he heard voices struggling with the wind not much more than a hundred feet below; and learned that several soldiers were rapidly pressing up. Rousing himself to a height of courage which he had not yet reached, he climbed desperately the remainder of the steep path, which led almost perpendicularly to a small platform forming the loftiest point of the island; here he checked himself, and sat down, knowing the advantage of his position, determined to rest. Presently—in a lull of the wind, which shrieked in fitful gusts round that elevated spot—the soldiers were heard calling to one another close at hand.

'Stop!' shouted Paolo, seizing a loose fragment of rock. 'The first who advances, perishes.'

It was afterwards known that the soldiers did not hear these words; but they saw at the summit of the path by which alone they could advance a dark form rising against the starlight, magnified by its isolation, and seeming like a giant ready to overwhelm them beneath a huge rock which he held poised in both hands over his head. They might have shot him down; but they saw their danger if they missed, too distinctly, and retreated hastily under cover. When the way was clear—to convince them how complete were his means of defence—Paolo launched his missile, which went rolling, sliding, leaping, gathering as it were auxiliaries by the way, until the sound was like that of a landslip or an avalanche down the side of the mountain; and many pebbles, launched as from a sling, even pattered on the roof of the prison.

Paolo heard the soldiers calling to him to surrender, and even understood that they did so in a kind and expostulating manner; but he continued rolling stones for a few minutes, and then, starting up, gazed once more vainly in search of a sail round the whole circumference of the island, marked in the starlight by a ring of foam, and began hastily descending the path that led, he believed, directly to the place of rendezvous. He was not pursued; for the soldiers remained long uncertain whether he had moved away or not. For some time the path went along the face of a precipice like a wall, but soon entered a dark defile, encumbered with huge boulders, amidst which, in winter, the rain-floods rush down in a turbid cataract. At the bottom is a little plain, or rather terrace, on which are two or three small fields, and a vineyard, producing all the wine consumed on the island. Beyond, the country is rugged again up to the very edge of the rocks, which, broken by crevices and gullies, descend many hundred feet almost perpendicularly to the sea. The only easy way down was that leading to the spot where Walter and his friends were waiting. The opening was well marked by a little half-ruined hut belonging to Justo, the owner of the vineyard and fields, who, when the grapes were ripening, sent a man to keep watch lest the soldiers should commit depredations. Paolo, in less than half an hour from the time he reached the commencement of the plain, might have been down on the shore, where his friends were only just beginning to be anxious; but to his surprise he saw a light shining from the hut.

The prospect of being seen and followed by Justo's servant, however, was not after all very alarming; so, having hesitated a few minutes, Paolo began advancing along the path, bordered by a wall of loose stones six feet high, that led between the enclosed vineyard and an open field of ripe corn. He had scarcely taken a few steps, when it became manifest that that short delay had saved him from discovery and immediate capture. During the time he had lost in crossing the peak, four men of the garrison, accompanied by the commandant himself, had marched round by the western path, and were now advancing in Indian file towards the entrance of the gorge from which Paolo had just emerged, through Signor Justo's corn, which, however, rose scarcely above their knees. They did not see the fugitive, whose form was confounded with the dark wall close to which he stood.

Girolamo di Georgio, having taken a hasty survey of Paolo's cell, had understood that his project of flight had been long matured, and felt convinced that he must have contrived intelligences with Sicily. The part played by Walter had hitherto appeared mysterious to him, but it seemed now evident that, with the connivance of Mosca, he had planned the Prisoner's escape. Dreadful, he thought, would be the anger of the marchese, who would probably suspect of treachery all the people of the fortress, from the commandant to the meanest soldier. Girolamo resolved, therefore, to leave no means untried to effect the recapture of Paolo immediately; and being perfectly acquainted with the island, was convinced that in a few hours he should succeed. His sagacity told him, likewise, that if Paolo had grounds for expecting assistance from Sicily, he would repair to one of the only three points where boats could approach the rocks without being dashed to pieces. The little companies sent over the peak, and by the eastern path, had been directed to set guard on two little creeks, which, however, in that weather were probably inaccessible; whilst he himself determined to occupy the approaches to the spot where a landing could most easily be effected.

As soon, therefore, as a couple of sentinels had been placed at the entrance of the defile, Signor Girolamo, with his remaining two men, came along the path between the vineyard and the cornfield towards the hut, through the window of which the light still shone. Paolo had crept cautiously into the corn, raising the stalks with his hand after he had passed, and lay still, looking through the thin cover at his pursuers. Luckily the commandant was quite convinced that his own march had been too rapid to allow the fugitive time to reach the plain, and did not think it necessary to push down the defile, at the bottom of which, not long afterwards, Walter's attacking-party formed in silence. He went straight to the hut, and raised the latch of the door without saying 'by your leave!' On entering, he found himself face to face with old Justo, engaged in reading a letter, and with the materials of correspondence before him on a rude table.

The retired fisherman was quite taken by surprise, and remained with open mouth and eyes looking at the intruder, who walked straight up to him, took the letter from his hands, and ordered the two soldiers, who had come to the door of the hut, to mount guard at a respectful distance.

'This, I suppose,' said Girolamo, when they were alone, pointing with a grim smile to the letter he held in his hand, 'contains your report of proceedings in Maretimo. Let me ascertain whether there be sufficient grounds for having you shot in a summary manner.'

Justo crossed his hands humbly on his knees, and looked down without saying a word; so he did not see the cold glance of triumph which the commandant —who had already put one troublesome neighbour out of the way that night—cast upon him. Girolamo di Georgio had long begun to feel that a crisis in his destiny was drawing nigh. The counter-shock of events, which he had almost forgotten, or to which he looked back as to facts in ancient history, at length made itself felt. Although he had been troubled with mighty fears and misgivings, however, the native artfulness and egotism of his character prevailed as soon as the moment of action came. Perish all others, rather than that the fruits of his misdeeds should be snatched from him! He began to consider himself the master of circumstances. Already had he borne unscathed the presence of the marchese; Carlo Mosca, who had wished to know much, and might have known more than he seemed to do, could no longer trouble him; and now his partner and antagonist at play, recently initiated into the mysteries of a dangerous correspondence, was delivered, as it were, into his hands.

The letter which Justo had written was expressed in enigmatical language. It said: '*He* has received and read your missive, and may reply, though not through me. I have not been able to talk with him definitely on your project; but he has *never* absolutely refused. If it could be done so as to bear him harmless with the M., it is possible he would comply. Is not this, however, his only condition in life?—Jailer of Paolo, or nothing. The M. has threatened to preserve him from disgrace only as long as he keeps unbroken watch. As he has no friends at court, the stains on his past life may be brought out at any time. I will talk to him again, and use the great means.'

'Very nicely written for a superannuated pirate,' said the commandant, sneering after he had hummed through this epistle. 'So: I am to be coerced, eh? The great means are to be employed. Well: no time better than the present. We are here quite alone. Pray, frighten me.'

Old Justo, who began to understand that his position was very critical, but did not know to what a desperate mood of mind the harassed commandant had been brought, speaking very low, replied:

'It is not my fault if Count Cacamo has resolved to use his knowledge of your past life to bring you to satisfy a whim.'

'Count Cacamo! My past life! You are very well informed for a mere letter-carrier! Signor Justo, you alarm me.'

The old fisherman thought he could do no better than pursue the advantage he seemed to have gained.

'The count,' he said, in something like the tone of a menace, 'will not explain why he desires the freedom of Paolo. It is sufficient for him to know that a word of his could release him, and put in his place'——

A scornful laugh from the commandant interrupted this imprudent speech.

'If I did not think you mad, old man,' said he, 'I would explain to you how little the mere word of an unhappy wretch, driven to desperation, ready to catch at any straw to save himself, would weigh against fifteen years of fidelity, against indignant rejection of the proposals you have made. It is not sufficient to know secrets, idiot, you must be able to prove them. Let me see whether you have any intelligence left. Under what conditions did you become a privileged visitor to the castle?'

'By submitting to abide by the articles of war,' replied Justo, with a furtive glance at the countenance of his interlocutor.

'Excellent; and further?'

'By taking the oath of allegiance.'

'Which exposes you?'

'To be treated as one of the garrison.'

'And be shot if caught in an act of treachery.'

'Yes!' exclaimed Justo, starting up and approaching the commandant with joined hands; 'but you will not surely, signor, forget that this correspondence has lasted a month; you will not break your solemn word; you will not exercise this barbarous right?'

'I will,' said the commandant; 'and the witness of your punishment shall be Paolo di Falco, who has foolishly broken loose to wander about the island this windy night.'

A loud cheer without, followed by the discharge of several firearms, announced that there were men at hand capable of preventing this act of equivocal justice. A wounded soldier came staggering into the hut, and fell at the feet of the commandant. The voice of Walter, shouting to his people to be calm and keep together, sounded through the air. Presently, a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, followed by Julio and two or three sailors, he came into the hut. Girolamo di Georgio recognised him in a moment; and seeing himself to be quite without any chance of success, prudently said:

'Perhaps I may consider myself your prisoner, Signor Inglese. Do you require my sword?'

'No, no,' replied Walter, blushing very red, for this phrase reminded him that he was committing an act of war; 'keep it to defend yourself. All we want is your Prisoner, Paolo di Falco.'

There was some dignity in the manner with which the commandant, remembering his military position, bowed silently. The sailors murmured; but the fact of finding a guard in that retired place had rather cooled their ferocity; and one or two of them, indeed, began to suspect that to assault a garrisoned prison was no such easy matter after all. When they had expressed their discontent, they looked at Walter, feeling the necessity of a guiding spirit.

'We must consult a moment,' said the Englishman. 'Where is Spada?'

'Pursuing the fugitive with his men,' replied Julio. 'It is important to take him, or he will give the alarm.'

'Keep guard on the hut, and see that neither of these two prisoners escapes, or is hurt,' said Walter, speaking the last words in a low tone.

The soldier, whose fighting-arm was disabled, had sat down in a corner, and was with reason counted as nobody.

'Do not make me a prisoner,' cried Justo. 'I will be your guide and ally. Know, in the first place, that Paolo di Falco is free—escaped from his cell—perhaps within call!'

'Viva! viva!' shouted half-a-dozen voices; and immediately afterwards Paolo himself, almost carried in the arms of Luigi's party, came to the door of the hut, and then breaking from less dear embraces, rushed and fell on Walter's breast, which beat terribly with the conflicting emotions of triumph and remorse. The commandant looked at the scene in amazement and terror. He could not yet understand how so many enemies had suddenly started up around him; but seeing this group of young men—Walter and Paolo, and Julio and Luigi—all gathered together, felt certain that, since a new generation, as it were, had become implicated in interests which touched, he had previously thought, only his comrades in age, the time of retribution could not be far distant. He waxed deadly pale, and sat down with a bewildered look, not noticing the glance of forgiveness, and almost of kindness, which Paolo, as yet unable to speak, cast upon him.

'We must not waste time,' suddenly exclaimed Walter. 'The object of our struggle is accomplished without much bloodshed. Our friend here will be all right in a fortnight'—alluding to the wounded soldier, into whose hand he had slipped a sovereign remedy. 'Let us embark before the enemy come down upon us in force.'

This prudent advice was now received with approving glances. There were two opinions, however, on the plan of retreat. Walter was for marching down the defile at once, leaving the commandant free; but Luigi insisted that he saw forms moving along the edge of the plain, and wisely resolved to retain a hostage.

'You old fellow,' said he to Justo, 'go that way,' pointing to where the fugitive soldier, the sentinels placed at the entrance of the defile, and the party that had pursued over the peak, by this time united, were now moving cautiously round the plain, as if to cut off all retreat towards the sea. 'Go and tell those knaves, that if they fire and miss their governor, *we* shall make sure of him.'

Justo tried to expostulate, and explain his own danger; but his previous offer of service had been disregarded or forgotten in the excitement of Paolo's arrival, and one of the sailors, raising a harpoon in a very menacing way, drove him out of the hut. Here two or three rather demoniacal threats convinced him where the most immediate danger lay; and the poor old man, expecting to receive shots on both sides, proceeded to fulfil the duties of a herald. He seriously debated within himself whether he should not urge the soldiers to fire into the hut, on the chance of his enemy being killed; but this stratagem was not certain of success, and would lead, if it failed, to very dangerous consequences.

The sky by this time had become more cloudy and threatening than before, and the wind rushed down the side of the peak, and roared round its angles with terrific fury. As the retreating party, headed by Luigi and Julio, with the commandant, who preserved an obstinate silence, between them, entered the steep defile leading down to the sea, Paolo whispered to Walter:

'Have I not a right to trust in Providence; and need I fear that all the hopes that are tumultuous here'—laying his hand on his breast—'are to be buried beneath that furious sea this night?'

'Our bark is stout, and we can run before the wind. Do not think of danger; but prepare for an extraordinary scene. We have some one on board the boat'——

'Angela!' exclaimed Paolo, springing forward, and almost changing by the violence of his action a steady retreat into a disgraceful rout.

Walter felt almost angry, as if the hope of Paolo had been unreasonable; and seizing his arm, dragged him back:

'No,' said he in a firm voice; 'not Angela, but her father, the Marchese Belmonte.'

This statement seemed so improbable, that Walter, in broken phrases, had narrated all that had happened, and they had reached the water's edge, before Paolo could understand or believe what was told him. Then he at first begged not to be brought face to face with his enemy.

'I cannot bear this triumph, and would not put him to this torture,' said he.

However, when Walter had whispered to him that it might perhaps be necessary to protect the marchese against violence and insult, he refrained from further objections. It was impossible, indeed, to urge them with effect amidst the howling of the wind, the dashing of the waves against the rocks, and the shouting of human voices. The soldiers, who had been restrained by Justo from firing, were coming down, nevertheless, in a body with fixed bayonets. The sailors were calling to them to keep back, and had succeeded in establishing a kind of parley. Giacomo appeared at first not to hear the hails sent to him over the water, for the masts and rigging of the felucca remained swaying to and fro against the same stars. A light was shewn, however; and presently a small boat could be seen tossing on the waves, sometimes close to the point of rock, under shelter of which it endeavoured to get, sometimes a good way off.

'Bring the marchese,' shouted the sagacious Luigi, foreseeing that their position might shortly become very critical.

The boat seemed to slide away from the shore, and was soon lost to sight amidst the dark waves.

As we have said, the defile leading down from the plain terminated in a kind of crevice, not many feet wide, between two perpendicular rocks. The party of soldiers, headed apparently by a sergeant fully alive to his duty, reached the summit, and having parleyed a little, endeavoured to descend. One or two shots prepared them for resistance, and they retired under cover, but came back again; and the pale gleam of a dozen bayonets—for the other party had at length come up—not more than fifty feet from the water's edge, convinced Walter that a hand-to-hand conflict was imminent. The superiority of numbers and position was manifestly on the side of the enemy; and they did not seem by any means to lack courage. Paolo had seized a harpoon from one of the sailors, and stood in the centre of the aperture; the others ranged themselves on either hand; and as only two persons could come down abreast, it seemed possible to make a good defence, although the weight of the attacking column promised that victory would declare on that side.

'Signor Girolamo,' cried Walter to the commandant, 'keep back your men, or your life will answer for it.'

Girolamo, naturally brave, knew that if he gave the order required in such a tone, no human means could keep him from disgrace; even his soldiers would defy his authority. He did not answer; but, unseen by his guards, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, ready to defend himself, and assist in the attack about to take place.

'And not only yours, but that of the Marchese Belmonte,' added Walter. 'What discipline forbids you to do for yourself, you may do for your superior.'

The boat had by this time returned off the point of rock, and was trying to get to a little piece of water under its shelter.

'Illustrious Marchese!' shouted Luigi, seeing a tall form standing near the rudder, 'announce your presence, or there will be bloodshed. We have here as our prisoner Signor Girolamo di Georgio, commandant of the Island of Maretimo.'

The incredulity with which the commandant had heard Walter's statement was dispelled; for his powerful and dangerous patron, in a fine clear voice, that was heard distinctly above the dashing of the waves on the rocky ledge on all hands, replied:

'What you say is impossible, Signor Spada.'

'Nay, too true,' cried Girolamo, who then turned just as the first bayonet of the attacking-party clashed against the harpoon wielded by Paolo, and in a sonorous voice gave the order to retreat.

'Back, gentlemen, back. A parley, a parley.'

The leader had advanced too far, and remained a prisoner; but the others, hearing a well-known voice, checked their advance—though they had begun to feel the enthusiasm of strife—and retreated a few steps. In the meantime, the marchese landed with the assistance of the sailors, who now understood that his presence saved them from destruction. His keen eyes made out Paolo in that dim light.

'Young man,' said he, 'I shall soon learn, probably, the secret of this strange night, and understand what has happened to me, to you, to all. Do not speak to me. I seem to be the sport of a fantastic dream.'

Then turning to Walter, and seizing his hand, the marchese added:

'It would be a heavy sin for me to interfere with what Providence must have decreed. Go now—if it be not too terrible a night—and do not fear, at anyrate, when we meet again, that I shall remember who has broken the law better than who has saved my life. Di Georgio is silent,' continued the marchese, with an unusually kind intonation of voice; 'but the misfortune that has befallen me, may also have befallen him without dishonour. Order off your men, Girolamo; or, rather, I am sufficient hostage: go and lead them away, that these people may embark without fear.'

No one attempted to oppose the marchese's will; and presently the commandant entered the crevice, and began to climb towards his men, who had halted at the uppermost end, and were sitting on projecting pieces of rock, wondering at the phantasmagoric character of all that happened to them.

'They cannot believe *he* is there,' thought Girolamo. 'Fate fights on my side—one desperate resolve—a single volley may lay them all low—and I shall escape at once his patronage and his revenge.'

This idea whirled through the brain of the commandant, as it might have done through that of a drunken man—disconnected from the motives in which it took rise, and the consequences it might produce. Such vague images of crime are often realised in this world before reason can deal with them; and then we talk of unprovoked temptations of some infernal being, and throw responsibility upon irresistible impulse! But the commandant had accustomed his mind that night to evil thoughts. All who lay in his path, or threatened his repose, seemed deserving of death. His lips were already opened to give the order which would have sent a murderous lead-shower down on the ledge of rock, when some one came stumbling behind him. The sergeant who had advanced so boldly had also been released, and exclaimed, in a soliloquy meant to be heard:

'Holy Virgin! this is a night of strange things. The Marchese Belmonte a prisoner with these pirates!'

The soldiers, obeying the orders of the commandant, though they murmured and whispered one to the other, shouldered their muskets, and marched slowly up the defile in the direction of Justo's hut. Meanwhile, the boat, which held only three or four persons, went backwards and forwards between the landing-place and the felucca. Paolo, with whom the marchese obstinately, but without appearance of anger, refused to speak, embarked among the first. Walter remained with Luigi to dismiss the prisoner.

'These events are very extraordinary,' said the Englishman. 'The time may come when we shall all talk of them without bitterness.'

'I fear not, signor,' replied the marchese sadly. 'But you must not delay; the wind is rising still. I shall be at Palermo within three days. My preserver has nothing to fear, I repeat. I shall not be unwilling to talk of old stories with as little bitterness as possible.'

This last phrase, vague enough, it is true, revealed, by the tone in which it was pronounced, that a violent struggle was going on in the marchese's mind. The combined emotions of gratitude and wonder were perhaps working in Paolo's favour. However, that was not the time or place for further communion. The boat, which could only be prevented by the strength of the men with poles, that bent and quivered in their hands, from being dashed against the rocky quay, soon received both Walter and Luigi. The marchese watched their departure in silence, but the motions of his body, which followed those of the skiff as it sank and rose on the foaming waves, shewed how powerfully his sympathies were engaged. Presently he could no longer distinguish aught but a huge mass of tumbling and frothy water. Then he made out dimly a broad sail spread and bend over beneath the blast. The wind had shifted, and was blowing right along the western side of the island. That was a mighty struggle with the elements. The marchese saw the felucca dart headlong away over two or three billows, careering like a war-horse; but then he lost sight of her, and strained his eyes in vain for some time.

It was only when he began painfully to ascend towards the interior of the island, that the marchese realised to himself all that had taken place that day. The series of his own actions unrolled itself as in a panorama before him. In no case had he behaved as theory would have told him to behave, had prophecy prepared him for the event. But he regretted nothing. The natural expression of his own character, relieved by surprise from the rules of caution and the yoke of habit, was accompanied by a certain sense of luxury. He did not even attempt to disperse, by the evocation of terrible reminiscences, a picture that started up before his eyes—Paolo receiving Angela in a fond embrace, and sinking with her on his knees in thanksgiving.

'Who is there—the word?'

'Belmonte!'

A moment after, the commandant, with an obsequious bow, was receiving the marchese in the hut. Its owner, who until then had looked upon himself as a prisoner in danger of death, now felt secure; for it would be impossible, he thought, to inflict punishment on him without provoking an explanation. He was confirmed in this belief, by the fact that orders were given for a return to the castle, without any notice being taken of his delinquency.

We have already, almost sufficiently for our purpose, indicated the relations formerly existing between the Marchese Belmonte and Girolamo di Georgio. The former, after the death of his wife, whom he had in reality regarded with rather a respectful than a passionate attachment, for some time nevertheless felt his life more burdensome than before. He sought occupation in the society of friends, and chance more than choice probably made him select, among numerous others for especial familiarity, the Count di Falco and Captain Di Georgio, then men in the flower of their age. Both were fond of gaiety and pleasure; at least so said public opinion in Messina. They organised all manner of means of occupying the time of their illustrious friend; and one of them discovered the existence, in a retired villa near the coast, of a beautiful lady, whom the country reports, very much resembling legends in tone, invested with almost the character of a saint. On inquiry, it became known that this said lady, called by every one simply Speranza, had retired from the world several years before, when very young, with a sister, then an infant, resolving to live in solitude. The reason of this strange resolution was variously related; but it seemed certain that family pride had much to do with it. Speranza's uncle, the Count Cacamo, who although a mere country noble, might from his talents have been a distinguished person in Sicily, had become guilty of very heinous and disgraceful crimes, and was compelled to fly to save himself from ignominious punishment. It was added that a very high-placed person, to whom she had been betrothed, peremptorily refused to make her his wife under such circumstances. On this latter fact, however, the marchese never made any researches. He preferred, indeed, not to believe it. The motives of Speranza's retirement were sufficiently strong, this set aside. At first, in very idleness, he joined his boon-companions, Di Falco and Di Georgio, in an expedition, during which, in disguise, under some pretence that must have been clever, because it succeeded, they penetrated into the Villa Salmone. Soon after, it became known that the governor of Messina was in love with the Lady Speranza; but most persons in good society refused to believe that he intended to make her his wife. Whether he ever hesitated, is not known; for, as we have already hinted, most of the circumstances of this romantic attachment, and all the finer parts of the character of Speranza, were jealously kept from the world's observation. It is certain, however, that the betrothal at length took place; and already had Speranza begun to reappear in some choice or obsequious circles, and to receive the visits, and even the serenades, of the gallant youth of Messina. Villa Salmone became, as it were, a little court, where persons of good taste and refinement were proud to be admitted.

And here we have an example of how easy it is for events, even before the chief actors in them have disappeared from the earth, to assume a legendary and uncertain character. Whilst the marchese, taciturn in his despair, refused even to his most intimate friends to talk of the blow that soon struck him almost to the earth, popular rumour busied itself in circulating the wildest and most contradictory stories. Some said that the Count di Falco was perfectly innocent of the outrage that caused the death of Speranza; and although it is quite certain that his body was washed upon the shore the very next night, believed him to be still alive, wandering in distant regions. Others declared that at least two persons, besides the sailors, had escaped from the wreck, and were received and concealed by the country-people. The majority, however, were not so specific in their statements; but contented themselves with averring, that if the marchese were once more to disguise himself, and penetrate into the remotest recesses of Sicilian society, he might learn things that would prove how misdirected had been his despair and his vengeance. In so far as these tales suggested any idea of inconstancy on the part of Speranza, they may safely be disregarded. The marchese knew the grounds of his hopes and the strength of the promises on which he had relied. But the uneasiness of public opinion might reasonably have suggested that some great injustice had been committed.

According to what may be called the official account of the transaction—one which, at anyrate, was not contradicted by the marchese—the Count di Falco, having become enamoured of Lady Speranza, confided his passion to Captain Di Georgio. That individual, after exacting a promise of secrecy, betrayed his friend to the marchese. Instead of exciting jealousy, however, his revelation only aroused merriment. Some pleasantries of sufficiently bad taste passed—that was all; and Di Falco did not seem to diminish in the governor's esteem. Upon this, Girolamo di Georgio, as he averred, began to share the opinion of some of the genteel gossips of Messina, which we have already noticed. A certain native virtue, which he attributed to himself, was irritated. He no longer discouraged, he said, the honourable rivalry of Di Falco—rather hoped, indeed, that it would be successful—and in perfect innocence, kept from the knowledge of the marchese several facts which might have warned him of approaching danger. When he learned suddenly that his friend had resolved on an act of disgraceful violence, he hastened to expostulate with before denouncing him. It was too late: he came only in time to meet the party which carried off Speranza going down to the beach. Being alone, rescue was impossible. He followed to expostulate; and forced his way on board the vessel, from which he afterwards, he said, escaped alone of all the passengers.

Had this statement been received by the marchese as quite correct, it would have protected Girolamo from all consequences, except the natural dislike we feel for one who might have prevented a catastrophe but did not. It could not be denied that he had given fair warning of Di Falco's misdirected passion. But the marchese seemed to have some reason for believing that Di Georgio had connived more directly in the attack on the Villa Salmone. He remembered various attempts made to elicit the true state of his own affections and engagements, indicating a perverse opinion that Speranza was still a fair object of rivalry. At anyrate, he withdrew his friendship from Di Georgio; but, as if in order to keep him ever within his reach, caused him to be appointed, in spite of certain objections made on the score of character, into which we need not enter, to the command of the Island of Maretimo. We already know that Signor Di Georgio was ready to admit freely—as he had done to Walter—that he was to a certain extent an accomplice in the abduction; and this makes it quite sure that he knew of the existence of witnesses who might, and probably would, prove against him so far at some early opportunity.

The commandant had often attempted to obtain advancement; but in vain. The marchese, actuated by a kind of presentiment, shewed a morbid eagerness to preserve him in that post; and found, as it were, an explanation of his own prophetic obstinacy when Paolo di Falco, accused of crimes against the state as well as against individuals, fell into his hands. We already know what occurred subsequently—how Girolamo, acting perhaps with a rigidity not expected of him, utterly suppressed from his memory the fact that the father of his prisoner had been his bosom-friend; and how the marchese did not scruple to abase his creature, by forcing him to be not only the instrument of vengeance, but the channel of intrigue. We need not be surprised, therefore, at the character of the meetings of these two men: on one side, the obsequiousness of the dependent, with all the concealed hatred that usually accompanies it; on the other, a cool perseverance in contempt, justified by a belief in injury received, and only to be in this way punished.

Nothing that had occurred during that eventful evening, seemed to justify the marchese in any change of sentiment towards the commandant. As we have seen, indeed, the almost miraculous manner in which he had himself become the prisoner of the friends of Di Falco, had disposed him to look with leniency on the accident by which his creature had also been surprised. The two events seemed to him so extraordinary, as to be attributable rather to the decrees of Heaven than to any human contrivance. Nor was it anger at Paolo's escape that worked upon him—clearly that also was a consummation written in the Book of Fate. The commandant, therefore, without any obvious hypocrisy, might have claimed a right to be surprised had he known, that during that silent march towards the castle, all the hostility which the marchese had so long directed with such fatal effect towards others, was gathering like a tempest-cloud over his own head.

THE ESSAYS OF HENRY ROGERS.*

Of the new books which, month by month, and week after week, issue in teeming throngs from the press, a large proportion comprises reprints of contributions to our periodical literature. In years gone by, it was the trade maxim of old John Murray, the great bibliopole of Albemarle Street—a maxim deliberately constructed and steadfastly adhered to—not to reprint favourite essays and popular articles that had made a hit in his *Quarterly Review*, however decided the favouritism, and however extensive the popularity. If people wanted such and such a paper of Southey's, was his argument—this classical lucubration by Milman, or that slashing article by Croker—let them buy the back number of the *Review* which contained it, price six shillings; and so the public would attain its desire, and he, John Murray, dispose of his remainders. But time, and John Murray the younger and his fellow-publishers, have reversed this protectionist policy; and now-a-days the review and magazine articles of almost every contributor of mark and likelihood, are speedily collected from the scattered numbers of their parent periodical, and given to the world in compact volumes, to stand or fall by their own merits or demerits, as the case or their fate may be.

Thus we have of late been presented with the reprinted essays—to say nothing of scores of minor or lighter republications from the entire gamut of serials, monthly and bi-monthly, weekly and daily—of Jeffrey and Sidney Smith, of Macaulay and Lord Mahon, of Sir James Stephen and Thomas Carlyle, and of Sir Archibald Alison; and among the latest collections of this kind, and already in a second edition and enlarged form, are to be noted the Essays of Henry Rogers, selected from the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Mr Rogers is best known as the author of a controversial work in the garb of fiction, wherein the rival *Quarterly* has just (No. CXC.) been forward to hail the presence of 'great power of logic,' and 'unusual liveliness of illustration, seasoned with a plentiful admixture of sarcastic humour;' and observes of its dialogue pages, that the 'Socratic weapons' have never, 'since the time of Plato, been wielded with more grace and spirit.' The author's Essays are not, by the nature of them, destined to the same popularity; but they are highly worthy of notice as the productions of a clear-thinking, clear-writing man—shrewd and sagacious, careful in what he propounds, calm in judgment, precise in definition, methodical in statement, and often vivacious, if not very original, in garnishing his theme. The subjects he treats are various; sufficiently so to make his volumes, like a number of the *Review* whence they proceed, a repertory of topics to suit all tastes, or all but the most frivolous and flippant, for whose 'pay on demand' applications, it must be owned, he has 'no effects.' For healthier palates he has catered liberally by a supply of papers political, biographical, philosophical, philological, theological, and critical. From a disquisition on the Suffrage, the reader may turn to a Memoir of Luther; from a treatise on the Structure of the English language, to a Monograph on Andrew Marvell; from an article on 'Reason and Faith,' to a meditation on the 'Vanity and Glory of Literature;' from an essay on Plato, to a critique on the British Pulpit; from fine old Thomas Fuller, to Descartes; and from Descartes to Pascal; and from Pascal to Leibnitz. One special merit of Mr Rogers is, that he is an *informing* writer; that he does not deal in rhetorical amplifications, and vague flights of imposing diction, taking for granted the reader's acquaintance with the essayist's subject in hand; but on the contrary, condenses into his articles as much information and instructive matter as their nature will allow, and always avoids the slip-slop drivel of diffuse and desultory scribes, who put such an unconscionable deal of platitude into their paragraphs, and of water into their ink.

As a favourable specimen of his dealings in this respect, may be mentioned his dissertation on the *Structure of the English Language*, which gives in brief space much that is interesting and instructive on what might be thought a dry topic, and which is neither too shallow or superficial to repel the learned, nor too abstruse or taking-too-much-for-granted to repel those who are 'no scholars,' but adapted to please if not to profit the one, and to both profit and please the other. He shews that the bulk of the English language, which consists of about 38,000 words, is derived from Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, and French; and that of these words, about 23,000, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. Were we, however, to found our calculations upon the passages which Sharon Turner has cited from some of our most popular authors of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and in which he has marked out by italics the words of Anglo-Saxon origin, we should infer, says Mr Rogers, a much greater preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon element. The passages alluded to are taken from our translation of the Scriptures, from Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Thomson, Addison, Locke, Swift, Pope, Young, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Johnson. Mr Rogers is at the pains to do in full what Sir James Mackintosh once did in part—namely, analyse this series of passages, so as to assign in each case the exact proportion of Anglo-Saxon words it contains. The result is worth detailing. Accordingly, we find that in five verses out of Genesis, comprising 130 words, there are only 5 *not* Saxon. In as many verses out of the Gospel of St John, comprising 74 words, there are only 2 *not* Saxon. The extract from Shakspeare contains 81 words, and all but 13 are Saxon; that from Spenser contains 72, all Saxon but 14; that from Milton, 90, all Saxon but 16; that from Cowley, 76, all Saxon but 10; that from Thomson, 78, all Saxon but 14; that from Addison, 79, all Saxon but 15; that from Locke, 94, all Saxon but 20; that from Pope, 84, of which 28 are not Saxon; that from Young, 96, all Saxon but 21; that from Swift, 87, in which 9 only are not Saxon; that from Robertson, 114, all Saxon but 34; that from Hume, 101, 38 being not

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* *Essays collected from Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Henry Rogers. Second Edition, with Additions. 3 vols. Longman. 1855.

Saxon; that from Gibbon, 80, of which the not Saxon are 31—nearly half; and that from Johnson, 87, of which all are Saxon but 21.—In all, there are here 1492 words, of which only 296 are not Saxon. If, therefore, we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would make up about four-fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths, or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths. It is allowed, however, that the criterion is by no means a fair one, if we are considering the mere *number* of words derived from the Anglo-Saxon as compared with those derived from other sources; for there are of course many words—such as *a*, *the*, *he*, *she*, *it*, *with*, *and*, &c.—which must necessarily occur much oftener than others, and are, therefore, met with three or four times over in the same passage. But Mr Rogers goes on to shew, that if, dismissing the question of numbers, we consider simply the position these words occupy in the language, and that if they are repeated frequently, it is only because we cannot help it; then, though their being counted over two or three times gives us an exaggerated estimate of the number of Anglo-Saxon words, that very exaggeration is far from adequately expressing the extent to which that portion of the language prevails.

His general conclusion is, that these calculations afford, on the whole, a fair criterion of the proportion in which the different elements of our language are found in the writings of our best authors; 'and perhaps it may be stated as a general truth, that in our most idiomatic writers there is about one-tenth of the words *not* Anglo-Saxon—in our least, about one-third.'

In proceeding with his subject, he shews how English grammar is almost exclusively occupied with what is of Anglo-Saxon origin; that the terms which occur most frequently in discourse, or which recall the most vivid conceptions, are Anglo-Saxon; that from this language we derive the words which are expressive of the earliest and dearest connections, and the strongest and most powerful feelings of our nature—such household words as *hearth*, *roof*, *fireside*—such heartfelt words as *love*, *fear*, *hope*, *sorrow*, *shame*; that to a like origin belong the words which have been *earliest* used, and are therefore invested with the strongest associations—the words that carry back the mind to the home of childhood and the sports of youth; that many of those objects about which the practical reason of man is employed in common life also receive their names from the Anglo-Saxon—which is the language, for the most part, of business—of the counting-house, the shop, the market, the street, the farm; that nearly all our national proverbs, in which it is truly said so much of a nation's practical wisdom resides, are almost wholly Anglo-Saxon; that so is a very large proportion (and that always the strongest) of the language of invective, humour, satire, and colloquial pleasantry; and once more, that while our most abstract and general terms are derived from the Latin, those which denote special varieties, those which express nice shades and distinctions, are derived from the Anglo-Saxon: if *colour*, for instance, is Latin, *white*, *black*, *green*, *yellow*, *blue*, *red*, *brown*, are Anglo-Saxon; if *animal* is Latin, *man*, *cow*, *sheep*, *calf*, *cat*, are Anglo-Saxon; if *number* is immediately French, remotely Latin, *one*, *two*, *three*, *four*, &c., are Anglo-Saxon.

In summing up the characteristics and claims of our language, after due pains spent on what we may call his 'comparative anatomy' of its form and structure, Mr Rogers comes to very much the same conclusion as did old Camden ages ago, in words so graphic and still so pertinent to the subject, that we cannot forbear quoting them, only modernising the spelling. 'Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still, fleeting water; the French, delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance; the Spanish, majestical, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the devil in a play; the Dutch, manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialness combineth with delightfulness, fulness with fineness, seemliness with portliness, and currentness with staidness, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetness?'

One of the most generally entertaining of Mr Rogers's biographical and critical papers, is that on the life and writings of Thomas Fuller, the quaint old author of *The Worthies of England* and *The Church History of Britain*—a man of whom Coleridge went so far as to say: 'Next to Shakspeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous—the degree in which any given faculty, or combination of faculties, is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder.' Fuller is certainly one of the most original, as well as eccentric, of our literary worthies. He wrote, as Mr Rogers observes, like Jeremy Taylor, and Isaac Barrow, and Sir Thomas Browne, with a vigour and freshness, with a fertility of thought and imagery, and a general felicity of style, which, considering the quantity of his compositions and the haste with which he produced them, impress us with wonder at his untiring activity and preternatural fecundity. His quips, and quirks, and wanton wiles—his jests, puns, *jeux d'esprit*, and sallies of playful banter—form a perpetual fund of amusement to all readers with a wit to be exercised, and a diaphragm to be tickled. Fuller is one of those *bonâ fide* humorists, almost, if not quite peculiar, to British literature, in whom depth of thought and feeling underlies a surging tide of fun and frolic. Mr Rogers regales himself with the fancy of watching the countenance of any intelligent man while perusing Fuller, affirming that few other writers could produce more rapid variations of expression. 'We should see the face in succession mantling with a smile, distended into a broad grin, breaking out into loud laughter, now arching the eyebrows to an expression of sudden wonder and pleased surprise, now clouded with a momentary shade of vexation over some wanton spoiling of a fine thought, now quieted again into placidity by the presentation of something truly wise or striking, and anon chuckling afresh over some outrageous pun or oddity. The same expression could not be maintained for any three paragraphs; perfect gravity scarcely for three sentences.' The exuberance of Fuller's wit has even been the means, in Coleridge's opinion, of defrauding him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of his thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped his matter. Irrepressible, too, as was his habit of jesting, Fuller had in him little of the satirist; he set down nought in malice. His was a cheery temperament, blithe and boyish, free-spoken but frank-hearted. 'With such a temperament, added to unfeigned piety and unfeigned benevolence, with a heart open to all innocent pleasures, and purged from the "leaven of malice and uncharitableness," it was as natural that he should be full of mirth, as it is for the grasshopper to chirp, or the bee to hum, or the birds to warble, in the spring breeze and the bright sunshine.' His very physiognomy is justly noted as an index to his natural character; he had light flaxen hair, clear blue and laughing eyes, a kindly and open visage. 'If he was apt to make, so was he ready to take a joke, and doubtless laughed with zest at the famous, though questioned, retort courteous of that Mr Sparrowhawk, whom he once gibingly asked what was the difference between a *sparrowhawk* and an owl; and who forthwith made answer, that 'an owl was *fuller* in the head, and *fuller* in the face, and *fuller* all over.' Mr Rogers does not omit to notice the prodigies related of Fuller's memory: how he could repeat 500 strange words after once hearing them, and could make use of a sermon, word for word, under the same circumstances; how he undertook, in passing from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, to tell at his return every sign—each shop then having its sign—as it stood in order on both sides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards, and how he kept his word. We are told, too, that his method of composition was of the following preposterous, if not incredible kind:—he would write the first words of every line near the margin down to the foot of the paper, and then beginning again, would fill up the blanks exactly, without leaving spaces, interlineations, or contractions of any sort; and would so connect the ends and beginnings, that the sense would appear as complete as if it had been written in a continued series in the usual way! Possibly he did this once and again, as a feat for the entertainment of his friends; but we are assured it was not his *habit*. Such a habit, one surmises, must have soon worn out; it could only have been for gala-day, summer wear.

The essay on Andrew Marvell—Milton's patriot friend, the incorruptible member for Hull—is lively and interesting; but hardly so lively or interesting as the memoir by Hartley Coleridge, which opens so worthily his course of *Northern Worthies*. Marvell was certainly one of the most remarkable men of his day—true to the pole-star of an 'unconquered will,' stern, serene, and self-possessed. His satirical powers are still highly relished, and by some—Leigh Hunt, for instance—praised in the very highest degree; as where he girds at Holland, then at war with us, as a country that

> —— scarce deserves the name of land,
> As but the offscouring of the British sand;
> And *so much earth as was contributed*
> *By English pilots when they heaved the lead;*

going on to declare, of the poor dike-defended Dutch, that

> Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
> They, with mad labour, *fished the land to shore;*
> And dived as desperately for each piece
> Of earth, as it had been of ambergrease:

though, in spite of all their efforts,

> Still his claim the injured ocean laid,
> And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;

and in one most ludicrous couplet the satirist adds—

> The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
> And sat, *not as a meat, but as a guest.*

Hartley Coleridge properly suggests, that the same causes which retarded the poetic fame of Milton went nigh to extinguish that of Andrew Marvell; for the classical Republicans were few and inefficient, while the Puritans would not read poetry, nor the High Church bigots anything but what emanated from their own party; the common-place roistering Royalists, again, being seldom sober enough to read at all, and the mob-fanatics not so much as knowing their letters.

Mr Rogers's review of the career of Luther is a favourite one—an admiring and earnest resumé of the characteristics and actions of

> The solitary monk who shook the world.

He deals ably, too, with the philosophers—with Plato, with Leibnitz, with Descartes; and his account of the life and works, and stand-point of Blaise Pascal, is probably the best criticism in our language, on a man whose genius in itself, and whose influence on the mind of Christendom in general, as well as France in particular, are deeply worthy of diligent and meditative inquiry.

EUDOXIA.

SECOND PICTURE.

O DEAREST my sister, my sister that sits by the hearth,
With quiet lids drooping, or lifted up saintly and calm;
With household hands folded, or ready for help and for balm;
With lip, soft in sadness, or dewy in innocent mirth;
Thy life rises upward to God every day like a psalm,
Which the singer sings sleeping, and—waked—would with wondering eyes say:
'I sang not. Nay, how should I sing thus? I only do pray.'

O blessèd my sister, that walks in at every dark door,
Be it bolted or open, unheeding or welcome or frown,
But enters as silent as sunlight, and there sitting down
Makes golden the damp walls, and shines pleasant shapes on the floor,
And unlocks the chambers where low in the dust lay Hope's crown,
Uplifts her from sackcloth and ashes, puts off her sad weeds,
Recrowns and reclothes her. Then, on to the next door that needs.

Beloved my sister, whose spirit so wholly does live
In loving, that e'en our word 'loved' with its rapturous sound
Comes fainter, like earth-tunes when angels are singing around—
Whose eyes say for ever: 'Less blest to receive than to give.'
So, whatsoe'er *we* give, may One give to thee without bound!—
All best gifts—all dearest gifts. Whether His right hand do close
Or open—He holds it for ever above thee—He knows.

SPIKING GUNS.

The following explanation of the modern method of spiking guns, as practised by the armies of the Crimea, will be interesting to many of our readers:—The spikes are about four inches long, and of the dimensions of a tobacco-pipe; the head flat, a barb at the point acts as a spring, which is naturally pressed to the shaft upon being forced into the touch-hole. Upon reaching the chamber of the gun, it resumes its position, and it is impossible to withdraw it. It can only be got out by drilling—no easy task, as they are made of the hardest steel, and being also loose in the touch-hole, there is much difficulty in making a drill bite as effectually as it should do. Its application is the work of a moment, a single tap on the flat head with the palm of the hand sufficing. This can be easily done, even if it is ever so dark.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE SPIDER'S LOVE OF HER PROGENY.

All her limbs, one by one, may be torn from her body, without forcing her to abandon her hold of the cocoon in which she has wrapped her eggs; and if, without mangling the mother, it be skilfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralysed, and coils her tremulous limbs as if mortally wounded. If the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has any perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure, to defend it to the last.—*Professor Hentz.*

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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON A SUBJECT IMPORTANT TO HUSBANDS.

I AM going to break ground in a totally new question, but with wonder that it has been reserved to me to do so. When I look along a fashionable business-street in one of our large cities, and observe the temptations presented by mercers and milliners to my friends of the softer sex, I feel that the Maine Liquor Law has at least the objectionable character of being a partial measure. I ask myself, Why should we endeavour to put down only one traffic of a seductive and mischievous kind? There is a Gin Palace, with its baleful attractions, at one corner; but here is a Muslin Palace, with equally bewraying, though not so deadly attractions, at another. Why should the latter be left to beguile the wits of the ladies, while Forbes Mackenzie Acts seek to save the somewhat poorer, but not less heedless, victims of the opposite establishment?

If I am wrong, may Swan and Edgar forgive me; but I cannot help thinking that the Muslin Palace carries guilt on the very face of it. Given the weak female heart as the subject of experiment, and behold how well adapted is the apparatus brought to bear upon it! The lofty entrance, with plate-glass sides and flanking windows, displaying coloured nothings of all sorts of inconceivable forms and incomprehensible purposes—the long retiring vista of counters and tables, attended, not by women, who are perfectly fit for the silly business, but by Young Men—the dazzling mirrors, inviting the victims to self-worshipping trials of shawls and scarfs—the soft, winning manners and insinuating talk of the shopmen, addressed to every whim of taste or tastelessness which they may detect in the votaries—an honest business could not require all this. Were the question only that women should have decent attire, less Circean spells would serve. The object manifestly is, to tempt the poor sex into the purchase of habiliments beyond what they need, and of finer kinds than are meet for them; and hence the magnificence of the system and all its ensnaring arrangements. The Muslin Palace betrays its character by being a Palace.

The husbands should look to it, engage a Mr Gough, get up an Alliance, and establish an organ to make themselves heard by. It is very much their concern, both as it affects the solidity of character of their wives and daughters, and their own pockets. I am afraid they are far too insensible to their own woes. Men will pass a seductive bonnet-shop on their way to 'Change every day for a series of years, and no more regard it than if it were a mangling establishment. They reflect not on the tremendous interest which these gauzy, crapy, ribbony bewilderments have for hundreds of the other sex; how their wives have dreamt for weeks of a certain specimen about the size of a tolerable butterfly; how their daughters never pass without snatching a fearful joy; and how these airy insignificances will tell upon their balances at Christmas. There were witchcrafts and philters long ago for entangling the hearts of the fair; and some sages bore us now and then with their fears for the effect of novel-reading upon the female imagination. But charms, philters, chloroform, and ideal Lord Henries, take on, in my regard, an aspect of perfect innocence, in comparison with the fascinations of those rainbow-like windows into which we see our women gaze day by day, and wish and wish the soul away.

There is something disarming in the very triviality of the things whose subjects they are. To think—while we see men pursuing great honours and gains—of a woman led along in sweet illusion by a bit of lace, or a ribbon, or the half-imaginary thing called a bonnet, melts us like the lisp of a pretty child. Dear, amiable creature! how innocent of her to make all her happiness in life centre—say, in a new barège dress! How helpless, too, about the making and arranging of all those gewgaws upon her person! Half of them probably unsuitable for her in their hue and form—troublesome as encumbrances, rather than really ornamental—but all borne with so meek a submission to what the multitude has established as fashion! To be pleased with such trifles, and patient under such inappropriatenesses and superfluities, may be owned as most engaging. But we must not allow this feeling to carry us too far. We pity the abandoned dram-drinker, while we condemn the selfish taverner who supplies him with the materials of excess. So may we relent over this affecting susceptibility of our lady-friends, but at the same time denounce those who trade upon it. Nor may we look too lightly on the passion itself. The Turk who is content with a bit of opium, may be said to be an easily pleased man; but, viewing the consequences, we must at the same time proclaim war against the indulgence. A woman should be reminded that it is bad to give her heart to vanity, and not good to empty her husband's or father's pocket. It is believed in this country that women have souls: we should act accordingly, and try to induce them to think less of the decoration of the earthly tabernacle.

This brings me to the consideration of what many of my readers will by this time be inclined to say—namely, that a Maine Law is not the legitimate way to cure the evil. They will be for leaving Muslin Palaces alone, and trying to elevate women above their temptations. Well, I confess to a great wish to raise the female sex in almost all sorts of ways, as far as they can be raised; and nothing would gratify me more than to see them rendered so enlightened in their minds, and so advanced in their tastes, as to walk past a lace-shop without a sigh, and view an array of fresh spring bonnets with the indifference which the subject deserves. But, alas! my friend, it is a weariful thing to wait for all this. The horse starves while the corn grows. The Muslin Palace, too, is all the time working against your educational influences. It is like John Wilkes telling the gentleman who spoke of taking the sense of the ward upon a particular point, that he would take the *non-sense* of the ward against him, and carry it ten to one. I can see nothing for it but a good hearty persecution—not a restriction of Vanity Fair to particular days and hours, but a condemnation of Vanity Fair out and out—

Exulting, crushin 't like a mussel,
Or limpet-shell,

as Burns says. It is rather a sore point to come to in a free country, where all people have hitherto enjoyed the privilege of ruining themselves at their own discretion. But what shall we say? We protect minors from premature marriage, and punish a good many eccentricities of the affections which don't much trouble us. Why should we not be allowed to protect the gentle partners of our bosoms from any particular danger or corrupting agency which we see besetting them? No, no; I am clear for a short-hand way of serving the fair: nothing but a Maine Law will do.

Is such a law workable? Obviously ten times more so than a Maine Liquor Law; for while the use of alcohol up to a certain point can be concealed, dress will not exist unless for being exhibited, and there can therefore be no difficulty in laying our fingers on the *corpus delicti.* A lady seen proceeding along the street in an immoderate style of dressing, can be arrested as contraband, and reduced to a rationality of exterior, scream as she may. Certain stuffs of more than a fair degree of simple elegance can be forbidden; any monstrous superfluity of flounce, or frill, or trimming, can be cut down. We shall have a law for introducing conciseness into the female figure, and making them convenient to themselves, even against their will. We need not fear much about their will, however, for it is odds that they would be rather glad of a law, however tyrannical, which would save them from the greater tyranny now existing. We must remember that the unfortunate creatures do not overdress themselves from a love of dress, but only because they must follow the fashion. Make Mrs Black aware that Mrs Brown, Mrs White, and Mrs Green are all henceforth to appear in neat black silk dresses with plain frills, and Mrs Black will take to the black silk and plain frill with a peaceful and contented mind. Assure any one of the ladies of Dr Rousem's congregation, that all the rest must appear next Sunday in some rational form of bonnet, and she will conform at once. It will be necessary, however, to execute the law with unrelenting rigour; for evidently, if one here and there were allowed to beflounce herself overmuch, or hold by—say on pretence of wearing out—any of the proscribed stuffs, all her neighbours would immediately feel that, for their own protection, they must return to the old excesses too, and the whole benefit of the law would be lost. As to the number of dresses which should be permitted to any one lady, an easy-working clause is at our service. We have only to restrict them to dresses made by their own industry, in order to insure a sufficient moderation in this respect. Some, indeed, under such a restriction, might be in danger of something like a destitution of clothing—which, of course, might lead to exhibitions not desirable for the public. But I would meet such cases with a slight relaxation of the law, permitting a provedly handless lady, or one labouring under that fatal disease the *vis inertiæ*, to receive aid from her well-disposed friends, or from charitable societies.

Here, then, is launched the ball of a new agitation. Ye princes of the Land of Haberdashery, tremble on your thrones, for the beginning of your end has come! Husbands and fathers rally to the charge, if charges ye would escape. View in me your true friend and counsellor. Do not think, however, of presenting me with any testimonial. Enough for Major Truefitt the glory of having raised the First Cry against one of the most oppressive tyrannies of the age!

THE KNIGHTS-ERRANT OF CHESS.

If we enter one of the many public places in London where chess is played, be it humble coffee-shop or lordly divan, we may be almost sure to see, seated in the darkest corner of the room, either playing or studying a chess problem, a man attired in rather seedy habiliments, whose not very clean face is bearded like the pard, and surmounted by a high intellectual-looking forehead. This person is one of the many modern heroes of the chess-board whom fate, fortune, and foreign political strife has thrown an exile on our hospitable shores. Like Count Robert of Paris, at the Chapel of Our Lady of the Broken Lances, he is ready and willing to wage battle with all comers; not, however, for honour alone, but for a stake, which varies from sixpence to a crown, according to the style and standing of the establishment he frequents—a circumstance mainly depending on the state and condition of his outward garb. As Sterne shut up an imaginary prisoner in a dungeon, that he might be the better able to describe the horrors of captivity; so we shall place one of these modern chess-champions in a coffee-shop, in the debatable land between Bloomsbury and St Giles, and there exhibit him to the uninitiated reader.

As we have said, he is gloomily poring over a combination of the pieces, and probably making hieroglyphical chess-notes with the bare stump of a pencil on the back of a dirty hand-bill. An amateur enters; a nod and a smile of recognition pass between them; they seat themselves opposite each other, and arrange the pieces for a game. Before the first move is made, the amateur, somewhat ostentatiously, takes a sixpence from his pocket, and puts it on the table; the champion, with an air of serious dignity, places another beside it. The game commences. We immediately observe that it is a very one-sided affair; the professional plays the strongest moves, but he also directs his antagonist how to meet them with the best counter-play. The opening being thus made, according to the strict rules of art, the hostile armies are deployed upon the chequered board without either having obtained any decided advantage. The game proceeds, the champion still directing the play of the amateur; at one time advising him to castle, at another to defend his queen from the long range of a sly bishop, or the treacherous flank-movement of a marauding knight. When the game has lasted some half-hour or so, the champion proclaims that he will give mate in a certain number of moves, and shews his adversary how to protract a sure defeat, until the last moment. The fatal check-mate is at length given, and the champion, lifting both sixpences with a polite smile, gives an order to the expectant waitress. 'Oh!' exclaims the reader, who has been mentally observing the game, 'this is gambling; I thought chess was never played for a stake. How silly the amateur must be to play with one so immeasurably superior in skill and knowledge of the game, and for money too!' You are mistaken, friend; that cup of coffee, penny-roll, and Yarmouth bloater, which the waitress has just taken to the champion—probably the first food he has tasted since yesterday—was not won, but fairly earned. What you have witnessed was not gambling—nothing more, in fact, than a chess-lesson; but with that perverse pertinacity which prompts mankind to avoid calling things by their right names, neither of the players would acknowledge it to be so. The amateur, who has acquired more knowledge of chess in the last half-hour than he would from an inferior player in a year, will boast to his friends, particularly to the unscientific, that he plays with Colonel Ctsheruhazy; that so celebrated a player beats him, he allows, but he can strongly contest the game, without receiving the odds of a single pawn. On the other hand, the Magyar noble, in poverty and hopeless exile though he be, does not condescend to give lessons. Oh, no! he plays merely for amusement—and a trifling stake *pour intéresser la partie.*

Very different, indeed, are the fortunes of these modern champions to those of the chess-paladins of old, whom monarchs welcomed to their courts, and whose associates were princes and nobles. An amusing account of the adventures of two of those chess-errants is contained in the rare work of Salvio—a noted chess author, and learned Neapolitan doctor of law; and the still rarer work of his contemporary, Carrera; both written in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. If in a literal translation we could attain to anything like the quaint simplicity of Salvio, or the Defoe-like minuteness of Carrera, space would forbid us to attempt it. We can only, then, as a curious record of a state of society long past, cull a few particulars from each, and thus rescue from almost utter oblivion the doughty deeds of two of the most renowned knights-errant of the chess world.

During the pontificate of Gregory XIII.—a contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth—there resided in Rome a young law-student, named Leonardo. Fonder of chess, however, than the profession his friends wished him to study, he applied himself so sedulously to the game, that he soon became one of the most renowned players in the Eternal City. The heroes of the chess-circle, even down to the time of Philidor, who played with our fathers, and whose real name was André Danican, have always been known by fictitious appellations, either assumed by themselves, or given to them by their admirers; and thus it was that Leonardo, on account of his youthful appearance and unpretending manners, was denominated *Il Puttino*—the Little Boy. At the period of which we write, the best chess-player in Europe was the Spaniard Ruy Lopez, then curate of Cafra, but subsequently promoted to the bishopric of Segovia. Lopez having occasion to visit Rome on ecclesiastical business, lost no time in seeking out the famed Puttino. They played together, but the ingenuity of the youth was no match for the experience of the veteran; Leonardo was not only defeated, but most insultingly taunted by his clerical conqueror. Mortified and disgraced, the fallen champion suddenly left Rome, and journeyed to Naples.

Erecting his standard in Naples, the Puttino remained there two years, playing against all comers, and constantly studying the game, until he felt himself able to contend successfully against the insulting Lopez. But another rival had first to be encountered—another champion must be introduced upon the scene.

The famous Paolo Boi, named, from the place of his birth, *Il Syracusano*—the Syracusan—hearing of the prowess of Leonardo, came to Naples to contest his superiority. Without making himself known, Boi gained admission to the Neapolitan Chess Academy, when the Puttino was playing with the Prince of Gesualdo. The game was won by the former, but might have been *drawn* by the prince, if he had seen a certain occult move. Paolo observed this, and mentioned it after the game was over. The prince and bystanders were incredulous, till the Syracusan, placing the position on the board, proved that he was right. Then, to the delight and amazement of the company, he announced his name and quality in the following words:—'I should be unworthy of the name of Il Syracusano if I had not discovered this move; and it is with pleasure I now inform Signor Leonardo, that I have come here from Sicily, generously moved by his just fame, to measure myself against him; and I beseech him to grant my request, with the licence of the prince, that it may be proved which of us is the best master of this most honourable pastime.'

The challenge so gracefully given, was as eagerly accepted. The lists were speedily formed in the great hall of the prince's palace; the princess and other noble ladies were accommodated with raised seats, while a crowd of noblemen and chess-players surrounded the antagonists. The Syracusan gained the first move, and boldly advanced his king's pawn two squares; the Puttino as gallantly replied by the same move. Then Paolo offered the dangerous king's gambit; and Leonardo, accepting it, prepared to defend the acquired pawn. Here was a war of heroes! How differently, in our degenerate days, was the last great chess-battle between England and France fought! After playing several games, night put an end to the contest; and both players having won an equal number of games, neither of them had any advantage over the other. The bystanders were enraptured with Leonardo's skill, while they were surprised by the rapidity and force of his antagonist. Arrangements were made to renew the contest on the following morning; but the Puttino failed to appear. He had decamped in the night, leaving, however, an apology, which stated that his abrupt departure was occasioned by his unconquerable desire to revenge himself on Ruy Lopez.

Leonardo, however, went first to Cutri, to visit his parents, previous to his final departure for Spain. On arriving at Cutri, he found the place in the greatest confusion. An Algerine corsair having landed the night before, and carried off a number of the principal inhabitants, among whom was the brother of Leonardo. The pirate having announced his wish to hold the captives to ransom, Leonardo went off to the galley, and while bargaining with the rais for a ransom of 200 ducats, his eye chanced to fall upon a chess-board. The rais, following his looks, asked Leonardo if he could play; the latter replied that he had some knowledge of the game. The Algerine then challenged him to play for fifty crowns; they sat down to the board, and in a short time Leonardo won his brother's ransom and 200 ducats. Both the money and the captive were honourably delivered, and Leonardo and his brother returned home in triumph. A few days after this adventure, Leonardo set out for Spain with a friend, who rejoiced in the classical name of Giulio Cesare.

Their first stay was at Genoa, where they were well received by one Signor Giorgio, a noted patron of chess. Here Leonardo fell in love with Giorgio's only daughter, but his poverty forbade him to declare his passion to her father. Still, as he expected to reap a golden harvest in Spain, and the feeling being reciprocal, the young people solemnly betrothed themselves to each other. Leonardo then departed for Marseille, his trusty friend Cesare remaining at Genoa, as a medium of correspondence between the lovers, the young lady being unskilled in the art of writing.

After reaping fresh laurels at Marseille, he sailed to Barcelona, from whence he proceeded to Madrid, playing chess at several places on the way, without disclosing, however, that he was the famed Puttino. On arriving at the capital, he rested for a few days, and then made his appearance at the principal chess resort, where he found Ruy Lopez playing with a

Spanish nobleman. The Spaniards received the stranger courteously, and on one of them asking him 'if he would play at chess,' Leonardo replied that he had come to Madrid for that purpose, providing he could meet his equal. Such bold words, spoken in the head-quarters of European chess, were like the explosion of a bomb-shell. The nobleman gave up his game with Lopez, that the latter might at once chastise the bouncing braggart. Lopez, not recognising his old antagonist, who had now assumed a more manly appearance, immediately challenged the stranger; and to the surprise of the Spaniards, the first game was drawn—Leonardo, finding that he was now superior to Lopez, not putting forth all his strength, but permitting this first day's play to be equal. On the next day, they met and played, Leonardo only winning by one game. For several days they played, but Leonardo was content with studying his adversary's tactics, and reserved his full force to be exhibited on a more interesting occasion.

The new chess-player, who could contend on equal terms with the hitherto unrivalled Lopez, was the whole theme of conversation in Madrid. Philip II., then king of Spain, determined to see the two heroes play together, and promised the sum of one thousand crowns to the winner of the first three games. The match was played at the foot of the throne, in the royal palace; and the first two games were lost by Leonardo. Philip, seeing the Italian so easily beaten, considered the match virtually over, and rose to leave the apartment, when Leonardo, falling on his knees, addressed the king in these words:

'I entreat your majesty not to go; for I have purposely lost the two first games, to display my superior skill. Your majesty will see me win the three following games; for this have I, the Puttino, come to Madrid, having been moved thereto by the insulting taunts of Ruy Lopez when he conquered me at Rome.'

The king, struck with surprise, consented to remain; and Leonardo made his boast good, by winning the three games in succession. The king, delighted with the exhibition of such consummate skill, paid Leonardo the thousand crowns, and presented him with a valuable jewel and a royal ermine cloak, as king of chess. Further, he desired the Puttino to ask for any other boon, and it would be granted. The latter, gratefully thanking his majesty, requested that his native town of Cutri might for a few years be exempted from taxes, which the monarch accorded, fixing the period for twenty years.

Leonardo was now the acknowledged chess-king of Madrid, when a rival appeared to dispute his pretensions. This was no other than Paolo Boi, the Syracusan, who had followed him from Naples. No time was lost in arranging a match between these two great champions, and the next day was appointed for its commencement; but that very evening Giulio Cesare arrived in Madrid with the sad tidings of the death of Leonardo's mistress, the daughter of Don Giorgio, at Genoa. Overwhelmed with grief, Leonardo declined playing, and departed that night for Portugal, to seek consolation for his wo. He was not long in finding it; a Portuguese gentleman, whom he accidentally met, consoled him with poetry, and introduced him to the chess-players of Lisbon. Don Sebastian, then king of Portugal, was as liberal a patron of chess as his brother monarch of Spain. The most renowned player at the court of Lisbon was *Il Moro*, the Moor; so named from his dark complexion and Eastern descent. Both from his infidel extraction, and his proud and insolent bearing, he was detested by the Portuguese, though they could not but admire his great skill in chess. Leonardo immediately challenged the Moor, and Don Sebastian desired that the match should be played in his presence. In a two days' contest, the Puttino utterly defeated the proud Moor, to the great delight of the Portuguese, as well as of their king, who heaped favours on the conqueror, giving him the appellation of *Il Cavaliere Errante*, the Knight-errant; because, like the knights of old, he went about the world to do battle with the proud, and humble their pretensions.

In the meantime, the Syracusan remained at Madrid, successfully contending with all who dared to oppose him. He also played before Philip II., who was so much pleased, that he granted him an annual pension of 500 crowns, to be paid by his native city of Syracuse. This, by the way, was a good financial set-off to the remission of taxes at Cutri. Thus, in his turn, Paolo Boi reigned lord paramount of chess at Madrid, till the Puttino returned to that city from Portugal. A grand match was then played between the two famous Italians. The first two days, both were equal; but on the third, the Syracusan, being attacked by sickness, could not play with his usual spirit, and fell before the undiminished force of his adversary. Discomfited, but not disgraced, the Syracusan left Madrid and went to Lisbon.

Leonardo, after staying a short time longer in Spain, returned to Naples, where he was received with all due honours. Subsequently, being appointed to the honourable office of agent to the Prince di Bisignano, he was enviously poisoned when at the court of that dignitary in Calabria; and thus was untimely cut off in the forty-fifth year of his age.

Boi, when he left Madrid, went to Lisbon, where he had the honour of playing with Don Sebastian himself. A still greater mark of distinction was conferred upon our chess-champion by the same monarch. One day, when they had been playing together for more than four hours, Boi, who according to etiquette knelt all the time upon one knee, was so fatigued that he was compelled to change his position; seeing this, the king, with his own royal hand, condescended to assist him—to kneel upon the other knee!

The Syracusan played in a less constrained attitude when at the court of Don John of Austria. This prince had one of the courtyards of his palace paved with sixty-four large slabs of black and white marble. The men for this immense chess-board were real flesh and blood, dressed according to their relative names and powers. Don John and Boi, seated in galleries at opposite sides of the courtyard, directed the moves—the men walking to the respective squares as the players commanded. This chivalrous prince was so pleased with Boi, that he conferred upon him high military rank; and the latter served with distinction through several hard-fought campaigns, winning laurels on the field of real battle, as well as in the mimic warfare of the chess-board.

After wandering for eighteen years as a knight-errant of chess—at one time a captive in Algiers, where he earned his ransom by his skill; at another visiting Hungary, attracted by the fame of the Hungarians, who mentally played chess on horseback, without board or men—Boi, full of honours, returned to his native land. Visiting Naples, at the request of the Duke d'Urbino, he took up his residence in the palace of that noble, who granted him an annual pension of 300 crowns. At this period, he enjoyed the friendship of several cardinals, and was so much esteemed for his devout life and conversation, that Pope Pius V. offered him a rich benefice; but Paolo declined entering into holy orders. Indeed, according to his biographers, Boi's devotion did him good service when in a very critical situation. As curiously illustrative of the simplicity and superstition of the age, the anecdote is worth recording.

It seems that one day, when in the Chess Academy of Milan, a stranger entered, and offered to play the Syracusan for a large sum. Paolo assented—played—

lost two games—and promised to meet the unknown on the following day. Surprised at being defeated by a person evidently his inferior in skill, Paolo, after pondering over the circumstance, came to the conclusion that the stranger could be no other than the Arch-enemy of Mankind, who was thus laying a subtle snare for his destruction. Confiding, however, in his own skill, and the protection of Providence, the pious chess-champion rose early next morning, heard mass, confessed, and received the sacrament; then putting on a necklace, to which were attached some holy relics, he went forth, and again met the mysterious stranger. The unknown grinned with delight as he sat down to play with Boi for an immense sum; but the grin was soon changed to a frightful scowl, as the skill of the Syracusan and the sanctity of the relics overpowered the devices of the demon. At last, seeing the inevitable check-mate, the baffled fiend shrieked rather than said: 'Thine is more potent than mine!' and leaving the room, was never seen after. Boi, scrupulous about retaining money won from so questionable a quarter, kept only as much as repaid his losses of the previous day, and gave the remainder to the church.

Both Salvio and Carrera, with the true classical enthusiasm of the Roman poet, who exclaimed: 'Virgilium tanti vidi'—I, too, have seen Virgil—delight in relating their recollections of the Syracusan. Carrera, who saw him in his seventy-fourth year, tells us that though his hair was as white as snow, his appearance was brisk and gallant. He was vivacious, quick in reasoning, cheerful, and affable. He gave largely to the poor, spent much in splendour, and conducted himself with dignity. He heard mass daily, and contributed largely to the collection made by the priest. He also confessed, and received the sacrament with regularity; and was much beloved by the devout. He died at Naples, at the age of seventy-five, and was buried with great magnificence; all the Neapolitan princes, nobles, and cavaliers attending the funeral.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

ECCENTRICITIES IN CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE—LYNCH LAW.

A RESPECT for law and order, as I have intimated, is as conspicuous in general circumstances in the greater part of the United States as it is in England. This much may be said without prejudice to the fact, that very strange things occasionally come to pass, particularly in the south and west, in violation of the regular course of justice. A person may travel at his leisure through the States, without witnessing outrage of any kind; and yet, on consulting the public prints, he will learn that outrages do sometimes occur, under colour of a popular desire to aid or rectify judicial proceedings. In looking over files of American newspapers, we may observe notices of commotions resulting in personal injury and death, such as could not be anticipated from the externally grave and settled aspect of society. I believe that to carry pistols, and other deadly weapons, is as illegal in the older-settled states as in European communities; but in this respect the law, I should think, is not greatly honoured; for in the account of every street-brawl and personal encounter, we may notice that pistols and knives are actively employed, without the possession of such instruments drawing forth any challenge from the authorities. Another circumstance which excites the curiosity of strangers in relation to accounts of public disturbances, is the seemingly perfunctory way in which cases of manslaughter are investigated. In the newspapers of New York, for example, we see many notices of deaths by violent assaults, but remarkably few in which such outrages are properly traced, and the perpetrators punished. Proceedings commenced before magistrates appear, somehow, to be gradually dropped, and we hear no more about them. Only in particular cases, which cannot be well huddled up, or which are unsupported by political interest, do we learn that a proper judicial punishment is inflicted.

It is, doubtless, this perfunctoriness in the administration of justice which at times rouses the indignation of the public, and causes them to have recourse to what is called Lynch Law; in which respect American society, in the more newly settled parts of the country, may be said to be at the stage of the rough populace of Edinburgh when they interrupted the ordinary course of justice, and laid violent hands on Captain Porteous. It is thus interesting to note how long it is before a people acquire the habit of implicit submission to the maxims of law—the time, of course, being proportioned according as the administrators of that law are in themselves unworthy of respect. The ancient venality of judges and juries in Scotland, now the theme of romance, would appear to be still matched on the banks of the Mississippi, and sometimes, as popular feeling inclines, it leads to similar results.

From a number of newspapers, I propose selecting a few of the more remarkable cases of defective justice which have occurred, or which at least have been noticed, within the last twelve months. The first of these Jottings will refer to the trial of the Wards in Kentucky, which created a considerable sensation throughout the States.

At Louisville, a city on the left bank of the Ohio, in the state of Kentucky, there was a respectable school or academy kept by Professor Butler, who is represented to have been an amiable and estimable man. In his capacity of teacher, Butler one day had occasion to correct a pupil, named Ward, for repeated and flagrant violations of the rules of the school. The boy forthwith informed his two elder brothers of the chastisement he had suffered, the nature of which is nowhere stated, but which is not likely to have been severe. Instead of calmly resorting to the law for redress, supposing the offence to have warranted legal measures, Matthew Ward, the eldest brother, purchased a pair of pistols, and ordering them to be loaded, proceeded with his next younger brother to the school. Butler, very much surprised at their abrupt entrance and violent language, appears to have attempted to make some kind of explanation; but he was not listened to. Matthew Ward deliberately shot him in presence of the whole school! This gross outrage caused an extraordinary excitement in Louisville; and, as is not unusual in America, the public were divided in opinion according to particular interests. The Wards belonged to a wealthy family, and were supported, it is alleged, by the slaveholding party; while, on the opposite side, there was the general public, exercising a feebler influence over the administration of law in the district. On the plea that no impartial jury could be obtained in Louisville, the trial of Matthew Ward and his brother for the murder of Butler took place in Elizabethtown, Hardin county. The 18th of April was the day selected for this strange contest of might against right. Everything was done that money or skill could effect to baffle the ends of justice. The Wards were defended by the ablest counsel, among whom was Ex-governor Crittenden. The jury 'consisted of tillers of the soil, and were obtained without difficulty, only two hours being consumed in the process.' The Wards rode to the court in the carriage of Governor Helm, and, along with the whole members of their family, were accommodated with seats within the bar. With such preliminaries, it need hardly be said that the trial, though lasting several days, was a kind of farce. Both culprits were acquitted, and left the court in triumph. The public, however, were scandalised, and the Ward family almost immediately found it expedient to leave the state.

If we are to believe the *Louisville Journal*, the populace on this occasion seem to have been more than usually sensitive. That newspaper makes the following extraordinary statement:—'There have been scores of notorious cases of murder and acquittal in this city and this state. There was the case of Kunz, who killed Schaffer. Kunz, hearing that Schaffer had spoken lightly of a member of his family, went to his coffee-house and cursed him. Schaffer picked up a small stick, and went round the counter, as if to strike Kunz, whereupon the latter thrust a deadly weapon into his breast, and killed him; he was tried, and discharged without punishment. There was the case of Delph, who killed his uncle Reuben Liter. Delph armed himself deliberately, and went to the upper market-house to meet Liter. He met him; sought a quarrel with him; and shot him dead on the spot. The quarrel was about a woman of disreputable character. Delph was tried, and acquitted by a jury. There was the case of Croxton, who killed Hawthorn. Hawthorn was in a coffee-house, sitting in a chair, drunk and asleep; Croxton struck him on the head in that condition with a brickbat, and killed him. He was acquitted by a jury. There was the case of Peters, who killed Baker. In Natchez, a long time before, Baker, in a fight, had wounded Peters and made him a cripple. Peters being thus disabled, Baker supported him. The latter, after about a year, became very poor, and discontinued his bounty: thereupon, Peters pursued him to this city; rode in the night in a hack to his house; sent the hackman to inform him that a gentleman and friend wished to see him on business; and when Baker came out and stood at the window of the hack, shot him instantly dead. Peters was acquitted by the jury, and lived here for some years afterward. There was the case of the Pendegrasts, who killed Buchanan, a schoolmaster. The elder Pendegrast, with two of his sons and a negro, went to Buchanan's school-house with loaded guns, and killed him, without giving him a chance for his life. The jury gave a verdict of acquittal. There was the case of Shelby, who killed Horine, in Lexington. The two dined at the same public table, and upon Horine going into the street, Shelby demanded of him why he had looked at him in such a manner at the table? Horine answered that he was not aware of having looked at him in any unusual manner. Shelby said: "You did; and if you ever do it again, I will blow your brains out. I don't know who you are." Horine responded: "I know you, and suppose a man may *look* at you, if your name *is* Shelby." At that Shelby struck him with his fist; and without any return of the blow, and without any display of a weapon by Horine, for he was unarmed, Shelby shot him dead. Shelby was indicted, but the jury found no verdict against him. There was the case of Harry Daniel, of Mount Sterling, who killed Clifton Thompson. Daniel and Thompson were lawyers, and brothers-in-law. Thompson made some imputation upon Daniel in open court; Daniel drew a pistol, and shot him dead in the presence of judge and jury. Thompson had a pistol in his pocket, but did not draw it. Daniel was acquitted by a jury.'

Among the slave population of the south, crimes are occasionally committed which lead to punishment out of the due course of law. A southern newspaper lately presented an account of a series of negro outrages, which occurred in 1841, and were followed by a terrific retribution. We condense the narrative as follows, suppressing only some of the more offensive details:—

Two runaway slaves of Louisiana had for some time eluded capture, and had become a terror to the whites in the neighbourhood. The first crime of magnitude they committed was the murder of an old man named Herrington, who was living on Red River, near the Mississippi, with his only daughter, a young woman who assisted him by her labours in obtaining a meagre support. The negroes had previously compelled a negro woman, belonging to a neighbouring planter, to join them. After murdering Mr Herrington, and robbing his house of everything available to them, they assaulted his daughter, and obliged her also to join them. They then proceeded up Red River to the mouth of the Corodra, where was living a Mr Todd, who kept a small store to supply raftsmen. After being supplied with refreshments, they murdered Mr Todd, assaulted his unfortunate wife, and took her and a little daughter along with them. Miss Herrington had now lost her reason; but Mrs Todd, it seems, was a woman of great strength of mind, and knowing that as soon as the murders and abductions became known to the neighbours, they would be out in pursuit, she endeavoured to mark a trail for the pursuers, by leaving shreds of her dress on the bushes as they passed, and making her child walk in the mud of the swamp at times, so that its little feet might afford indubitable proof of the course taken by the savage negroes and their victims. In a week or ten days, while the party were at a halt, about three miles back of Union Point, about thirty-five miles below Natchez, the two negro men fell asleep, one of them with his head on Mrs Todd's lap—the negro woman being guard. Suddenly, Mrs Todd perceived the approach of the armed pursuers. She, with admirable presence of mind, motioned to them to be cautious. They advanced silently; and when she thought them sufficiently near, she sprang up with a shriek of delirious joy, and rushed towards them. The negroes sprang to their feet. One was captured; the other escaped, several shots having been fired at him as he fled. The party were then taken to Union Point. Many of the neighbours were collected; Miss Herrington was a maniac, but the mind of Mrs Todd was calm and unclouded. She told her story with a clearness and consistency which deeply affected her auditory. The people did not take long to deliberate; a summary execution was resolved on. The captured negro was tied to a tree—faggots were placed around him—and Mrs Todd herself set fire to his funeral pile. About a week afterwards, the other negro was captured, and was also burned alive. The negro woman was not executed, Mrs Todd stating that she had saved the lives of Miss Herrington and herself several times from the savage fiends. 'If there ever was a case,' adds our authority, 'in which a summary execution was justifiable, from the character of the crimes committed, the absolute certainty of their commission, and the necessity of a terrible example, this was one. None ever occurred appealing more powerfully to every noble feeling, to every generous sympathy, to man's high sense of inexorable justice. The negroes perished—perished terribly, but justly—and those who read the story will acknowledge in their hearts a perfect harmony between the crimes they perpetrated and the fate they met.'

We can more easily sympathise in this act of public justice, than in that which took place at Denton, in Maryland, as late as last October. This was a case of Lynch Law executed on a negro, for a crime of which the particulars are not furnished. The name of the negro was Dave Thomas, and he had been tried for manslaughter, and convicted in the 'second degree.' This modified verdict gave general dissatisfaction; and it was resolved that something should be done. A local newspaper reports as follows:—'During Saturday last, we heard it whispered about that the negro would be lynched, but regarded it as altogether improbable that any violence would be done him. A little after night, however, a suspicious aspect was given to the matter by the arrival of a large number of persons from almost every section of the county, which continued until we suppose the number was increased to near one hundred. Meantime the sheriff was on the alert, and summoned a number of our citizens to assist in preserving order.

Up to about half-past ten o'clock, things bore so indecisive an aspect as to induce the belief that no attempt would be made to get possession of the negro. About that time, however, a large party of men assembled in the vicinity of the jail, and after parleying awhile with the sheriff, an attack was made with an axe on the front door of the building, which yielded at the first blow. A general rush was then made, and in fifteen minutes afterwards the negro was suspended by the neck in the rear of the jail, where he hung until life was extinct. The sheriff did all in his power to preserve order and prevent the act, both by persuasion and threats; but the influences against which he had to contend were decidedly too formidable, and he was compelled to yield, after having *faithfully discharged his duty*. Most of those whom he had summoned to his assistance, were unwilling to endanger their own personal safety by violently opposing what seemed to be a *popular* outbreak. A co-operation in sentiment, no doubt, had its influence with some. We have been requested to say, that no citizen of this place had any hand in the matter.'

Objectionable and dangerous as lynching may be considered in the abstract, there can be little doubt of its propriety practically in certain conditions of American society. When judges and courts are leagued with desperadoes, or when peculiar difficulties stand in the way of a prompt administration of justice, the public, in self-defence, feel impelled to interfere. At the settlement of California, and before society had time to establish regular tribunals, or to give due efficacy to the law, life and property would not have been safe for a moment, unless a Vigilance Committee had charged itself with the duty of lynching. Even when, in such newly opened territories, judges are appointed, only a small advance is made towards a vigorous legal administration. Of American judges, it needs to be recollected that their position is often not such as to command respect. A judge of the supreme courts in England is a being aloof in every respect from the people, and he scrupulously abstains from interference personally in matters which might by possibility come before him in his judicial capacity. An American judge, on the other hand, is not dissevered from the ordinary action of society; and if he looks forward to a governorship, or some other high function, he requires to cultivate a certain popularity. Remembering the peculiar reserve of our own official dignitaries, I was, on coming up one of the rivers in a steamer, surprised to learn that several persons who mingled familiarly with the other passengers were judges. I was not less amused on being told that one of the highest of this class of functionaries in the state of New York, with a view to conciliating the democratic interest, always, when on a journey, carries his own carpet-bag! This, however, is parenthetical; and we may return to the subject of lynching, a remarkable instance of which occurred about a year and a half ago in the newly settled state of Wisconsin, in defiance of a judge, who happened to be on the spot. The incident is described as follows:—

A man named Cartwright was arrested in Wanshara county, in February 1853, for shooting a person who had offended him in connection with a claim on a piece of land. For some time Cartwright was imprisoned, but afterwards admitted to bail, and returned to the neighbourhood where the murder was committed. As this proceeding was considered to be a preliminary to the whole affair being quashed, the people gathered together to rearrest him, and place him again in confinement. To save himself from seizure, he retired to his cabin, and barricaded the doors and windows. The enraged multitude, among whom was a son of the man whom Cartwright had murdered, renewed their efforts to capture the offender. They assailed the entrance to the house, and driving it in, proceeded to rush up stairs, when Cartwright, who stood at bay with a rifle in his hand, fired at and killed one of the assailants. As a short method of dislodging the murderer, the mob now proposed to set fire to the cabin; and one man in approaching for this purpose, was fired at by Cartwright from an upper window, and he fell mortally wounded. One or two of Cartwright's friends then appeared with an officer, and upon their solicitation, he surrendered himself. While under the care of the officer, three or four of the mob approached, caught both his arms, and lashed them together behind; they then placed a rope around his neck, and led him to a tree within a short distance. When about to be strung up, he reproached his captors for their cowardice, and then submitted to his fate. Judge Walker attempted to address the crowd, urging them to desist from violence; when they warned him off, giving him twenty minutes to depart. He got into his wagon, and drove off. The mob shouted after him, and threw some stones, one of which struck him on the head, but did not seriously injure him.—Think of ordering a judge to go about his business, and pelting him off!

In the course of the past year, a dismal tragedy occurred in the St Nicholas Hotel, New York. One morning, shortly before six o'clock, when almost all persons were in bed, a violent ringing of a bell in an upper corridor was heard. The continued noise awoke Colonel Loring and his wife in one of the bedrooms. Mrs Loring was unwell, and the incessant ringing of the bell greatly disturbed her. To learn what was the cause of the noise, Colonel Loring went into the passage, and found that the creator of the disturbance was Dr Graham, who had come in late, in rather a tipsy condition, and was now ringing for a waiter to bring him something to allay his thirst. Colonel Loring is understood to have made some remonstrance, and then returned to bed. The noise still continuing, he again arose, and passing out, went down stairs to try to find a waiter. On returning, he was met by Dr Graham at the head of the stairs, where an altercation ensued. To something said by Graham, the word 'lie' was overheard to be uttered by Loring. It is also alleged that Loring attempted to strike Graham. Be this as it may, Graham seems to have held forth a cane towards Loring—possibly in defence. This cane concealed a sword, and being grasped at the further extremity by Loring, the sheath came off in his hands, leaving the naked sword in the hands of Graham, who instantly ran it through the body of the unfortunate Loring. He fell dead on the spot. The condition of his wife in an adjoining room may be easily pictured. After committing the murder, Graham walked down stairs, wiping the bloody sword with his hands, and made some light remark as to his having, he believed, stabbed somebody. He was afterwards secured and imprisoned, and finally brought to trial in New York, in the early part of October.

The trial lasted several days, and considerable interest was felt respecting the result; for by the more orderly class of citizens, the case was deemed to offer a fair experiment whether the law would be enforced against a person influential from his position and connections. There was a general notion that something would be done to defeat the ends of justice. Nor was the suspicion unfounded. After the trial had gone on, it was discovered that one of the jurors was a relative of the culprit. Now ensued such a fact as will startle English ideas of jurisprudence. The judge decided that, with the consent of parties, the verdict should be taken from the eleven jurors who remained, after excluding the obnoxious individual; and this was accordingly done. The jury of eleven deliberated long on their verdict, which they at length agreed should be that of 'manslaughter in the second degree.' Graham was condemned to several years' imprisonment; and although the punishment was thought to be rather light, the public felt that it was better than nothing—better than an acquittal, like that of the Wards, of which there were considerable apprehensions. Here we might stop, but are inclined to add the following, which appears in the *New York Semi-weekly Tribune* for 10th October: it is given as presenting an instance of the perversion of justice through the operation of slavery:—

'There is now confined in a southern prison, in one of the more moderate and less fanatical slave states, a free native citizen of a northern state, under the following circumstances:—A poor, forlorn, sick, coloured woman, fleeing from outrageous cruelty and despotism, applied to him for shelter, food, and medicine. Her afflicted and desolate condition so wrought upon his sympathies, that he granted her request, admitting her as an inmate of his family. He cured her of a violent and dangerous fever. About this time, her legal owner learned where she was, came after her, and took her home, neither paying nor thanking the good Samaritan who had saved her life. Her cruel treatment was renewed; and became so intolerable that she fled again, and was again treated with humanity by her former preserver. The master pursued her, now knowing exactly where to look for her; and as soon as he came within reach of her, levelled his pistol, and shot her dead where she stood. From this deed the murderer went about his business as coolly as if he had only shot a thieving dog, nobody seeming to think any judicial inquiry necessary or proper; but the good Samaritan was thereupon arrested and imprisoned, to take his trial on a charge of "harbouring a fugitive slave." He will probably be convicted, and set to hard labour in a state-prison for ten or fifteen years, as Torrey, and other such *criminals*, have been before him.' W. C.

LINT.

At the commencement of the present war, and before a drop of blood had been shed in strife, or a single life had fallen a sacrifice to fever, malaria, or cholera, the government gave an order to a well-known London house for a thousand poundweights of lint, as a part of the medical stores to be shipped for the service of the army bound for the shores of the Euxine. The *Times* newspaper, in an able and suggestive article, called the attention of its readers to that significant fact, and admonished us to temper our warlike enthusiasm, by the melancholy associations which that single item in the tremendous list of preparations then urging forward was calculated to present to the imagination. If our mighty armaments were sent forth to conquer and to slay, they went forth also to bleed, to suffer, and to die: the blast of the spirit-stirring trumpet had to be echoed by the groans of the wounded warriors; and if provident care and forethought were needed to secure victory, they were needed no less to assuage the agony of the victor. It is to be feared that the thousand poundweights of lint supplied by the Messrs Savory and Moore, has been long used up in the contingencies of the bloody contest upon which we have entered; at anyrate, the demand for lint from the operative lint-makers is at the present moment double what it was before the war broke out, and not a little difficulty is experienced by manufacturers and contractors, if their own complaints on the subject are to be relied on, in meeting the exigencies of the occasion.

The trade in lint is subject to one rather awkward condition, peculiar to no other linen manufacture that we are aware of. We advert to the fact, that it will not remunerate the producer of this article to forestall the demand for any length of time, or to any great extent, whatever his foresight, or however great may be his facilities for production—the reason being, that lint, long hoarded, is liable to become to a certain degree matted and lumpy, and therefore as less fit for use, of less value, to say nothing of the partial discoloration that will ensue upon long keeping, and which operates as a prejudice against its sale. As a general rule, therefore, lint may be said to be manufactured from hand to mouth to supply the wants of the hour.

Lint, as most persons know, and as the etymology of the word would imply, is made from linen. A popular definition of lint would be 'scraped rag,' and such is the definition actually given in some of our encyclopædias. In domestic experience, we often see the housewife manufacturing her own lint, by scraping the rag with a knife, to meet a sudden emergency. It may not be so generally known, however, that linen, in order to be appropriated to the manufacture of lint, must first become a rag—must at least have been worn and used, and tumbled and washed, again and again, into such a state as to be entitled to that appellation. New linen, even if it could be procured at the price of the old rags—a difficulty which might perhaps be overcome—would make but an inferior sort of lint, because it would be stiffer in the fibre than that which has been repeatedly worn and washed, and it would contain some definite amount of extraneous material existing in the form of grit, which, though it might be imperceptible to the eye, would yet be found irritating to the wound. Some years ago, an enterprising manufacturer produced a species of patent lint, of a material entirely new, the surface of the linen cloth being scraped or linted in the process of making: when the necessity for lint, as at present, is great, it is probable that this product commands a remunerating price; but the apothecaries and surgeons raise a sad outcry against it, and the best that can be said in its favour is, that it is not preferred to the lint made by hand from rags—and that for the reasons above specified.

Linen rags, then, are the first and the indispensable essential for the production of lint; and the procuring of them at the present moment, especially when the paper-makers are raising such a hue-and-cry for the same material, is no easy matter: so difficult, in fact, has it become, that the price of rags applicable to the purposes of the lint-manufacturer has advanced full sixpence per pound—the advance alone being double the price which it will suit the paper-maker to pay. This is the lint-maker's great difficulty; and the profits to be realised will depend very largely upon his or her mode of dealing with it. If in a small way of business, he will have to collect his rags, as many of them do, by periodical pilgrimages to the rag-shops, which, under the patronage of the black doll that swings aloft over the door, invite his inspection. The rag-dealer, who buys mixed rags in the mass, at a few half-pence per pound, knows the necessity the lint-maker is under, and is pretty sure to be prepared for his reception with rags selected from the mass, and suitable for his purpose, and for which at the present moment he will ask an exorbitant price. Others, who do a larger trade, employ collectors to procure the rags, who contract to supply them at a given rate, and pick them up where they can. But in this department of the lint trade, as in a hundred other trades to which we might refer, the Jew steps in to the relief of the manufacturer. There are in London, as everybody knows, a prodigious number of public institutions—benevolent, charitable, political, and educational—where multitudes of men, or women, or children, are congregated, at their own or other people's charges, from year's end to year's end—hospitals, infirmaries, lunatic asylums, prisons, police-stations, maisons-de-santé, charity-schools, penitentiaries, refuges for the destitute, and clubs for the aristocratic. Regarded from a peculiar and commercial point of view, each and all of these institutions may be looked upon as so many nurseries for the rearing of rags. It is in this light, at anyrate, that certain tribes of the clever and far-seeing sons of Israel regard them; and of the entire rag product of the whole of the public institutions of the metropolis, the Jews, or their agents, may be considered to have almost the exclusive monopoly. They contract with the governors, managers, or trustees, of the several establishments, for the whole of the rags which each year produces; and not a shred is suffered to leave the premises but through their hands. It is to the Jew, therefore, that the wholesale lint-manufacturer looks for the supply of his raw material; and from him at all times he can procure it in abundance, for a very sufficient reason—namely, that the price he is ever willing to pay exceeds by a liberal margin that which any other purchaser of rags is known to disburse.

In default of a ready supply of linen rags, a considerable quantity of lint is made in London from cotton. Cotton-lint—the term is an etymological contradiction—is, however, no favourite with the surgical profession, because it is not so soft in fibre, nor so cooling to the wound, as that made from linen. It is no favourite either with the working lint-makers, for two very good reasons: in the first place, cotton is more troublesome under the machine, and more difficult to work, than lint; and in the next place, it weighs less, and therefore pays less, because the work is always paid as lint is sold—by the pound. Lastly, it is no favourite with the manufacturer, because it costs as much to make as that made from linen, and fetches a price too much inferior to be compensated by the lesser cost of the material.

Lint, like the linen cloth to which it owes its existence, is of various value, according to its various degrees of fineness. For all practical purposes, that which is made from rags of average texture or coarseness, is in every respect equal to that made from the finest linen. But fashion reigns and rules at the side of the sick man's couch as decidedly as elsewhere; and the wounds and sores of the scion of the aristocracy must be salved and swathed in the finest material that money can purchase. So, while the government contractor sends to the field of Alma or Inkermann, lint at three-and-sixpence a pound, lint at seven or eight shillings a pound is hardly good enough for the accidental contusions of the 'gentleman who sits at home at ease.'

But to proceed with the process of manufacture. Having procured the indispensable rags, the next thing is to prepare them for the operative lint-maker, who is invariably a woman, if she be not a child or a young girl. The seams have to be cut out, and such parts as are worn and triturated, thoroughly threadbare and ragged, are cut away. The average loss in weight from this operation, we are informed by an experienced dealer, is hardly less than twelve per cent. upon the amount of rags purchased in fragments from the rag-shops, though it is not more than half that upon old sheeting and linen of an analogous description. A further loss of two ounces in the pound is incurred in the process of linting under the machine, that being the extra weight allowed to the operative in weighing out the rags; so that if she can make the loss anything less, it is so much gain to herself. The rags being freed from seams, darns, &c., and cut to the width of the machine—some fourteen or fifteen inches—have next to be washed thoroughly clean. This is a measure of the utmost importance, and one upon which the quality of the lint to be made materially depends. Once made, lint can never be cleansed of any impurities it may chance to contract; and as its value in the market would be depreciated were it not in a pure and stainless condition, the utmost care is taken to insure, as far as possible, its ultimate appearance in a state of snowy whiteness. This desirable condition of cleanliness is dependent, however, much more on the skill and carefulness of the working-hands, than on the labours of the laundress; and in nothing do the females who employ themselves at this calling, differ so much as in their manner of turning out their work in this important particular. Where a woman works in a smoky, dusty apartment, with children around her, the lint she makes—which is, of all imaginable things, the readiest to contract the flying impurities—is sure to suffer; and if the work be broken off and interrupted from time to time, it is sure to become foul, and, as it is technically termed, 'grubby.' On the other hand, a tidy lass, working alone, or in company with a fellow-worker, and who carefully deposits each piece out of harm's way as it is liberated from the machine, will rival the lily in the purity of her wares.

The rags being cleansed, and reduced to convenient sizes, are now ready to be linted. Let us see in what that process consists. If the reader will take a piece of coarse lint in his hand, he will find, on endeavouring to pull it to pieces, that he can do so with the utmost ease in one direction, but not in another—that is, he can pull it into strips, but cannot break it into squares, pull as hard as he may. On examining it in a strong light, he will see the reason of this: he will perceive that all the threads which run in one direction (say the warp of the cloth) are but very slightly frayed or scraped, and remain nearly as strong, because nearly as entire, as they were when they came from the loom, and therefore it is vain for him to pull against their united strength; but he will see, also, that all the threads running across or perpendicular to them are, though none are cut through, reduced to hairs of infinitesimal thinness—mere single fibres of the flax—the rest of their substance being raised into a soft, filmy, pulpy 'fluff,' which constitutes the lint. In order to see how this process is accomplished, we must follow the lint-making operative to her home. We say to her home, because it is only in exceptional cases that the rags are really turned into lint on the premises of the manufacturer. Personally, we know but one manufacturer, who, supplying the public with the article, has the work done on his own premises, and by his own machines. In the generality of cases, the work is given out to women who provide their own machines, at a cost of something under 30s. each, and who work their own hours. As the employment is not considered healthy—and hardly can be so, looking to the quantity of separated flax fibre floating in the atmosphere of the workroom—it is not much to be wondered at if, taking advantage of the comparatively lucrative nature of their industry, they sometimes refuse to labour more than a limited number of hours daily. Still their gains, when working for the 'middleman,' are not much to boast of. Half-a-crown a day is stated to be the utmost that a skilful workwoman can earn; and she, in order to do this, with the present imperfect means at her command, must have spent many years in constant practice at the machine. The services of the middleman, however, are by no means indispensable to the lint-maker, and, as a general rule, the older she grows, the less she has to do with him. Observation, inquiry, and experience, lead her in the end to form a connection of her own among the apothecaries and the members of the medical profession, by which she may chance nearly to double her earnings.

On visiting the lint-maker at her work, we find her seated in a lofty attic of a dingy house in a back-street, not far from the bank of the Thames, where the river runs towards Limehouse. In order to get at her apartment, we have to pass through a series of hanging gardens of damp rags, for the most part less than a foot square in size, and which, having been washed clean, are hung out to dry upon the staircase and landing, the weather being 'mizzly' out of doors. From such a manifold demonstration, we conclude that the lint-maker we have come to visit, by introduction of a friend who employs her, if she works for the middleman, works also on her own account, and cultivates a connection. On entering the room, we find her seated in front of the linting-machine, a rude and primitive instrument, about the size of the stool of a banker's clerk, and not a whit more ingenious in its construction. The affair is just the shabbiest of all shabby contrivances for bringing the edge of a sharp blade, about fifteen inches in width, to bear upon a little platform beneath. There is a kind of treadle worked by the foot, which assists the hands of the manipulator in using the knife. Upon the flat surface of the little platform is stretched the rag, or that portion of it undergoing the operation, which has to be linted. A simple contrivance keeps the rag partially strained. As the knife hangs in its frame over the cloth, its edge is parallel with one line of the threads, and, of course, perpendicular to the other line. Several of these machines are at work in the room, and the blades are rising and falling with a dull, thumping, scraping sound continually. As the blade descends, it cannot much injure the threads whose course is parallel with itself, for obvious reasons; but it would, being very sharp, cut through the others, were it allowed to descend with sufficient force. The force of the descent, however, is regulated by the dexterity of the worker, so that it shall only partly sever the cross-threads; and at every fall, while the knife is down, and its edge imbedded in the partly severed threads, the blade is forcibly shifted in the direction of those threads for a certain small space. It is this horizontal shifting of the sharp and heavy blade of the knife upon the strained rag while it is half cut through, which by disintegrating those threads that cross the blade at a right angle, and raising nine-tenths or more of their entire substance into a soft woolly pile, produces the lint. It is worthy of remark, that the threads which, lying horizontally with the knife, escape serious injury by the process, render an important service by preventing the disintegrated pile from being detached from the surface of the rag by the violent passage of the blade.

The lint-maker tells us, that she served an apprenticeship of two years to the business; and that, in learning it, she did as most beginners do—that is, destroyed a good many rags in her first attempts. She has now been ten years at the trade, and is in her turn teaching apprentices of her own, one of whom sits at her side making coarse lint with a skill and rapidity hardly to be surpassed. She herself prefers the fine work, because she is accustomed to it, and it pays better. As a journeywoman she could, and did, earn half-a-crown a day, and might have earned more but for the loss of time in fetching the material, and taking home work when it was done, and the waiting which mostly takes place upon those occasions. The earnings of her oldest apprentice do not amount to that by more than a third. The work is not so easy as it appears, and requires long practice to be well learned. She adds, that she does not think it a healthy business by any means, as the severed fibres of the flax are apt to get into the lungs—two young girls, who commenced learning the business, were obliged to give it up on that account. But she objects more to the wearisomeness and monotonous character of the employment than to its unhealthiness, from which she is not sure that she has herself suffered to any extent. Lint-making, she is of opinion, requires more continuous attention than most other merely mechanical employments, because you never know what you are going to have under the knife till you come to try it, and are obliged constantly to act according to circumstances.

All this may be perfectly true, but there is a further truth of which the good woman is not conscious. A single glance at the machine with which the work is done, would be sufficient to convince any practical mechanic that the difficulty complained of is due to that, and to nothing else, and that it might be obviated as easily as the difficulty of eating with a pair of Chinese chopsticks would be obviated by recurrence to the knife and fork. There is no reason why machines should not be made, at a very trifling expense, to lint a surface of any convenient width at the rate of a yard a minute, or more if need be; and did a sufficient motive exist for the invention of such a machine, it would soon be in operation. The enormous margin of profit is surely a sufficient incentive for the inventor. It remains to be seen whether the fearful necessities of a general war—against which, as lovers of peace, we devoutly pray—will stimulate him to action. It is but fair to state, however, that from circumstances which have turned up in the course of our inquiries on this subject, we are not without a suspicion that lint is secretly making in the metropolis, and that in large quantities, by some already improved process. What these circumstances are, we do not feel at liberty to state; they warrant us, however, in indulging no more than a suspicion, which may be well or ill founded.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XX.

INTRIGUES AT PALERMO.

It is quite certain that the capture of the Bishop of Catania's niece—the circumstances of which we have learned from the admissions of Jeppo's daughter—had some considerable share in bringing misfortune on our friends. The time at which it happened was critical. A gloom had not very long before been cast over the country by the frightful murder of Beatrice Massolini, who has since become one of the legendary heroines of Sicily, and whose sad fate is related with all piteous details in the ballads of Paolo Carpi. It will be remembered that Julio Castelnuove, talking to Jeppo in the presence of Walter and Bianca, alluded to this crime, knowing, however, that the bandit chief was not responsible for it—if, indeed, a momentary flash of humanity can save a man from the responsibility of acts committed by those whom he affects to command. The truth is, that in the history of the Black Band, since it was first formed by Jeppo on the model of many associations of the same kind that had existed in Sicily and Calabria, few, if any, outrages of that character had been committed. Threats had always been found sufficient; for it was invariably the dearest member of a family that was chosen by the kidnappers. There was something, moreover, very reasonable in their way of going to work. It was generally understood that they never seized the same person twice; and they always treated their prisoners with the greatest possible courtesy. It is true that Madame Fiora Bonnetti was captured by them, and never returned at all to her supposed disconsolate husband, who could not or would not raise more than 200 dollars for her repurchase, and that four or five young girls of Syracuse also disappeared for good and all. But it was never believed for a moment that their lives had been taken; and a rumour prevailed very generally, that a Barbary pirate had been cruising about that time off the coast, and was in constant correspondence with the Tripoline merchant Haj-

Ahmed, of whom we have before spoken, and shall have to say more anon. However this may be, it is quite certain that a salutary terror of the inexorability of the Black Band had spread, and that no one ever thought it possible that their demands, when at all reasonable, could be refused, until the marchese, partly, as we have hinted, because he lacked an outlet for his superabundant and morbid activity, determined to carry out a long-cherished project for the extermination of that pestilent crew. He endeavoured to prevent the bishop from ransoming his niece, maintaining that threats of terrific punishment would deter the Band from violence, and prevailed on the viceroy to join in a systematic attack. We already know the result. The freedom of the young girl was bought just in time, and then the Black Band was surrounded and in part destroyed. The consequences of this vigorous act at length made themselves felt.

We have no space to enter into the details of court intrigue; indeed all the truth never became publicly known. Whilst the Marchese Belmonte was using his powerful influence at Naples to become in name, as he already was to a great extent in reality, the governor of Sicily, the Bishop of Catania worked in an opposite direction. He never forgave the danger to which his niece had been exposed; but his anger was directed, not against the Black Band—they belonged to the natural order of things, were in some sort an institution of the country—but against the man whose ill-timed pedantic severity had almost driven those worthy people to crime. Reformers often bear the blame of abuses which they attempt to eradicate. The churchman, working in the dark, had gained the day; and his sovereign, in a pious moment, had secretly sent encouragement to the viceroy to adopt a more independent policy than of yore. It is true, that being perhaps ashamed of this act of vigour, he at the same time increased in graciousness to the Princess Corsini; and when that great lady complained of the outrage committed upon her party on the road to Castelamare, promised, without the slow intercession of the law, to execute most terrible vengeance on Walter, on poor Mr Buck, and on whatever other foreigners or natives had joined in so disgraceful an act.

This is how it happened that immediately, on hearing such fragments of the adventure of Angela as were wafted about on the breath of public rumour, the Bishop of Catania—a man of the world, oftener seen in the luxurious palaces of Palermo than in his own quiet district, and who was on the spot, therefore, ready for mischief—hastened to seek an interview with the viceroy. Here, he said, was a grand opportunity to make the government illustrious. The brigands—and he maliciously took care to carry on his argument almost in the words used by the marchese on a former occasion—the brigands, trusting in the value of their prize, worth the nieces of two bishops—this was a spiteful parenthesis—would be off their guard, and might easily be surrounded. Then he added something about Belmonte's pride, and pointed out how clever it would be to wound him with his own weapons. The viceroy was easily persuaded; but being a weak man, shrank at first from an interview with the marchese. When that interview came, he found that his plans were almost approved of, which frightened and puzzled him. As we know, orders were sent to all the troops within a circle of thirty miles to be in readiness, but it was understood that they were not to act until after further discussion. All this took place on the very day of Angela's capture. During the succeeding night, the marchese, enlightened by Bianca, had understood the danger to which his daughter was exposed, and had afterwards signified his intention to treat for her liberty, taking it for granted, in ignorance of the bishop's machinations, that whenever he pleased he could not only pay the ransom asked, but accede to all other conditions imposed. His fault was, that from this overweening confidence in his own power, he did not stay to see his wishes executed; nor can we excuse him for deliberately leaving poor Angela for several days in that frightful position of a prisoner placed in the alternative of ransom or death. Trusting to Bianca's activity, which pride would not allow him to stimulate, he left the scene of action in the vague hope of terrifying Paolo into giving up all claim to Angela by the weak threat of abandoning her to her fate. We have seen how signally he failed; and have now to learn how all circumstances seemed at once to combine, on his departure, for the punishment of his culpable negligence.

The bishop was immediately closeted with the viceroy, and again insisted, that being chief in authority in the country, he was bound to have a policy of his own; that if he was vigorous when the marchese willed it, and lenient when the marchese changed his mind—a stern brigand-hunter or a weak temporiser, just as the marchese happened to be in a fierce or amiable mood—all the world would laugh at and despise him. These are the insinuations by which the crafty bend small men to their wills. Yet the viceroy, when urged to take a decisive step, did not accede at once: he thought of the terrible anger of the marchese, and had no mind to face such a father grown desperate. But a day or two afterwards, an incident occurred which forced him to assume that terrible responsibility.

We have several times mentioned, that when the Black Band—which was organised on good commercial principles, and had correspondents in all the chief towns of Sicily—made prisoners near Palermo, it was an understood thing that disconsolate parents or friends should apply for information to Ahmed-Ibn-Abderrahman of Tripoli, usually called Haj-Ahmed, because he professed to have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. This gentleman was not considered at all disreputable on account of his connections. He transacted such matters, indeed, if we may believe his own account, entirely from benevolent motives. Did not Dr B——, an English medical man, do the same kind of work at Mazzara? This was slightly disingenuous, because Dr B—— was only once an intermediary for the daughter of a friend. However, it is certain that Haj-Ahmed was proud to say, that he had restored many families to happiness, and was well looked upon by public opinion on that account. An ineffectual attempt to extract revelations from him excited general indignation; and the police were compelled, almost in the midst of a riot, to let him alone, which they did, grumbling some absurd things to the effect that the Tripoline was more inquisitive than seemed honest about the details of all picnic-parties—who were to compose them, and what direction they were to take. These calumnies made Haj-Ahmed shrug his shoulders, and smile pleasantly. He had plenty of other occupations for his time; the mysteries of trade were known to him. He bought and sold, exported and imported—always, it is true (which, by the way, may account for the ill-temper of the authorities), exhibiting a marked preference for transactions that had a slightly immoral, or at anyrate illegal, character. No one else would have dared so openly to defy the custom-house officers. Popular feeling, directed by some of the best affections of human nature, had invested him with something of the character of a herald. His house was almost as inviolable as an ambassador's bag, and equally convenient for smuggling. Giacomo's crew knew the road to it well; and Pipo had often been seen smoking a pipe on the threshold, with an air of conscious rectitude peculiarly edifying to behold.

On the morning of the third of June, it happened that Gianetto, one of the servants of the Bishop of Catania, passed by Haj-Ahmed's house, and saw issue therefrom a man who forthwith attracted his attention. There was nothing, it is true, very remarkable in his appearance; he might have been a respectable peasant in his Sunday clothes, or a tunny-salter from Trapani. But Gianetto remembered that he had seen him before under peculiar circumstances. That physiognomy roused the combative instinct within him; a moment's thought, and he was quite certain of the fact. Yes; that honestly dressed individual was no other than the man who had held a knife to his own meek throat on the lower slopes of Etna—Catania shining in the distance against the rising sun—whilst Jeppo, with all kinds of civilities, was prevailing on his young mistress, the bishop's niece, who gave two or three small screams, to mount a mule, and be off to recesses of the mountains which she had never intended to visit. Had Gianetto met this respectable caitiff outside the walls of the city, under rural circumstances, his memory would probably have been less active, or, at anyrate, less impertinent. In the centre of a crowded street, he thought the opportunity good to exhibit a little courage.

'Ah *porco*,' he cried in an insufferably insulting manner, 'it is my turn now.'

His hand was on the man's collar, which he rumpled tremendously. A crowd collected in an instant; there was some shouting and hustling; but by the time two or three soldiers came up from a neighbouring guard-house, nothing remained to explain the riot, but poor Gianetto stretched bleeding on the pavement, and four or five individuals, who tried to look as if they had just come up, and were about to move on immediately.

It may easily be imagined, that fifty different versions of the story spread like lightning through the good city of Palermo; that which obtained the greatest amount of belief was naturally the most incorrect. People stated, that in order to offer deliberate insult to the Bishop of Catania and to the viceregal government, the Black Band had deputed one of its members to assassinate Gianetto in the public streets. Several persons had seen the whole affair, and could swear, if necessary, that the victim had been struck from behind, just as he was moving in a devout attitude towards the portal of a church. The bishop himself, who might have known the truth—for the wounded man was carried to his residence at once—gave in to this delusion, and hurried to the presence of the viceroy, his face streaming with tears, and his mouth teeming with eloquence, to ask for redress and protection: his own sacred life, he maintained, was next to be attacked.

We now know, therefore, to what point matters had advanced in the higher regions of Palermitan society during the few days previous to the escape of Paolo from Maretimo. Let us at present return to Bianca, whom we left after her interview with the marchese, tolerably well satisfied with the prospects of the future—so much so, indeed, that allowing fatigue to obtain the upper-hand, she rested the greater part of that day, and did not communicate with the Palazzo Castelnuove until the evening. Then she learned, in a note from Andrea, of the departure of Julio and Walter, and was convinced that their part would be well played. Her own wishes would have led her at once to return to the forest, and devote herself to cheering Angela during the interval that must still elapse before her liberty could be obtained. To go alone, however, was impossible; and, besides, instinct seemed to tell her that her presence was still necessary at Palermo.

Jeppo had not forgotten her; but sent every day Chino, one of his men whom he could most trust, with a short note, sometimes accompanied by one from Angela herself, to the care of Haj-Ahmed for Bianca. It was this messenger who had been seen and recognised by the imprudent Gianetto. We know how he resented the want of politeness with which he was treated; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that on escaping from the city, he determined not just then to honour it with repeated visits. Bianca remained, therefore, until the evening of the fifth of June without any news whatever. The Marquis of Castelnuove had returned to his town residence; and it was under his protection, and in company of Antonia, who by this time knew that Luigi Spada was safe, that she waited for events—an attitude peculiarly unpleasant to one of her active mind and warm affections.

About the time when Walter was risking his life to save that of the Marchese Belmonte, Bianca was sitting with Antonia in the embrasure of a window, in a retired room of the Palazzo Castelnuove. They had talked long—nearly the whole day—of the sad posture of affairs; of the distress of Angela; of the strange disappearance of the marchese, for they knew not, though they might guess, whither he had gone; of Julio; of Walter; of Spada; of the wound of Gianetto, the known anger of the bishop; and the sudden cessation of news from the mountains. Their conversation, in its wandering course, had even allowed the good-natured Antonia to suggest that she had a young brother, full of enthusiasm for beauty and for art, who dared not speak all he thought; but Bianca had commented on this insinuation by a serious smile, and had gone on to talk in a marked manner of the frank and noble character of Walter. After this they had relapsed into silence; and sat with heads bent in the bright yellow light of the setting sun, as it shone over a great slope of house-roofs, mingled with trees, and filled the room with its glow.

A servant came in to say that there was a Turk without, who insisted upon having speech with the Lady Bianca alone. She knew it could be no other than Haj-Ahmed. Antonia went away—vexed, of course, at being one too many—and the Tripoline was introduced. He was a small, thin man, in a black cloak, with a large turban on his head, that made him look at a distance like an umbrella or a mushroom. His bows and courtesies, however, were truly Eastern in their grace; and what with his soft voice, and the gazelle-like gentleness of his eyes—for this comparison often applies as well to Arabs male as to Arabs female—Bianca was at once disposed to listen to his words with attention. He said, that in a way not necessary to mention, he had learned a piece of very important news. The viceroy, urged by the revengeful Bishop of Catania, had at length really resolved to undertake a vigorous campaign against the Black Band whilst Angela still remained in their power. Already, if his information could be relied on, several regiments of soldiers, secretly drawn towards the scene of action, had occupied, or were about to occupy, all the passes by which the Band could escape from the district of Palermo. The sea, also, was well watched; and the approaches to the city swarmed with police. Haj-Ahmed did not conceal that one of his motives for being interested in this matter was, that he himself was marked for destruction as soon as his brigand friends were dispersed.

'Jeppo knows of his danger,' proceeded he, looking down towards the ground, 'and is preparing to ward it off. I believe that most certainly he can escape with his men, if he pleases; but there may be a crime committed.'

'I know what you mean,' said Bianca in a low voice, for her white lips could scarcely move; 'but nothing has yet been done. The viceroy will not dare thus to murder the marchese's daughter. He must forget what has happened to her.'

'No; it is because of her presence there that he acts.'

'Impossible!'

'He has no will of his own,' said the Haj in his soft dreamy voice; 'but it seems that the men of your church have wills and passions too. The Bishop of Catania remembers and would avenge his niece's danger.'

'I cannot believe it!' exclaimed Bianca, rising and feeling all her energy return; 'there must be some horrid mistake. I will see the viceroy this evening at once: he shall listen to me. I will force my way into his presence; I will implore him on my knees, if it be necessary. No, no; it is absurd to suppose that the daughter of the Marchese Belmonte—a favourite of the king—can be sacrificed to a churchman's spite.'

'I know not what your interference may achieve,' replied Haj-Ahmed, 'but it may be well to attempt good, even if you can gain only a few hours. However, I came,' he added, lowering his voice, and looking cautiously around, 'with different and more practical views. Jeppo sees a way to escape from these difficulties, and I think his eyes are good.'

'Well; what is it? What can I do?' cried Bianca, seeing that he hesitated.

'Much,' replied Haj-Ahmed; 'but there is danger, not to you personally, but to your friends, and chiefly to the most humble.'

Here he bowed gracefully, to intimate that he spoke of himself; and then, seeing that his meaning was not fully understood, went on to say:

'The people of our race believe in the language of the countenance; and when I look upon you, signora, I feel that you will not deceive me. This is our position. The Black Band must be dispersed sooner or later; civilisation'—he said this with a queer contemptuous smile—'requires it. But must I—must Jeppo and I—share its fate? Can the chief without followers, and the humble agent who has done some service in his time, be sure that you, whose word is so powerful with the Marchese Belmonte, will make their interests your own?'

Bianca, who had but one simple object in view—the happy return of Angela to freedom—could not understand the hesitations and doubts of this crafty Arab; and with a free and merry laugh, promised that as long as her influence lasted, she would take care that the worthy Haj-Ahmed, at anyrate, should come to no harm.

'You know,' she added, 'that Jeppo has other claims upon me. But this is idle talk; we are wasting time. You have my word. Tell me, what is this wonderful plan?'

Then Haj-Ahmed, looking gentler than ever, said that, partly with the consent of Jeppo, he had framed a scheme by which the Black Band, already devoted to sacrifice in the interest of civilisation, could be destroyed or dispersed, as he expressed it, by other hands than those deputed by government.

'Which means,' murmured Bianca, sickening rather at the thought that Jeppo was ready to betray his old comrades, even though she knew they had rebelled against him, and meditated crime—'which means, that before the circle of steel by which this district is surrounded closes in upon that terrible Band, death is to start up from beneath their feet, and that *we* are to lay this plan of ambush?'

'That,' exclaimed Haj-Ahmed, becoming more sentimental than ever, 'is the sad necessity to which we are reduced; and it is clear,' quoth he, putting his two forefingers together, 'that if I successfully direct all this business, rescue the marchese's daughter on the one hand, and disperse'—he particularly liked that word—'the banditti on the other, I shall be entitled even to a reward; yet all I ask is immunity for past offences, of which my enemies accuse me.'

Bianca waited to hear the further details of this notable scheme, and was terrified at the familiarity which Haj-Ahmed exhibited with all the movements and secret thoughts of the noblest persons in Sicily. There was a wide-spread association, he said, of which the Castelnuoves were some of the most remarkable members, for the overthrow of the Neapolitan authority in that island. It included not only a number of the sons of the Sicilian nobility, but many wild spirits, who, without any connection with the Black Band, spent at least part of their time in the mountains, doing deeds of which law disapproved—as interfering with the collection of the revenue, rescuing prisoners made by the police, even attacking the houses of wealthy men known to be unpatriotic. He mentioned an instance in which Andrea Castelnuove had compromised himself in one of these affairs. But the principal leader was Luigi Spada.

'I know,' said he, 'that that bold young man, who believes that his country will some day be independent, has already called together a troop of these choice spirits. They will serve our purpose; but you alone can direct them how and when to act. Young Andrea is in this palace; you must be influential with him;' as he said this, with a sweep of his eyes he indicated that Bianca's beauty must be influential with all men. 'Call him,' he added; 'a word from you, and as soon as Luigi Spada returns from Maretimo, we can do what we wish.' As he said this, he noted with a smile the start of surprise it excited. 'In the meantime, noble lady, use your power also with the viceroy, and compel him to adjourn his murderous attempt.'

Bianca, though her face became scarlet at the idea that she should be compelled to exact a dangerous service from young Andrea, who had but too clearly shewn his sentiments towards her, seemed, however, to be fascinated by the mild ruthlessness of Haj-Ahmed, and felt that duty to the cause in which she was engaged compelled her to this sacrifice. She called a servant, and bade him fetch his young master. Andrea came, his face beaming with delight. When he heard the proposal of the Tripoline, he accepted it without scruple; to deliver Angela, and to destroy the Black Band, seemed to him two services equally admirable, especially as he was in a manner commanded by Bianca. He said that his friends were to begin to assemble near Sferacavallo on the very next evening, and wait patiently for the arrival of Luigi Spada and Julio and Paolo. Walter he would not mention, for instinct told him that he had a rival there. Haj-Ahmed wished that they could act at once; but according to Andrea, there would not be a sufficient number of good men collected for two or three days, and he admitted that without Luigi as a leader, little could be expected. It was evident, therefore, that if some postponement of the attack could not be obtained, a premature catastrophe might be forced on.

'Signor Andrea and I will now be able to arrange matters together,' said Haj-Ahmed. 'We trust to you to gain time from the viceroy; women keep the secret of persuasion to themselves. Certainly you will succeed.'

So saying, the Haj glided away from the room, beckoning Andrea to follow. The young man lingered to cast one passionate look at Bianca, and she felt obliged to encourage him with her eyes. When left alone, faintness came over her; for a strange suspicion flashed through her mind. Had she not, by a kind of tacit betrayal, delivered up the dangerous secrets of many friends to this man? What were the grounds of her confidence in him? What credentials had he shewn? Public rumour made him friendly to Jeppo, that was all; but might it not be possible that, seeing danger threaten him, he had resolved to purchase pardon from the government by some terrible act of treachery different from that which he had so calmly proposed? A man who knew so many things, could not but be aware that the marchese's influence was on the wane. Why, therefore, should he lay so much stress on his patronage? These reflections did not precisely take shape in Bianca's mind, otherwise she might have been disabled from action. But it was with many misgivings, that wrapping her mantilla close around her, and requesting Antonio, the faithful serving-man of the Castelnuoves, to attend her, she went out into the dark streets, and hastened towards the viceregal palace.

The windows were all flashing with lights, and Bianca knew that a great reception was about to take place. Would it be possible to obtain speech of the viceroy? Come what might, she determined to try. The sentinel in the portico at first refused her passage; but when she used the name of Belmonte, he respectfully made way. Antonio called a servant whom he knew, and whispered to him that the Lady Bianca wished to speak to his excellency on most important business. The man hesitated, but carried the message, whilst Bianca, accustomed at Messina to find all doors open for her, remained in the hall, her breast swelling with anger and impatience. After some time, the man returned, and conducted her to a private cabinet, where she remained fully half an hour alone. Then the viceroy made his appearance, with some cold apologies for his delay. He was a stout, heavy-looking man, with eyes perpetually half-closed, as if he was about to go to sleep. Bianca felt certain that some adverse influence had been already at work, and that the interview had been granted unwillingly; she instantly explained what was the reason of her presence—painted the distressing position of Angela, and the anguish of her friends—and insisted, rather than implored, that at anyrate until the return of the marchese nothing should be done.

'My child,' said the viceroy, motioning her to be seated, 'you seem to have a very false idea of what is going on. It is by the advice of the marchese himself that I act. Has he not always urged me—almost in too arbitrary a tone—never to consent to truce or compromise with these brigands?'

'Let us be frank, excellency,' exclaimed Bianca. 'I know that the marchese, perhaps in too severe a mood, did once give this advice. But we are not Romans now, and policy must bow to the natural affections.'

'Sometimes. But even when he knew that his daughter was prisoner, he asked for the assistance of the soldiery.'

'In a moment of error; but afterwards'——

'He altered his mind. I know it. But the depositaries of authority cannot recognise such fickleness. 'Tis a hard case—a very melancholy case—but we are in difficult times. False doctrines, anarchical ideas, have been spread in Sicily; and you, Lady Bianca,' he added, smiling in detestably bad taste, 'are accused of supporting them. At anyrate, if we so plainly confess that we have two scales—one for the people, and one for Neapolitans—shall we not furnish a new weapon to the disaffected?'

'All this is true,' cried Bianca; 'but it is wicked. Pardon me, I did not mean to say so; but think, excellency, if you adopt this rigid policy only once, will you not be accused of pursuing private ends under the mask of public virtue? Verres would have shrunk from playing Cato for a single day.'

These were hard words; but they had more effect than entreaties. The viceroy knew that many accusations had gone to Naples against his administration—that he was said to have increased his own fortune at the expense of the Treasury; and for the first time began to suspect that the Bishop of Catania had urged him into dangerous paths. He was not a man to love authority for its own sake. If he clung to his place, it was on account of its splendour and its profit; and why should he provoke so astute a politician as the marchese to compete for it?

'You know that you are forgiven before you speak,' replied the viceroy to Bianca in a paternal tone. 'You are harsh, because you are anxious; and they have persuaded you that I am a cruel cold man, not caring whom he sacrifices in the cause of duty. This is the penalty always paid by power. But you are mistaken; let your mind be at ease. I will reconsider this matter; and depend upon it, I will be as lenient as I can.'

These fine phrases but half satisfied Bianca. She insisted for a more definite promise; that the soldiers should remain inactive for a day or two at least; and easily obtained it. Despite his affectation of policy, the viceroy was no match in a duel of words for this complete woman, who actually succeeded, whilst she was present, in inspiring him with her own sentiments, so that it was with an expression of perfect sympathy that he exclaimed as she went away:

'Dear lady, believe me, I will not rest till I have found some means of restoring the marchese's daughter to freedom.'

If Bianca was deceived, it was because she did not know that the same kind of influence she had exerted on one side could be exerted on the other. In another hour, the bishop had succeeded in effacing the impression produced; he appealed to low and mean passions, which seem to have been stronger in the heart of the viceroy than their contraries. Is it not always more easy to persuade to evil than to lure to good?

The élite of the society of Palermo began to arrive at the palace; and its long suites of saloons were soon filled with smiling, murmuring, and thoughtless beauty and elegance. All present knew of the unhappy position of Angela; and many pitied, whilst some sneered. But a much more interesting piece of news now caused this romantic topic to be forgotten: the young Dowager Duchess of Castelcicala was about to be married to the Austrian Major-General Count Wolfram de Portendeck, who had such vast estates in Lombardy; and every one had something to say of the prodigious ball and brilliant festivities to be given on the occasion. The viceroy, therefore, after having been a little annoyed by inquiries about Angela and the Black Band, was soon allowed to forget these disagreeable subjects; and the Bishop of Catania went about insinuating, more with his eyes, his chin, and his shoulders, than with words, that there was something more mysterious and disgraceful in this story than had yet come out. What *he* wanted to know was, what the young lady was doing in the Sicilian mountains, when she ought to have been in her respectable aunt's house at Naples? We have already intimated, that for a long time the place of Paolo's imprisonment had remained a secret even from his friends; and, indeed, many of the ladies and gentlemen of Palermo had never heard of him at all.

Whilst, therefore, with a good-fortune which he had no right to expect, Walter was steadily carrying out his plan of rescue, developing new energies and resources as new obstacles presented themselves, dark clouds were gathering over the scene where those whom Paolo loved, and by whom he was beloved, were waiting for his deliverance. These clouds were charged with lightning, and some one must necessarily be smitten by the thunderbolt. In the midst of such a storm, with so many violent passions let loose—ambition, vengeance, avarice, love of life, yearning for happiness, stirring here the man of authority, there the priest, the bandit, the crafty agent, the noble prisoner, and her devoted friends, all acting dispersedly, blind to the dangers and the intrigues going on at their elbow—who would dare to predict, in this confused struggle, that the innocent or the guilty should suffer, if we did not believe that high above this puny theatre there is a guiding Power, a principle of right, by which at length justice is dealt out?

TALK WITH A TURK.

My friend Hyder Ali had again come to England. Many years have passed since I first became acquainted with him, and I met him in different countries, and under the most different circumstances. Yesterday, in the dusk, he entered my room in the dignified way of the Oriental, and greeted me with the usual Turkish salutation: 'May your evening be happy, sir!'—since the more familiar 'Peace be with you!' is exclusively reserved for the mutual intercourse of Mussulmans. I was delighted to see him again in the West, and wished to make him as comfortable as possible. I rang the bell for a cup of coffee, and offered him a seat and a Havana cigar. He declined the cigar, saying he did not understand how the Franks, even in London and Paris, could use the tobacco in so rude and material a way. 'We like the flavour, not the taste of the plant,' he remarked; 'we like to filter and distil even the smoke by the water of the nargeely; it is a higher, a purer, and more spiritual mode of smoking; we never pollute our lips with a cigar.' As I had no nargeely, I took my long chibuck, filled it with Sheeras tobacco, and lighted it with the fragrant charcoal in the Eastern way, putting the brass pipe-tray on the floor, and the pipe upon it, and then handed him the dark cherry tube. He touched the amber mouthpiece with his lips from time to time, took a whiff, and remained silent.

After a while, I opened the conversation with the question: 'How it came to pass that the Turkish troops, who had defeated the Moskoffs at Oltenitza and at Citate, and defied their attacks on Silistria, had now become the scavengers of the Allies in Balaklava—rather an obstruction than an aid to the Anglo-French army?'

'You have probably not heard of Amru, the son of Madikarb,' was the reply, 'the Arab, in the time of the first khalifs. The renown of his invincible sword was such, that Omar, the khalif, wrote to him to send the celebrated weapon to his palace. Amru sent it with due reverence; but in a few days he received a message from Omar, that the sword was not equal to its renown; and that, in fact, it was not better than any other sword. When Amru replied: "That is the fact; I have sent only my sword to the khalif, not the arm which wields it." Omar now sent for Amru, and his sword remained the terror of the infidels. But the Allies do not seem to have learned anything from the khalif. They demanded only the sword, not the arm which wields it—an arm, I hear, they even try to fetter—and are now angry that they find the blade worthless.'

This speech, so characteristic of the conversation of the Orientals, alluded to the removal of the only chiefs who could handle the Turkish army—the renegade officers who formed the staff of Omer Pacha, and were dismissed at the demand of the Austrian internuncio in Constantinople. I now wished to give another turn to the conversation.

'Well,' said I, 'Amru was but a mortal; what became of his sword when he died?'

'God ordained it thus,' was the answer, 'that Amru's sword should always find an arm able to wield it, whenever it is to be drawn against arrogance. We find it mentioned once more in Arab history. When the Byzantine Emperor Nikephorus refused to pay the tribute to Khalif Harun al Rashid, which had been promised by the Empress Irene, and instead of the gold, sent a dozen swords, in sign that he felt himself able to resist, Harun took Amru's blade, which had been an heir-loom of his family since the days of Omar, and with one stroke cut the Greek swords in pieces like so many turnips. "If you have no better blades in your country," said he to the ambassador, "carry back these fragments, and pay the tribute as before." But they refused to send the gold; and Harun had himself to go to fetch it, and he took in lieu the town of Erekli, on the Black Sea, which you call Heraclea.'

'Harun,' said I, 'acquired a gold-mine with Heraclea, of which he was not aware, and your apathetic government, up to the present moment, never think of turning it to account. Is it not there that the rich coal-bed of anthracite has been discovered? Are we not right in calling you barbarians, for your want of industrial enterprise?'

Hyder Ali remained as composed as ever, replying with perfect calmness: 'We take from Erekli just as much coal as we require, and we require it only for our steam-boats. We do not like coal-fire in our houses; and we have been taught by you, that manufacturing industry would not do for us. Why, then, produce more than we require? But we hear that the English are in want of coal; that the army at Balaklava requires fuel; and that the steam-navy of our Allies is supplied with coal from the depôts of Malta and Corfu, whilst Erekli lies opposite Sebastopol. Well, we have no objection that you Franks should work our coal-mines. It seems, indeed, as if the Franks were denouncing as our fault what they themselves omit to do: they blame us for their own shortcomings.'

I was not in the mood to explain the advantages of a regular working of the mines, or to enter into a discussion upon national economy with my Eastern friend. I felt I had hurt his feelings, and therefore spoke rather of the great past than of the uncertain present, or the gloomy future of his country; and I asked him whether he could not tell me yet some story of Khalif Harun al Rashid.

'Why not?' said he. 'The khalif had experienced many reverses, but his faith remained unshaken. His father, Al Maadi, left the care of the empire to both his sons. Al Hadi and Al Rashid were both to sit on the same throne, and to administer justice and extend Islam in union; but the elder brother refused to be just towards the younger, disowned him, and deprived him of all he had. Harun al Rashid stood on the bridge over the Tigris, and saw how the waves passed along to the sea, one by one, without return. Thus, thought he, his hopes had gone to the grave, one by one; since his father died, step by step he had been expelled from power and wealth, until of all his inheritance nothing remained to him but his father's royal ring; and he turned the ruby silently towards the sun, and looked upon the shine of the jewel as on the last pledge of fortune. But in the same moment messengers came from his brother, and required from him the ring of Al Maadi, a treasure too kingly to be used by a subject; and Harun took the ruby off from his left hand, once more enjoyed its fire shining in the rays of the sun, and threw it into the river. "Tell your master," said he, "that all his power cannot get back the ring: it is buried in the Tigris, where no diver can find it. If I have to give up the last token of my princely rank, at least it is not to him I do so who has deprived me of my right." Al Hadi promised a royal price to the diver who might recover the ring; but the river had swallowed it—it was gone.

'Only five months had passed, and Harun stood again on the bridge over the Tigris: his brother was dead, and he had inherited the undivided empire. When surrounded by the acclamations of the people, he rode in triumph to his palace, he remembered the change of his fortunes; and stopping at the place where he had thrown the ruby into the water, he took the leaden ring from his finger, which in the time of his misfortune he had used as a signet, and hurled the last token of his misery into the Tigris.

'"Up now, divers," he said, "ten purses for him who brings me back the ring;" and a crowd of swimmers dived into the floods, and the first who reappeared held a ring in his hand. It was the ruby; but no effort brought back the base lead from the bottom of the river.'

'Thank you, Hyder Ali,' said I, 'for this excellent version of the Greek tradition of the ring of Polycrates; indeed, it has been improved by its transplantation to the East. But tell me now, friend, why is it that you rather pore upon the legends of old, than upon the relations of current events? Why do you not read the papers, and employ your judgment in scrutinising the affairs of the present?'

'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot read your papers; they disgust me. I understand the words, but I cannot understand the value you Franks set upon them. I have become acquainted with several of those men whose calling is to fabricate public opinion, just as the weaver weaves the cloth. I met them in your societies, and I saw that nobody cared for their opinions, because they were the opinions of persons known to be small men. But as soon as those very persons became anonymous, and their opinions were printed in the great paper, they were accepted as the expression of the nation, and they acquired influence upon your legislators and ministers, who took no notice of the writer. I know that in Ava people kneel down before the priest when he wears his yellow garb; but when he washes it, and hangs it upon a pole to dry, they pass him with indifference, and prostrate themselves before the suspended garment. The English call those people barbarians, but are they better than the Burmese?'

'You may be right in some respects,' replied I, smiling, 'still you are unjust to the papers; and, indeed, with all your Eastern wisdom, you will never comprehend the working of Western institutions, of which the press is one of the most important and one of the most efficient. Do you, indeed, believe that there are no great men in the West, and that the press is not the means of making their greatness apparent?'

'If there are great men,' said he, 'so much the worse for them; for you do not like or comprehend them. A Frank had before him a dangerous piece of road, full of rocks, and interrupted by ditches; and his Arab guide procured a camel and a donkey for the ride. The Frank saw the camel with its head erect looking into the distance, and never regarding its feet, and he thought it unsafe. But the donkey, holding his head close to the earth, and looking on the road under his feet, seemed to him a safe and practical animal; and he chose the donkey, whilst the Arab mounted the camel. But the poor jackass stumbled on every stone in the road, and fell into the first ditch with its rider; whilst the camel proudly went on, avoiding the stones, and stepping over the ditches.

'"Why is it," said the foundered traveller, "that the donkey stumbles and falls, though it sees every hinderance on the road, whilst the camel, without looking down, avoids or surmounts them?"

'"The donkey," replied the Arab, "holds his head so near to the earth, that he sees the obstacles only when he can no longer escape them; the camel sees them in the distance, and his feet obey his head."'

Hyder Ali had finished his pipe. He rose and said: 'May your night be happy, sir!' and then left me to meditate over his parable, and to jot down these details of an ordinary conversation, which, although unimportant in themselves, may serve to throw some light upon the genius and character of his countrymen.

IMMORTELLES!

BY ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

I LAID ye down on the green hill's breast,
In that hallowed Garden of Peace to rest,
Where a glory shines from the crimson west
O'er your slumbers, children mine!—
My gallant Boy, with his golden hair,
His frolic laugh and his dauntless air;
And my bashful Girl, with her ringlets fair,
And eyes of azure shine!

Back to the world and its cares I came,
And the current of Life flowed on the same,
Though LOVE for me was a buried name,
A joy no more to be!
Others have left me, through change and time,
In woman's beauty and manhood's prime,
But the Flowers I gave to the Angel-clime
Still bloom unchanged to me!

When my heart grows weary of strife and wrong,
And I sit apart from the heedless throng,
Then comes to mine ear a spirit-song,
And my spring-time children say:
'Come, come to us on the green hill's crest,
Where a glory shines from the crimson west,
And fold us soft to thy loving breast
For ever and for aye!'

DESTRUCTIVENESS OF LIGHTNING AT SEA.

Taking into the account every contingency, and the number of ships at sea, the public expenditure, on account of damage done to its navy by lightning would, upon a moderate estimate, be from L.7000 to L.10,000 a year upon twenty-three years of the war, between the years 1792 and 1815, and from L.1000 to L.3000 a year upon twenty-three years of the subsequent peace. Besides this great destruction of material, we find in these cases a serious loss of life or injury to our seamen. Nearly 100 seamen were killed, 250 and upwards dangerously hurt, and full 200 struck down on the decks; in some cases, 20 to 40 at one time. The *Repulse*, 74, No. 162, lost seven men killed on the spot, and ten more were so disabled as to be of little use to the service after. The *Sultan*, 74, No. 203, had seven men killed at once; and in the *Thunderer*, 74, No. 219, all the watch in the maintop were paralysed, and had to be lowered down by ropes.—*Journal of Society of Arts.*

LONDON FIRES IN 1854.

Mr Braidwood has lately issued a few details relating to London fires in 1854, while the Fire-escape Society has done the like in respect to the efforts for saving lives at those fires. From these details, it appears that there were 339 serious fires, 614 slight fires, 91 chimneys, and 79 false alarms—making a total of 1123 occasions on which the engines were called out, about thrice a day on an average. It affords a gratifying evidence of the value of the fire-escapes deposited at the various London stations—now increased in number to 42—that these escapes were applied at 351 of the fires, and were instrumental in saving 38 lives.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret to be under the necessity of intimating, that for the future we must decline answering inquiries on subjects mentioned incidentally in *The Month* and other articles. In most cases, to obtain and forward the required information costs us a complicated correspondence, interfering sadly with duties which have the general interests of our readers in view. We believe that those requiring the information would, in almost every instance, find it for themselves as easily as through us, if they would take the trouble—which we trust they will henceforth do.

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A SCHOOL-FRIEND OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Died last Christmas-day—Sir Adam Ferguson, the school-friend of Scott, and his friend through life—a conspicuous figure, of course, in Mr Lockhart's biography of the great fictionist. Many interesting and pleasant memories hovered around the name of this fine old man, and in his removal from the world, one important link between the Old and the New is severed. It will be almost startling to our readers, to hear that there lived so lately one who could say that he had sat on the knee of David Hume. Yet such was the case. Sir Adam had often been so seated, and received *bon-bons* from the pocket of the philosopher—of the benevolent expression of whose countenance, he said, no portrait gave an adequate representation. Equally surprising it must be to think of the deceased as the son of one who fought in the battle of Fontenoy. Yet this also is true. At that action, which took place in May 1745, Adam Ferguson, the father of our friend, was present as chaplain of the Black Watch—the same regiment which, under the name of the Forty-second, has distinguished itself so much in the recent conflicts in the Crimea. The colonel was rather surprised to see the chaplain coming on among the rest, with a broadsword in his hand, and ordered him to the rear. He would not go—the colonel threatened him with the loss of his commission. He took out the document from his pocket, and throwing it on the ground with an exclamation more significant than clerical, joined in that charge which the French afterwards described as so terrible—when 'the Highland furies,' they said, 'rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest.'

Even this curious fact does not give the case in its strongest light. The present writer can never forget the strange feeling which came over him one day, when, chancing to meet Sir Adam Ferguson on a country ride, in the neighbourhood of an old mansion-house near Edinburgh, he heard the ancient knight remark:

'There is Brunstain House, where my father lived in 1742, as secretary to Justice-clerk Milton!'

This Lord Milton was the acting *sous-ministre* for Scotland in the administration of Walpole. Here was a limb of Walpole's government, it might be said, speaking the other day through a son. It seemed to crumple up time, and make it look as nothing. It may be added, that this young secretary's father was pastor of the Aberdeenshire parish in which Balmoral is situated, immediately after the Revolution; and in his manse at Crathie, he had given shelter to some of the unfortunate Macdonalds of Glencoe, on their flight from the celebrated massacre.

It may be remarked, that the secretary afterwards came to be professor of moral philosophy in the Edinburgh university, and an eminent author. The work by which he is best known is his *History of the Roman Republic*. He acted as secretary to the commission sent out by Lord North in 1778, to try to make up matters with the Americans; and endeavoured on that occasion, but in vain, to be allowed to go in person to the congress at Yorktown, and lay the British proposals before them. He was in many respects a singular man. Having had a stroke of paralysis at sixty, he put himself upon a rigid vegetable and milk diet, with an entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and thus survived thirty-three years, dying at last rather because he had ceased to wish to live, than from any failure of the powers of life. That is to say, the interest he felt in the war being at an end in 1815, he became comparatively careless about regimen and other such matters, and so sunk in the ensuing year. Perhaps never did any Stoic philosopher more completely subject his passions and feelings to his reason than did Dr Adam Ferguson.

The son was in many respects a contrast to the father. Although a man of good talents, he never shewed the least disposition to concentrate them in any course by which distinction was to be won. Gay and light-hearted, he was entirely calculated for the *insouciant* life of a soldier; and a soldier he accordingly became. He had made an attempt, indeed, to enter life as a writer to the Signet (equivalent to the English solicitor); but it was of no use. How happy must have been the 'messes' which he joined! Barrack-life could have had with him no dulness. The hardest campaign must have been sensibly alleviated, if Ferguson shared in it, for he had a pleasantry for every possible contingency. It must have been surprising to any English brother-officer to consider him as a Scotsman, for not one particle of that sagacious and somewhat repulsive gravity which is attributed to the nation belonged to him. It would not have been surprising, however, to discover how much goodness of disposition and solid worth were joined to this gay temper.

Ferguson, who was the senior of Scott by less than a year, met him at the High School; and they immediately became friends. At that time, Dr Ferguson lived in a solitary suburban villa, which his friends used to call Kamtschatka, on account of its being so far out of the way; and here, every Sunday, he received a few of his brother literati at dinner. Black, the illustrious chemist, whose niece he had married; Hutton, the father of modern geology; Robertson, the historian; John Home, the author of the tragedy of *Douglas*;

Smith, the author of the *Wealth of Nations;* and Dugald Stewart, were among the ordinary visitors of Kamtschatka; and into this brilliant circle Scott was introduced, when a mere boy, by his boy-friend Adam. One day, in 1787, Dugald Stewart brought with him, as a kind of *protégé*, the poet Robert Burns, who had then just burst upon the public gaze. Scott was there, a noteless youth, glad to keep by some safe corner of the room, whence he might eye the luminaries at a distance, without ever presuming to think himself worthy of conversing with any of them. This was the only occasion on which Burns and Scott were ever brought together; and Scott, many years after, gave an account of the meeting to Mr Lockhart. He speaks particularly of the poet's large black eye, which he says 'literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest.' But Ferguson told some particulars which Scott's modesty suppressed. He used to say that Burns did not at first join the circle, or attempt to enter into their conversation, but casting his eye on a framed print which hung on the wall, he became quickly interested in the scene which it displayed. It was a winter-piece by Bunbury, representing a dead soldier on the ground, with his wife and child lamenting over him; and these lines inscribed below:—

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Sad, mournful presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.

The eyes of Burns overflowed as he read, and he turned with an agitated voice to the company, asking if any one knew who wrote those beautiful lines. The philosophers sat mute; and after an interval, young Walter said half aloud and very carelessly: 'They're written by one Langhorne.' Burns caught the response, and seeming both surprised and amused that a boy should know what all those eminent men were ignorant of, he said to Scott: 'You'll be a man yet, sir.' Rather oddly, we have found, on an inspection of the identical copy of the print, that the name 'Langhorne' is inscribed below the lines, though in so small a character, that when the picture hung on a wall, it might well have escaped the notice of both Burns and Scott.

Through all their days of youth, the intimacy of Ferguson with Walter Scott knew no abatement. Many were the merry meetings in which they took part, in the Edinburgh oyster-cellars, and the taverns of Newhaven; but Ferguson always bore strong testimony to the practically virtuous and temperate life of Scott in those days. When Scott, as a writer's apprentice, went to serve some writ upon a recusant farmer in the Perthshire Highlands, and thus made his first acquaintance with those romantic scenes which he afterwards introduced into his *Lady of the Lake*, Ferguson accompanied him. Some years before the close of the century, Dr Ferguson lived in a very retired place called Hallyards, amidst the pastoral hills of Peeblesshire, where a misshapen and eccentric dwarf, of most *uncanny* aspect, called David Ritchie, was a near neighbour. In 1797, Scott came to pay the Fergusons a visit there, and was taken to see David, as one of the lions of the district. The misanthrope—for so he was—seeing Scott's lameness, seemed to take to him more than he did to strangers generally, and having perhaps heard of his curious old-world learning, took him firmly by the wrist, saying, in his harsh wild voice: 'Ha'e ye ony poo'er?'—meaning magical power. The visitor seemed appalled by the look and words of the dwarf, and as the door of the little murky cottage had been shut and bolted, he evidently seemed far from being comfortable. With a blanched cheek and trembling frame, he murmured a disclaimer of gifts above this world—when David, rousing up a hitherto unseen huge black cat, the creature sprang upon the window-bole, where it intercepted the only light that entered the hut. '*He* has poo'er!' added the dwarf, pointing through the gloom to what might have seemed his familiar. This was such a scene as does not often occur in civilised life, and it impressed the future novelist greatly. Out of the occurrence, twenty years after, sprung his tale of the *Black Dwarf*.

Another of Dr Ferguson's neighbours was a laird of antique stamp, who had six blooming daughters, to one of whom young Adam had dared to lift the eyes of affection. It was agreed by Scott to accompany his friend on a call at the manor-house, and as far as possible make play, so as to help him to an opportunity of saying a few private words to the young lady. After some chat in the parlour, the party took a walk in the garden, where Ferguson contrived to move on in front with his *inamorato*, while the old spectacled laird, with his stick over his shoulder, brought up the rear, attended by the story-telling Scott. The lover, at the end of a walk, heard his friend's voice: 'It was in the year fourteen hundred and eighty-three,' &c.; and was just thinking he might safely advance a very interesting proposition to his fair companion, when suddenly the laird's voice broke in: 'Now that's what I cannot allow. There must be nothing of the kind. I can give no permission—so you need not attempt it.' He turned in alarm, to see the laird starting forward in an excited manner, while Scott came limping after, with a vain attempt to recall his attention to the fifteenth century. 'Oh, it is all over with me,' thought he; and from that moment abandoned his hopes. What was his mortification afterwards, to learn that the laird had never once thought of interdicting his passion, but was merely anxious to debar him from attacking a particular kind of red gooseberry, which he had set aside for his own eating, and which he thought his young visitor was approaching rather too near!

Ferguson joined his first regiment at Ayr, and found the officers, especially the young ones, somewhat prejudiced against him, on account of having already entered life in a civil profession. By the virtues of a barrel of Edinburgh oysters and a small keg of Highland whisky, not to speak of his own delightful songs and stories, he wonderfully overcame all difficulty; yet still there was a disposition to quiz him. When it was known that he was ordered to take out the men to parade one morning, there was an assemblage of the young ones at the head of a close opposite, to enjoy the sight of his awkwardness; but, behold, the ex-writer managed the men as well as if he had been twenty years in the army. Observing the lurking-party across the way, he called out: 'Ah, you dogs, I see what you're after; but ye didn't know that I was an old hand in the Edinburgh Volunteers!' He was in reality a completely schooled officer, but had concealed the fact in order to countermine them.

He passed through the Peninsular War under Wellington, and told many pleasant stories of his campaigns, most of which have vanished from our memory. One, referring to the only occasion of his ever coming in contact with the great commander, was very apt to turn up. He was posted with a small party beside a river, to watch its subsidence from a flood, as it was expected that the enemy only waited till it was fordable before crossing to make an attack. The commander came riding up with one or two of his staff, and began to inquire about the state of the river, but at the same time kept constantly looking about, as if more than half engaged with some other kind of reconnoissance. Ferguson said he thought the river was now passable.

'Have you been accustomed to judge of rivers?'

'Yes.'

'What river have you known?'

'The Tweed, my lord.'

'The Tweed, the Tweed,' said Wellington abstractedly, and still looking about.

'Yes, my lord, the Tweed, which divides Scotland from England,' answered Ferguson, betrayed into a piece of ludicrous explanation by the absorbed manner of his commander. At that moment, his eye caught Sir Thomas Picton bursting out into a fit of laughter, in which Lord Wellington could not refrain from joining; and we rather think this laugh took a complete round of the army, and that several weeks elapsed before Ferguson heard the end of it.

In 1811, Ferguson wrote to his old friend Scott from Lisbon. 'I need not tell you how greatly I was delighted with the success of the *Lady of the Lake*. I daresay you are by this time well tired of such greetings; so I shall only say that last spring, I was so fortunate as to get a reading of it when in the lines of Torres Vedras, and thought I had no inconsiderable right to enter and judge of its beauties, having made one of the party on your first visit to the Trosachs. While the book was in my possession, I had nightly invitations to *evening-parties*, to read and illustrate passages of it; and I must say that (though not conscious of much merit in the way of recitation) my attempts to do justice to the grand opening of the stag-hunt were always followed with bursts of applause, for this canto was the favourite among the rough sons of the Fighting Third Division. At this time, supplies of various kinds, especially anything in the way of delicacies, were very scanty; and in gratitude, I am bound to declare that to the good offices of "the Lady" I owed many a nice slice of ham and rummer of hot punch, which, I assure you, were among the most welcome favours that one officer could bestow upon another, during the long rainy months of last January and February.'

Captain Ferguson, when in command of a small outlying party at Burgos, in 1812, was taken prisoner, and conducted into France. He underwent some hardships on this occasion, but bore a light heart through them all, and even contrived to pay a visit to Paris. He was in an open fiacre in the street, when the word was given to make room for the Emperor, who was about to pass. His charioteer drew up at the side-pavement, and Ferguson prepared to get a view of the great man! He had better, however, have kept out of the way. The eye of Napoleon was caught by something foreign and peculiar in his aspect, and as he slowly passed, he took a keen and suspicious look of the stranger. 'Il vous a fixé,' quoth the driver, as much as to say: 'You are done for.' In brief space, the English prisoner was in the presence of Fouché, chief of the police, who subjected him to a most searching examination. It was only through Napoleon's veneration for the names of his father and granduncle—Joseph Black, the chemist—that his frolic ended without unpleasant consequences.

After the conclusion of the war, Scott felt very anxious to promote the interests of his old friend, and through his exertions mainly, he was appointed keeper of the regalia of Scotland, with a salary, to which George IV. afterwards added knighthood. The affections of Scott are strikingly shewn in Ferguson's history. He was anxious to induce the retired officer to come with his sisters and reside in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford; and the only difficulty was as to a house. At the distance of a couple of miles, there was a neat small estate, with a mansion upon it, which the laird was disposed to part with; but he asked what was thought a high price—namely, L.10,000. According to our recollection of Ferguson's narration, the two friends walked over one Saturday to Toftfield—for so the place was called—and entered into discussion with the laird. After a brief conversation, seeing the proprietor stand firm, Scott agreed to take the estate at the money—a singularly off-hand way of transacting such a piece of business. Ferguson felt real concern, and as they came away said:

'Walter, I'm afraid you've been rather rash here.'

'No, no,' replied Scott, 'don't say a word about it—it will just answer you and the ladies exactly; and what although it be a long price, why I've only to spin a few more of those old stories to make all right.'

So Toftfield, under the new name of Huntly Burn, became the retreat of the old soldier, who from that time was almost daily in the company of his friend, and the confidant of all his literary doings. After a few years, Ferguson married a widow lady, whose niece in time became the wife of Scott's son; a step by which the bonds of the two friends were drawn, if possible, tighter. Sir Adam's cheerful good-nature, his uncommon powers, almost rivalling Scott's own, of telling a story, and his really admirable gift of song, especially in the department of the old merry minstrelsy of Scotland (*Johnie Cope*, for instance, and *Hame cam our Goodman at e'en*), endeared him to the family circle at Abbotsford, and insured his becoming a lasting image in the memory of every visitor. Thomas Moore has left a strong testimony of his enjoyment of Sir Adam's society, his stories, and his Jacobite ditties. Wilkie, in painting the Abbotsford family in one group, put in Ferguson's tall lank figure and droll countenance as a necessary appendage, and it chances to be by far the best part of the picture. It is not to be supposed that any other man of the same amount of talent for humour would have been equally agreeable to Scott, even granting him to have also been a school-companion. The humour of Ferguson was of the same Scottish type with Scott's own; and all his ideas and stories had that smack of Scottish association which Sir Walter so intensely relished. Here lay the charm. It was a charm quite peculiar, and which none but a Scotsman, and one of somewhat old fashion, can entirely appreciate. To the Great Magician of the Border, it was one-half of the very salt of life.

On trying to recall some of the many stories which Sir Adam used to tell, we feel how impossible it is to communicate in writing any beyond the most inconsiderable portion of the effect which he gave them, so much were they indebted to voice, look, and shades of diction far too nice to bear transcription. Yet, in the hope of the reader's making large allowances, we shall make an attempt to arrest a few of them.

Many years before the conclusion of the last century, Dr Ferguson travelled one day from London to Richmond in a stage-coach, which at first contained no other passengers than a hale-looking old clergyman, of voluminous figure, and with a red face and gurgling unctuous voice. As they went along, they received an addition to the company, in the form of a small prim old lady, with a very sharp perking voice, and who appeared to be a friend of the old clergyman.

'I hope, doctor, I see you well,' quoth the small prim lady with the sharp perking voice.

'I can't complain,' responded the heavy fat voice, self-complacently.

'Have you met many turkeys and chines this Christmas, doctor?' inquired the peaky voice.

'A good many—a good many,' were the few but expressive words of the other, like so many blobs in boiling tallow.

It was from this little bit of character that Scott conceived the idea of Dr Redgill in *St Ronan's Well*.

Dr Adam Ferguson, while devotedly attached to Dr Robertson, and a great admirer of his works, found reason to complain of the manner in which he conducted himself in private society, particularly at dinner-parties. It was the worthy principal's custom, as soon as the cloth had been removed, to settle himself in his chair, and throwing out a subject, commence lecturing upon it, to the destruction of conversation, and the no small weariness of the company. By way of giving him a check, Dr Ferguson took his friend, Dr Carlyle of Inveresk, into counsel; and it was speedily arranged between them, that, immediately after dinner, Dr Carlyle should anticipate the ordinary lecture of Dr Robertson, by commencing a long tirade, in an enthusiastic manner, on the virtues of an article then in the course of being puffed in newspaper advertisements—namely, patent mustard. Ferguson, in the mean time, had a private conversation with the principal, in which he took occasion to remark, that he had lately begun to fear there was something wrong with Carlyle's mind: he was getting so addicted to speak loudly in praise of trivial things—for example, he was unable for the present to converse about anything but patent mustard! Robertson expressed his concern for the case, but hoped it was only a passing whim. The dinner-party accordingly assembled at Dr Ferguson's, and Robertson was about to commence as usual with one of his long-winded formal palavers, when all at once Dr Carlyle broke in: 'This was,' he said, 'an age most notable for its inventions and discoveries. Human ingenuity was exerted on the noblest and the meanest things, and often with the most admirable effects on the meanest. There was, for instance, an article of a humble kind which had lately been wonderfully improved by a particular mode of preparation, and he, for his part, was inclined to say, that *patent mustard* was the thing above all others which gave a distinguishing glory to this age. In the first place'—— It is needless, however, to pursue his discourse further. Suffice it, that Dr Robertson sat paralysed, and could not afterwards during the whole night muster power or spirits to utter more than an occasional sentence.

Mr John Home, author of the tragedy of *Douglas*, was an intimate friend of Dr Ferguson, and of him, accordingly, Sir Adam had many reminiscences. When the poet lived in North Hanover Street, Edinburgh, he one day entertained at lunch the Lady Randolph of her day, the celebrated Mrs Siddons. She was asked what she would have to drink, and happened to mention 'a little porter.' 'John,' said Mr Home to his serving-man, 'you'll get Mrs Siddons a little porter.' Then the conversation went on as usual, John having meanwhile disappeared from the room.

'My dear, where is John? I want a slice of bread. I really think this young man will not suit us, my dear—he's so very stupid.'

After some fretting about John, the delinquent suddenly came in, followed by a stout short Highlander from the street, with a baldrick of ropes over his shoulder, and a leaden badge on his breast.

'John, where have you been? You've been much wanted—why did you leave the room? I'm very angry with you!'

'Oh, sir,' quoth John, 'I've been out to get the little porter for the lady, and here's the *very least one* I could find on the stand.'

The mistake, the aspect of the little porter undoing his ropes, as for a job, at the door, and the puzzlement of the ancient host and his wife, were too much for Mrs Siddons, who went off into perfect shouts of laughter, and scarcely recovered tranquillity for half an hour.

Early in this century, an enthusiastic Englishman made a pilgrimage to Edinburgh, for little other reason than to see the author of the tragedy of *Douglas*. He made his way to Mr Home's house, but learned at the door, to his great dismay, that the object of his idolatry had gone on a jaunt to the Highlands. 'But ye may see Mrs Home, maybe,' said the serving-man, in pity for his evident distress. He caught at the idea, sent in his card, and was admitted to the presence of a very plain, old invalid lady, who sat wrapped up in flannel, and was very deaf. The visitor conversed with her as well as her deficient hearing permitted, and felt a good deal disenchanted. They came upon the subject of the recent Peace of Amiens.

'It will do a great deal of good, ma'am, to the country.'

'I daursay it will.'

'Oh yes, ma'am; we shall now have most foreign things cheaper, because commerce will not be interrupted.'

'Div ye think it'll mak' ony difference in the price o' *nitmugs?*' said the poet's wife, referring to the only article which now affected her comfort greatly.

The pilgrim could bear no more, but rushed from the house, and is supposed to have that night departed by mail for the south, quite cured of his extravagant feelings regarding the creator of Young Norval.

We had the pleasure, a few years ago, of accompanying Sir Adam on an excursion in Peeblesshire, being the last visit he ever paid to that district, where he had spent many youthful years. It was most delightful to hear his racy recollections of the men and things there sixty years back; and in particular, to survey with him the old manor-house at Hallyards, and listen to what he had to tell of almost every room in it, and every marked spot in its neighbourhood, in connection with some distinguished name, or some interesting occurrence. It is to be remarked, that Dr Ferguson's first residence in Peeblesshire was at Neidpath Castle, which was then just about to fall into its present half-ruinous state. On settling there, he told his family that it was his desire that any of the respectable people of the neighbourhood who called should be received with the utmost civility, so that they might remain on pleasant terms with all around them. Ere many days had elapsed, a neatly dressed gentleman-like little man was shewn into Dr Ferguson's own room, and entered easily into miscellaneous conversation. The bell for their early family-dinner ringing at the time, the courteous professor invited his visitor to join the family in the dining-room, which he readily consented to do. The family, remembering their father's injunction, of course received the unknown with all possible distinction, and a very lively conversation ensued. Dr Ferguson, however, expressed his concern to see that his guest was eating very little—indeed, only making an appearance of eating—and he confessed his regret that they had so little variety of fare to offer him.

'Oh, doctor,' said the stranger, 'never mind me: the fact is, on *killing-days* I scarcely ever have any appetite.'

Not small was the surprise, but much greater the amusement of the family, on discovering that he of the stingy appetite was Robert Smith, the Peebles butcher, and that the object of the visit was merely to bespeak Dr Ferguson's custom!

Hallyards, to which they afterwards went, was a much more out-of-the-way place, where they had scarcely any conversable neighbour but the minister. One day, young Adam came unexpectedly from Edinburgh, and found only a couple of his sisters at home. On pushing a reconnoissance (one of our friend's favourite phrases) into the larder, he discovered that the available materials of dinner were of a very meagre character—only a *pickle* trouts and a *wheen* craws. Things looked decidedly melancholy, when, to the agreeable surprise of all, a leg of mutton was handed in by a butcher's boy from the town. It looked like a special gift of Providence; but the human means, they had no doubt, was an order of their father, now out on one of his long rambles. Under the care of

Miss Bell, *i.e.*, Isabella, who acted as housekeeper, the mutton was right soon revolving before the kitchen-fire. In the midst of their pleasing anticipations, in came Archy Tod, the minister's man.

'Has there been ony thing heard here o' a leg o' mutton?'

'Oh, ay,' said Miss Bell; 'one came here a little ago, and it's now preparing for dinner. Was the minister expecting such a thing?'

'Ay, he was expectin't, and there's to be folk wi' him the day to eat it.'

The lady at once saw how matters stood, and gave up the prize with the best grace she could. Archy was soon seen striding down the water-side to the manse, with the spit bearing the meat over his shoulder!

One of the young ladies, who used to amuse herself with verse-making, next day produced a song to the old tune of the *Mucking of Geordie's Byre;* of which Sir Adam could remember one verse—

'Twas never my father's intention,
Nor yet Miss Bell's desire,
That ever the minister's mutton
Should be put to the Ha'yards fire!

Sir Adam had fewer anecdotes of Scott than one would have expected; nor were they in general of a remarkable kind. One occurrence, which put himself into a ludicrous light, happened when Sir Humphry Davy came on a visit to Abbotsford. Ferguson having heard that Scott was out in the fields with a visitor, and having concluded, from some circumstances, that the stranger was his old naval acquaintance Lord John Hay, went out in search of them, and coming up in view on one side of the Rhymer's Glen, while they were at the distance of a quarter of a mile on the other, immediately began to pipe out a tissue of nautical phrases, with appropriate gesticulations, by way of a comical hail to his friend. Scott stared at him, in apprehension of his having suddenly gone mad; and as for the philosopher, who had never seen the merry knight before, he had no doubt on the point whatever. The affair stood a good deal of laughing that evening after dinner.

Scott was never wanting in something pleasant to say, even on the most trivial occasions. Calling one day at Huntly Burn, soon after the settlement of his friend in that house, and observing a fine honeysuckle in full blossom over the door, he congratulated Miss Ferguson on its appearance. She remarked that it was the kind called trumpet honeysuckle, from the form of the flower. 'Weel,' said Scott, 'ye'll never come out o' your ain door without a flourish o' trumpets.'

On a gusty autumn day, Scott and Ferguson went out a-coursing over the high grounds above Galashiels, and were like to be blown off their ponies. Coming to a lonely farmhouse, in a very exposed situation, they tapped at the door, but could get no admission. Hearing at length a female voice within, Sir Adam called out:

'What's come o' a' the men?'

'Ou, they're a' awa' owre to Windydoors [a real place so named].'

'I think they micht ha'e been content wi' their ain doors to-day,' said Scott in his quiet droll way, as he turned his pony's head.

Scott's friend survived him upwards of twenty-two years, and remained in tolerable health and vigour within a few weeks of his death. Till struck with his mortal illness, he could enter into any cheerful scene, and even into the amusements of young people, with all his original sprightliness and his endless powers of pleasing. One cannot well doubt that this sunniness of disposition had something to do with his attaining the age of eighty-four in such good condition of body. Now he has gone, all who knew him must feel that he leaves a great blank: for where can now be found any one to talk of Hume, Smith, and Robertson from personal association, or to express so well the characteristic humour of old Scotland in song and in story?

INDIA AT HOME.

On the 20th of January 1854, the longest ship in the world, the *Himalaya*, left Southampton Dock for Alexandria; and we are further told by the journalist, that L.140 was obtained, and devoted to a charitable purpose, by sixpenny-admissions to view this mountain upon English waves.

One is always glad to see curiosity at work in a healthy way; because from infancy to age—from the child who breaks its toy to see what it contains, to the elder who is tempted into a lecture-room of the Polytechnic to hear Dr Bachhoffner talk pleasantly about the new electric-telegraph—increased knowledge is the result. People now begin to acknowledge that perhaps, on the whole, information is a good thing; and in this spirit we would be glad to see curiosity carried a little further—as, for instance, in this case of the *Himalaya*—and that some few, who paid their sixpences to see 'the longest ship in the world,' had been disposed to ask what sort of land that was, on the half-way ocean-track, to which that long ship was about to transfer so many of our countrymen.

We don't affect tables—numerical tables, we mean. They seem mere turning-tables to us, that we grow giddy in contemplation of. We won't talk of dates, commercial treaties, and other antique horrors, as painful to think of as that dreadful mechanical tiger at the India House, which, somehow or other, seems always to mix itself up with our earliest Asiatic notions. These things have passed away—we wish the tiger had done so too—and, meanwhile, India has come home to us; steam-power has annihilated time and space. We go from Southampton to Bombay, the capital of Western India, as speedily as from London to Chamouni; and if the land of palms and mango-groves be so near us in time, surely also it should draw nearer to our hearts and consciences.

As to our hearts, the matter is a marvel. Scarcely a family in the United Kingdom that has not parted with some young member of it, anxious to pluck the fruit of that fabled tree, said to bloom with gold mohurs for the benefit of cadets and writers, as the obliging tree of the Koran does with winter and summer dresses for true believers. And yet, who cared about the sunny land to which the young adventurers passed? A general idea prevailed, and does still prevail, that India is hot, and its people brown; that the Europeans are carried about in boxes on men's shoulders; that when Charles or Harry dines, he eats curry, and drinks pale ale; that tiffin is the Indian word for luncheon; that thatched houses are called bungalows; and that our friends abroad don't send home half as many fans and shawls as we expected. Here the popular idea of India ends. We appeal to the reader's truthfulness: were he waiting, now say, in a dentist's consulting-room, and the only means of mental recreation lay between a work on India and the *Supplement* of the *Times*, would he not choose the Supplement? He would read, for the hundredth time, of the Earthmen or the Esquimaux, of portable brick-houses, of the Camberwell Scientific Institution—of anything but India. How strange it is! and yet with morbid sympathy we give a copper coin to a runaway Lascar sweeper, that we could not take the trouble to bestow on the poor, shivering, famine-pinched urchin, cast forth from the unspeakable miseries of a neighbouring lane. Here, however, is consistency; for, as Exeter Hall may bear witness, English benevolence is essentially telescopic. As photographic pictures seem to gain attractive beauty of detail by being magnified on several thousand feet of canvas, so human misery becomes attractive when well managed by a skilful artist, and we see its details at a distance, without chance of disgust to our senses or suffering to our health. By this means we are often deceived, commonly commit injustice, generally obtain wrong impressions. It may matter more or less according to the character of the subject demanding our sympathy; but we do hold that no subject is more worthy of our inquiry and sympathy than the characteristics and condition of that country and its people, to which, year by year, and month by month, so many from among us go forth to spend the most energetic period of their lives. The *Himalaya* carried out eighty-two passengers, to be landed at the several presidencies of Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay. Some in the military, some in the civil services, and this but a bi-monthly freight of human beings. All seemed to have friends to part from; many, parents; some, trials yet more bitter to endure. Still, how many of those who, when the bell rang and the band played, with uncertain step, moistened eye, and trembling hand, made their way back to the flagstones of the Dock, thought of India, of how it was 'at home' with us, or what were our duties there?

We know that there is a solemn-looking building in Leadenhall Street that is, in a mystical and legendary way, somehow connected with India being kept in order; and if we wanted a provision for a nephew or a son, we may have seen the man in the cocked-hat, who has charge of the slate behind the door—the record of the exits and entrances of the directors—and we may have heard that it is 'a court-day,' as it always is when one wants anything; and so we may have come away with a vague idea that India *had* a government, and that this government was, somehow or other, connected with a very dismal vestibule, a man in a cocked-hat, and a slate. What that government is, what its acts have been, or how it works in producing justice or content among the governed, nobody is so eccentric as to inquire. There are people, too, called 'proprietors of East India Stock,' a list of whom may be seen in a sort of pamphlet—our own copy, covered in curry-coloured paper, possibly in compliment to the enclosed; but who, of these four, three, two, or one voters ever consider it necessary to appear in a court, or study the condition of India, that they may cast their votes on the side of justice? If the subject goes further—if some trustful, simple-minded man rises in the House of Commons to speak of India, the members feel an immediate demand of their physical nature for sherry and cutlets, and depart to seek them at their clubs. An energetic artist, seeing how dioramas are 'using up' the European and American world, sets his palette for the hot colouring of India; but the public find that it is the moon-risings, the hydro-oxygen effects of light, the dissolving-views, they are interested in, not *India*. At the great Industrial Exhibition of '51, there was an Indian department: much gold, much ivory, rich embroideries of cunning work. People looked at them, and were sensible of a strong scent of sandal-wood; but who cared to inquire *where* all this had been produced, *when*, or under what circumstances? Who cared to know the fact, that for hundreds of years India has been retrograding in its arts for want of fostering influence? That looms, once capable of producing fabrics the most delicate, are succeeded by those manufacturing materials of the coarsest kind? That the power yet remaining is confined to one or two cities on the north-west frontier of India, where art is yet fostered by Mohammedan expenditure; and that much we saw is not the produce of India at all, but of China and Central Asia?

And there were strange little models, too, of Indian peasantry; queer, ill-proportioned statuettes of clay; a man in a turban, riding on a rope, and driving a pair of humpbacked cattle. Who cared to know that this absurd effigy represented the agricultural peasant of the highlands of Western India? Or that, under the rule of the Mahratta native princes of his land, he brought his little buffaloes to work over a smooth good road, and sang at his labour a charming pastoral song, not yet quite forgotten; and that now his bullocks get crippled over the rocky ways, and his voice is sad, and his family very poor; and that he has abandoned his little bit of land, because the English collector levies such heavy taxes, and he was so much impoverished by the last famine—who cares for all this, or feels that English people *ought* to be interested, and *are* responsible for the condition of the population of a vast empire, from which our sons and brothers hope to bring fortunes to spend at home? And why should not these sons and brothers come home a little oftener? Would India be worse governed because her young civilians refreshed their minds with practical political experience in Europe; or her young soldiers be worse tacticians for an occasional 'field-day' at home? We think not; and we hope that one good result of the sixpenny-admissions to the *Himalaya* may be to suggest more strongly, that the institution of a furlough, after ten years' service, is altogether out of character with the times we live in, and should become an idea obsolete with that of the old 'tea-wagons,' as the good, tedious, fortune-making China traders were called in the olden time. Half a century ago, this point was pressed by writers on India—men in advance of their day. It was urged on moral and political grounds, the facility of intercourse not then existing. Now, even for years, this last difficulty has been removed; and yet the heart of the overworked, climate-stricken servant of the Indian government yearns still in vain for the enactment which may enable him again to see his native shores, and the 'old familiar faces,' without a sacrifice of that which he has passed years of exile to secure.

One of the marked characteristics of the day, is a tendency to shake the dry bones of antiquity, and see to what class they belong. We believe, that in all ages the world had good in it; but presume that the less men mixed with each other, or found out what materials the human family were composed of, and the less sympathy they felt, the less good there was. We all see a great deal of each other in these times, and good daily rises out of it. Our respect is certainly weakened towards our ancestors, and we even question the prejudices bequeathed to us as facts. A little child has now its doubts of the heroic character of 'the Lion-hearted King,' and is disposed to consider him as only a better kind of savage, with most of the virtues of barbarians left out of the account; and that little child is in the way of wisdom if, with his growth, he goes not too far, nor casts out truth, because he has found falsehood.

Now the old notion about India has been, that ours is a paternal government, and our empire is one of opinion. One is afraid of being tiresome in mentioning the times of Clive, Monro, and Hastings—the tiger is on the foreground at once—but this idea was promulgated in their day, and people have not been at the trouble to replace it with a truer. Warren Hastings was told to hold India; so he, in his paternal way, imprisoned princes, hanged priests, seized family estates, robbed princesses, and carried out his instructions. Then he made paternal treaties. The Indian princes were taught to see their value in a protective and commercial sense. It happened now and then that the working of the system was not wholly satisfactory to the protected; and somehow or other the treaty seemed getting obsolete to the protectors. Remonstrance was resorted to by the weak; and to prevent the chance of their progressing to their own injury, we, in our paternal way, took possession of their country, and afforded residences to the rulers in salubrious hill-forts, healthier than their own cities in the plains. Then, in a lesser way, when a poor peasant holding a village, bestowed on his ancestor for some good deed, was obliged to sell it, to prevent its getting into unworthy hands, the government always bought it; at a very low price, it is true, because no bidders arose; still there could be no doubt of the value of such paternal protection. Amidst all this, we have satisfied our consciences by sending out missionaries, to convince all men of the superiority of the professed religion of the governing power. All these persons have zeal; we hope all of them have honesty. But zeal and honesty are not enough without knowledge. A class of young men, natives of India, are to be met with by these missionaries, who are learned mathematicians, subtle metaphysicians, well skilled in logic; not altogether firm in the old faiths, but willing to test all. They will sound the depths, however, with their own plumb-line; and the half-educated missionary, knowing little of the history or opinions of the people he has come amongst, of their mental working, or of their prejudices of caste; unable to cope with them in argument, or to render himself comprehensible in a new and very difficult language, falls back upon that class who in every country are to be found—having all to gain, and nothing to lose by a change of opinion—and anon sounds forth a very imposing list of converts from the platforms of believing England.

From time to time we fall back upon that rusty old prop of 'expediences;' better than nothing, as we should fall ourselves to the ground without it. Expediency, however, in the sense in which it has been used, won't serve us much longer; but expediency, as a new idea, is perhaps the best that we can act upon.

A great central power is now fusing, as it were, the hitherto unmalleable materials of Indian social life. The people are thinking for themselves; working for themselves. They are beginning to inquire what they *were* in religion, in science, in literature, in art, in manufacture, in social independence, and to ask why they are no longer thus. They begin to doubt our paternal honesty. Our empire of opinion is a mere dissolving-view. Every Indian mail brings home some petition against justicial courts, or insupportable interference in the arrangement of family affairs. We have 'India at home' now, in the shape of representatives of the three great classes of Indian society, all appealing against the decisions of paternity. In certain of our higher social circles, may be met a Hindoo prince, a Mohammedan noble, and Parsee merchants of wealth and distinction. We admire their turbans, and wonder at the magnificent costliness of their gold-embroidered robes; but few care to inquire why the head aches under the turban, or the heart throbs under the robe. Not our military force, nor our empire of opinion, but the divisions of these three classes of social life in India have hitherto really been our strength: soon common interest will make common cause.

It is time to recognise the new spirit—to inquire what India is, in her intelligence and her wants—to get rid of the old ideas of elephants and rajahs, and consider it as a mighty empire in the throes of a new mental and social existence, full of materials for thought, and possessed of a rapidly growing internal power. It is time to shew sympathy for the people of a land now drawn so near to our shores by modern science; to acquaint ourselves with their habits of thought and general condition; and to lead them to trust our good faith, as the result of knowledge, rather than tempt them to try newer alliances.

We *do* think that we should be wise to awake from our lethargy as affects India; that, though late, we might venture to be just—might venture to shew political and social sympathy to her people; and by our acts abroad and at home, prove that we did not so much desire to drain the treasures of a mighty empire, as to recognise its internal powers, foster its half-forgotten learning, and cherish its awakening sense of universal rights. The heart of India will then be ours, and the artisan of England, learning from, and in his turn teaching, the craftsman of the East, will in exchange for his sixpences, paid to see many succeeding nautical wonders in advance of the *Himalaya*, acquire extended views and an enlarged sympathy worth *many* sixpences; for the increased love of his race will make him a wiser and a better man.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XXI.

TORRE DEI GIGANTI.

FOLLOWING such of our friends as have been engaged in active adventure, we have, for some time been compelled to leave poor Angela uncared for, in custody of the Black Band. It was easier, too, to tell of manly exertion, bold deeds, and persevering endeavour—of the explosion of hoarded vengeance, the intrigues of mean souls, and the counter-intrigues of the beautiful and the good—than to record how that sweet lady battled in her own heart with despair, and every day found herself purer and stronger—more fitted to welcome good-fortune, and better prepared to meet disaster, if such were the will of Heaven. Much of what tradition ventures to say on this score, is no doubt poetical interpretation. Bianca would have related her mental conflicts in words of fire, which might have circulated through every household in the island; but Angela suffered with the silent patience of a domestic woman, who veils both her home joys and her home sorrows from the public gaze. We have no genuine materials, therefore, for the history of her heart during her captivity, though the sentiments attributed to her are no doubt in accordance with nature when developed in its greatest purity.

Mr Buck used often, in after-years, to relate the circumstances of that time of suffering, mingling therewith some humorous touches now and then when he thought he was becoming improperly sentimental. The position, indeed, appeared to him after a few days of custom, when fear wore off, rather comic than otherwise.

'I never felt my nothingness so keenly,' he would say. 'The black villains—black in heart as in name—would persist in looking upon me as a lady's-maid. They even called me *Miss*—one of the rascals being erudite enough to know that one word of English. I did not mind them, for I was certainly a comfort to the poor lady—Heaven bless her! Every evening they locked her in the hut with that horrid minx, Jeppo's daughter, whom they styled Lotta, for Carlotta, I suppose; whilst I was stowed away in a hole in the rock, a sort of dog-kennel, closed up by a great barrel, against which one of the Black Guards'—Mr Buck intended this as a pun—'leaned his brawny back as he slept. I once tried to steal away, quite in fun, for I would not have left the lady for the world; but a ruffian grabbed me by the ankle—I was lame for a day after—and shewed me a knife with a horrid broad blade, the broadest I have ever seen. In the morning, they let me out, saying, with mincing accents: "Miss, your lady wants you!" Confound them! I had nearly a month's beard on; my chin was like a hedgehog. The fact was, that poor Madame di Falco, who hated Lotta as much as she could hate anything, was never comfortable but when I was present. Every evening she cried when I went away, and I had to thrust my fist into my eye, to prevent my crying too; but it really warmed my heart to see the smile with which she greeted me in the morning. That was the only time she ever looked cheerful, for we at once began to talk; and it was of no use my trying to tell stories of Pompeii, and Herculaneum, and Vesuvius, and so forth; not a bit. The burden was ever—Paolo and Walter, Paolo and Bianca, Paolo and her father.

'Our life, however, was not uncheckered by excitement. In the first place, Jeppo's conduct was from the outset very mysterious. He would come to the door of the hut, and ask permission to enter, quite in a gentlemanly way; whereas the others would thrust their heads in without ceremony, and although they avoided speaking to Angela, involuntarily respecting her, would nod and grin at me, and call me Miss. He would sit long in silence, looking at his prisoner; then he would give some message from Bianca, or else say in an abrupt manner: "The puppet-show goes wrong—they have pulled the wrong string." This made me think him mad, and I told him so one day in the civilest manner possible. "Bah!" said he; "half the absurd sights we see in this life may be explained in that way. The wrong string is pulled. What a wonderful change could be made if the right string could be put in the right hand!" "In Heaven's name," cried I, "do so at once if you can! We are dismal puppets now. Perhaps you can change this tragedy into a comedy." "Not exactly," replied he; "comedy and life are different things: the scale goes up on one side, and down on the other. Laughter is compensated by tears." He appeared to me a very enigmatical gentleman, and I was grieved to notice that I had incurred his contempt. He never deigned to speak in a clear manner to me; but sometimes Angela would look mildly at him—so mildly, that I thought she would draw him down on his knees—and say, calling him by his name, quite softly and winningly: "Jeppo, if you know anything that will do us any good, I pray you tell it, and my prayers shall reward you." Then the old bandit would seem troubled, and often remain silent, but sometimes replied to this effect: "The secret burns within me, and it must come out sooner or later. I am working in the dark. Do not question me; perhaps I am now doing you good."'

Here Mr Buck would digress a good deal; but he always came back to the point at last, and related in detail all the little incidents that diversified the captivity of himself and Angela up to the fourth of June. Half of the Black Band constantly remained lounging about the neighbourhood of the hut, whilst the remainder were dispersed through the country as scouts and spies. Two or three times an alarm was raised of the approach of soldiers, and a small troop of dragoons did appear, indeed, on one occasion, riding along the banks of the stream below. They had, however, only misunderstood orders, and passed without being aware of the vicinity of the Black Band. From various sources it became known that many, if not most, of the passes leading into the interior of Sicily had been reconnoitred by patrols; but as they rode away again, they did not appear very dangerous. The banditti knew that if a serious attempt to capture them were made, it would probably succeed. Many of the peasantry in the neighbourhood, and all the charcoal-burners of the forest, were aware of their position, and though popular opinion was rather favourable to them than otherwise, a traitor was certain to be found. But they had generally been accustomed to impunity, and took little pains to conceal their presence when in possession of a hostage. The fact that after an attack had been planned, and publicly talked of, it should be postponed so long, made them insolent and confident. The delay in giving a definite answer to their pretensions, seemed also easy of explanation. They had often kept prisoners a month waiting for the ransom to be collected; now they had asked, in addition to a sum of money to be paid them as a private transaction, an amnesty for all past crimes. The viceroy had answered through Haj-Ahmed, that so serious a request must of necessity be submitted to the government at Naples; and scrupled not to say that this was a mere matter of form, for that whatever he recommended would be carried out. Had they been wise, this extreme condescension, contrasting with the sinister rumours that now and then reached them, would have appeared of ill augury; but they could hardly believe that the depositary of constituted authority could be less respectful of faith than themselves. Besides, they were now compelled to play the game to the last card; escape, as we have said, was difficult, if not impossible, should their capture be resolved on; and the only rampart which they could really trust, was their hostage. We need not be surprised, therefore, if they watched her with the most jealous care; so that Mr Buck was persuaded that any attempt at escape or rescue must prove fatal to her. In this mood of mind he waited patiently for events; now and then, it is true, breaking out into peevish complaint, that an honest English gentleman, born within sound of Bow Bells, should be kept in perpetual fear, not only of his own life, but of that of the sweetest, gentlest, most beautiful lady he had ever seen, for whose sake he consented to undergo the greatest possible privations, and even to answer to the degrading name of *Miss*.

When Haj-Ahmed obtained information of the treacherous manner in which the government intended to act, he did not tell the Black Band all he knew; because, as we have seen from his interview with Bianca, he had by this time begun to understand that he was compromised with the losing party, and thought of nothing but making his own house safe. However, he told Jeppo privately to be on his guard, alluding to vague reports, and pretending rather to be suspicious than positively certain. The bandit chief, on his part, was determined not to allow any violence to be exercised against Angela, but at the same time never contemplated betraying his own comrades. What he wished, it would seem, was to bring this adventure to a termination as peaceably as possible, and then to quit that kind of life; for which his age, and an almost involuntary return to better sentiments, incapacitated him. On the morning of the fifth of June, having well pondered on his position, without giving his men reason to suppose that he had fresh cause of alarm, he resolved to shift his quarters. Angela and Mr Buck were in the hut together, talking as usual, when Lotta came in and said:

'All is ready. Come at once.'

The two prisoners at first imagined that they were about to be restored to liberty, and followed the girl out upon the platform; but they soon understood that the Band was about to march. Four or five mules, laden with baggage, were at the entrance of the defile leading through the mountain; half a dozen of the men were on horseback, and the others on foot; all were armed to the teeth, but seemed sombre and downcast. A couple of mules were ready for Lotta and Angela; and Jeppo himself was mounted on a powerful black horse.

'We must be moving,' said he gloomily. 'Signor Buck, assist the lady to mount. Fear nothing, signora; there is no reason why your cheeks should pale. Well, you are ready. On, my men, and look sharply round, for we may see sights when we come to the trees.'

The mounted men went first; then followed the mules; then the two prisoners, Mr Buck on foot; and Jeppo, with the remainder of the Band, brought up the rear. They descended the defile until they reached the plain, and then turning southward, soon entered a forest principally of ilex-trees, which covered a hilly country, even on that bright day, with an almost impenetrable shade. Mr Buck tried several times to ascertain from

Jeppo whither they were going, and what was the reason of this sudden move; but he either received no answer at all, or answers so vague, that they left him as wise as ever. He therefore relapsed into silence, and faithfully kept at Angela's stirrup, cheering her by his looks.

The wife of Di Falco, we must not forget to mention, had by this time abandoned her boy's attire, and was dressed in the striped gown of a Sicilian peasant-girl, over which she threw the *saya* which she had procured from Katerina. She laid great stress on this change in her appearance; and maintained that it formed her excuse for no longer exhibiting that cheerful courage which had distinguished her while she was under Walter's care. Then she had made it a point of honour to have, as far as her delicate shape and slender figure would allow, what Rosalind calls 'a swashing and a martial outside.' Now she claimed a right to all the timidity of her sex, and felt bound to contribute nothing but prayers and resignation to the success of her cause.

After about two hours' march, the party emerged from the forest, and came to the foot of a range of hills, rising gradually towards a lofty mountain with a rugged summit, around which the bright rays of the sun seemed to glitter as around a steeple-tower. They approached it along a defile, here and there made cheerful by trees, which hung over the now dried-up bed of a winter torrent; by degrees the path became steep and winding, and the horsemen were compelled to dismount and scramble up, driving their animals before them. Presently they reached the summit, which proved in reality to be a flat table-land, covered with the ruins of some old fortified town, of the fortunes of which even tradition does not pretend to know anything. The people called the place Torre dei Giganti, or simply, I Giganti. Near the centre of the ruins, indeed, rose a huge square tower, four stories of which appeared still from without to be perfect, whilst the remains of a fifth window at top, told that formerly the pile had been raised still higher.

The first care of Jeppo was to place a couple of sentinels in commanding positions; and then, having himself assisted Angela to dismount, he bade the prisoners follow him through a court, covered with huge blocks of stone, towards the tower.

'Here,' said he, when they had entered the vast yawning portal, 'is the guard-house; and above,' he added, trying to smile, 'is your dungeon.'

The lower chamber was like a cave, for there were no windows; but a staircase in the massive wall led to a large room in complete preservation, though quite bare, with look-outs to the four quarters of the heavens.

'Here,' proceeded Jeppo, the others being too depressed to speak, 'one might live comfortably, if one had hope. The roof will keep out all the rain-floods that can visit this island. Above, you may walk when you are weary, for the staircase goes to the top, and a sort of terrace is left. I have often thought,' he added, looking significantly at Mr Buck, 'that a brave man, with a sacred charge confided to him, might defend himself in the ruined room overhead, where there are plenty of loose stones, for an hour or so against any attack—— But you will never have occasion to try.'

So saying, he left them abruptly.

'He meant something by that,' murmured Angela.

'Perhaps so,' quoth her companion. 'Let us, therefore, study the geography of this place. We have nothing else to do.'

They went up the staircase, which was in part ruined, so that Mr Buck had to give his hand to Angela more than once. Above, they found a similar room to the one they had quitted, except that a portion of the ceiling was broken in, so that they could see up through the other stories of the tower to the blue sky. The next flight of stairs led them, after much trouble, not to the third story, but to the very summit of the building, where, hanging as it were from the corner, was an open paved terrace or balcony, a few feet square.

'No doubt,' quoth Mr Buck, who was beginning to get up a little antiquarian excitement, 'this was of old the lady's bower, as they call it in romance. What a splendid view! The horizon seems boundless. Forest and hill and plain; why, if we were in the proper mood, we could spend hours gazing out. Look, there is a village not more than two miles off. This is the time to wish to be a little bird.'

Angela tried to smile at her companion's liveliness; but she was thinking of the new difficulties in which this change of position had placed them.

'I begin to doubt Jeppo,' said she. 'Why has he taken us here? It will be impossible for any friend to come near without being seen.'

'That is true,' quoth Mr Buck; 'but you heard what he said to me; and I swear'—he was as good as his word—'that Mr Joseph Buck is that very man he spoke of. If there be a sign of rescue, not a black villain of them all shall come up these stairs with his brains in his head.'

To illustrate his meaning, he seized a huge stone, and quoited it down. A scream came from below.

'What are you doing?' cried the shrill angry voice of Lotta. 'Do you want to kill me?'

'No, love,' quoth Mr Buck, making a comic grimace at Angela; 'but my foot slipped.'

We must now leave the prisoners, and skipping a couple of days, return on the evening of the seventh day of the month to the inlet of Sferacavallo. A smart wind was blowing from the west, and two or three boats under full sail were coming in, looking vague and shadowy in the twilight. On the shore, out of sight of the village we have already mentioned, at the entrance of a narrow barren defile, a number of horsemen, who had just ridden down, were looking anxiously out. Among them appeared Andrea Castelnuove, who, with two or three others, was elegantly dressed, but fully armed with guns, swords, and pistols. The others were more roughly attired; and had they not been in such good company, some doubts might have been awakened as to their honesty in the mind of any quiet citizen who should have met them in that place at such an hour. However, we have no call to examine into their morality. Those who know the internal history of Sicily during the last thirty years, will remember that in the hope, so often disappointed, that the people could be roused to a serious struggle for constitutional liberty, many youths of all classes, from the town and from the country—urged by motives sometimes purely patriotic, sometimes of ambition, sometimes merely acting from love of adventure—had banded together, and tied themselves by solemn oaths to seize on every opportunity to annoy the representatives of Naples when they could not injure them; and thus to keep up by the contagious effect of example a spirit of discontent and opposition, which might one day serve their grand object. It is needless, however, to insist further on their general character. We must at anyrate be content thus to hint how it was possible to collect together a party sufficiently careless of law, and yet sufficiently respectable in motives, to do the rough service necessary on this occasion. All waited with impatience for the arrival of Luigi Spada, being led by their dispositions, as well as their engagements, to act implicitly on his advice. Andrea had prepared them for an attack on the Black Band; but, as he had foreseen, they would not undertake anything without the concurrence of their accustomed leader.

'The villagers are nearly all housed already,' said Andrea, 'and no one seems to come our way.'

'Who cares?' quoth one of the roughest-looking of the party. 'There are not more than five soldiers on guard here, and the sight of a dozen patriots would keep five times the number within doors.'

'That felucca has shewn a light,' exclaimed another. 'Look out for the second and the third.'

It was not quite dark, although the twilight was nearly over; but a lantern was hung twice more over the bows of the largest boat, and the patriots were quite certain that their friends were at hand. One of them dismounted, and ran along the sandy point at the entrance of the inlet; the felucca glided in, furling its sails; he shouted, and they ran directly on shore. In another moment Paolo, for the first time for a whole year, leaped upon the Sicilian soil. Walter, and Luigi, and Julio, and the whole crew followed.

'We must abandon our prize, boys,' cried Giacomo. 'This is not a craft for men of our stamp, and the owners will not have forgotten her features. We are land-animals for the present.'

When the crew of the boat had joined the party of patriots, the whole number amounted to twenty-five. The task, therefore, which they had undertaken appeared easy, and all eagerly agreed to co-operate. It was only by degrees, however, that Andrea could explain his plans. Paolo—who seemed drunk with excitement and anxiety, although he had learned from the marchese long before, and more fully from Walter during their voyage, the unhappy position of Angela—constantly interrupted him with questions; and when at length the plan proposed by Haj-Ahmed was fully explained, wished to march at once.

During the two days which had elapsed since Angela had been removed to the ruined castle, Haj-Ahmed had not been idle. He had contrived to have an interview with Jeppo alone; and although he did not dare to propose a distinct plan of treachery, had sounded the dispositions of that rugged and half-repentant bandit. But the principles of a code with which he was unacquainted, warred with his schemes. Jeppo, as we know, abhorred the savage resolve of his men to shelter themselves behind their hostage, and to make her answer, even with her life, for their safety; but he had not given up all hope that matters might be more peaceably arranged, and could not bring his mind to believe that he was bound to sacrifice his own comrades, whom, indeed, he had to a certain extent trained to that ferocity, for the sake of obtaining pardon and reward for himself, or even of averting a frightful crime. What he *could* do in his own proper character, he was resolved to do; and it is quite certain that he was ready to expose his own life to save that of Angela, if it could be done by hard blows and personal endeavour. But when the wily Tripoline vaguely suggested his plan, as if it had come from Bianca, the old chieftain interrupted him with a burst of indignation.

'I will have no more blood on my hands!' said he. 'These men are ruffians, if you will; but what am I?—what are you? Tell Bianca this; and tell her, too, that if she hears of a terrible accident, she will hear at the same time that one who has disgraced her name is no more. Further than this I cannot go.'

Haj-Ahmed, who had feared for a moment that Jeppo's anger would turn against himself, affected to approve of all this, and promised to make one more desperate effort to avert the wrath of the viceroy. He learned, in this interview, the exact position and numbers of the Black Band; and having secretly resolved that their destruction was now necessary to his own safety, and not caring much for Angela, except in so far as he could make her rescue a claim upon the protection of the marchese, mounted the mule on which he had come to the place of rendezvous, and instead of returning toward Palermo, rode to San Antonio, a small hamlet, situated at the point where the track from Sferacavallo joins the high-road to Trapani. On his way, in a deep glen not far from the village, he noticed a party of some twenty or thirty soldiers, who had just arrived, and were engaged in bivouacking. It was possible, indeed, that this was a mere ordinary movement of troops; but Haj-Ahmed felt persuaded that the well-studied plan of the viceroy was receiving its execution, and that on all sides a cordon of armed men was gradually closing in round the mountainous district where the Black Band was known to be.

At San Antonio, Haj-Ahmed met Andrea, and without explaining in what frame of mind he had found Jeppo, urged him to lose no time in collecting his party. We have seen that the young man obeyed implicitly. On parting, they promised to meet again at the hamlet, the Arab undertaking to act as a guide to the ruined castle, and to betray its inmates into the hands of the friends of Angela.

It rained during the night that succeeded the landing of the party from Maretimo; but the sandy tracks and roads absorbed the moisture, and the fields and forests seemed fresher to the eye, whilst the air was cooler and more balmy. The sun was at its zenith, in a sky checkered by a few clouds, that sometimes collected in a menacing way, foreboding a storm, when a gentleman on horseback, followed by a servant, rode into the hamlet of San Antonio. Their beasts were evidently wearied by a sharp morning's work; and although the gentleman seemed impatient to proceed at once to Palermo, he was compelled to agree to a short time of rest. Otherwise, it was certain that they would break down on the road, said the people of the hamlet. Haj-Ahmed, accoutered like a mere Sicilian peasant, was in the group, and was forward in giving his advice: he had recognised the Marchese Belmonte, although within a few days the fatigues and dangers, and still more the terrible mental struggles the unhappy father had undergone, seemed to have aged him by years. He stood stooping at the door of the cottage, called by courtesy the albergo, like a man in the last stage of some terrible disease. A hectic flush was on his cheek; and he now and then coughed drily, and almost angrily, as if it surprised him that his iron constitution should at last shew signs of giving way.

The Tripoline, after some time of reflection, came to his side.

'Signor Marchese,' said he softly, 'can we speak a few words together?'

He was recognised with surprise, although, as we have said, he had changed his distinctive costume. The marchese walked hastily towards a retired place.

'Why are you here? What is the news? My daughter—is she still well?'

'So far, yes,' replied Haj-Ahmed, who, however, went on to relate all that had passed in Palermo within the last few days, insisting especially on the fact that the viceroy, from motives of personal jealousy, in order to humiliate and crush the marchese, had issued orders that on that very day the Black Band should be attacked, no matter what became of their prisoners.

'By this time,' said he, purposely exaggerating, 'the soldiers are already on their march; it is perhaps too late to check them!'

He added, however, that from what he had learned, the party destined to act more immediately might still be in the neighbourhood.

'Do you see that lofty mountain?' he said, pointing to the peak crowned by the Torre dei Giganti, which rose against the southern horizon. 'Your daughter is there. A strong party of soldiers, collected during the night, is marching to storm it, whilst many regiments are distributed in an impassable cordon all round. Would you dare to despise the viceroy so far as to order the attack to be postponed—say for a few hours—say until nightfall?'

The marchese staggered like a drunken man, and grasped at the air, as if feeling for support.

'Who commands the attacking party?' he said.

'Captain Albizi.'

'He is a kinsman of mine. But of what value is a delay?'

'By one hour after nightfall, your daughter will be rescued.'

Haj-Ahmed rapidly related that Paolo and Walter, with their friends, had passed, under his guidance, through an unguarded defile of the mountains during that night, and were waiting in a sure place of concealment, within an hour's march of the ruined castle. If they attempted to approach during the day, they would have to make a regular attack like the soldiery; and thus the whole plan would be frustrated.

'I must precede them, and lull all suspicion,' he said.

'But why this separate action? Cannot your people and the soldiers combine?'

Haj-Ahmed shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, not deigning to explain that by taking part with one section of the free spirits of Sicily against another, he was only incurring a moment's danger whilst earning perhaps a permanent reward; but that to act with the soldiery would expose him certainly to perish in a few days by some enthusiastic assassin's knife. He could not in his own mind understand or appreciate the difference, but he knew of it as of a fact, with which he had become acquainted in the way of business. The marchese understood that the Tripoline must have his own way, or be unserviceable. He therefore agreed, despising all official rules, to ride after the party commanded by Captain Albizi, if it had already begun to move, and use his personal influence to check the attack. The Haj saw him depart on his lamed horse, and rubbed his hands, murmuring:

'Shall I not, indeed, deserve a reward? What could these hot-brained fools, who understand nothing but hard knocks, have done without me?'

Then he mounted his sleek mule, and rode away towards the place where he had appointed to meet his accomplices. Some soldiers, who pretended to be lounging amidst the trees near the path he followed, seemed inclined to stop him, but he looked so pious and inoffensive that they refrained. Winding along a thickly wooded slope, he obtained sight of the glen where he had already seen the party of Captain Albizi. They were still there, and greatly increased in numbers. A person in plain clothes, who rode rapidly up, he recognised as the marchese. Having convinced himself that his suggestions had been so far followed, the Haj plied his heels, and was soon far on the way to the Torre dei Giganti.

Many changes had taken place in the thoughts of the Marchese Belmonte since the night when we last left him on the Island of Maretimo. Although no new light had as yet been thrown on his past history, and he had no reason at all to suppose that the aim of his hatred had been misdirected, yet since Paolo had been rescued, under circumstances so irritating to his self-love, he seemed as if he had been relieved of a burden. Instead of blaming the commandant—when reflection had calmed him—he spoke of the event as a matter of course, and promised that it should lead to no evil consequences. When Justo endeavoured to obtain a private interview, in order to plead his own cause, and betray the secret of the correspondence that had taken place with the unknown count, he was rudely repulsed; and thought it wise, as he was not watched, to escape from the island, and hide until the storm blew over. The marchese, therefore, parted from the commandant on good terms, and returned to Sicily; not, it is true, with the settled purpose of forgiving Paolo and joining him in happiness to Angela—that was impossible as long as the form of Speranza demanding vengeance remained present to his mind—but without that asperity of anger which had before made him miserable. He no longer thought it would be so very dreadful a thing if his daughter were to escape into the arms of her husband; and tried at anyrate to believe, that in after-years, provided they remained absent from his sight, he could think of the event without any poignant grief.

Accustomed to reflect on the character of his own actions, the marchese was surprised that the announcement in noway troubled him, that the leader of the party about to rescue Angela was Paolo himself. A short time before, the proposal made by Haj-Ahmed, that he should act a subsidiary part on that day, and be content to keep the soldiers back whilst the son of the man he had so long hated carried off his prize, would have provoked a strange access of indignation. Now he did not look upon the matter in that light at all. The father alone was alive within him. He felt—somewhat too late, it is true—that it was his duty first to free Angela, and then to debate what should be the manner of her life.

It was in a spirit of atonement, therefore, that he acted, when urging his tired horse into the glen, where the party of soldiers were getting ready to march, he called out to Captain Albizi to stay. The young officer listened to him with surprise. He had been told that the expedition had been planned with the knowledge of the marchese; and had already very freely expressed his disapprobation of so unnatural a father. But he had received positive orders.

'Here they are in writing,' he said; 'I am to attack the banditti this afternoon, without fail. No pretence, it is expressly said, must withhold me. What can I do?'

'I will answer for you, my cousin, to the viceroy and the king,' said the marchese.

The captain bowed, and remained silent. He was ambitious, and had heard that his noble relative's influence was on the wane. According to all military rules, moreover, to grant his request—which was no other than to disobey positive orders—would subject him to degradation from his rank. The marchese urged his point eagerly, begging and promising. He spoke more fully than his pride would otherwise have allowed him to do, because he felt that even minutes gained were valuable. His words fell like water-drops on a granite rock.

'I cannot so sin against discipline,' at length exclaimed Captain Albizi, perceiving that time was passing, and that his men, quite ready to march, were waiting his orders. 'Let us move on together; and something may happen on the way.'

Albizi leaped into his saddle, and raised his sword, and a dozen dragoons, forming the vanguard of the party, went away prancing beneath the trees. Forty or fifty foot-soldiers followed at a brisk pace. The marchese rode by the side of the captain, still entreating him to march deliberately. Five or six horsemen brought up the rear.

It was now more than two hours past noon; and the Torre dei Giganti was at least three hours distant for a party of that kind. The marchese, therefore, did not give up the hope that some accident might delay their advance. What he chiefly feared was, that news of their approach should precede them, and that the Black Band, driven to desperation, should at once perpetrate the crime they had threatened, and then disperse to seek safety in flight. Time seemed to move with fearful rapidity. They passed through woods, and down valleys, and over hills, the tower now and then appearing in the distance—now to the left, now to the right, as the road wound. Already more than half the ground had been traversed, when an unusual darkness overspread the country. The sky had become covered with clouds, which rapidly thickened and sank towards the earth. Now and then a rumbling sound appeared to go round the horizon; then there was, as it were, a stream of lightning, that filled the whole forest with a lurid light; and then a crash, as if a mighty marble dome had cracked overhead. Involuntarily, both men and horses slackened their pace; the atmosphere weighed heavily on them; they questioned the heavens with their eyes. Flash succeeded to flash—roar to roar. At length the wind began to howl over the country, and the branches of the trees dashed together, and clanged as if they had been of iron.

'This is a good sign,' cried Albizi to his men, who had halted without the word of command. 'When the wind rises, the thunder-cloud moves away. We shall be drenched presently. On, then; we shall have warm work before sun-down.'

'Do you not think,' said the marchese hoarsely, 'that this storm is hurled across your path as a warning to stay?'

Albizi tried to repress a sceptical smile, but failing, turned away. Having reflected a moment, he said very sincerely:

'Believe me, if an hour's delay can do you any good—which I cannot understand—we have already granted it to you; and I do not regret it. We shall not come to close quarters before the night.'

The marchese was somewhat cheered by these words; and although his horse stumbled, and often tried to lag, pressed forward to the head of the column. They were moving through a vast forest, stretching over a level country to the foot of the range of hills on the summit of which the Torre dei Giganti stands, and even up the first slopes. They were not now more than a mile from their destination. The rain had, indeed, begun to fall in torrents; but the lightning-flashes and thunder-claps continued almost without intermission. Now and then, through a break in the trees, they could see the tall form of the tower standing out in bold relief against the clouds, and illumined by a succession of blue gleams. The twilight had begun, and a dark tempestuous night was threatened.

Two figures on horseback came riding into the glade along which the party were marching, and turning sharp round, galloped in the direction of the tower. The dragoons instantly gave chase; and the marchese, whose beast refused to quicken its steps, in vain called them to refrain, not knowing why, but suspecting that these riders who thus confronted the storm must be labouring in his daughter's cause. Presently the soldiers came back with a couple of prisoners—Bianca and Antonio, the servant of the Castelnuoves.

'What news of my child?—what news of my child?' cried the marchese, not wasting time in vain greeting.

'You can save her! We can save her!' exclaimed Bianca full of joy. 'The viceroy died this morning; you are second in authority in Sicily, and succeed him till the king's pleasure be known. Stop the advance of the soldiers, and let me go to avert a greater danger.'

'You hear this?' said the marchese to Albizi, assuming an air of authority.

'It may be true,' replied the young officer embarrassed; 'but it may be false. I do not know this lady; and my orders'——

'Soldiers, obey the viceroy!' cried Bianca to the astonished men, who had broken their ranks, and crowded round, listening to this strange dialogue. Dispirited by the rain and by fatigue, they no longer felt any martial emotions, and would gladly have received orders to seek lodgings in some neighbouring village. Albizi, who believed that Bianca was playing a part, determined to temporise.

'We can advance slowly,' he said; 'and, if advisable, send on a flag of truce. My duty will be accomplished if I occupy the tower this night.'

'But whilst we tarry here,' cried Bianca, 'our friends are engaged perhaps in an unnecessary conflict; and the tragedy we would avoid is being accomplished. Hark! What was that?'

A death-like lull, disturbed only by the pattering of the rain on the leaves, had succeeded a prolonged thunder-clap. The sound that had attracted Bianca's attention was not the re-awakening of the voice of the elements; it was a sharp succession of reports, melted gradually into one roar. The attack on the tower had begun just at the very moment when it was rendered needless.

'Form, soldiers; and march!' shouted Albizi. 'Dragoons, follow me.'

The mounted soldiers galloped forward after their officer, and soon began to ascend a vast slope, which in that direction led up towards the tower. The marchese took Antonio's horse, and followed with Bianca. They soon got ahead of the footmen. It was now quite night; but their accustomed eyes could make out the outline of the hill they were ascending, and the huge form of the tower. A wind rushing against their faces brought still the sound of desultory firing to them, mingled now and then with furious shouts. The Black Band, taken by surprise, were defending themselves with the desperation of doomed men.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The session at the Royal Institution was opened, as usual, by Mr Faraday with a lecture elucidating still more the science of electricity and magnetism—a branch of natural philosophy which he has investigated for many years with signal success, as demonstrated by his brilliant discoveries. The chief point put forward on this occasion was, that the theories of force—of gravitation—generally accepted since the days of Newton, will erelong have to undergo great and material modifications. Mr Faraday entertains the notion—a very old one—that gravity is not simply a property inherent in matter, acting 'inversely as the square of the distance;' but that it is a subtile element, pervading all space, and endowed probably with a duality of power, such as is exhibited by electricity and magnetism. According to this view, gravity may be nothing more than an electric or magnetic function in perpetual activity. Those who have watched the learned professor's progress for the past few years, know that he has been tending towards this result. We think, however, that although the theory of the laws of force may come to be modified, gravity will scarcely be found resolvable into any kind of matter, however attenuated; but we may expect astronomers, observant as they now are of solar phenomena, to contribute explanatory evidence on this important subject.

Dr Tyndall, too, has lectured at the same Institution, and before the Royal Society, on the 'Nature of the Force by which Bodies are repelled from the Poles of a Magnet,' a subject on which much difference of opinion exists—German, Italian, and British magneticians have each his own way of explaining it. The difference of opinion arises, perhaps, more from the essential difficulties of the question, and the diverse behaviour of the substances experimented on, than from any real difference in the phenomena. Could the philosophers work together in the same laboratory, they would doubtless come to the same conclusions. A bar of bismuth, for example, suspended between the poles of a magnet, takes up an east and west position—the reverse of that of an iron bar similarly suspended; but if you subject that same bar of bismuth to great pressure, it will then behave as the iron does. Until all such phenomena are thoroughly observed, no satisfactory explanation can be arrived at; nor can those who are examining the magnetism of rocks, properly estimate the different magnetic condition of strata as affected by pressure. Obscure as the subject is, it has now a fair chance of being cleared up; for at no time have the means of research been so ample and excellent, or the spirit to use them so intelligent and persevering.

Stockholm is now connected with the system of European telegraphs, by a wire sunk across the Sound from Copenhagen—an important connection, considering the present aspect of political affairs. Arrangements are likewise being made for getting prompt intelligence from the Crimea. A submarine cable is to be laid from Varna to Balaklava. Messrs Newall have twisted the 400 miles of wire necessary for the purpose since the 15th of December, and the whole is now on board a steamer on its way to the Black Sea. This accomplished, and the service of couriers established from Varna to Semlin, we shall get news from the Allied camp in about three days. An absurd statement has got abroad, that by the use of an apparatus invented by Mr Frischen, of Hanover, any number of messages may be sent from either end of the line at one and the same time, without interference; each to arrive clear and distinct! We hear from Piedmont, that Signor Borrelli is testing a contrivance—a railway-telegraph, which, connected with a train, signals its progress and position to the trains in advance and in the rear.

Want of light, often a detriment to diving operations, is now likely to be remedied by a happy application of the electric-light. The apparatus, for use under water, consists of a glass cylinder, fitted with a lens emitting parallel rays, and inside with the requisite appliances; the whole hermetically closed, and of sufficient strength to bear the pressure at a depth of 200 feet. It is not heavy, and can be easily carried in the hand from place to place, without disturbing its connection by wires with the battery. When it is to be lighted, the diver turns a fine screw, which brings the coke points near each other; they immediately become incandescent, and give out for two hours a steady light, powerful enough to illuminate a circle of forty feet radius. One of the public baths on the Seine is illuminated by a light fixed thirty feet above the water, in connection with Deleuil's apparatus—a Fresnel lens; and the effect is such, that a swimmer can be seen ten feet below the surface. The electric-light has been used also at the works of the new Westminster Bridge; and we hear that the new bridge at Chelsea is to be lighted by similar means.

The Photographic Society's Exhibition, now open near Trafalgar Square, is the best that has yet been seen in this country, and worthily does it sustain the reputation of British photographers. Whole pages of description would be required to do justice to it; but we can notice only a few of the more prominent subjects. Among these are portraits, life-size, without distortion; highly magnified images of insect structure, as shewn by the oxy-hydrogen microscope; similar images of botanical specimens, valuable for permanent reference, and for educational purposes; stereoscopic pictures on glass, of wonderful beauty; images of clouds, shewing remarkable improvement in that difficult branch of the art; and, last, Mr Fenton's landscapes—views in Wharfdale—which are a real triumph of photography. To exceed the fidelity and beauty with which the distances are represented, and the aërial perspective preserved, would seem to be scarcely possible. Our photographers will be able to take honourable rank in the forthcoming Exhibition at Paris. The value of albumenised glass is more and more recognised. Mr Mayall shews that the best albumen for practical purposes is that of hen's eggs. It is easily procurable; but the eggs should be fresh, not more than five days old; and country eggs are preferable to those laid in towns. Here are hints which amateurs will do well to profit by. Mr Vogel, writing from Venice, suggests that by communicating a steady tone to a glass-plate, it might be possible to print photographically the figure of sound.

Mr Gardiner, governor of Bristol jail, continues his photographs of culprits; and has devised a process by which he can take an instantaneous likeness unknown to his captive, and with good service to the cause of justice. A man, for instance, is sent in, whom the governor suspects to be an old offender; he takes his portrait, sends a copy to the other jails of the district, and in most cases gets such particulars in return as enables him to award the proper measure of punishment. If this practice were generally adopted, we should in time get the 'true effigies' of our whole criminal population, and might find the result to be a check on crime.

A meeting has been held at Manchester, to form an *Association for the Prevention of Boiler Explosions*—a public recognition of the fact that such explosions are preventible. Let the employers of steam look to it! In some of the large factories, too, a smoke-consuming method has been adopted; namely, a double furnace, so constructed that all the smoke and vapours arising from the first fire are entirely consumed in passing through the second. The same method has been successfully tried in France. We may add, that a stove for heating or cooking, to burn tallow, has been manufactured for Price's Patent Candle Company, with a view to its introduction into the Crimea.

Something is being done at Bristol in the way of a new mode of propulsion for steamers. Float-boards, which have a vertical and horizontal motion, are fitted inside a chamber in the stern of the vessel, where there is scarcely a possibility of their being injured, and kept in motion by machinery, of which an endless railway forms part. Mr Tucker, of the same city, proposes a 'safety poop' for ships, to be made of iron, and attached in such a way as to be readily detached in case of emergency, when it would become a life-raft—the doors serving as rudders—large enough to save all on board, and to be towed by the boats. Another success has been achieved for steam-navigation in the building of the *Tachtalia*, a steamer with four paddles, for traffic on the Danube. Of forty horse-power, and large enough to carry a considerable number of passengers, this vessel draws only 12½ inches of water, and will thus be able to pass the dreaded shallows of the Iron Gate at all seasons.

Lieutenant Maury, of the Observatory at Washington, has drawn up a plan for the safer navigation of the Atlantic, in which two routes are recommended, the principle being that adopted by coachmen on land—passing an approaching vehicle on a given side. He leaves sailing-ships undisturbed, as the prevalent winds compel them to take widely different routes in going to or returning from America. But for steamers from England, he suggests a route running sixty miles to the south of Cape Race, shaving Sable Island, and so on to Sandy Hook. Returning to England, to make for the offing of Cape Clear, which would be to follow a line one hundred miles south of the outward-bound route. Should the scheme come to be generally recognised and acted on, the chances of collision will be materially lessened.

It may be noted here, that a work is now going on, sanctioned by the Neapolitan government in 1852, as important in some respects as the drainage of the Lake of Haarlem. About half-way between Rome and Naples, in a basin of the Apennines, lies a large expanse of water, known as Lake Fucino. The soil around it is extremely fertile, but liable to be flooded—the differences of level varying, according to season, from twenty to forty feet. Besides swamp and drowned land, there are the ruins of three ancient cities somewhere beneath the waves; and antiquaries, not less than agriculturists, are watching for the result of the scheme for the drainage of the lake. The works are taken in hand by a company who are to have them completed in eight years, when 33,000 acres of the most fertile land in Italy will be laid dry, and the whole of a large district ameliorated. The undertaking was first talked about in the days of Julius Cæsar; next Claudius attempted it, and employed 30,000 men for eleven years in driving a tunnel through the mountains, which answered its purpose for a time, but subsequently became choked by neglect. This tunnel is now to be greatly enlarged, and provided with sluices to regulate the flow of the water. Is the carrying out of such a work in Italy to be regarded as a symptom of returning vigour?

The Society of Arts has another addition to its industrial pathology, in the form of a Report, signed by competent authorities, on trades injurious to the eyes. We cannot do more than glance at the contents of this important document, in which, among causes of injury, overwork is stated to be highly fatal, while work within proper limits is beneficial. Flickering lights are injurious; the light should fall on the work, not on the eye, hence the utility of shades and screens. Dress-makers should avoid sewing black by candle-light; the consequent strain on the sight being more hurtful than is supposed. Shoe-binders and boot-closers suffer from the same cause. Smoking a short pipe is also injurious to the eye. The Report mentions further, that in some factories an eye-douche has been fitted for the use of the operatives. It consists of a cistern, at some distance above the floor, filled with water, a pipe descending from it with the lower end, to which a tap is fitted, bent upwards. Any one wishing to refresh his eye, or cleanse it from dust, holds the organ over the orifice of the tube, turns the tap, the water springs up as from a fountain, and the operation is effectually performed.

Another subject which has occupied the attention of the Society, is peat-charcoal—its value and utility. Mr Longmaid read a paper thereupon, and converted saw-dust into charcoal before the eyes of the members. He dwelt on the fact that English iron, being smelted with coal, is not convertible into steel of so good a quality as is the iron we get from Sweden, which is smelted with charcoal: hence our large importations of Swedish iron. But although we have no inexhaustible forests to char, we have the bogs of Ireland, 3,000,000 acres, in some places thirty feet thick, containing more than 6,000,000,000 tons; the value of which, when converted into peat-charcoal, would be enormous. There is a company already at work on the Bog of Allen, who produce about 1000 tons of charcoal a year; but measures must be taken on a much larger scale before this useful substance will be available, as it might be, for commercial, agricultural, and sanitary purposes. Apropos of these last: it is satisfactory to know that ten tons of peat-charcoal have been sent out for the use of the hospital at Scutari.

The Horticultural Society, looking beyond the present environment of frost and snow, has determined to hold its first flower-show in May at Gore House, Kensington, instead of at Chiswick; and it has come to the resolution, to pay greater attention than in times past to improvements in matters horticultural—to real practical objects, not mere dilettanteism. If this resolve be faithfully carried out, the Society will soon be in a position to open new resources in the shape of vegetables and plants useful as food or in manufactures. In connection with gardening, it will not be out of place to mention that the weather-summary for 1854 shews twelve inches less than the average of rain for the year—many places in Oxfordshire and Berkshire are still distressed for want of water; that the temperature of the whole year was one degree below the average; that between the greatest cold of January (thermometer on the grass) and the greatest heat of July, the difference was 124 degrees; and that December was remarkable for the large amount of ozone present in the atmosphere.

Invention is still busy over the appliances of war: Sheffield offers a new bullet superior to the Minié. Mr Gravalt proves, in an able pamphlet, that steam gun-boats, to be propelled by the jet instead of screw or paddles, are by far the most serviceable, especially for shallow draught. Mortar-vessels are being built and fitted at the dockyards, to carry a mortar weighing five tons, which throws a thirteen-inch shell two miles. Hitherto, the weight of so vast a piece of ordnance has presented almost insurmountable difficulties; but now it is supported on a frame which oscillates with the boat, and thus preserves its proper position under all circumstances. A whole fleet of these vessels is in preparation. Mr Nasmyth wishes to mount his monster wrought-iron guns in a similar way. The Lowca Ironworks, near Whitehaven, have turned out the 'belemnite shot,' so named from its form, which is more effective than round shot of twice the diameter. Its shape is described as 'cylindro-conoid;' it is made in three pieces, so contrived, that at the moment of firing a ring of lead expands, and closes up the windage of the cannon—the ball, as a consequence, being expelled with greater force. Another advantage is, that by the reduction of the diameter, the weight of artillery may be proportionately reduced: 18-pounders need not be heavier than the present nines; and even a 68-pounder might become manageable in the field. This belemnite, according to the inventor, is *safe* to do mischief at 5000 yards; and when used as a shell, it sticks into the wall against which it is fired, and splits the masonry by its explosion. A Birmingham firm has contrived machinery for making bayonet-blades by the rolling process, which, with two men and a boy, turns out 300 a day; while not more than 25 blades could be made by the same hands, in the same time, without the machinery. The price is thus lowered without altering the quality; and it is said, that with additional rollers, the supply of blades may be increased at pleasure. And, last, to shew the effects of war in another form, the number of ships that passed the Sound in 1854 was 5000 short of that of 1853; the greatest falling off, as may be supposed, being in British vessels.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

On a bright sunny day, some years ago, when the slavers carried on their infamous operations with a boldness equal only to their success—notwithstanding the exertions used by our cruisers to enforce the various treaties entered into by this country with several of the European powers for the abolition of the vile trade—Her Majesty's brig *Tardy* might have been seen riding at single anchor off the British fort of Accra, a most agreeable and comparatively healthy little town on the Gold Coast.

The day in question was unusually hot, even for that proverbially roasting climate. There was not a breath of air sufficient to ruffle the surface of the sea, nor a cloud to temper the fierce rays of the vertical sun, penetrating through the snow-white awning, with a power almost insupportable to the panting and exhausted crew, who were assembled in listless groups on the forecastle, longing for the slightest breath of air to reinvigorate their exhausted frames. The only sign approaching to activity appeared in the person of the young officer second in command, who, as he slowly paced the quarter-deck, occasionally paused to examine with a glass the low sandy shore glistening with peculiar brightness at the foot of the lofty range of mountains which form the bold background of this part of the coast.

The *Tardy* was one of those old ten-gun brigs that are now, happily, nearly extinct in the service. She was a disgrace to the country that owned her, as well as to the officer who had the misfortune to command her; and with all the bad qualities peculiar to that class of vessels, had no redeeming points to recommend her. She was a perfect tub, and a reproach to the gallant fellows that belonged to her, who for eighteen months had toiled in the vain hope that a prize would eventually reward their exertion and sufferings on that pestilential coast. Hitherto, however, they had been doomed to disappointment. The excitement of the chase, usually so intense when the sailing qualities of the pursuer and pursued are nearly on a par, had but few charms for the Tardys, whose visions of prize-money and honour grew more and more indistinct as the retreating sails of the chase slowly and too surely vanished on the horizon.

Such mortifying failures—the unfailing result of a trial of speed between Her Majesty's brig and the low rakish clippers of the coast—were still more annoying, from the fact of the scale and the division of the prize-money having been altered shortly before the *Tardy* arrived on the station. Formerly, L.10 per head had been allowed for every slave captured, which was shared by the entire squadron; but at the time of the *Tardy's* arrival at Accra, on her way from Sierra Leone to her cruising-ground in the Bight of Biafra, L.5 per head was allowed to be shared only by the officers and crew of the vessel that made the capture. However beneficial this arrangement might be to the fast-sailing cruiser, it was but a bitter mockery to the hapless Tardys.

We left the officer—the senior mate already alluded to—watching with his telescope the low shores of British, Dutch, and Danish Accra, with the evident determination of allowing not so much as a canoe to break the blockade without his cognizance. His vigilance was shortly rewarded by the appearance of the commander's gig, leaving the shore, and under the vigorous strokes of her lusty crew, she quickly reached the side of the brig, bringing on board the commander himself. After the bustle incidental to his arrival had somewhat subsided, the mate accompanied his chief below, whither we will follow.

'Well, Mr Winton,' commenced the commander as soon as they reached the cabin, 'I suppose you have hove short, and are all ready for tripping as soon as the land-breeze makes its appearance. The canoes containing the cart-wheels and grass will be alongside within an hour,' continued he, without noticing his junior's bow of assent; 'and then the sooner we are off the better.'

'Did you hear of there being any vessels in the rivers about to sail, sir?' inquired the mate.

'Why, no; nothing for certain,' replied the lieutenant. 'The consul was too intent on finding out what I could possibly want with his old coach-wheels, to pay much attention to my inquiries on that subject. But I rather think, from what I heard from another source, that the *Vecua* is nearly ready for sea; so, possibly, we shall be off the Bonny just in time to intercept her.'

'I hope we shall, sir. It is rather vexatious to be always returning into port empty-handed.'

After some further conversation relative to the hoped-for capture of the *Vecua*—a well-known Spanish slave-schooner—the two officers returned on deck, where they saw several of the expected canoes slowly approaching the brig, looking more like moving haystacks than legitimate African canoes. On their arrival alongside, their strange freight caused a good deal of wonder among the hands.

'Well,' said an old Salt, 'I 'spects this is about the rummiest go as ever was see'd on this here part of the coast. I wonder what the skipper's agoing to do with all this here dunnage.'

'Why, turn the *hooker* into a farmyard for monkeys and alligators, and thatch her in for a full due,' suggested a surly topman, who felt too sore on their ill success to be in any humour for joking.

'And make you Jemmy Ducks. Eh, Bill?' said the first speaker, who was the captain of the forecastle. 'What's the use of growling like a bear with a sore head? When'——

'Come, come, shipmate,' cried the incensed topman; 'gather in the slack of your jaw. I'm no croaker; but mind what I says'——

The rest of the sentence was lost through the interruption of the officer of the deck, who, having overheard the remarks of the men, sharply ordered them to attend to their duty; and in silence the remainder of the novel cargo was hoisted on board, much to the amusement of every one who was engaged in the operation.

During the afternoon all hands were busily engaged, under the personal superintendence of their commander, in stowing their acquisitions in so curious a way, that by sunset they had so completely altered the outward appearance of the brig, that no one who saw her leave the anchorage under the influence of a rattling land-breeze, would have imagined her to be the same vessel which a few hours before had been lazily riding on the glassy sea.

The greater portion of the long thick grass that had been brought on board, was made up into bundles, and stowed on the booms. The remainder of it was used for covering the coach-wheels, which, being made fast horizontally in the chains outside the vessel, gave her more the appearance of an overladen trader than one of Her Majesty's cruisers. The foretop-gallant-mast and flying jib-boom were now got on board, and a short maintop-gallant-mast sent up instead of the lofty spar she always carried abaft. This, with an old and patched suit of sails cautiously reefed, made the disguise complete.

There being nothing now to detain the brig, all sail was made for her cruising-ground, which she reached shortly afterwards. About noon of the eighth day after leaving Accra, the *Tardy* being then off the entrance to the Bonny River, but out of sight of land, the look-out aloft reported a sail on the port-bow. This announcement caused the greatest delight to all hands on board the brig, as she had been dodging about in that locality for several days, in the expectation that one or more of the slavers known to be up the river and about to descend would make their appearance.

As well as could be ascertained from the distance, the stranger appeared a long, low, rakish schooner, evidently a Guineaman, and no doubt one of the gentlemen with whom the Tardys desired a more intimate acquaintance. One thing was very plain, she had little or no wind. What there was of it, however, was fair for her running out from the land, giving her the weather-gauge of the *Tardy;* and this, so far, was just what the officer of the brig wished, as it allowed the slaver the option of speaking them, if so disposed.

In about an hour from the time she was reported, the *Tardy*, by a succession of short tacks, apparently with the intention of working-up for the entrance of the Bonny, had arrived within four or five miles of the slaver, which was lazily forging ahead, under the influence of a light breeze, and decreasing every moment her distance from the disguised cruiser, apparently without the least idea of there being danger in her path. From the tops of the brig, a number of woolly heads could be seen evidently taking their constitutional—a sure proof that their masters were engaged in no lawful commerce, and that the schooner was what all hands on board the *Tardy* had expected, and in truth hoped.

'They must surely intend to board us, as they do not alter their course,' said the commander. 'Shew them the colours, Mr Winton,' continued that officer; 'perhaps the sight of the old flag may tempt them to pay us a visit.'

The British ensign was soon waving from the *Tardy's* peak, but the schooner did not deign to shew hers in reply.

In the meanwhile, both vessels gradually approached each other. The crew of the *Tardy*, with the exception of a few of the old steady hands, who were disguised in red flannel shirts, were lying down at their quarters, out of sight, but ready at a moment's notice to use with hearty good-will the guns that were screened from the sight of the pirate craft by the closed ports. Jokes were flying about in plenty, as the happy and excited Jacks slapped their pockets in anticipation of the golden lining with which they would soon be furnished.

The last tack made by the *Tardy*—in as slovenly a manner as possible—placed the schooner about half a mile dead to windward; and as she still appeared to be without the least suspicion of having so formidable an antagonist in her vicinity, the excitement on board Her Majesty's brig, from the captain to the cabin-boy, became almost painful. Every available glass on board was levelled at the wicked-looking craft, to watch with eager glance her minutest movements.

After a short pause, the suspense was relieved by the gaudy flag of Spain being seen slowly ascending to the main peak of the slaver, and immediately followed by a noisy summons from her foremost gun for the *Tardy* to heave-to.

'Now we have the rogues!' exclaimed the commander. 'Up mainsail—square the mainyard;' were the rapid orders. 'Don't hurry there, lads,' he continued; 'we must not alarm them just yet. Belay, there—belay,' was the final order before the *Tardy* became stationary to await quietly the result.

Onward came the beautiful schooner, gracefully bending under the lively breeze, perfectly unconscious of the reception that awaited her. As she slightly altered her course to pass under the *Tardy's* stern, a crowd of impatient desperadoes were seen clustering the gangways, ready to pounce upon their expected prey. Too late, however, they perceived their error; when rounding-to under the lee of the royal cruiser, a formidable battery shewed itself to their astonished gaze, instead of the terrified crew of a defenceless trader.

On becoming aware of their position, the ruffians were at first too much bewildered to pay any attention to the cruiser's summons for them to surrender; but a messenger, in the shape of a 32-pound shot, soon brought them to their bearings, when, seeing all chance of escape perfectly hopeless, the colours of the slaver were hauled down. A boat's crew from the *Tardy*, under the command of the senior mate, was soon in possession of the prize, which, as had been anticipated, proved to be the *Vecua*, a splendid craft of about 200 tons, manned by as desperate a set of scoundrels as were ever bound together by the ties of crime. The greater portion of them were sent on board the *Tardy;* the remainder, as well as the living freight, numbering 270 slaves, were retained on board the *Vecua*, which shortly afterwards sailed in charge of the prize-crew for Sierra Leone, leaving her captors diligently cruising, in the hope of winning further laurels. A few days after the *Vecua* reached her destination, her case was tried in the courts. As she was taken full of her miserable human freight, there was no difficulty about her condemnation, which took place accordingly. The negroes were of course emancipated; no doubt greatly to the disgust of their late masters, whose crestfallen appearance, as they sullenly wandered about Sierra Leone, afforded the highest gratification to the prize-crew of Her Majesty's brig *Tardy*.

WINTER MOONLIGHT.

LOUD-VOICED Night, with the wild winds blowing
Many a tune;
Stormy Night, with white rain-clouds going
Over the moon;
Mystic Night, that each minute changes—
Now, as blue as the mountain-ranges
Far, far away;
Now, as black as a heart where strange is
Joy, night or day.

Wondrous Moonlight! unlike all moonlights
Since we were born:
That on a hundred bright as noonlights
Looks in slow scorn:
Moonlights where the old vine-leaves quiver,
Moonlights golden on lake or river
Where known paths lie,
Moonlights—Night, blot their like for ever
Out of thy sky!

Hail, new Moonlight, strange, wild, and stormy,
Wintry and bold!
Hail, fierce Wind, that can strengthen, warm me,
Be it ne'er so cold!
Aye, God driven, this deluge rages,
He doth pour out, and He assuages;
Under his hand
Drifting, Noah-like, into the ages
We shall touch land.

AMERICAN BOBLINK.

The following beautiful sketch of a popular American bird is from Washington Irving's *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost:*—I have shewn him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music and song, and taste and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a 'bon vivant,' a gourmand; with him now there is nothing like the 'joys of the table.' In a little while, he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Boblincon no more—he is the *Reed-bird* now, the much sought for tit-bit of Pennsylvanian epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! —every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Incorrigible epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome!

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A FIRST APPEARANCE UPON ANY STAGE.

WE had been urging my grandfather to tell a story in his turn—it was a great many years ago, before he was attacked by that illness which ultimately caused his death—and after much persuasion, he had consented. We gathered eagerly round his chair; my uncle, the captain, dealt the great centre log a tremendous blow on the head, which sent the sparks flying madly up the chimney; and we made up our minds to be very much amused and delighted, though we had heard the story, no doubt, fifty times before. Even the little ones left off their game of forfeits, and stealing round by the chimney-corner, composed themselves to listen.

The old gentleman smiled, took off his spectacles, and thus began: What I am going to tell you is an adventure that happened to myself, and not one of those 'children of an idle brain' which some of you have been relating this evening. It took place when I was quite a youth—not twenty years of age—and travelling through Germany for my pleasure.

You have heard me speak of Müller, my trusty German friend and tutor? Well, he was with me at this time, and we were pedestrianising together through the states of Central Germany. It was about midsummer when we reached the fertile little duchy of Saxe-Weimar, where we took up our quarters at a snug inn on the borders of a forest, which was very romantic and pleasant. Now, Müller would read and smoke all night, and lie in bed late in the morning; but I was an early riser then, and loved to be out in the woods and fields by break of day, to see the sunrise from the hill-tops; so, as you may imagine, we had not much of one another's society till the afternoon. On this particular morning of which I am speaking, I had started earlier than usual, meaning to have a long ramble through the green forest, and bidding Müller come and meet me at his leisure in one particular spot, which we had discovered a day or two previously in the very heart of the solitude—a wooded hill, down which a foamy cascade leaped merrily, and mingled with the waters of a little winding river that threaded the intricacies of the forest. At the foot of this hill, just raised from the level of the surrounding ground, and quite set round with leafy trees, was a semicircular piece of lawn, like a natural amphitheatre, through which the streamlet took its way, still bubbling and eddying from the agitation caused by the tiny cataract a few paces beyond. Altogether, it was a delicious place; and here, with a volume of Shakspeare in my pocket, I went that morning with the intention of reading *As You Like It*, in a spot as fair and lonely as even the Forest of Arden.

I used then to be somewhat of a naturalist, as you are all aware. I was easily led away by a fern, or a flower, or any fragment of quartz or crystal that chanced to fall in my path; and this day, happening to get interested in a peculiar variety of the lichen race, which seemed here to abound, I so loitered by the way, that it was almost noon before I arrived at the point of rendezvous.

But my surprise was great when I found it already occupied, and, apparently, for a very singular and amusing purpose. The party in possession consisted of some sixteen or eighteen ladies and gentlemen, and about half-a-dozen servants in a gray and silver livery. All of them were young and well dressed. The gentlemen wore a kind of hunting-costume, and the ladies looked charming in their light summer garments. The servants were busily occupied in erecting a temporary theatre, formed of canvas and painted wood-work; a pile of cushions and cloaks were laid in front upon the sward, for the accommodation of the spectators; and everything was being prepared for a dramatic performance in the open air. Something seemed, however, to have gone wrong in their arrangements; for they had all gathered together round one young man of commanding height and agreeable aspect, with whom they were consulting in hurried and anxious tones, and who, by the troubled expression of his countenance, seemed no less puzzled and disconcerted than themselves.

All at once every eye was turned upon me, as I stood in silent wonder just at the opening point among the trees. There was a joyful cry—a clapping of fair hands—a burst of merry laughter; and, to my immense confusion, I was in a moment surrounded by the little company, and questioned by a dozen voices together.

'Can you act?'

'Do you know the comedy of *Die Burgomeistre?*'

'Will you take Herman for us?'

'Can't you contrive to read the part?'

'Anyhow will do, if you would but consent to oblige us!'

Startled and bewildered, I looked from one to another, not knowing how to reply or whom to answer first, when the young man whom I had before observed advanced towards me, and said with much politeness and good-breeding:

'This is a strange reception, sir, that my friends have given you. Allow me to explain our position. We are a party of amateur players, delighting in tragedy, comedy, or burletta, and performing French, German, and Italian with the greatest impartiality. To-day, we have met here for the purpose of rendering *Die Burgomeistre*, but unfortunately have lost the services of our chief actor' (here he pointed to a gentleman whom I had not before observed, and who was lying upon some cushions in the shade of a lime-tree). 'Our friend, who insisted upon walking a part of the way, has sprained his ankle, and is, of course, utterly incapacitated for his theatrical duties. We have no other who can take his place, and if you would favour us by undertaking the character of Herman at so short a notice, we should all be most heartily obliged by your kindness.'

There was something very winning in this gentleman's address—something very new and vivacious in the situation—some very pretty bright-eyed girls among the company; so I entered heart and soul into their little enterprise, and was received with acclamations as a newly enrolled member of their society.

It happened, fortunately, that I knew a little of the comedy in question. I had seen it twice or thrice upon the stage at Frankfort, and had read it more than once while staying at a dreary village where there were scarcely any books to be got—therefore I did not feel quite so nervous as I otherwise might. And it was well that I needed no great preparation, for in a very few moments after my arrival the audience was marshalled in front; the actors were assembled at the back of the theatre; the signal was given; and the play began.

I need not now stop to tell you what the piece was like, or whether the plot was sparkling, moving, or profound. It is enough if I say that our spectators wept and smiled alternately; that our performers were all cordially in earnest; and that your humble servant acquitted himself very creditably, considering that it was his first appearance upon any stage, and that he had to act with the book in his hand the whole time. The gentleman to whom the theatre seemed to belong; a fair and dignified lady, whom I conjectured to be his wife; a plain but intelligent-looking woman with dark eyes; and the disabled performer, lying still upon cushions, occupied the front places upon the turf. Behind them sat the rest of the party, and the servants stood or leaned against the trees at the back.

I noticed, by the way, that our heroine, a lovely young woman, with the sweetest voice I ever remember to have heard, seemed particularly concerned for the invalid; that her eyes were certain to stray towards him at every pause in the dialogue; that a gesture of applause from his hand sent the quick colour flying to her cheeks; and that in all her love-speeches and soliloquies—especially in the former, where she should have addressed herself exclusively to me—her attention was sure to wander in that highly inappropriate direction.

At length the curtain fell; we joined the rest of the party upon the grass; the servants busied themselves in spreading a cold collation on a shady bank under the lindens; and we fell into a lively and general conversation. We were very merry. We jested; we laughed; we chinked our glasses together; and the slender-necked Rhine-bottles went swiftly round.

The invalid nicknamed me his deputy, and challenged me to take wine with him.

'Your health, Herr Deputy,' said he gaily, as he drained the glass. 'This old Johannisberger is like a poem of Schiller's or Wieland's—the older it is, the higher its flavour. *Viva il vino!*'

'You do not include Kotzebue in the compliment, Wolfgang!' said our entertainer, with a meaning smile.

'Kotzebue!' echoed the other with a wry face. 'Kotzebue! I should say not, indeed. He is more quack than poet, and more conceited than a peacock. He finds only himself wherever he goes; and when he arrives at a place, he gives himself not the slightest trouble about heaven or earth, air or water, animal or vegetable. He beholds nothing but his own sayings and doings; even at Tobolsk, he is perfectly certain that all the people are occupied either in translating his plays, studying, acting, or, at the very least, rehearsing them!'

There was something remarkable in the appearance of this young man, and I could not keep from looking at him as he lay extended on the grass, his fine head resting on his hand. His countenance was both handsome and intelligent, his nose and mouth beautifully formed, his forehead high, and his eyes a brilliant black, like those of an Italian. Yet it was scarcely so much the actual features, as the noble character and expression of his physiognomy, that most impressed me; and I listened to his impetuous and earnest speaking with an interest for which I was puzzled to account.

'Kotzebue,' said the plain lady, who was now seated next to me, 'is the delineator of manners rather than of men.'

'Say the delineator of crime, Madame!' exclaimed the other. 'The corruption and profligacy of the higher classes is the line in which Kotzebue excels. True beauty of character possesses no charm for him; and man as he ought not to be is held up before us, in preference to man as he should be. Kotzebue cannot appreciate the true grandeur of the mission of the human being upon earth. Man was the first dialogue that nature held with God.'

It would be impossible for me to describe the impressive tone in which these last words were uttered. They thrilled through my frame like the vibration of a string, and I observed that the rest were all listening respectfully, and looked similarly affected.

'Wolfgang requires every writer to possess so much originality,' said the gentleman, 'that nothing pleases him. I often congratulate myself that *I* never attempted to manufacture a play or a poem, for I know he would have criticised it without mercy!'

'Originality is but a word,' said the excitable Wolfgang, who seemed to delight in startling paradoxes. 'There is no originality. The greatest genius will never be worth much, if he pretends to draw entirely from his own resources. There are some philosophers who fancy, that by remaining shut up in their study for thirty years without once looking into the world, and exclusively occupied in sifting their own poor brains, they shall find an exhaustless spring of original, grand, and useful conceptions! Do you know what comes out? Clouds; nothing but clouds!'

'For all that,' said the lady whom they called Madame, 'there can be no genius without some of that originality which you affect to despise.'

'Pray then, Madame, can you tell me what genius is, if it be not the faculty of seizing and turning to account everything that strikes us; of co-ordinating and breathing life into all the materials that present themselves; and of taking here marble, there brass, and building a lasting monument with them? A work of genius puts into requisition the works of nature and of man, and is supplied by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things. The learned, the ignorant, the wise, and the foolish, bring to it unconsciously the offering of their thoughts and their experience. They sow the harvest which is reaped by the poet, the philosopher, the historian, and a great literary chef-d'œuvre is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature, and bearing the name of Plato or Shakspeare. Believe me, to be great we must be social. Hercules needs to be fed; and it is only by mingling with astronomers, botanists, chemists, mathematicians, builders—whom you will—that the author can collect his raw materials. It is for this reason we find the most truly great characters surrounded by their fellow-men. Plato and Socrates were no hermits; and Bacon, Camoens, Boccaccio, Dante, were dwellers in cities.'

'There I believe you to be in the right,' said Madame smiling. 'For myself, I confess I am only vulnerable on the side of Paris, and I think I owe much to that weakness.'

'Much! nay, Madame, go one step further, and say —all. It were impossible to say where, or in what object, or trade, or science, ideas the most foreign and opposite to that object, trade, or science, may not be derived. I have seen minerals, mosses, fishes even, that have afforded me the most valuable psychological and physiological hints. These things are the Signatures of Nature, and he who can decipher them, may well afford to dispense with the Written and the Spoken.'

'It is true,' observed the other young man, who seemed to listen rather than converse—'it is true that a yet undefined chain of relationship appears to run from art to art, from science to science, by which the one illustrates and mysteriously interprets the other. Thus I have seen a painting that affected me like a poem; and have heard music that reminded me of places seen in youth, and, until then, forgotten.'

'Architecture is frozen music,' said Madame vivaciously.

He whom they styled Wolfgang looked up in delighted approbation. 'A charming image, indeed!' he exclaimed; 'and one I have sometimes felt, but have never been able to express. For instance, when I visited Strasburg Cathedral, I was utterly overwhelmed by the solemnity and grace of its proportions. Conceptions of infinite order and harmony presented themselves to me, and I found them embodied in the relation of countless beautifully executed parts to one great, consistent, systematic Whole. I recognised there a new revelation of the simple, eternal, universal laws of nature. It was as if I were listening to some noble psalm-tune or chorale by Bach or Palestrina, with all its harmonies built up one above the other in one sublime unity—or as if I were observing the demonstration of a mathematical problem.'

'Many singular instances of the relationship of sounds and colours have been recorded,' said Madame gravely. 'I believe a great book upon the connection of the arts is yet to be written.'

'Not only upon the connection of the arts, but upon the connection of the arts with man, and, above all, of the connection of man with nature,' said the quiet gentleman. 'For my part, I never see a tree or a mountain but I feel as if it asserted some acquaintance with me—as if it were a part and parcel of my own being. The analogies existent between inner and outer nature are strange and universal.'

'Do not omit the analogies between natural objects, I pray you,' cried Wolfgang eagerly. 'The combinations in this field are so infinite, that they afford scope for even the indulgence of humour. Let us take only the parasitical plants: how much of the fantastic, the ludicrous, the bird-like, is observable in their frail characteristics! Their flying seeds perch like butterflies on some tree, and feed upon it till the plant is full-grown. Look only at yonder pear-tree by the river; see there, rooted in the bark, and growing forth like a branch from the rough trunk, clings the mistletoe, from which birdlime is made. It is not even content with fastening itself as a guest, but it compels the pear-tree to supply it with wood from its own substance. The moss and fungi upon trees belong to the same class. Those lindens under which you laid me a short time since, abound' . . . .

He paused suddenly, his eyes fixed in the direction of which he was speaking. We all turned simultaneously, and saw that his discourse was interrupted by the apparition of a tall man, standing half-way between our circle and the trees in question, who was watching our proceedings with a countenance in which wonder and admiration were ludicrously depicted, and who was devouring every syllable of the conversation with eager attention.

'Whom have we here?' exclaimed our entertainer rather haughtily, and looking annoyed at the break in our pleasant discussion.

I laughed, and I believe coloured up, for poor Müller really did present a somewhat absurd figure as I said:

'Why, that gentleman is a friend of mine—in fact, my German tutor—and he is here to meet me. I came hither for the purpose of passing a quiet day in the forest, and we agreed to make this spot our place of rendezvous. I had then no idea of encountering so pleasant a party. I am sure I have enjoyed the morning very much.'

'You are most obliging to say so,' he replied bowing; 'and we are all greatly indebted for your assistance upon the stage. Perhaps it was rather fortunate we did meet, as otherwise you would have been very hungry by this time. Pray, invite your friend to come over and take a glass of Johannisberger.'

I beckoned to Müller to advance, which he did very slowly and bashfully, with his hat in his hand, and bowing profoundly at every step. I had never seen him so ceremonious or nervous before, and, to tell the truth, I felt really vexed to see him look so foolish.

'Pray approach, Mein Herr,' said my new acquaintance, still very distantly. 'We have no seats to offer you, and no table but the sward; yet if you will partake of such refreshment as we have—a pasty and a goblet of wine—you will be most welcome.'

'I—I—that is—your most gracious Highness,' stammered the professor in the deepest confusion.

Your most gracious Highness! What could he mean? I started—coloured up in my turn—looked from one to the other—and knew not what to say.

The prince smiled.

'I suppose,' he said, with an air of dignity which he had not previously assumed, 'that I must introduce myself; but it was not my intention to do so, I assure you. I am Karl August of Saxe-Weimar, and this lady'—pointing to the one whom I had already taken for his wife—'is the Grand Duchess Luise. These kind friends and dramatic amateurs around us, are the ladies and gentlemen of my court. We often amuse ourselves in this manner during the summer season; and as it is generally known in the Residenz when we are about to visit the forest, the inhabitants are careful not to intrude upon our privacy. Thus we knew you to be a stranger from your appearance amongst us, and we resolved to welcome you to our *ludi scenici*, without relinquishing that pleasant incognito which is one of the dearest privileges of a sovereign.'

Long before the conclusion of this little oration, I was standing with my head likewise uncovered, and looking, I daresay, just as sheepish and embarrassed as my learned friend himself.

'Your Royal Highness,' I said in reply, 'will suffer me to prefer one request before I retire. The conversation to which I have had the honour of listening just now, has filled me with so much delight, that I am emboldened to ask a still further extension of your goodness. This lady, whose imagination is so vivid—this gentleman, whose knowledge is so universal, whose ideas are so varied and profound, whose language is so picturesque—who may they be, for I feel that I have heard no ordinary thinkers to-day?'

'This lady,' said the Grand Duke, with a courteous inclination towards her, 'is Madame de Staël. That gentleman'——

'That gentleman, Herr Deputy,' interrupted the invalid with a merry glance in his bright eyes, as he turned towards me, leaning on his elbow, 'is one whom, I doubt not, you have already known under a variety of names, and whom you have heard abused, ridiculed, praised, as the case may be. I am Goethe.'

WHEREABOUTS IS THE NORTH?

A WEEK or two ago, we called attention to the many recent disasters at sea, some of which, as it was observed, might be traced less or more to deviations of the compass. It will probably be new to many, that the whole doctrine respecting the pointing of the needle is now held as liable to very considerable modification; that, in short, the compass, as usually understood, is very far from being a faithful guide across the ocean; and that those mariners who depend too exclusively on its aid, are likely to lead their ships into extreme danger. But how, it will be asked, can this be, seeing that the needle points to the north? It is not strictly true that the needle points to the north; it points to a spot several degrees aside from north, and this spot is not always exactly the same. Admitting, however, that the compass, in proper circumstances, does pretty steadily point to one spot in a northerly direction, it still remains true that it is difficult to keep it in these circumstances, and, as the case usually stands, the circumstances produce great and various divergences.

These tendencies of the compass to give a misleading direction, are no new thing, but have long been under the attention of mariners. Dampier mentions them; Sturmy's *Mariner's Magazine* for 1684, as may be seen in the Library of the British Museum, has something about them; more than once were they observed during Cook's voyages, and repeatedly since. So often, indeed, that one is surprised those most concerned in explaining or preventing the error should not have taken instant pains to inquire into it. But why should any one trouble himself? It was nobody's business in particular; and so nobody meddled with it. Your genuine 'old Salt' snapped his fingers at science; he could take his ship out to sea, and bring her into port again, by rules well known to navigators. Why should he bother himself with that new stuff about compass errors? 'Lead, log, and look-out,' had served his turn for years past, and should be his trust for the future. Sometimes, however, it happened that neither ship nor captain ever came home again. Who would have thought it! Accidents will happen—that was all; and still the old routine prevailed. Now and then the lesson was repeated in a more impressive form. In 1803, the *Apollo* frigate, and forty of her convoy, went on shore in the night on the coast of Portugal. The war-ship, trusting to her compass, signalled the course to be steered, making no allowance for the disturbing effect of her guns upon the needle. Some of the merchant-captains, remarking the error, steered the course as shewn by their own compasses, and escaped the fate of their less observant brethren. And how often did it happen, during the long French war, that the commander in charge of a convoy directed by signal the course to be steered through the night; and that in the morning, the merchant-ships would be seen dispersed all round the horizon, one or two of the most distant perhaps being carried off by the enemy's cruisers. Who was to blame? Each captain had steered the course prescribed according to his own compass; and as no two compasses agreed, the consequence was a general straggling, and a loss of time while the ships beat up into position, like ducklings to their parent.

Such being the risk and difficulty with wooden ships, how much greater when the vessel is built of iron: the liability to error is increased to an alarming extent. Indeed, the most anxious trial that could befall a pilot or sailing-master, when iron steamers first came into use, was to have charge of one from Plymouth to London. The vessels would go in any direction but the right; and he was a brave man who could venture to carry on in a fog. It was not at all unusual at sunrise to see the English or French shore right ahead, and the ship running direct for it, when she was thought to be making her fair course up channel. The compass was worse than useless: it was treacherous. We have heard some men declare, they could have navigated with less hazard had there been no compass on board at all.

The liability to error is in some cases practically recognised by the captains of steamers plying regularly from port to port. Hull to Rotterdam, for instance; they know that to steer south-south-east, or whatever the course may be, will not take them true to their destination; and, taught by long experience, they take a course a point or two more to the north or south, and fetch their port as accurately as a ferry-boat its landing-place. They have learned, moreover, that to steer precisely the opposite course in returning, will not take them where they wish to go; and here, also, they allow for deviation. The out and the home voyages are thus seen to require different expedients. After this, shall we wonder that the wrecks round the British coast alone, taking the year through, amount, as has been said, to a ship and a half per day? In some years, it is more than double this number.

The Admiralty at length took up the subject, and appointed a 'Compass Committee;' comprehensive inquiries were made; and the causes of error carefully investigated. These were more easily discoverable than the remedy; but science was brought to bear on the question, and, as we shall see, with beneficial results.

Many remarkable particulars came to light during the progress of the inquiry; and instances of neglect or indifference almost incredible. The rough-and-ready rule, 'Keep all iron seven feet from the binnacle,' which most mariners were supposed to recognise, was proved to be as little acted on by the navy, as 'Early to bed and early to rise,' &c., among people on shore. Iron tillers and capstans were not at all uncommon; and the disturbing effect of such a mass of metal, approaching to within two or three feet of the compass, had never been thought of. If the vessel had iron davits for the quarter-boats, the swinging of them inboard would make a difference of four or five points in the direction of the needle. The iron nails with which the binnacle-boxes were put together, would cause a similar error; and more than once, the lower part of the box was found to be used as a closet, where iron bolts, and other sundries of the same metal, were conveniently stowed away. Surely wilful stupidity must have been the presiding genius over the makers of binnacles: how else can the use of any other than wood or copper fastenings be explained? In Queen's ships, the binnacles are now made without doors, to prevent the possibility of any idle sailor depositing in them his odds and ends of iron. An iron cistern, carried between decks near the stern, would produce as much disturbing effect on the compass as a solid cube of the same dimensions. The *Courageux* was lost on the rocks off Anholt, owing to the needle having been diverted two points by a stand of arms, placed on the half-deck below the compass. The addition of a large gun to a vessel's battery would make a difference. Compasses, too, were found to disturb each other when placed too near together; and the placing them too near was the common fault of merchant-ships. In vessels of the royal navy, the binnacles, where two compasses are carried, are now never fixed within four and a half feet of each other. When both are so liable to be wrong from causes above mentioned, they should at least be prevented from making one another worse.

Again: the error of a compass is not constant, especially in iron ships; it varies with the induced magnetism of the vessel, or with the changes in the permanent magnetism. As the ship proceeds on her voyage, so does the change take place—greatest in amount in the highest latitudes, and diminishing towards the equator. It is not the same in corresponding latitudes of the two hemispheres, and it differs according as the course is east or west. Nor is it the same in different parts of the same vessel: let a compass be placed near the stern, another amidships, another near the bow, and a fourth down below, each will tell a different tale. The question thus appears to be one of insurmountable difficulty—the complication of error too intricate for unravelment. How do ships ever find their way across the trackless waters?

The answer to this question will be to narrate, in few words, the principal means discovered and employed for correcting the multiplied errors already enumerated. Thirty years ago, Mr Barlow, professor of mathematics at Woolwich, recommended the placing of an iron plate on board ship near the compass—the object being to counteract the attraction of the vessel by the attraction of the plate, and thus keep the needle pretty nearly in its true magnetic direction. This, which was never supposed to be other than an imperfect remedy, was fairly tried and kept in use until, in 1828, Mr Airy, the astronomer-royal, after careful experiment, shewed a magnet to be a much more effectual and reliable compensation than the iron plate. The method he proposed, was to place a bar-magnet in conjunction with a sheet of soft iron rolled as a scroll, at such a distance below the compass as would produce a deviation of the needle corresponding to that caused by the ship, and so neutralise one by the other. Afterwards, instead of the scroll, he introduced an iron chain in a box, as being more uniform in its magnetism. In plates, it is often found that one part is weaker or stronger in its magnetism than the rest, by which its action is rendered irregular. Mr Airy shewed further, that a ship acts as a permanent magnet on the compasses, and expressed himself confident in his proposed method.

On this point there has been, at times, much discussion: one party contends, that the only safe place for the compass is the top of the mast, far above all metallic influence; another, that as there is in all vessels, generally below the deck, a neutral point where the needle is not disturbed, the compass should be established on that point. Without entering into the merits of these and other questions which have been raised, let us see what are the measures adopted to know whereabouts is the north on board vessels of the royal navy.

It was by authority of the Compass Committee that the investigations of Mr Airy and others were made. In 1836, they sent the late Captain Johnson to make trials and experiments on board the iron steamer *Garryowen*, at the mouth of the Shannon, during which it was ascertained that the ordinary place for the compass was an 'improper position' on board iron vessels; that the compass of the steamer in question could not be depended on; and that only by raising it to a considerable height above the deck, could it be made to work with anything like accuracy. In concluding his report, the captain suggested that in all cases a record should be kept of the position in which a ship lies with respect to the magnetic meridian while being built, as the permanent magnetism of the hull depends in great measure on that position.

The result of all this and other skilful researches is, that the compass is now treated by the navy as an instrument requiring as delicate handling as a chronometer; it had too long been treated with little more ceremony than the men's beef-barrel. The needles are made of the best clock-spring steel, well hammered, put together in compound plates or laminæ, and prepared with the greatest care for their important function. The compass-cards, instead of being imperfect rounds, roughly executed by the engraver, are true circles, printed after having been fixed to the mica plate by a chemical preparation not liable to be affected by damp or heat. The bowl in which the card swings is made of copper, as this metal has the property of steadying the needle, of checking its numerous oscillations, without disturbing its directive power. The margin of the bowl is graduated by an engine, and not by hand; and an azimuth circle is fitted to each, so that at any time the compass can be checked by an astronomical observation, or it may be used for surveying purposes. The pivots on which the needle rests are of metal harder than steel; and a supply of spare ones, the points gilded by the galvanic process, is delivered to each ship. And, lastly, all the compasses and binnacles are made of one size and pattern.

So constructed, the compass becomes a standard; but it is not yet ready for use. It is sent to Woolwich, where a building has been erected and fitted up exclusively for the testing of compasses, and every portion of the instruments is most rigorously examined and compared: nothing is allowed to pass in the least degree doubtful. Then, at each of the royal dockyards, a compass-room is built—all on the same plan—the shelves fixed in the line of the magnetic meridian; and on these the compass-cards are ranged two feet apart, with the opposite poles of the needles towards each other. Should any needle be found to alter, it is not remagnetised, but is at once rejected and replaced by a good one; and a deflecting apparatus is kept for the testing of all needles before use, the particulars of each being entered in a book. A closet is also fitted up on board ship, in which the compasses and nothing else are to be stored: it has shelves and cases so contrived, that the instruments can never be put away with the same poles towards each other, and the master keeps the key.

Suppose, now, that a ship has taken in all her guns, shot, shell, and iron of every kind, ready for sea; the compasses are then put on board, and the operation is performed by which the deviations of the standard are ascertained. We see repeatedly in the newspapers, announcements that a vessel has 'gone up,' or 'dropped down,' to Greenhithe to have her compasses corrected; and without this, all the means taken to secure exactitude would be ineffectual. A basin is best for the process; but it may be effected in a tide-way at slack-water. The ship is placed so that by means of warps her head can be turned in succession to each of the thirty-two points of the compass; as each is arrived at, she is kept steady for a few minutes, while the bearing of some object a few miles distant on shore is taken with the standard-compass. When all are noted, the standard is carried on shore, and the bearings are again taken out of reach of the attraction of the vessel; and in this way the deviations of the ship's compass on each point are ascertained, the amount of deviation being exactly the difference between the two sets of bearings. All the facts are recorded in a book, and thus the captain knows what allowance he has to make for compass-error, whatever be the course of the vessel. Yet after all this, precautions are necessary: the Admiralty instructions require that no iron shall come within seven feet of the compasses; the standard is to be the only authority on board; and the binnacle-compasses are to be frequently compared with it; observations with the azimuth circle are to be taken repeatedly during a voyage, especially should the ship enter the southern hemisphere, for then the deviation which was to the *east* in the northern, will be to the *west*. In this case, new steering-tables must be prepared, by 'swinging' the ship to the thirty-two points, as at first. The needle is to be lifted from the pivot whenever the compass is carried about or the guns are fired, to guard against injury to the delicate suspensions; and all the compasses on board are to be compared with one another every day at noon.

In all cases where the standard-compasses have been used, the result is satisfactory. The steamer *Urgent* once ran in a fog from Milford Islands to Liverpool, and hit the Bell Buoy at the mouth of the Mersey 'to a fraction,' as her commander reported. Captain Vidal surveyed by the new system the Azores in the *Styx* without accident. The master of the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, after two years' experience, describes the standard as perfectly trustworthy; and says that, making the 'necessary allowance,' he could steer a true course on any point of the compass.

Here, then, is demonstration of the possibility of avoiding the fatal errors mentioned at the commencement of the present article; and if good for the navy, it must be good for the merchant-service. If the owners of vessels will but provide themselves with proper standard-compasses, and require that they shall be used as prescribed by the Admiralty, we shall seldom hear of shipwreck from the compass indicating a false course. Iron has of late years been so much introduced into the construction even of wooden vessels, as greatly to increase the liability to error, and explain how it is we hear more of casualty from that cause than in former years, when more wood and less iron was used. A heavy responsibility rests on those who send ships to sea, neglecting the important precautions we have here pointed out. At the same time, it is proper to keep in remembrance, that the best compasses may be temporarily deranged by aurora borealis, or other atmospheric phenomena; and that, consequently, all the common aids in good seamanship need to be resorted to by the commanders of vessels.

AN ANGLO-SAXON GOLGOTHA.

'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?'—in this old-fashioned, oak-panelled chamber, yclept the Star—in this dull, dreary, and desolate-looking town of Sandwich; and as the bells of St Clement's soothingly ring their evening chime, meditate on the strange vicissitudes, the ups and downs, that attend the fates of towns, as well as of the men who build them. Ere various causes had contributed to silt up the northern channel of the Stour, Sandwich was the principal seaport of England. Then the Isle of Thanet really was an island, and ships sailing between the continent and the Thames shunned the dangers of the North Foreland by passing through this channel, named the Wantsum. On its site, where the navies of England used to rendezvous—where 'Athelstane the king, and Eichere the eolderman, fought on shipboard, slew a great number of the enemy, and took nine ships'—there are now smiling cornfields and rich meadows; and the plough of the husbandman still continues to turn up fragments of vessels, anchors, and other more mysterious-looking reliquiæ of the sailor. So late as the reign of Henry VIII., the passage was open for small vessels; but a lofty argosy belonging to the pope having accidentally sunk in it, the wreck formed the nucleus of a bank of sand and mud, which eventually destroyed the trade and importance of Sandwich.

Sir Thomas More, in his quaint facetious manner, tells us the following story on this very subject, to illustrate how contemporaneous circumstances, having no relation whatever to each other, are frequently mistaken by the ignorant for cause and effect:—'Divers men of worship assembled old folk of the country, to commune and devise about the amendment of Sandwich haven. At which time, as they began first to ensearch by reason, and by the report of old men thereabout, what thing had been the occasion that so good a haven was in so few years so sore decayed. As divers men alleged divers causes, there started up one good old farmer, and said: "My masters, ye may say every man what he will; I have marked this matter as well as some others, and I wot how it waxed right well enough. For I knew the haven good—I have marked, and so I have seen, when it began to wax worse." "And what hath hurt it, good father?" quoth the gentlemen. "By my faith, masters," quoth he, "yonder same Tenderden steeple, and nothing else." "Why hath the steeple hurt the haven, good father?" quoth they. "Nay, by Our Lady, masters," quoth he, "I cannot tell you well why, but I wot well it hath; for I knew that a good haven till the steeple was built, and, by the mass, I have marked it well, and it never throve since."'

Sandwich—now so dull, dreary, and desolate—was long the most noted of the Cinque Ports, and the usual place where the English armies embarked for the continent. Here did Richard Cœur de Lion land after his Austrian imprisonment; and, in pious gratitude for his deliverance, walk from hence on foot to Canterbury. Edward the Black Prince, too, landed here with his royal captives; but why should I recount the many royal and eminent personages who have passed through this noted place, from the time of Lupicinus, the Roman generalissimo, till Charles II. drank 'a glass of sack on horseback at the door of the Bell Tavern!' One, however, deserves especial mention: it was here that St Augustine and his pious companions landed, bearing a silver cross, a banner emblazoned with a picture of the Saviour, and the glad tidings of the gospel to a barbarous and benighted pagan land.

For ever hallowed be this morning fair;
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
And blest the silver cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour! By Augustine led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free!
Rich conquest waits them: the tempestuous sea
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
Those good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

But why am I in this dreary, desolate old town, where the inhabitants saunter about dreamily, as if there was nothing in the world for them to do, and where, as I verily believe, they do nothing but deface and destroy the few picturesque remnants of antiquity that have been spared by their fathers? The truth, then, is, I am on my way to the diggings—not of California, nor Australia, but of mines still more valuable and precious to the antiquary. Some ten or twelve years ago, when the railway from Canterbury to Ramsgate was in process of construction, it was found necessary to make a cutting in the chalk-hill named Osengell Down, about two miles from the latter place. This excavation revealed that the top of the hill had been a large Anglo-Saxon burying-ground, upwards of two hundred graves being discovered in the narrow space required for the railway. It must have been a strange sight, and one pregnant with reflection, to have seen the navvies at this wholesale desecration of the dead. Men of thew and muscle, enormous eaters of meat, and inordinate drinkers of beer—fond of glass-buttons and gaudy colours in their attire—fond of horses, dogs, cocks, and other animals, and given to contests in speed and ferocity, and the gambling consequent thereon—men, in short, distinguished by all the leading peculiarities of character displayed by their ancestral prototypes, whose long rest of thirteen centuries they were so rudely disturbing with pickaxe, wheel-barrow, and shovel.

To the antiquary—and there are few well-informed persons at the present day who are not more or less antiquaries—these graves possess a strong and peculiar interest. There is no period in our history so dark as that immediately after the departure of the Romans from this island, and that of the Saxon domination, previous to the conversion of that people from paganism. But as at this period the Saxons buried with their dead the weapons, implements, and other objects they were most attached to during life, their tombs reveal to us some glimpses of their manners, customs, and state of civilisation, where written record is utterly blank. Some of those graves on Osengell Downs are to be opened to-morrow, under the superintendence of a few skilful archæologists, and it is with the view of witnessing the proceedings that I am stopping to-night in Sandwich.

I go to bed and sleep soundly, without any dread of foreign invasion, though I know that in the good old times Sandwich was twice sacked and burned by the French. I rise early in the morning, and find, at breakfast, that the Stour still yields the famed Fordwich trout, and that it fully deserves all Izaak Walton has said in its commendation.

The place of my destination, I learn, is about six miles from Sandwich. Having inquired my way, I am about to depart, when mine host obligingly offers to lend me a pony. I inform him I do not intend to return that way. He has just been made aware of that, or he would have made the offer sooner. In fact, the pony belongs to a person in Ramsgate, and if I ride him thither, it will save the trouble of sending a man home with him. I unreflectingly and most injudiciously accept the offer; the pony seems a steady, docile animal; I mount, and passing beneath an ancient gate-house, and over a clumsy draw-bridge, find myself in the famous Isle of Thanet.

The first part of my ride is through a flat uninteresting plain, without any remarkable object, save the immense Roman ruin, the ancient Rutupiæ, now termed Richborough. The walls of Richborough, 12 feet thick, and from 20 to 30 feet high, enclosing an area of five acres, in many places as perfect as when the alternate courses of bricks and stones were laid 1800 years ago, are a wondrous proof of the strength and durability of Roman workmanship—the magnificent conceptions of the Roman mind.

My road soon begins to ascend. On my left, I see the spire of Minster, with the exception of St Martin's at Canterbury, the oldest Christian church in England. It was originally erected in the seventh century, but was partly burned by the father of King Canute in 1027. Subsequently, Canute, becoming a Christian, rebuilt it; and there can be little doubt that the nave, the oldest part of the church, was erected in the eleventh century. The view to the left is circumscribed by the summit of the range of downs, along the side of which I am slowly ascending; but each step, as I rise, gives a wider range to the delightful panorama behind me and on my right.

At every few yards, I incline to wheel round, to enjoy this beautiful view; but the pony is going homewards, and he knows it, and consequently manifests a decided aversion to turning his head in the direction of Sandwich. As I have neither whip nor spur, I am in the mortifying and humiliating position of being governed by a brute. Fortunately, I meet a gipsy driving an ass, who sells me a stick for a penny—the smallest coin in my pocket being sixpence. Of course, the gipsy has no change; but the stick is purchased, and the pony, finding that he has got his master, sulkily obeys, and I succeed in veering him round.

Like the skies studded with stars on a winter's midnight, the sea is covered with ships, from the lofty seventy-four to the tiny fishing-boat. Here and there, amid the throng, is seen a long smoky track, the breath of the giant steam as his iron muscles thrash through the yielding waters, on his path of civilisation and progress. Distinctly, in the remote southern horizon, I see the fair land of France; while to the westward the cliffs of Dover remind me of the legions of Cæsar, and the bold and barbarous islanders who bravely but unsuccessfully resisted the invasion of their native soil. A perfect choir of larks are singing in mid-air, and here and there a wandering sea-gull, with its snow-white wings, adds variety to the scene.

It is a warm, clear, sunshiny day in June, but the air is bracing and exhilarating. Elated by my victory over the pony, excited by the magnificent view and its momentous historical associations, the semi-savage spirit of the Saxon bursts forth from within me, and I exclaim—

O'er the sun's mirror green
Come the White Horsemen!
Trampling its glassy breadth
Into bright fragments!
Hollow-backed, huge-bosomed,
Fraught with mailed riders,
Clanging with hauberks,
Shield, spear, and battle-axe,
Canvas-winged, cable-reined
Steeds of the ocean!

The pony, impatient to get home, and, as I presume, unused to declamation of this kind, makes an artful and sudden shy, and very nearly throws me off his back. I am again unwillingly compelled to have recourse to the *argumentum ad baculinum*—the stick of the brown-skinned gipsy. Am I, forsooth, to be mastered by a pony, here, in Thegn-land, the most anciently English of any part of Britain? Here first landed the Angles, from whom England and Englishmen derive their very names, as well as the most cherished of their free institutions. Hengist and Horsa, with their band of piratical warriors, invited by Vortigern, landed somewhere in view of the very spot where I now stand, and dwelt on this fertile island for twenty years, till Hengist, about the middle of the fifth century, subdued Kent as far as the banks of the Medway. Both names, Hengist and Horsa, in the old Saxon, signify a horse. The Angles bore white horses emblazoned on their banners, and were as passionately fond of those animals as the modern Englishmen their descendants. Still, I can never learn whether the great council of the nation—the Witenagemot, from which our modern parliament is derived—was ever adjourned so that its members might attend and witness a horse-race.

It is my firm opinion, that the principal reason the Saxons were so fond of horses was, that they were pre-eminently a maritime people. All sailors are fond of horses. Have they not Flemish horses, saddles, whips, bits, bridles, stirrups, and martingales in their nautical nomenclature? It is a general, but a very mistaken idea, that sailors are bad riders. They may be awkward or clumsy on horseback, I admit; but the man who has been used to hang, contending with a gale-inflated sail, on the treacherous leeyard-arm, or the slippery flying-jib-boom of a rolling and pitching ship, laughs at the feeble attempts of a horse to throw him, and loves the noble animal he can so easily subdue. Jack will not walk when he can ride, writes the *Times* correspondent from the Crimea; whenever an officer loses a good horse, he is almost sure to find it in the sailors' camp.

The whistle of a railway-engine recalls me to the object of my journey. Looking round, I see its white smoke rising above the summit of the hill, and observe some men at work not far from it. I ride up, and am at the Anglo-Saxon Golgotha. Situated on the very crest of the hill, it commands the inland view as far as the towers of Canterbury Cathedral, as well as the magnificent sea-prospect I have so vainly attempted to describe. Truly it is a noble burial-place for men who claimed the supremacy of the whale's bath—the sea—as their birthright, and won the land, as far as the eye could reach, by their indomitable energy and valour.

The graves lie in rows along the summit of the hill. They are about four feet deep, in the pure white chalk, and were at first, in all probability, covered with barrows or mounds, that have long since been levelled by the action of the elements. As I arrive, one grave has just been discovered; it contains the remains of a man, a woman, and a child. Every particle of wood, leather, or cloth, that may have been buried with the bodies, is reduced to a dark-brown powder; but the skulls, and most of the larger bones, are in good preservation. The woman lies in the middle, the man on her right, the child on her left. Between the man and the woman there is a spear-head of much corroded iron. On the man's breast there is a bead of amber; at his waist there is the buckle of his belt; beside him is the knife it carried—the *saex*, from which, it is said, the Saxons derived their name. A large quantity of amber-beads surround where once lay the neck of the female; and the bronze pin, that had fastened her mantle, lies where once was her breast. Beside the child there are more beads, and also a small knife. It is a curious fact, that all three were evidently buried at the same time. Thus this silent grave, these long-buried skeletons, unmistakably record either a massacre or a pestilence.

I have not seen so much of this grave as I could have wished, from having to hold my pony during the examination. He, too, taking no interest in it, but rather displaying a restive impatience, was a very unwelcome addition to the society of the quiet antiquaries. At last, as a screaming engine rushes along the railway, the pony, making a spring, nearly drags me over the embankment; and jerking the bridle out of my hand, canters off for about fifty yards, and then quietly begins to graze. I try to catch him; he lets me approach almost within grasp of his head, and then gallops off again. This game continues, evidently to the great amusement of all present but myself, for about half an hour, when he gives in, and allows me to secure him. I then lead him down to a gate about half a mile off, tie him firmly to the post, and, overheated and fatigued, return to the diggings.

In the meantime, another grave has been discovered. From the profusion of beads, and a very elegant silver-gilt brooch, studded with garnets, which it contains, it is undoubtedly that of a lady of rank. I am informed that the Anglo-Saxon ladies wore something similar to the modern chatelaine; and, sure enough, a number of curious articles for the toilet and other uses are found lying by her side. There are tweezers for removing superfluous hairs, and articles that may have been used for picking the nails and ears; but other implements completely baffle the most astute antiquary when speculating on their uses. Some, indeed, a detective policeman would say, were skeleton-keys—probably they were keys—but others are of such grotesque forms as to defy conjecture. Might I just hint, however, that perhaps the Saxon ladies wore a reticule instead of a chatelaine, and these mysterious pieces of metal were the frame to which the long since decayed cloth forming the reticule was attached.

An exclamation of surprise from a phrenological antiquary draws attention to the skull. He declares it to be the most intellectual one he ever saw; the organs of Time, Tune, and Language are particularly developed; the lady must have been a musician, a poetess, an Anglo-Saxon Sappho.

I should observe here, that after the various antiquities are taken from the graves, the bones are carefully re-interred. The lady's skull, however, is an exception to this rule, the phrenologist carefully wrapping it up in his handkerchief. I ventured to murmur a gentle remonstrance, but am met with the quiet reply: 'What does it matter?' Unable to answer the question, I retire some distance from the grave, lie down on the short, velvety, thyme-smelling grass, and, watching the larks high up in air, take the 'What does it matter?' of the philosophical phrenologist as a text for my musings. I, too, like the Saxons lying beneath me, have been one of those who used to 'go down to the sea in ships,' yet I have ever felt a peculiar repugnance at the idea of being buried in the restless deep. I should like to be interred in such a sunny spot as where I now lie, within sight of the sounding ocean; but, in all probability, I shall be buried far from it. Yet, as I look up, far up, above where the lark hovers—a scarcely distinguishable speck in the dark-blue heavens—I cannot help mentally repeating: 'After all, what does it matter?'

A loud 'Hallo, master!' from one of the labourers brings me to my feet in an instant; the confounded pony is off again. A booby country lad, opening the gate, has set him free; and he is now off in earnest, galloping full speed home to Ramsgate. To use the words of worthy John Bunyan: 'He went on his way, and I saw him no more.'

I am relieved from an incubus, but I have incurred a serious responsibility. What if the wretched creature should hurt himself or others in his wild stampedo? I shudder when I think how full Ramsgate is of visitors, how many hundreds of children, with the most careless of nurse-maids, throng the streets and sands at this season of the year. But there is no help for it; I can only hope for the best.

Another grave is discovered, but of a very different style of interment from the two first: it contains a leaden coffin, enclosing the bones of a Roman warrior. This interesting fact corroborates an idea entertained by antiquaries, but unsupported by historical record—namely, that the Saxons formed settlements here previous to the departure of the Romans, and the two people lived together as friends and allies. There can be little doubt that when the Romans were gone, the Saxons in this part of England took possession of the strong places erected by the former; both Richborough and Reculver being the capitals of the first Saxon kings of Kent.

The lengthening shadows warn me of the distance I have to travel; so, reluctantly leaving this interesting spot, I set off on foot towards Ramsgate.

Before entering the town, I stop at a roadside inn, to get the white chalk of the downs brushed off my clothes, and to wash it out of my throat with a draught of mild Thanet ale. The ostler, while he brushes me, maintains a conversation with an individual of his own class. 'That Toby,' he says, 'knows a thing or two; that he do. They never gives him no corn in Sandwich; so off he sets, and comes home all along of hisself; and the best of the fun, he was ready saddled. Just as some bloke was a-going to mount him, off he must ha' come.' Thank goodness! thinks I, the pony is safe, and I can leave Ramsgate with a clear conscience. So, without further inquiry, lest I should be set down as a bloke, whatever that may be, I make the best of my way to the railway station; and as I am rapidly whirled towards London, reflect how widely spread now are the branches of that 'empire tree,' which, 1400 years ago, was planted by a handful of piratical freebooters on the white cliffs and breezy downs of Kent.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT COMES TO PASS IN THE RUINS.

THE rain-storm that wetted the country round San Antonio on the night of the landing of the escaped Prisoner and his friends, visited with greater violence the neighbourhood of Torre dei Giganti. During all the dark hours the flood dashed down upon the ruins; and the wind, blowing through the unshuttered windows, filled the vast chambers as with spray. Mr Buck had built a little enclosure for Angela in one corner of her prison, within which she lay, sometimes slumbering quietly, sometimes calling out in terror; for the inarticulate voice of the storm took strange shapes in her half-awakened mind, reminding her of the language of suffering and strife to which her ear had of late become so accustomed. Then Carlotta, who slept under a heap of blankets in another corner, and watched the prisoners with a vigilance which her father had not exacted—for she was born amidst that life, and knew of no laws and principles but those of the Band—would start up, and reveal how wakeful she was by words awkwardly cheerful. When they were both quite roused, Mr Buck in a tolerably musical voice would sing a snatch of some comic song, which seemed by its intonation quite melancholy to those who did not understand the words; and jeer when the sentinel below called to him to make less noise. Presently all would be quiet again. The men in the ground-chamber were stretched in their cloaks round the embers of a huge fire. Now and then one woke up, and exchanged a few disjointed and dreamy phrases with the watcher, who paced from the foot of the staircase to the great doorway, listening each time for any ominous sound from the outposts. He heard nothing but the clamorous wailing of the wind, and the angry hooting of one or two owls, squatting amidst their swelled-out feathers in some dark nook.

There were two men on the watch at opposite points of the ruins, without counting Jeppo, who, disturbed by fears for which he could scarcely see grounds, did not attempt to rest that night; but went to and fro, wrapped in a huge cloak, taking care that the sentinels should not sleep. Had any attack been meditated, however, it would have been impossible to see the danger approach. Darkness covered the mountain with an impenetrable veil, and only the most practised eye—an eye accustomed to watch for human prey in Sicilian defiles—could have made out the form of the great square tower, rising motionless against the ocean of dark vapour that rolled, with faint tints of light here and there, mimicking the crests of waves, from the eastern to the western horizon. The rain ceased before dawn, which at length came on gray and cold. As the shadows thinned away from the earth, the tower struggled dimly into sight of the vast expanse of plain and hill by which it was surrounded. The background brightened by degrees as the dome of clouds melted beneath the warm rays of the sun; and soon fragments—ruins thereof—alone could be seen floating in a blue sky, and reflecting vermilion or golden hues. The earth smiled with a calm joy in the light of day; and all who had passed a night of fear ventured to unknit their brows, and breathe tranquilly the balmy air that was wafted over the drenched country.

Mr Buck had been lulled into a good sound sleep by the last mutterings of the storm. When he awoke, he saw the hard brown visage of Carlotta, rigid in slumber, illumined by a ray of the sun in her corner. But Angela was gone.

'The poor lady has passed an uneasy night,' murmured he; 'and surely is aloft praying for us all.'

He went up to the little balcony we have before mentioned, and indeed found Angela there looking out towards the vast horizon. The colours of the scene were unusually bright. The rain had washed away the dust left on the leaves of the forest by the siroccoes of spring; they shone at the foot of the arid slopes of the hill, as if endowed with new life. Bushes and patches of grass, nearer at hand, seemed also to rejoice. Here and there, along the ruined edge of the tower-wall, were bright pools of water, in which sparrows were fluttering and washing their bills. From all the country round a sweet but vague murmur arose. Thousands of birds were singing their morning-hymn; and Angela made out hundreds of quivering spots in the air from which harmony was shed.

As usual at that hour of the morning, the brigands, in their bright red and blue jackets, were scattered through the ruins, some yawning lazily, others smoking, others tending the horses; one or two were polishing their carbines, and with a pleasantry quite in character, seeing Mr Buck's round head appear over the summit of the wall, pretended to take aim at it. He indulged in an angry grimace, which they could scarcely appreciate from that height, and withdrew.

The prisoners kept as much as possible in their lofty position, partly because it afforded them some occupation to watch a scene, amidst which at any moment rescue might arise, partly because the brigands were generally too lazy to come up so far: on this occasion they remained until the day was several hours old at their post. Suddenly, Angela, whose eyes were constantly glancing over the country, made out a figure at a great distance moving rapidly up the western slope of the hill. Its approach was evidently noticed by a group of fellows idly sitting on a fragment of wall; but as they did not stir, it was clear that the new-comer was well known. He passed rapidly through the ruins. Presently, a confused shouting was heard below; the brigands collected rapidly from all points, and the clamour increased. Carlotta came to call the prisoners down; her father wished to speak with them.

'If I could see the flash of a bayonet, or any sign whatever of a rescue,' whispered Mr Buck to Angela, 'I would begin by flinging this creature over the battlements, and make a fight of it; but my eyes are getting old. At anyrate, I can't perceive a crow more than usual.'

'The country is silent and motionless,' replied Angela with a sigh.

Carlotta scowled at this talking in low voices, and went down. They followed. In the great chamber, beyond which they were never allowed to go, they found Jeppo. The old chief's countenance was haggard, and expressed disgust and lassitude.

'This is bad news,' said he, when his daughter had gone; 'we are positively betrayed. A man from Trapani brings perfect intelligence of the enemy. The soldiers are within a few leagues of us all round; there and there—and there and there,' he proceeded, pointing successively to all the four windows.

'But they cannot surely know the passes so well as your men,' said Mr Buck, who felt what would be the danger if the Band were driven to desperation.

'Certainly not,' replied Jeppo, speaking low and huskily; 'and I think I may say, that were I to give the word now—"March, slip through their fingers"—these disciplined gentry might close in as scientifically as they pleased, they would find the nest empty.'

'Well, why not do so, my good fellow?' quoth Mr Buck, in his most persuasive tone.

Jeppo shrugged his shoulders, and felt almost inclined to imitate his men, and apply the opprobrious epithet of Miss to the simple-minded Englishman. At length he laughed, but strangely and forcedly.

'My good sir,' said he, 'the beneficence of Providence is great. We have no language by which to warn the helpless lamb of its fate; and until it smells blood, it capers joyously round the butcher: a fine provision. So with you. We are of different frames. I may frighten you and this poor lady for a moment; but I can never make it a piece of your belief that my men will actually, if compelled to fly, leave a terrible memento behind—you both, incredulous things, lying side by side to affright the eyes of their enemies.'

'But why, Jeppo,' said Angela calmly, 'do you insist so much that we should believe this thing? It seems there is no remedy.'

'None; absolutely none.'

They looked at the old man's face; its expression did not correspond with what he said. A slight noise on the staircase—the falling of a little stone—informed them that a listener was there.

'Is that you, Lotta?' cried Jeppo as carelessly as he could.

The girl came in scowling and red, and pretended to take something from her corner. Then she went away again.

'That is my greatest punishment,' said Jeppo, pointing after her.

The prisoners knew that he was going to talk of himself, and, as was their wont, listened attentively, partly in hopes of learning something new, partly to humour their only friend in that horrible place.

'Lotta is my daughter,' proceeded the old man; 'child of a brigand's sister, and worthy of her parentage. The mother went early enough—too long ago for any but pleasant memories of her to remain. I forget whether she was like this girl, who believes in nothing but lawlessness, because she knows nothing else. I can't talk to her of the real old times, for when I try, she stares and sneers. Did you ever see a hawk shaking his wings over a flight of pigeons, picking out the brightest and fattest?—that is the image of Lotta. All human beings are to her things capable or not of being ransomed. I have tried to teach her; but we don't learn or impart filial obedience in these mountains. All her notions come from Chino, whom she loves as the tigress loves the tiger. There is no one to whom I would less dare to trust my secret thoughts, if they did not square with the interests of the Band. This is what the noblest stock may come to. Why, her cousin never even thought of claiming her as a kinswoman.'

All this was quite enigmatical to the prisoners, who listened, still, however, hoping to hear something more specially affecting their fortunes. They did not know that whilst seeming only to cast away his daughter, to distance her from himself, and paint her as a being of a different race, Jeppo was breaking, as it were, with nearly a quarter of a century of lawless life. Carlotta, in her degradation and vulgarity, was a living witness to himself of what he had become; and when he complained that she could not sympathise with his regrets for a different state of things, when worldly honours were upon him, he thought more than he would have dared to confess of the change worked in his own demeanour and character. When classes are advancing, the peasant looks with pride on his son, who has become a gentleman; but the fallen noble casts a sad glance on his offspring, even if he be born to honest labour—he sees in him the great sign that his position is irrecoverably lost. Jeppo, who lived much in communion with memory, might often have persuaded himself that it was possible to retrace his steps into society, had not Carlotta been always there to remind him that it could not be; that he might repent, but not rise again.

'I am not able,' he said, pursuing his own train of thought—'I am not able, signora, as I wished and hoped, to tell you that I have earned your gratitude. But I laboured for you before I knew you. It is better as it is. That was a tardy attempt to relieve my mind from a great weight; and, besides, nobody can ever now play *my* part. I saw your eyes flash, lady, when I talked of the man who had come from Trapani: you dared not ask me what news he brought; but your instinct told you true. Paolo di Falco has escaped from his prison.

'Then I shall soon be free!' exclaimed Angela, clasping her hands.

She insisted on hearing the details of this great event; but the messenger knew of what had happened only vaguely. He had heard the first form of the narrative which afterwards made every true Sicilian heart beat with joy. It was said, and is, indeed, still popularly believed, that the patriots had attacked the Island of Maretimo, taken the castle by storm, and delivered the Prisoner by mere force. When this rumour got abroad, it carried with it a thrill of pride that might have been changed into insurrectionary enthusiasm. Angela and Mr Buck believed the story in its most heroic form, and exchanged hopeful glances. They forgot to ask the unhappy old chieftain the meaning of his mysterious allusions: and he was not anxious to tell what he knew, because he believed that the decree of destiny had gone forth, and that it would be cruel to furnish the prisoners with new motives of regret, fresh reasons for despair. Although he looked so steadily towards the future, we must not suppose that pity was the chief passion that moved within him. We do not pity those who are to sink in the same ship with ourselves; and Jeppo, casting about in his mind, formed many processions of thoughts, going back far into the past—but not one advancing beyond the night that was to close upon that day. He seemed to have arrived at the natural term of his existence, and cared only to justify his own actions to himself.

He was playing a terrible game. The strategy of that wild Band told them that the moment for retreat had come; every one was waiting with impatience for the signal to march. Near danger had made them subordinate again: old experience had taught them that the most prudent counsel came from Jeppo. Yet his present delay seemed inexplicable; he obstinately avoided all allusion to a retreat. Was he keeping them there to betray them? Had his old sagacity deserted him? Was he, in sheer despair, resolved to resist where he stood, and crown a long career by a glorious death? The last surmise found no heroic approvers; and when Lotta, enlightened by her love for Chino, went about whispering that her father was wasting precious time, rebellious murmurs began once more to be heard. Jeppo resolutely refused to notice them, until, when the afternoon was far spent, Chino, expressing the long pent-up anxiety of the whole Band, exclaimed:

'Are you mad, captain? Shall we wait here, and be caught like mice in a trap?'

'My men,' said he, answering the inquiring looks of the whole Band, 'there seems to be no immediate danger; we can escape when we will; the soldiers have surrounded us as well as they are able, but remain motionless. At anyrate, let us wait until night. Look at the sky; we shall have another storm presently; and then, let us be white or black, we shall be able to slip through the meshes of this net without breaking one of them.'

It was long since Jeppo had spoken to his followers in this cordial tone. Had they been wise, they would have seen that at length he had resolved to deceive them for the sake of the prisoners; but they became instead stupidly enthusiastic, and shouted, and bawled, and were joyful, just as in older and better times

—all but Chino, who exchanged doubtful glances with Carlotta.

The day darkened long before sunset, and the thunder-storm gathered over Torre dei Giganti. Angela had returned to her lofty look-out, and gazed anxiously over the dismal scene. The country, with all its variety of surface, soon lost its bright colours, and stretched gray and dim, with huge black patches here and there around. At times there was a flush of pale red, when the lightning burst as it were through crevices in the dark vapoury roof overhead. Then even distant objects became distinct—more distinct than in the bright dazzling sunshine. Angela saw, beyond the forest to the west, a body of soldiers with glittering weapons marching in that direction. Her fate, therefore, was soon to be decided. For a moment she gasped for breath, and prayed with her soul and eyes; but soon she became calm, and looked down, indeed, with something of compassion on the bandits, who, their cloaks fluttering in the wind, were scattered amidst the ruins, unconscious how near was danger. Presently the air became full of dashing drops of rain; and soon a complete deluge poured down, whilst the lightning still throbbed, and the thunder roared and struggled from horizon to horizon. Angela at first took refuge in the staircase; but this was soon changed into a torrent, and she was compelled to go below.

Mr Buck met her half-way: she whispered what she had seen. It was too dark for her to make out whether he became pale; his voice for a moment faltered; but a little after he said firmly, and even gaily:

'Well, then, I will shew you that all that has been done to frighten us is mere nonsense. The soldiers will attack by surprise. These bandits are neither more nor less than men; they will first think of defence, and forget us altogether. One or two may skulk from the fight, and of these I shall be able to give a tolerably good account.'

He shewed her a pile of large broken stones, which he had collected near the head of the staircase, in the second chamber.

'I can hand them to you,' said Angela.

This simple expression changed the worthy Englishman into a hero; he even hoped he might have an opportunity to shew his courage. What he undertook to do was by no means absurd. The staircase, not much more than a foot wide, ascended abruptly through the wall for a distance of above twenty feet, and was broken in many places. He at first thought of blocking up the way at once; but should there be any delay in the attack, this would reveal his intentions too clearly. He contented himself, therefore, with begging Angela to remain quiet, and crept cautiously down to listen to what was going on.

The first room was quite deserted; and it was by this time so dark that, except when the lightning flashed round the tower, it was difficult to make out the four windows pierced through the massive walls. Up the passage leading from the ground-chamber, a dim but steady light came. The brigands—all of whom, except the sentinels, had been driven in by the rain—were gathered round a blazing fire, evidently in an unusually jovial mood. Some sang, whilst the others talked all at once; then silence was obtained, and Mr Buck made out a low musical voice which he had never heard before. At first he thought it was that of a woman; but some of the tones rang like tempered steel. Haj-Ahmed, confident in his own genius, having brought his party to the nearest point where the trees at the foot of the hill covered them, had advanced alone to lull the suspicions of the Band, and fascinate them into neglectful repose. By a good-humoured word, indeed, as he passed the sentinel in that direction, he had induced the man to leave his post: there was no danger at all, he maintained.

When called upon to give his report, he even ventured to say that the viceroy had at length agreed to open negotiations, and was ready to grant all the Band required. Whilst he spoke, his glance met that of Jeppo; and these two men looked deep into each other's souls for the last time: afterwards, they carefully avoided doing so. The Haj was very successful in his persuasions; even Chino, quite disarmed, ceased clutching perpetually at his dagger-hilt, although Carlotta, who sat with her head turned slightly on one side, like a fawn listening for a distant pack, was not thrown off her guard.

'You will sleep more comfortably to-night than you expected, my children,' said Haj-Ahmed, relishing excessively within his own mind the frightful double meaning of this phrase. 'I must now go back to Palermo.'

'What! in this weather?' cried Lotta, in a shrill voice; she felt the presence of treachery, although unable to give form to her thoughts.

Her suggestion roused the hospitable sentiments of the brigands; they crowded round the Tripoline, and boisterously insisted that he must wait until the storm was over.

'You can share our quiet rest,' said one in perfect good faith.

The lips of the Haj whitened, and his eyes glanced uneasily to and fro. The frank good-humour of the brigands seemed to him infernal mockery! He protested that he must go away; but the more he protested, the more determined were they to detain him. Lotta, moreover, by persevering sneers contrived to rouse the suspicions of one or two. The Haj suddenly became calm; he had called to his aid the primary doctrine of his people, and firmly trusted his fate to Providence. Sitting down near the fire, he looked at the dancing flames; and perhaps saw therein the plains and the palms, and the mirage and the bright-eyed daughters of his native land, for his features quivered slightly, and his eyes somewhat dimmed. He thought it hard that his wise plans for making wealth out of the infidel should at length bring him to that pass.

The sentinel, who had left his post, and had leaned for some time against the wall under the doorway, suddenly remembered the heinousness of his fault, and began to traverse the court. At that moment a flame of lightning burned over the country; and the jagged form of the ruins shewed clearly against a red background. A number of dark forms were seen advancing rapidly towards the great ruined entrance of the court. The sentinel gave a cry of alarm, as he fired at random; it was answered from within by a shout and a shriek of pain; some one had smitten Haj-Ahmed to the ground, and he never rose more. Out rushed the brigands, and delivered a full volley in the direction of the enemy: they were answered. What was the loss on either side it was impossible to say; darkness had again closed in. Jeppo, forgetting that he had wilfully allowed matters to be brought to this crisis, seemed now to have nought but the safety of his men at heart; he shouted to them to fall back, and defend themselves within the tower. They obeyed; and some began to pile sacks and trunks across the doorway, whilst others trampled out the fire, though not completely, for many burning brands remained scattered about, giving a dim and dismal light.

Paolo di Falco, with Walter and all their friends, had waited patiently at first for the return of Haj-Ahmed; but when his absence seemed unnecessarily prolonged, resolved to advance as cautiously as they could.

'I should be sorry to sacrifice him,' said Paolo; 'but are we quite certain of his honesty and prudence? He has put himself in this position. I cannot risk Angela for him.'

A minute or two afterwards, protecting their fire-arms as well as they could from the rain, the party began to march up a narrow winding defile, and at length reached the edge of the table-land, and beheld the dim form of Torre dei Giganti rising before them. Then came that flash of lightning.

'Charge!' exclaimed Walter; 'and trust most to cold steel!'

So saying, keeping step for step with Paolo, he rushed forward. All followed; some armed with harpoons, others with boat-hooks, others with guns, bayonets, swords, and pistols. But the severe volley with which they were received checked their fury, and many at once sought shelter behind the ruined fragments of wall.

'We are almost alone,' said Walter, grasping Paolo's arm, and dragging him also under cover.

'Have the dastards run?' murmured the young man.

'No; but we must be bold, not rash.'

'Rashness is wisdom now. We are here, not for victory but rescue!'

'Be calm, and use your instruments as you find them.'

By this time, such of the attacking party as had firearms, and were in a position to use them—in the deep embrasures of windows and fragments of ruined rooms, from which they could see the yawning gateway of the tower, its rugged outline shining against the dim light within—began to fire steadily, and evidently with effect; for the brigands, furious at being obliged to defend themselves in that narrow space, responded by shouts of anger and another desultory volley. The firing now became hot and fast, under the direction of Luigi, who had climbed to a post of vantage, and took fatal aim at the dark forms that appeared now and then amidst the flashes and smoke in the lower chamber of the tower. Meanwhile, Walter and Paolo collected the sailors, and two or three of the patriots who were without carbines, and taking a circuitous path, led them round to a post from which, as soon as the shots from within seemed to diminish in frequency, they determined to make a final rush.

From the post he had chosen, Luigi Spada saw a strange scene; the lightning still continuing to flash over the country. In the first place, at the second window of the tower, he distinctly made out Angela, who came and gazed fearfully forth, and waved her hand, and seemed to call for help, though her words were drowned in the roaring of the wind, the crash of the thunder, the constant rattle of the firearms, the shouts of triumph, and the shrieks of fear or pain. Then through the window immediately below, he saw two men and a woman with a torch rush across—return—rush across again, with violent gestures. He immediately guessed what was going on, and fired; but ineffectually. Chino and another man, incited by Carlotta, seeing that there was no chance of escape, had stolen up, unobserved of Jeppo, to execute the justice of the Black Band.

They did not count on being so vigorously received. Finding that the prisoners were not in the first chamber, they attempted to ascend; but were received with a shower of stones, hurled with a steady aim. Mr Buck felt that dear life was at stake, and defended himself with calm resolution. Lotta tried the effect of persuasion; but was laughed at. Then she savagely goaded her lover to attack. 'What! afraid of mere boys' weapons!' said she. Chino fired up the staircase without effect, but the other man tried to ascend under cover of the smoke; a huge block of stone smote him to the ground.

'We are lighting their aim,' said Carlotta, throwing away the torch. They waited a moment, until a terrible uproar below, a tempest of human voices, and the clash of steel, with a random shot or two, told that the attacking party had at length come to close quarters. The brigand who had been wounded crawled to the window, and dropped down, hoping to escape; but Chino, excited to fury by Carlotta, crawled cautiously up the narrow staircase. The sturdy Englishman, hearing no further signs of an attack, had paused to take breath, and was assuring Angela that the danger was passed, when a flash of lightning more brilliant than usual illumined the chamber, and he beheld the bloated visage of a man with flashing eyes appear at the entrance of the staircase. To close and seize the brigand's right wrist with one hand, and his throat with the other, was the work of a moment. The two men rolled upon the floor; and Angela, half fainting in a distant corner, heard them struggle in speechless rage, pausing now and then, as if by mutual consent, to feel for the dagger which had dropped from Chino's hand. Presently the staircase was lighted; Carlotta had again seized her torch, and came up like a fury. She picked up the dagger, and tried to wound the Englishman, or arm her lover's hand; failing, she turned and rushed upon Angela with a cry of indescribable rage. But a mighty hand grasped her, and she was hurled senseless to the ground by her own father—Jeppo. There was a general rush in that direction; but nearly all the Band had already fallen except their chieftain, and the room was filled with victors. Paolo came bounding towards Jeppo, and was about to smite him down with the but-end of his carbine, when Angela cried: 'Spare him, for he has saved me!' These words brought her husband to her side, but were fatal to him they were intended to protect; Chino broke from Buck's grasp, snatched a sword from some one, and stabbed Jeppo in the back. He fell immediately afterwards under redoubled blows; but the old chieftain sat down quietly and said:

'This is, perhaps, as it should be. I am wounded to death.'

Meanwhile, the marchese and the soldiers were advancing rapidly; they were guided by the noise of the conflict, and lighted by the glare of the lightning. On reaching the gateway of the great courtyard, they found poor Giacomo dying, with two or three of his comrades; further on, lay Andrea Castelnuove, his face upturned, shot through the heart; at the entrance of the tower sat Luigi Spada, desperately wounded.

'We have done your work for you,' said he. 'Take up one of these brands, and look around.'

The marchese obeyed instinctively, and accompanied by Bianca—who kept close to his side, eagerly advancing her pale face, but not daring to press on—entered the lower chamber, whilst the soldiers, obeying the orders of Captain Albizi, rapidly occupied the ground all about. The conflict had now completely ceased; and nothing was to be heard but a dull murmur of voices above, with the groans of the wounded and the dying. All who were unhurt, or only slightly hurt, had swept upwards, killing as they went. The atmosphere was heavy with sulphurous smoke; but the marchese and Bianca could see human forms lying here and there, almost all without any sign of life. A smell of warm blood turned their hearts sick. Both recognised the face of Haj-Ahmed; but they did not see what they feared. A brigand was lying with his head downwards in the staircase. The attacking party—pursuing the last remnants of the Band in their retreat—had trod desperately over this corpse; but the marchese dared not proceed without dragging it aside. Then he went up, and soon found himself in the room which had been Angela's prison, and which was now filled by the breathless victors, who had not yet noticed the approach of the soldiery. The appearance of that grave personage, with a young maiden by his side, fearlessly coming in, naturally startled them; but no one at first recognised him. Julio, who had begun to look around for his youngest brother, whom he missed, was the first to cry:

'Good heavens! the Marchese Belmonte!'

Every one was at once on foot, for this name was a sign of danger.

'Gentlemen,' said the marchese hurriedly, 'the tower is surrounded by soldiers; but they have come here in search of the Black Band. You need fear nothing. Where is my daughter?'

They pointed towards the upper chamber.

Here, in one corner, sat Paolo and Angela, clasping each other's hands—forgetful of the year of misery they had passed. Close by was Jeppo, who had not yet given way to his wound, and looked round with a strange satisfaction. Walter was examining Mr Buck's wounds. A burning brand, stuck in a crevice, lighted the scene.

Up to this moment the marchese had obeyed one single impulse—the desire to save his daughter's life—and he entered the chamber as eagerly as might any other bereaved father. Perhaps, as it was wrapped in complete silence, he expected to see some dreadful thing; but instead thereof, in a distant corner, he beheld two young people embracing, as if that had been a place for tenderness and love. The sight was like a poniard-wound to him; he staggered—hesitated—and then, instead of rushing forward and clasping his daughter to his breast, and warming her brow with kisses, and shedding tears amidst her tresses, and thrusting her away to gaze at her and then clasp her still closer than ever—for such was the picture which he had called up of this meeting when, as he moved through the tossing forest, he dared to disbelieve in disaster—instead of indulging in that immense luxury of forgiveness, which would have equalled the joy of him who was sure, from beyond the grave, of the forgiveness of one he had wronged, this unhappy slave of the past uttered a cry of rage that hushed all around into awful silence. Angela, who had but just seen him, felt her impulse of affection freeze within her; and she remained half-risen—motionless. The marchese advanced wildly—it could only be with an evil purpose; but suddenly there appeared close to his face another face; and on his breast leaned a hand, the pressure of which he seemed to know. Bianca had interposed between his fury and the lovers; but it was not her form that the marchese beheld. Speranza herself seemed to intercede, to command him to forbear.

'I *must* live for a day or two longer!' murmured Jeppo, as he fainted partly from loss of blood, partly from the emotion produced by this scene.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

EMIGRANT ENTRAPPERS.

It must be considered as very hard for the poorer class of emigrants, that, after enduring the discomforts of their voyage—often increased beyond what is necessary by the neglect or breach of the government regulations—they no sooner approach the shore at New York, than they become, almost inevitably, the victims of a base system of pillage, extortion, and deception, which the law seems powerless to put down. In all my previous notices of New York, I regret having had to speak of it as a city with a government so very bad as to be little better than no government at all. Whether the Know-Nothing Movement will provide a remedy, remains to be seen; meanwhile, it is lamentable to have to say, that as regards all matters of police and petty jurisdiction, the civic administration of this city of half a million of inhabitants, is little better than a sham. As the more respectable newspapers of New York give it this character, a stranger may have the less scruple in speaking of it in the same terms. Doubtless, the mass of rascally foreigners forms the great difficulty. I have nothing, however, to do with the cause; I have only to describe the fact.

Among the numerous knavish devices to gain a livelihood in this strangely managed city, by far the most successful is that of cheating immigrants out of the little money left in their possession on landing. The system of robbery is so methodical as to have become an almost legalised, certainly a well-known, profession. Offering, by means of the Hudson and Erie Canal, and also the various railways, a favourable point for the arrival of those who design pushing towards the great regions in the West, New York has latterly drawn to itself about 300,000 emigrants per annum. In 1853, the numbers were 370,992, being upwards of 1000 a day. As the larger proportion arrive in the spring and early summer, the number at such times landing at New York is several thousands every day; men, women, and children, pouring in a constant stream to the quays. All round these quays, facing the water and the dense masses of shipping, there is a crowded thoroughfare, lined with groggeries, porter-houses, slop-shops, and miscellaneous business establishments; and both there, and in diverging and dirty lanes, there are numerous houses purporting to offer board and lodging to newly arrived immigrants. In going along these thoroughfares about the quays, you see bands of Germans, Irish, English, and Scotch, just emerged from shipboard, with carts carrying their luggage—a very melancholy sight. Through the aid of the Emigration Commissioners, the St George's Society, and other benevolent bodies, large numbers of sick and destitute are succoured on arrival; but such charitable acts appear to be only a slight set-off to the general system of plunder to which the humbler class of emigrants are exposed. With what may originally have been a well-meant interference, the city authorities license men to take charge of the forlorn bands of strangers, and see them put properly on their way to the interior. Under the appellation of Transportation Agents or Emigrant Runners, these functionaries are either themselves, or through factitious and unlicensed representatives, the cause of incalculable loss and misery. It would be hard to blame all alike; among the body of agents of one kind or other, there are probably some with more conscience than others; but, on the whole, they are a 'bad set,' and we must, therefore, refer to their proceedings generally. This 'organised banditti,' as the newspapers call them, have thousands of subordinate agents, by whom the immigrant is handed on from point to point, fleeced at every step, and not left till the last farthing has been remorselessly wrung from him. We shall allow the *Tribune** to describe the iniquitous system which is pursued.

'As soon as a ship emerges from the Narrows, the runners prepare for a descent upon their prey, and by the time she has come to anchor off the boarding-station at Staten Island, her passengers are sold out to the highest bidder. There are honourable exceptions to this rule, but in nine cases out of ten the captain of a vessel sells his passengers to the runner who offers him the largest price. If the ship is to remain at quarantine to be cleansed, the runner brings a steam-boat alongside, takes out the passengers and their luggage, and conveys them to the city. If they have to be quarantined, he takes them ashore in the same way, and when their term has expired, re-embarks them on a steamboat, and brings them to New York. This he does at his own or his employer's expense, besides paying the captain a bonus of from 100 to 300 dollars, and sometimes gratuitously furnishing a tow-boat to bring the ship up to her wharf into the bargain. For these considerations, captains, and not unfrequently consignees, give to the runner a permit which entitles him to the exclusive control of the transferred passengers until they reach the wharf in New York. Generally, the immigrant is cajoled into buying a second-class ticket to whatever place he may be bound, at about double the regular price of a first-class ticket. If he refuses to buy the ticket, he is beaten, or his luggage detained, or he is transferred to the boarding-house that plays into the hands of the runner.'

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* A correspondent, writing to us from Albany, state of New York, desires to correct a statement respecting the circulation of the daily edition of the *Tribune*, which we had been led to infer was 100,000 copies. We are told that the actual circulation of the daily edition is 26,000, and of the weekly edition, 115,000. The price of the daily is but 2 cents, or one penny English. 'In this city of Albany,' says our correspondent, 'distant from New York 150 miles, I have the *Daily Tribune* delivered before twelve o'clock noon at my house, for which I pay 15 cents per week.' The postage is thus rather heavier than the price of the paper; and herein may be said to lie the weak point in the organisation of the American newspaper press.

Here we stop to describe another method of cheating by means of railway-tickets. The runner persuades the immigrant to buy from him a series of tickets, which purport to carry the bearer on one line of railway after another as far as Cincinnati or Chicago. The first in the series is a valid ticket, and carries the holder of it probably as far as Cleveland, in Ohio; and when he arrives at that point, he finds to his dismay that all the other tickets are counterfeits, and he is unable to get further without paying afresh. Thousands are swindled in this way every season. By a New York newspaper, we see that there was actually an office in Broadway for the sale of counterfeit railway-tickets, the keepers of which were prosecuted; but in all probability they are still carrying on their nefarious profession. We need hardly say, that the American practice of opening shops for the sale of railway-tickets is highly objectionable, from the facility it affords for deception. Seeing, however, that such a practice is prevalent in the States, we recommend strangers not on any account to buy tickets from any person, or at any office or shop. At every railway station, there is a wicket for the sale of tickets, as at the railways in England, and only at such places should tickets be purchased. It is the more necessary to offer this counsel, from the fact that certain brokers in this country and Germany are said to be leagued with American forwarders to send emigrants by particular lines of railway, at an expense greater than would be necessary on the spot. In a word, let no man have anything to do with any plan to forward him from the point of debarkation. Let him turn a deaf ear to all pretended kindness of this sort, and going straight from the ship to the railway station, there pay his fare to the clerk at the wicket. Even there, let him buy only the ticket for the first railway; and at its terminus, let him buy one for the next; and so on—for the very railway officials make a job of dealing in the tickets of distant railways, which may be good or bad for anything the purchaser knows.

Unfortunately for the humbler class of emigrants, they usually fall into trouble from their own blunders. The chief error they commit, is taking heavy bundles and boxes with them: these things retard them at every step, and get them into all kinds of scrapes. In the first place, they cannot move from the ship without a car or some other vehicle, and they require to seek for assistance in various other ways, by all which they are brought within the sphere of the swindler. If an emigrant knew the consequences, he would prefer going without a change of under-clothing for a month, rather than embarrass himself with baggage. I could not but pity the lot of many who fell in my way on the wharfs and in the railway-stations: there they sat, each on a great box, unable to stir. They could not safely leave this precious encumbrance, and were as good as nailed to the spot, while all about them was bustle, and while they ought to have been off on their journey, or helping themselves in some way. Oh these boxes!

The detentions caused by luggage are favourable to the projects of the runners. Until things are arranged, and all can go comfortably off in a body to the West, they are told it will be necessary to stop a day or so at a boarding-house. Afraid to lose their luggage, and glad to proceed in the company of acquaintances, they assent to the proposal. They are now in the hands of the Philistines! An emigrants' boarding-house is a den out of which no man escapes unplundered. The dropping into such quarters, even without the aid of runners, is another of the blunders usually committed. When it is absolutely indispensable to spend a night in New York, the best plan is to go to a respectable inn, where there is a fixed charge. But many persons who ought to know better, are always contriving how to do things cheaply, and suffer accordingly; for cheap lodgings often turn out ruinously dear. At one of the 'cheap' New York boarding-houses, the cost of living for a day is perhaps said to be under a dollar; but a bill is ordinarily run up to much beyond this amount, although the accommodations are wretched. We see it stated, that in May last, an Englishman was charged by a boarding-house keeper, for the maintenance of himself, his brother, mother, and little daughter, the enormous sum of 184 dollars for two days! The case was brought before the Mayor's Court, and by a rare piece of good-fortune the complainant got redress. 'This case was singular only in the fact that the offender was detected, and made to disgorge the products of his knavery.'

Escaping from the hands of the boarding-house keeper, and still entangled with luggage, the poor immigrant is next swindled in coming to the steam-boat, which he is perhaps persuaded to take in preference to the railway. For his luggage, a charge is made according to weight; but the weighing is usually a juggle, and an extortionate charge is submitted to, as there is no time for dispute. Then, a charge is made by the runner for a deck-passage to Albany, the amount of which is perhaps double that of cabin-fare. 'And so,' says the *Tribune*, 'the game goes on—robbery, wholesale fraud, almost without a possibility, certainly without a probability, of redress. The boat starts—the immigrants are huddled together like sheep or swine on the forward deck, among the cargo. Without seats, beds, or any other accommodation than would be afforded to a herd of cattle, these people nightly leave the docks of New York, and, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, spend the long night in sleepless discomfort upon the deck, not daring to move beyond their prescribed limits; while those who have paid less for their passage by one-half, are luxuriating in the comforts of cabin and bed. In the morning, Albany is reached, and the immigrant deck-load—sick, fatigued, and enervated—are readily cajoled into the numerous dens called boarding-houses, where they undergo a fresh and often more outrageous swindling; and then set out westward, in slow, dirty, and uncomfortable trains, for which, in many cases, they have paid more than the traveller by express. So they go, like a piece of metal in the hands of a wire-drawer, losing their substance at every stage, until, ere they reach their destination, they are frequently penniless, and sick at heart of their experience of democratic law and justice.'

Our authority shews how these knaves set one kind of redress at defiance. A runner 'must be a man, or rather a brute, that fire will not burn, rope hang, nor water drown; with a fist like a sledge-hammer, and muscle enough to overthrow a bull. With such qualifications, in proportion to his smartness, he will receive from 50 to 100 dollars per week from his employer—the booker.' To complete the picture. Reform in the system is impracticable; for this very 'banditti' boast of possessing, along with the 'rum interest,' a political power over the authorities, who on that account are fain to wink at all kinds of malpractices.

Immigrants by way of New York would need to be on their guard against other tricks besides those just referred to. Let them peruse the following paragraph from a New York newspaper, of date November 24, 1854:—

'A few days since, an advertisement appeared in one of the morning papers of this city, to the effect that 400 labourers were wanted, at 9s. per day each, and employment for the winter, to go to Pennsylvania, and work in a coal-mine or on a railway, and that further information could be obtained by calling at the Intelligence Office of Rosenstein and Thalheimer, No. 421 Broadway. In the course of the day, hundreds of German and Irish emigrants repaired to the above office, where they were informed that by paying 2 dollars 50 cents each, their passage and other expenses would be paid to Lackawaxen, the place where their services were said to be wanted. Accordingly, about 150 of them paid that sum each, and were then packed into an emigrant train on the New York and Erie Railway for 1 dollar 50 cents each, and with two men, who professed to be agents of the "Intelligence men," started off for Lackawaxen, where, on arriving, they discovered that there were no works in progress, and that there was nothing for them to do. They then appealed to the two agents, who only laughed at them, and returned to the city, leaving the victims in a wilderness, with no means to get back, and nothing to subsist on. Some of them had a few shillings in their pockets; and by the help of these, and selling part of their clothing, they managed to get back to the city; while most of them still remain there. Those who returned yesterday, called at the Intelligence Office to get their money back; but this was refused them, and in a body they proceeded to the office of the mayor, who immediately despatched officers to arrest the swindlers. They were soon secured, and locked up by Justice Osborne, to answer the charge of fraud and false pretences, preferred against them by some of their victims.' Whether the swindlers were actually punished, is not stated in any subsequent paper that has fallen under our notice.

The best way to avoid being plundered in New York, is to arrive in the happy condition of having nothing to lose. Poverty is the best of all safeguards against knavery. Disembarking penniless, unwell, and disconsolate, the immigrant passes into the hands of a very different class of persons from those described—namely, the Commissioners of Emigration, whose deeds of charity and mercy are beyond all praise. I lament to say, that these officers are beginning to be seriously embarrassed in their operations by the overload of duty thrown upon them, in the wholesale inpouring of paupers upon their shores.

Just at present, while from pecuniary embarrassments much labour is unemployed in the States—thousands of working-men being kept alive in New York by public charity, and 20,000 emigrants having returned to Europe during the last six months—it is not to be recommended that any should emigrate to that country. If men are to leave our shores at all, they should now, more than ever, give the preference to Canada, which has not suffered to nearly the same extent, and where the agricultural interest has lately got a great impetus, from the opening of a market free of duty in the States. If they take this advice, they may the more easily comply with our recommendation —*to avoid New York altogether*. Much the best place of debarkation for Canada and the West is Portland, in Maine, whence there is now a railway direct to Montreal; the next best is Boston, whence there is also a railway westward. Philadelphia has now, by the opening of railways, likewise good claims on the western-bound traveller. No place, however, can rival Portland for the rapidity, comfort, and cheapness with which immigrants and all other travellers are despatched on the western route. Steam-vessels depart every month from Liverpool to Portland, carrying first, second, and third class passengers. Further accommodation may soon be expected. We confidently anticipate that this will become the great thoroughfare for all respectable classes of emigrants to Canada.

W. C.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, a newspaper has reached us, containing a circular issued by F. Wood, mayor of New York, and addressed to the police of that city. It calls on them in peremptory terms to do their duty—requires them to protect immigrants, to report the names of streets habitually left uncleaned, to quell riots, to suppress gambling-houses, and so forth. The editor of the *New York Evening Post* observes: 'Should the orders of the mayor be faithfully complied with, the circular will inaugurate a new era in our municipal history.'

ANNE OF BRITTANY.*

THIS is not a historical romance, but a true romance of history, where we find in real life a group of characters, and a sequence of events, as artistical as anything that ever proceeded from the imagination of the finest writer of fiction. First we have the heroine, Anne, the young and lovely heiress of Brittany, whose hand is competed for by rival princes. One of these, brave and handsome, the very soul of chivalrous honour, appears to have touched her girlish heart, or, at all events, to have impressed strongly her girlish imagination. This was Louis of Orleans, whose wife, the Princess Jeanne, forced upon him by her father Louis XI., would not have stood much in the way in those days of papal dispensations. But Louis, although the next heir to the throne, had no chance of reigning, as Charles VIII. was approaching a marriageable age, and Orleans himself had incurred the bitter enmity of the regent, Anne de Beaujeu, whose marked preference he had slighted. For these reasons he was an ineligible husband for Anne, since he could not protect her menaced country; and patriotism was the strongest passion—stronger even than love—in the breast of the young heiress. 'Anne,' says Miss Costello, 'had one predominant feeling, which overpowered any personal inclination she might have, or any selfish wish—it was her devotion to her country, and this she never lost throughout her whole career. To her, Brittany was all in all, and its interests to be considered before any other; to secure advantages to Brittany, she was content to sacrifice every other object, and for this reason she was ready to listen to all offers except those of Alain d'Albret.' Count d'Albret, the villain of the piece, 'was advanced in life, of a bad reputation for morality, disagreeable in person and manners, and unsuited in all ways to a young girl of such distinction both of person and rank. Alain had at first wooed entirely from mercenary motives; but as the princess grew older, he appears to have conceived a violent passion for her, which the Duke of Orleans perceiving, and seeing at the same time that his own hopes were fading away, he lost no opportunity of treating his rival with ridicule and contempt; his young friends and followers were not behindhand in imitating his example, and frequent disputes and disagreements ensued between the antique lover and the preferred, but almost hopelessly attached, pretender to the princess's hand.'

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* *Memoirs of Anne, Duchess of Brittany, twice Queen of France.* By Louisa Stuart Costello. London: Cash. 1855.

Another suitor was the Vicomte de Rohan, who advanced claims upon the duchy in case of her father's death, and whose marriage with the heiress would put an end to all difficulties. The king of the Romans, however, an amiable prince still in the prime of life, was considered to be the most promising defender of Brittany, and to him Anne submitted to be betrothed without a murmur. While these fierce rivalries were going on, the whole country was in a tumult of contending interests; and the duke, with his poor little heiress, was 'forced to change their abode frequently, in order that his rebellious barons should not know where to find them; and according as he allowed one suitor to hope more than his rival, he regulated the place of their abode.'

Such are Miss Costello's personages and materials; but even in the subordinate characters, there is everything that could be desired by a writer of the romance of history. The most remarkable of these is Jeanne, the despised wife of Orleans, who exhibits the most devoted, though somewhat saint-like, affection for her husband throughout. The vindictive regent realises all the poet says:

> Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned,
> And hell no fury like a woman scorned.

She shuts up the duke in a dungeon, with an iron cage for his accommodation at night; and it is only with infinite difficulty that Jeanne obtains permission to visit her husband. 'Accordingly, she set forth, with a trembling heart, towards the place of his detention; and it is said, that when she came within sight of the Grossé Tour, she burst into a passion of tears, which she was unable to repress when she was conducted to the dungeon, in which she beheld him pale, worn, and languishing in untended sickness.'

At the death of the Duke of Brittany, Anne was left to struggle as she might among the contending suitors; but at length she appears to have yielded to something very like absolute force, and she and her beloved duchy became the prey of the king of France. 'The Duchess Anne is described at this period, by all the historians who have written on the subject, as remarkably pleasing in person: her complexion was of dazzling fairness, with a rich colour in her cheeks; her forehead was high and broad—a fact which all the statues and busts of her prove; her expression modest, but dignified; her face rather long; her nose well shaped; and her mouth in beautiful proportion. Her height was not above the middle size, but her carriage was majestic and noble; and though a little lame, the defect was hardly perceived, from the care she took to conceal it by her manner of moving, aided by the shoes she wore.' With these advantages of person, she was warm-hearted, generous, frank, and truthful; but at the same time had an excessive pride, which at times made her stubborn and relentless. She bore her enforced dignity not only without complaint, but with extraordinary grace and cheerfulness; and ended by becoming sincerely attached to the heroic young king, Charles VIII., who had been as much a puppet of policy as herself.

When the king returned from the Italian wars, where he had played the part of a knight-errant rather than of a general, an accident he met with in the Château of Amboise, when leading his consort through a dark passage, caused his death. What is the next turn of the story? Louis of Orleans, her early lover, is now the king of France. 'He appears to have been as much shocked and distressed as the rest on receiving this unexpected news, and his first thought was of the queen. He, accordingly, despatched two of the oldest friends of Charles to her with messages of condolence; but Anne refused to see any one: her grief was so intense, that for two days and nights she would neither eat nor sleep, weeping incessantly, and lying prone on the floor of her chamber in uncontrollable desolation.' Nor was her grief transitory. 'Henceforth she dedicated herself to doing honour to the memory of Charles; and not content with the usual mourning costume of the widowed queens of France who had preceded her, and whose costume had been hitherto white, she caused her dresses to be all of black, and thus introduced, for the first time in France, a habit which would appear the most natural to adopt under similar circumstances.'

This, however, could not last. Louis avows himself her lover; and Anne, besides her motives of personal predilection, could not do so much injustice to her country as to refuse his proposals. 'Their love,' says Miss Costello, 'was on both sides as chivalrous, and dignified, and pure, as any to be found in the pages of those romances which at that time still gave the tone to society, and kept it free from the licence and the weakness which the startling changes in the next reign of Francis I. created and encouraged.'

This chivalrous love, notwithstanding, did not scruple to overthrow the sanctities of marriage to obtain its object. Poor Jeanne was set aside by a papal dispensation, and on ceasing to be even a nominal wife, became a true saint.

'It was believed that a luminous appearance filled the chamber in which she died, and the nuns of the Annunciation at Bourges saw a golden light hovering over the palace where she was dying. It was found that she had always worn haircloth, and an *iron chain with points round her waist*, and a cross, with five silver points, near her heart, next her skin. The tradition is, that she had made this cross herself of the nails of a lute which she had once touched with too much pleasure, perhaps in the days when she had ventured to hope that her accomplishments might win her husband's love!'

While the subject of this work justifies us in treating it as a romance of history, it is necessary to say that Miss Costello has discharged her serious task with care and skill, and that the volume is entitled to a distinguished place in the department of historical biography.

LABOUR AND REST.

'Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past.'
—*Russian proverb.*

'Two hands upon the breast,
And labour 's done:
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won:
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease:
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.'
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:
God in His kindness answereth not.

'Two hands to work addrest
Aye for His praise:
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways:
Two eyes that look above
Still, through all tears:
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears.'
So cry we afterwards, low at our knees:
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

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OUR CINDERELLA.

It needed no second glance, when we first employed Our Cinderella, to discover that she was a real indigenous London plant, that had grown in some stifling court, where the sun, when it shines there at all, only reveals hot beds of filth, while what little air enters, just stirs up the poisonous gases which cannot escape, to float into the houses, and be inhaled by the short-lived and fever-fed inhabitants. She was one of that class of precocious children, who at the first look can pick out the largest fried fish, the biggest ha'porth of damaged fruit, or through intricate windings and arched passages lead you direct, in the dark, to the low public-house that gives a farthing change out of the penny paid for half a pint of beer. She seemed as if she had never been properly a simple child, but had come into the world with her little head filled with strange cunning notions, which caused her to begin to think seriously as soon as she was born. She was never sent to school, saving when her mother went out to do a day's cleaning in winter; then she was turned into a little back-room in the court, and left, like others of her class, to the care of a deaf old woman, with a piece of dry bread and a drink of water when the pipe that supplied the whole court was not frozen, for, as her mother said, 'the twopence a week she paid came cheaper than leaving her with a bit of fire.' In fine weather, however, she was always left free to run anywhere.

Before she was selected to fill our vacant Cinderellaship, she had, to use her own words, 'been out to nu'ss Mrs Smith's baby for her wittles; then she lit the fires and fetched the gin and beer for the washerwomen at the laundry; after that she was kept to answer the door, run errands, and clean a bit at a lodging-house; but she caught sich a cold through washing up in the damp cellar, that she couldn't do the work, and so they paid her half a week's wages (which was threepence), and sent her home.' She introduced herself with a single knock at the door, and a 'Please do you want a girl to help, clean, or anything?' Her earnest-looking eyes, and 'plain unvarnished tale,' were her greatest recommendation. There are many patient and painstaking people in the world, that spend weeks in teaching a parrot to talk, or a dog to play a few fantastic tricks, who would have been driven to their wits' end before they had given Our Cinderella a week's trial. We thought her of more value than many Polls and Pugs; and making patience a duty, and endurance the test of fulfilling it, encouraged her at times to talk, and gathered information from her strange conversation, and knowledge from her shrewd tricks, far more instructive and amusing to ourselves than we ever could have got from bird or beast.

She made her first appearance in her mother's old bonnet and shawl; and when her offer was accepted, she uttered her 'thank you kindly' with such a cheerful lighting up of her old-fashioned intelligent countenance, as to draw the eye away from her rough unkempt hair and dirty neck and shoulders, so suddenly revealed, when she threw off those outward trappings, and stood with her lanky long arms eager, ready, and willing to do her utmost to earn an honest penny. What a contrast she was to the little haughty minx, who with the curtain of her bonnet lowered to the very nape of her bit of a neck, and her nose pointing up like a chicken's beak after it has drunk, had with a swing, a bounce, and a slam of the door, vacated her Cinderellaship the week before, 'bekawse she couldn't have a "dayr" to herself to go to Green'ich Fair!' Our new girl did, indeed, rub and scrub in her peculiar way—sweeping and washing the space occupied by a chair, then dusting the latter and replacing it, so that by the time she had finished her dustings and sweepings, the old dirt had settled down upon the furniture as quietly as if it had never been disturbed. Then her poor rent shoes, which were 'a world too wide,' were ever coming off; and sometimes the tap of the water-butt would be pouring into one, while she was scouring away in some corner with the other on, utterly unconscious of her loss; and when told of it, would only reply with 'I's allers been hewsed to having my feet wet, and don't feel it.' She had never heard of any objection to using the same towel to wipe up the plates and dishes as she dried her hands and face with, to say nothing of her neck, which, when at home, she washed once a week, for Our Cinderella was very regular in her way. Her stockings were at first always falling about her feet, and she trod as softly over the floor as a feather-footed bantam-fowl, while the tops covered the unsightly holes in the heels. At her first experiment in cookery, she dressed the potatoes in the kettle; and when the sauce-pans were pointed out, she said 'she allers biled the taturs in the kittle at home, and wrinched it out a'rter before she put in the tea-water; and so did her mother.'

For a while she retained many of her old tastes and habits, coming in after returning from her errands—on which, unless when told not to stay, she took her time for the first few weeks—with tidings of 'sich bootiful bloaters; sweet shrimps; nice crabs, only twopence each; clean white trotters; fried fish, so brown and crisp, oh! and whilks that looked so tempting!' and no doubt she marvelled greatly that we did not send her back full speed to purchase what she considered such dainty relishes. Many a penny, we fear, went out of her eighteenpence a week for these 'strong' temptations; for although we would not see them, there were often unmistakable signs of mussels, periwinkles, and cheap crabs in the ash-bin, and now and then the kitchen was impregnated with a most ancient fish-like smell; and one evening she did venture timidly into the parlour with half-a-dozen fried sprats on a plate, which, she said, 'were so nice, and done so brown, that she hoped we would taste them:' and we did. They had been her old home luxuries, the richest comforts she enjoyed in that close crowded little court; and I often thought, that while indulging in them alone in the kitchen, they brought back the old hearth with its morsel of fire, when she shared them with her poor mother; and that there might be moments when even our poor dear dirty Cinderella had 'thoughts that did often lie too deep for tears.' Sometimes, when going her morning-errands, she would say, with a curtsy: 'Please may I bring in a penny eel for my dinner?' And knowing that she meant a pie, and would enjoy it much better than our own wholesome joint, we gladly indulged her, lest she should be tempted to spend one of her own hard-earned pennies, trusting that she would appease what remained of her appetite with the contents of the safe, after the more luxurious morsel was devoured. What she gave our youngest child, when she took it out, we could only guess from the smells and the smears it brought back, though we have no doubt that at one time and another it had revelled in her whole banquet of luxuries—for she was no selfish glutton—and he must have been a very hearty little fellow to have swallowed all that was given to him by our strong, relish-loving, and gentle-hearted Cinderella. The first time she saw Master George eating with a fork, she snatched it out of his hand, and said: 'He would job his eyes out with it; run it into the roof of his mouth; stick it in his chin;' and we know not what disasters she foresaw in her great alarm. Nearly everything which would take the impression, was for a long time stamped with Cinderella, 'her mark;' there were traces of her little, industrious, and dirty fingers on the table-cloth, in the butter and sugar, on the bread, on the new bonnet and shawl of her mistress, which she had been trying on to see how she looked in them; for she would use her fingers to scrape up the cinders, and as to putting on the old gloves that were given to her for the purpose while she scoured the pots and pans, she fairly laughed at the proposition as a joke, and put them away somewhere to be worn on Sunday. Having herself suffered cold, hunger, and every other privation, she was always an urgent pleader for the beggars that knocked at the door; and her 'Oh, please, there's sich a poor 'oman, with a dear sweet babby in her arms, so like our little Ellen, and she only axes for a bit of bread; and they do look so hungry, please,' never failed to soften us, though we knew the woman would exchange the broken victuals for gin. The rapidity, however, with which our Cinderella flew to execute her glad mission, and the hearty kiss she gave the child at the door, outbalanced the canting whine of the old impostor. Our Cinderella had an open hand and a feeling heart; and her tears fell like summer rain when she came in contact with human misery which she had not the means of alleviating, though in a matter of bargain, she would stand out to the splitting of a single hair.

After we had altered an old bonnet, and made it to fit her, almost the first thing she bought out of her trifling wages was a staring red wreath of cotton flowers with which to decorate it; and when we offered to trim it with neat ribbon, if she would throw the artificial abomination away, she consented; but on inquiry, we found that she had sold it, like a true child of the court, to another Cinderella for threepence, which, she said, 'was better than losing the whole shilling.' When Master George was ill, she never went out without bringing back something or other, which 'she was sure would do him good, if he could only fancy it.' Sometimes it was a little saucer of pickled eels, a bunch of water-cresses, a rasher of fiery salt ham, a penny crab, a saveloy, or a black-pudding; and she had a long catalogue of the wonderful good such things had done to the poor children in the court in which she was born—absolute faith in them. The faith of our kind-hearted Cinderella was doubtless well founded: food was the true medicine there.

She had to be reminded many times before we could get her to fasten more than one button at the back of her frock; for though her little bare skinny back was exposed, she seemed unconscious of the cold air the opening admitted. It was also a long and difficult task to persuade her to fasten her shawl when she went out; if it blew off, she picked it up and threw it again over her shoulders, regardless of the weather or the state of the pavement, for, as she said, 'she had allers been used to holding it, and *fiveses* (fingers) was made before pins.' If, when she was out, we heard a band of music, or the nasal scream of Punch and Judy in the neighbourhood, we knew it was useless looking for her till silence was restored, or the performers had moved too far away for her to follow them with anything like a conscientious feeling, for it was only when such-like temptations lay pretty direct in her path that she yielded. We could often hear her in the kitchen trying to imitate the tunes played by the Italian organ-boys; and more than once have we seen her steal out, and from the acquiescing smile on the olive countenance of the tune-grinder, we had no doubt that she had bribed him to play her some favourite air, and amuse her a little longer.

What an eventful day that was in the life of our Cinderella, when we presented her with a five-shilling rosewood work-box, which had a little looking-glass fitted into the inside of the lid. She danced, 'oh my'd,' and 'well I nevered,' as she made some new discovery in the intricacies of the pink cotton lining, clapped her hands, and seemed half-frantic with delight: and then to be her own too?—to keep?—to do what she liked with? This ascertained, she said 'she would be so good;' then she sat down and cried with joy. For days after, whenever we had occasion to enter the kitchen, we were pretty sure to hear the sharp snap of the work-box lid as she closed it; and from the day it first came into her possession, there was a slow, strange, but sure improvement in Cinderella's appearance. No doubt it was occasionally the repository of hard bake, candy, toffy; but then it also contained her glass necklace and string of bugles, which she threw round her neck (and wore as proudly as a countess would her diamonds), when she went to visit her mother in *her* court. It contained also a penny bottle of 'real oil of roses' for her hair; this we ascertained through her having broken it, and inquiring what would take grease out of the much-admired pink cotton lining of her treasured box: a disaster that caused her to shed 'a few natural tears.' After this she took to letting her hair grow long behind, and in a few weeks we saw a little morsel, bound with ribbon, sticking out like the tail of a sparrow; she also put her front hair in paper, but this plan we suppose she abandoned, for we noticed on the following day that there was about as much curl in it as in the kitchen poker. For a long time, after a few of these failures, she gave up buying curl-paper, and used more freely her favourite delusion—'oil of roses.' She made some kind of a flounce to one of her cotton frocks; but, as we heard her telling the Cinderella next door, it made her dress too short, so she let it out until she got her new boots, then she should take it up again to shew them. Her boots will have the gaudiest coloured tops she can find, and they will burst out at the sides in no time, for she will have them narrow at the toes, as she has heard 'that small feet is fashionable.'

Strange, that by some kind of Freemasonry, she always manages to clean the door-steps at the time the neighbouring Cinderella comes out with her pail for the same purpose. I have no doubt they have a good deal of confidential conversation, and many a little secret between them. I have noticed our rosy-cheeked little butcher-boy, with his well-sueted hair, linger longer about the kitchen-door when he brought the meat than he used to do; and sometimes when he has stopped with his tray to peep in at the lower window, we have heard her tell him 'to get along with his imperance.' She no longer uses such plebeian phrases as—'This is stunning!' 'That's your style!' 'Hookey!' 'I'm not to be gammoned!' nor does she shout out of the chamber-window, when shaking her duster, to any one she knows, 'There you go, with your eye out!' she has left off all this 'court' slang, though we fear that werry, winegar, sawer, lawer, pudden, nothink, and many other curiosities of London cacology, will never be got rid of. As to grammar, we might as well attempt to teach her geometry, though she will learn to read through the children much better than through any pains we might bestow upon her, for with them she is always happy, and they are all very fond of our hard-working, willing-minded, kind-hearted Cinderella. You seldom see a speck of dust on the little Bible and Prayer-book that stand on her well-polished work-box. Dirty babies, carried by just such uncouth and ungainly-looking girls as she herself was when she was installed in her Cinderella-ship, she will kiss and cram sweet-stuff into their ever-gaping little mouths, meet them wherever she may, if they only belong to the neighbourhood in which she herself was nurtured. Let her: such meetings keep open the pure well-springs of her affectionate heart, and better a 'blessed babby' or two should be made ill now and then, through such excess of kindness, than the waters of those pure fountains be sealed. Would that their gin-drinking mothers gave them nothing worse than they receive from our Cinderella!

Many, perhaps, would have seen only her faults, and kept up an incessant carping that would have rendered her poor life miserable; many, perhaps, who might have had children of their own, and, but for more fortunate circumstances, would have been some other body's Cinderella. Though it was not pleasant to find her rough unmistakable hair clinging to our own brush, we endured the annoyance once or twice till we could supply her with a cheap hair-brush; for such peccadillos shewed that she had a wish to improve her appearance—to advance, instead of falling back; and the thought of discharging her never entered our head. Though the little cuffs she made for herself only served to render the dirt on her wrists more visible, this was not long the case; for the same taste that led her to aspire to a better style of dress, caused her to become more cleanly in her person. As she advanced in collars and cuffs, so she abandoned purchasing penny crabs, eating pickled eels in the streets, and drinking sun-heated ginger-beer; nor were there any longer signs of shell-fish in the ash-bin. That look of slovenliness about the feet was gone; her boot-laces were neatly fastened, instead of dangling like snares about her feet, that threatened every moment to overthrow her. She now took more heed of her steps. I heard the baker's new man, not many weeks ago, call her 'Miss' as he delivered the bread; and though in my eye he looked a cunning, artful rascal, who would not keep his place long—which has since proved true—yet Cinderella cannot for a moment believe that it was he who gave her the bad sixpence, although his was the only sixpence she took that day in change. I daresay she was too busily engaged with the looking-glass after the compliment he paid her, to think of looking after her change. I sometimes fancy, when I see an intelligent light breaking through her good-natured countenance, and beaming out of her bright earnest eyes, that a new spirit has taken up its abode in her not ungraceful body, and that many of those old, shrewd, selfish feelings are dead, which lived within her when she breathed only the foul air of the corrupt and corrupting court.

And now she no longer slams to the kitchen-door with a haughty toss of her head, and a 'Well I'm sure it's like your imperance,' when the young butcher calls; but if it is only a pound of chops she orders, she allows him to bring it home; and when he has nothing else to leave, he is continually bringing in a bit of something or other for the cat. She thinks he is one of the finest horsemen in the world; for when he rides by with his basket, and sees her either at the door or window, he is sure to start off at a 'butcher's gallop.' She has bought a shilling tea-tray, in the centre of which is something intended for a parrot, with a couple of cherries in its beak. It is the pride of her heart; and after having dusted it, which she does several times a day, she will stand with her head aside admiring it, for she thinks it 'so much like nater.' Let us leave her to the worshipping of her few misshapen household gods; perhaps through her little temple—the kitchen—she sees down the long dim vista a far away home of her own, to which hope often points. In time she will shew all her treasured purchases to the young butcher, for we have more than once stumbled upon him in the kitchen; and the first time she blushed, and said in a trembling voice, 'Please, it's only William,' as if we had not known him for the last five years; and he, touching the brightest and longest portion of his sueted hair, muttered something about 'keeping company,' though it needed no confession, for we found out long ago that he was 'head over ears' in love with our Cinderella. We have frequently heard her singing over her work of late—

'Wilt thou love me then as now?'

which shews that she is thinking over her 'intended change' very seriously.

FISH-MANURE: A HINT FOR IRELAND.

One of the hopeful things about Ireland—that is, hopeful in comparison with the hopelessness of past days—is this: that her inhabitants are earnestly endeavouring to ascertain what are her resources, and how these resources can best be developed for the wellbeing of the country. There is not wanting a strong perception on the part of Irishmen themselves, that this wholesome search, this pursuit of the quiet paths of industry, has been sadly neglected until now. At the beginning of 1854, a new periodical was started in Dublin, under the designation of the *Monthly Journal of Industrial Progress*, edited by Mr W. K. Sullivan, who fills the office of professor of chemistry to the Museum of Irish Industry. It is a really valuable work, filled with notices of all new and useful processes and material discoveries, digested in a way that can only be done by a man of scientific attainments. An observation was made in a recent number of that journal, which sketches the past current of Irish thought in a striking way, coming, as it does, from an Irishman: 'A country with a population of from six to seven millions of inhabitants, speaking a language in common with some sixty millions of others distributed over the five continents of the earth, ought certainly to offer an excellent field for the development of a periodical literature. Yet Ireland has not one;

and notwithstanding the very many attempts which, year after year, have been made to supply some special part of the deficiency, we are but little further advanced than we were many years ago. Until very recently, the two or three periodicals published in the country, too, were of a purely literary character. We had no representative of art—nor have we yet; no representative of industry, until the journal for which we write made its appearance; and no representative of abstract science. The only cause which strikes us as capable in any degree of accounting for the actual state of things, is perhaps a species of indifference to any progress which might be effected in the country *not conducive to the special ends of some party.* And that very indifference extends, not merely to the public who should support a literature, but even to the writers—literary, scientific, and artistic—who should create it. There has also, perhaps, been a deficiency of speculative energy among Irish publishers, who might have learned an excellent lesson from our Scotch neighbours, who have established a most respectable, indeed we may almost say the most respectable literature in these countries, the chief market for which is not in Scotland, but out of it. It may be that we are now about to raise ourselves from the slough in which we have so long lain; and having learned some self-respect, and thereby acquired the virtue of self-reliance, earnestly begin to remedy our shortcomings. There are certainly many symptoms of a healthier public opinion than has heretofore prevailed. May it grow stronger and stronger every day.' The *italics* are ours; they mark that which, we think, goes to the root of the whole matter.

It would gratify us if we could in any way aid in Mr Sullivan's endeavours to draw his countrymen's attention to the undeveloped resources of Ireland; and with that view we will devote a few paragraphs to the curious subject of Fish-manure.

The islands near Africa and America are searched with the utmost avidity for guano, as a material for manuring land—a means of giving back to the soil those elementary constituents which the crops have taken away from it. In one year there were 200,000 tons imported, and bought by our farmers for a sum very little short of a million and a half sterling. Not only is the store diminishing in those islands, but governments are even on the verge of going to war concerning the property of the guano stores. Hence, a question has been asked—As a substitute for the potash of the American and Russian and Swedish forests has lately been found in the potash of the ocean, can there not be found a substitute for American and African guano in the fish which fringe our coasts in such countless numbers? Fish are rich in that very element which gives so much value to guano—namely, nitrogen or azote; whenever extraordinary shoals of fish have visited the Irish coasts, the superfluous portion, which could not be consumed as food, has been employed to manure patches of land, and always with beneficial results. The offal of herring-curing houses at Wick, Yarmouth, and elsewhere, is disposed of in a similar way. But such a plan can only be adopted near the spot where the fish are caught. The questions arise—Whether a *portable* fish-manure can be produced by a simple and inexpensive process; and whether the supply can be such as to render the manure saleable at a cheap rate? To the consideration of these questions, Mr Sullivan devotes two able papers.

As to the constituents of fish in respect to the elements required for manuring, chemists have settled all this. Sprats and herrings contain about 16 per cent. of nitrogenous matter; and all other fish contain a greater or lesser proportion. There is also an ash, or mineral constituent, useful as manure. If, therefore, the water of fish were expelled by drying, and the oil separated for use in manufacturing processes, the nitrogenous and mineral constituents might be made available for the farmer. The nitrogen is given off in the form of ammonia when the fish decays; the mineral portion contains phosphate of lime; and both the ammonia and the phosphate are among the most highly prized elements of manures. Phosphate of potash, too, would afford another modicum of usefulness. Mr Sullivan calculates, that if 100 tons of herrings were boiled to separate the oil, and then dried to dissipate most of the water, there would result nearly 1¼ tuns of useful oil, and nearly 21 tons of solid manure, containing ammonia and two or three kinds of phosphates. As compared with guano, this fish-manure would be equal to Peruvian, and superior to all other kinds, as regards percentage of ammonia; but less rich in respect to the phosphates. The ammonia, it must be observed, exists ready formed in guano, whereas it is in the elementary state in fish-manure; therefore guano would be superior to fish-manure where an immediate effect is to be produced, while it is possible that fish-manure might be more advantageous where a slow but permanent improvement of the soil is the object. Arising out of this, would be a probability that fish-manure would be relatively better suited for light sandy soils, and guano for rich clay soils.

There next arises the question—How can fish be easily and economically converted into a portable and solid manure?

The inquiry is one of shillings and pence. Our authority thinks that 100 tons of herrings might be made to yield about 20 tons of manure, worth L.8 per ton, and 10 tuns—of 252 gallons each—of oil at L.29, 10s. per tun; making, together, L.455, or L.4, 11s. for every ton of herrings boiled down. Out of this he thinks that, taking one season with another, about L.1 per ton might be cleared, after paying all expenses. There comes an inquiry, however, whether a shoal of herrings is more valuable for curing, or for transforming into manure—for food for man, or food for the soil. Mr Sullivan decides this in favour of the former; and he therefore looks to the offal of the curing-stations as the chief source of materials for the manure, of which offal there is 1 ton to every 14 tons of herrings. He throws out the hint to small capitalists, that a manure and oil manufacture might be established at each of the chief fishing-stations; the offal might be made into useful manure, instead of being thrown into the sea; and a fair profit, he conceives, might be reaped thereby. He does not recommend a joint-stock company; but smaller establishments, each complete in itself. A patent has been taken out by some one, and a company suggested, under the grandiloquent title of the National Fisheries Guano Company. But Mr Sullivan eschews all grandiloquence; he appeals to small capitalists, each in his own locality, and asks—Who will be the pioneer?

There is a fish-manure system actually now at work in France, of which the distinguished chemist Payen speaks very highly. About four years ago, M. Molon, of Concarneau, bethought him of manuring his land with the offal left after the preparation of sardines. Living in the department Finisterre, near the sea, he had facilities for this purpose. The offal itself could obviously be employed only near the spot, and within a short time; but M. Molon pondered how he might make a manure both portable and lasting. He resolved on the adoption of this plan—to boil the fish, of whatever kind they might be; to drive out the water, and draw off the oil; to dry the remainder; and then to reduce it to a powder. This powder he found to contain 12 per cent. of nitrogen, and 14 per cent. of phosphate of lime. He applied it, at the rate of about 3 hundredweights, to an English acre, as a top-dressing to wheat, half in autumn and half in spring; and he found the result highly advantageous. M. Molon thereupon adopted a bold course. It is known that the cod-fishery at Newfoundland yields 1,400,000 tons of fish per annum, of which more than 700,000 tons of bone, heads, and offal are thrown into the sea. M. Molon fitted out a ship in 1850, which he intrusted to his brother, with a view to make and bring over a small stock of fish-manure from the offal at Newfoundland; this was done, and the manure was found to be similar in kind to the other. In 1851, M. Molon, junior, went out again, taking with him the materials for building a factory; 150 workmen; houses for them to live in; and working-implements for the whole manufacture. He established himself at Kerpon, near the Strait of Belleisle; and from that establishment fish-manure has since been sent over to France.

Meanwhile, Messrs Molon, senior, and Thurnyssen established a similar factory at Concarneau, between L'Orient and Brest, in the department of Finisterre, a mere fishing-village, in which 300 or 400 persons are engaged in the sardine fishery. The factory was established close to the sea, where the fish could be at once discharged. The resources of the place are equal to the manufacture of five tons of manure daily, from about twenty tons of fish or fish-offal. All the offal of the curing-houses at Concarneau and L'Orient, as well as the coarse fish which happen to find their way into the nets, are made available for benefiting the land, instead of being allowed to pollute the sea. The working-apparatus comprises a steam-engine of ten horse-power; two boiling-pans, surrounded with steam-jackets; twenty-four screw-presses; a rasping-machine; a large oven; and a conical iron mill. Such being the materials employed, and the apparatus for operating on the materials, the processes are conducted in the following way:—

The fish, or offal, is placed in the boiling-pans, one of which will contain about half a ton, and the other nearly a ton; steam is admitted inside the jacket which envelops the pan, and an hour's boiling suffices. The boiled fish is removed from the pan, and thrown into iron cylinders about a foot in diameter; blocks are placed on the top; and each cylinder, or each mass of fish, is subjected to the action of a screw-press. All the cylinders are pressed gradually, and in turn, by one man, who manages the whole; the water and oil are pressed out of the fishy mass; they exude through small holes in the sides of the cylinders, and flow into vessels beneath. After a little time, the oil floats on the surface of the water, and is removed thence into barrels—there being generally about one pound of oil from forty pounds of fresh fish, or offal. Then, the presses being loosened, the fishy mass, now of course much drier than before, is turned out in the form of a compact cake, about four inches in thickness. The rasping-machine reduces this cake to a sort of pulp; the pulp is placed by children upon flat trays; and 500 of these trays are introduced through small doors into a kind of oven, more than sixty feet in length. The trays run upon little railways, and each one is pushed onward by that which follows, until the whole oven is filled, having 20 trays lengthwise, 5 breadthwise, and 5 in height. A current of air, heated to about 150 degrees Fahrenheit, plays through the oven; and the heat and the dimensions are so managed, that by the time the last tray is introduced, the first is dried, ready for removal; and thus the operations can be continued uninterruptedly. The very pushing in of the twentieth tray in each row pushes out the first, insomuch that the removal is perfectly easy, and causes little trouble to the children from excess of heat. A large amount of drying is effected in this oven by a small consumption of fuel. The dried fish is thrown into a heap; then shovelled into the hopper of a mill; then ground to powder; and, finally, stored in sacks or bags.

Six men, at 1s. per day—labour-wages are generally low in France—and ten children, at 6d. or 7d. per day each, suffice to conduct the manufacture of four to five tons of the fish-powder per day. It is intended, by a relay of hands, to work at night during certain busy seasons. There are about 200 days in a year in which fishing can be carried on at Concarneau; and if each furnished its due supply, the factory might yield 1000 tons of fish-manure in a year—equal, at 3 hundredweights per acre, to the manuring of 6000 acres of land—or more than this, if the factory were worked at night by relays. The sardine and other offal yields about half this supply; and it rests with the fishermen, if they find it profitable, to supply the other half by bringing in coarse fish which are not liked for food. M. Molon is said to be about to organise a well-equipped fishery of sixty or seventy boats, to insure a supply of material for his operations.

About a hundredweight of coal is consumed in preparing a ton of the fish-manure. The manure sells at a rate which, in English weights and money, would be equal to 8s. per hundredweight, or L.8 per ton; the farmers in the neighbourhood buy it readily at that price. The oil sells at about 3s. per gallon. Messrs Payen and Pommier, commissioners appointed by the Agricultural Society of France to examine the whole subject, report that the manufacture pays well; and that not only are the two establishments at Concarneau and Newfoundland kept up, but that others are to be founded elsewhere, under the hope of rendering no longer necessary a dependence on Peruvian guano.

A period of just twelve months elapsed between Mr Sullivan's first and second papers on this subject: he was obliged to state, that in that period no response had been made in Ireland to his suggestion. He does not give it up, however: he gives the details of M. Molon's process, that all may understand it who wish. He points to the peculiar circumstances which affect any bold enterprises in Ireland: most of the wealthy men are either merchants or landed proprietors; the merchants, except in some parts of Ulster, have very little knowledge of, or taste for manufactures; the landed proprietors, for the most part, attend still less to any manufacturing enterprises; while the men of energy and ability are too seldom men of any capital. He does not despair, however. He says, in closing his subject: 'When we recollect what a large amount of offal has hitherto been wasted upon our coasts—the vast quantity of coarse fish which have been rejected, and thrown again into the sea—but, above all, when we consider the enormous extent of ocean, teeming with animal life, which has contributed so little towards the sustenance of mankind, we cannot help thinking that at Concarneau has been laid the foundation of a great branch of industry, which is destined to renovate the worn-out soils of the richly populated countries of Europe. For such an industry, Ireland is peculiarly favoured by position, and wants but the enterprise and perseverance of a few individuals to develop it. Again we say, 'Who will be the *pioneer*?'

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER THE CONFLICT.

The Marchese Belmonte, as we have seen, had so long allowed his mind to remain in a particular attitude, and be ready to take a particular direction, that, in spite of the new impulses he had recently felt, no sooner did he behold in reality the group which, when seen in imagination, had so often well-nigh driven him mad—the son of the man he hated enjoying a happiness like that he himself had coveted—than his old feelings started up complete within him. Bianca's intercession, however, threw him back into a state of doubt; and when he saw her, by a kind of tacit concession to his weakness, lead Angela aside, he turned his back on Paolo, and, sitting down, buried his face in his hands. This scene passed almost unperceived by the majority of those present. Walter alone understood what had taken place, and busied himself in clearing the room. A cloak was thrown over the body of Chino; and Jeppo, at his own request, was led or carried below. Paolo at first hesitated what to do, but at length also left the room, so that the marchese was alone with his daughter and Bianca. Embraces, almost unaccompanied by words, followed; and Angela, in mute supplication, held her father's hands, gazing at his agitated countenance by the flickering light of a torch stuck into a heap of stones in the centre of the chamber.

Meanwhile, Captain Albizi, whose men had occupied the ruins all round the tower, was methodically taking advantage of the victory which others had gained for him. He seemed at first puzzled to distinguish between the patriots and the Band they had nearly destroyed, and felt inclined to declare all survivors to be prisoners; but he soon understood that Walter was some person of distinction, and, on close inspection, recognised under their warlike disguise many persons whom he had been accustomed to see sauntering along the Cassaro at Palermo. It was best, therefore, he thought, to shut his eyes, and pretend to comprehend what was going on. By his orders the dead were counted: they were found to exceed in number that which report had given to the banditti. The victory, in fact, as we already know, had not been won without loss; besides Giacomo and Andrea, several of the patriots and sailors had been killed, with nine of the banditti, not counting the traitor Haj-Ahmed. All those who had escaped were more or less wounded: among these was Luigi Spada, who had received a thrust from a dagger in the side.

We shall not, however, dwell further on the details of the terrible scene which had left such frightful vestiges in and about the Torre dei Giganti. From what we have said, it will be seen that if the defence was desperate, the attack was equally so. No quarter was given on either side; and if any of the banditti had escaped death, it was because two lay amid their comrades desperately wounded, and two others, perhaps, had escaped in the confusion. In Sicily, this massacre is spoken of with delight and triumph, for since that time families have no longer been in fear for their dearest members; and although free spirits still inhabit the mountains, and exercise a kind of popular justice upon hard and oppressive men of various degrees—levying contributions rather roughly, it is true, but only for subsistence—the name of bandit, except in official circles, has ceased to be very opprobrious, and has become, we are sorry to say—but where the blame lies we know not—almost synonymous with patriot.

Whilst the friends of Luigi Spada were already, in audible whispers that made some of the soldiers stare, congratulating themselves on this result, Walter and Mr Buck, who had acted with one simple object, were avoiding the signs of slaughter as much as possible, and yet keeping them in their minds, and trying to justify what they had done by the stern law of necessity. The storm had by this time ceased, and the beams of the moon occasionally broke through the shattered clouds. They went out together into the courtyard, and heard, for the first time on that terrible night, the voice of grief. Julio Castelnuove and his second brother were sitting on the ground by the dead body of Andrea, lamenting his loss, and in the violence of their sorrow cursing the cause which had led to that disastrous result.

'We do not blame you, Englishman,' said Julio; 'for the impulse was within ourselves. We acted according to our ideas, and must suffer the consequences; yet what shall we say to our poor old father?'

Walter did his best to find consoling words, whilst Mr Buck joined those who were going about the courtyard ascertaining who was dead, and in whom life still remained. The sailors, by degrees, all collected round the body of Giacomo, and expressed their grief in a low wail, that soon became a chant, that sounded strangely beneath that old shattered portal. As for the wounded, they were removed with as much care as possible into the lower chamber of the tower, which was cleared to receive them.

The confusion continued for about an hour; at the end of which time Walter, who had not left Julio, was told that, by the marchese's orders, he was expected to join a party about to start, leaving that place of death, for the nearest village on the outskirts of the forest. A couple of litters had been constructed to bear Luigi Spada, who professed to be only slightly hurt, and Jeppo, whom Captain Albizi considered of importance as a prisoner. As for Paolo, it was not thought necessary to watch him, it being certain that he would keep with his friends. They left the tower, and descended the northern slope of the mountain, several soldiers bearing torches. Angela, and Bianca, and the marchese were on horseback, the others on foot. Luigi complained somewhat of the pain which the jolting gave him, but Jeppo maintained a heroic silence. Carlotta wished to follow the party, but her father had expressed a wish that she should remain, and attend on the wounded. The remnant of the patriots, whom the marchese had requested Captain Albizi not to molest in any manner, accompanied them some distance; and then several went their ways, whilst others returned to look after their comrades who were unable to follow them. Julio and his brother also remained behind, sadly promising to superintend the hurried funeral which next day was to consign indiscriminately all the victims of that night, with the exception of Andrea—for whom the family vault at Palermo waited—to the earth. Let us now, therefore, take our leave of the Torre dei Giganti, where, say the neighbouring peasantry, in the early days of June every year, those who are bold enough to draw near about sunset, may hear the horrid sound of strife repeated, as it will be repeated for ever.

It was near midnight when the party, which had marched slowly down the hill and through the forest, reached the village; many of the inhabitants, who had heard already from some belated peasant of the conflict, though not of the victory, had fled or concealed themselves. The soldiers insisted that this was proof of guilty connivance with the Black Band, and, flushed by a victory they had not gained, would have plundered, had it not been for the presence of the marchese. The hostile attitude of true Sicilians of late had irritated them. However, they were compelled to be quiet, and could do no more than unceremoniously take possession of two empty houses—one for the marchese, and the other for the wounded men, with Paolo and his English friends. Jeppo and Luigi were placed on a couple of beds in an inner chamber, where their wounds were attended to, with the assistance of the priest of the village, who was authoritatively called up by one of the soldiers, and who was accustomed to look after both the mental and bodily ills of his parishioners. He at once pronounced Spada not dangerously hurt; but on examining Jeppo, shook his head, and said nothing. The old chief perfectly understood what he meant, and very simply requested that he would remain and pray by his side. The three friends left the room, and retired to talk, sadly and seriously, together, of the events of the night.

Mr Buck—whose mind was perfectly free from the responsibility of what had taken place, and who saw only one fact, namely, that he and Angela had been unexpectedly rescued—was the first to recover the elasticity of his spirits. 'Well,' said he, 'we have no reason to be more gloomy than any other band of heroes after a victory. We have fought and conquered; some whom our affections miss may have fallen, but this is the condition of war. Men cannot play a game of life and death with impunity. At anyrate, here we are, somewhat scratched, it is true, but for all that safe and sound. I should be quite merry, were it not for that poor old fellow in the other room: you do not yet know how much he did to save our lives.'

Seeing that his friends were unable to talk—for Walter was oppressed with a kind of remorse for having been compelled to join in that work of blood; and Paolo, not daring to share that feeling, for it was on his account alone that all had been done, was trying to direct his thoughts to his own uncertain future—Mr Buck went on to relate, in a summary manner, what had happened at the Torre dei Giganti, chiefly dwelling on the good-will displayed by Jeppo. He had already succeeded in exciting the deepest interest for the unfortunate man, when the padre came gently forth.

'My friends,' said he, 'one of my penitents, the younger, sleeps, but the other one cannot rest; he has something on his mind which he will not tell even to me, though he has confessed his sins generally. Which of you is named Paolo di Falco? He asks to see him.'

Paolo went in with his companions, and stood by Jeppo's bedside.

'I know two of these faces,' said the wounded bandit; 'the other must be Di Falco?'

Paolo signed assent; and Jeppo, after looking at him intently for a while, said: 'My strength is going faster than I expected; yet I have a great duty still to perform in this life. You see before you one who was not always what he now is. I have shrunk ofttimes from answering to the name which, according to the world, I have disgraced—no doubt, I have disgraced it. But few in Sicily are ignorant that the dreaded chief of the Black Band,' this was said with a kind of pride, 'and Count Cacamo, the uncle of the Lady Bianca and of her sister, who is now no more, are the same person. I have no leisure to justify or explain the acts of my youth; but at this hour, believe me when I say, that if I once shared in an act of violence that led to a fatal end, it was because I was grossly deceived. At the time I felt remorse; but, after all, am I to be called to account for the murders of the winds and the waves? Strife and danger, filling my days, made me forget almost the part I had played; but when I saw that a new generation was suffering for a crime which in its extent was involuntary, I did my best in my rough way to repair the evil. But I must not tell too much, otherwise the reparation, which shall be my last act in this life, may be frustrated. Know, however, young man, that whilst this Englishman laboured successfully for your liberty, I laboured unsuccessfully. The dangers that until now surrounded Signora Angela cannot be laid to my account; she might have been free without bloodshed, but for the working of passions which I cannot understand. Forgive me, if I say no more. My strength is exhausted.'

Most of the allusions made by Jeppo, although very clear to any one who has followed this narrative attentively, were mere enigmas to those who heard them. Paolo, however, who knew the story of his father's death, and had heard that Jeppo had been engaged in the attack on Speranza's house, began vaguely to perceive that some great secret, which would exert, when revealed, a decisive influence on his destiny, lurked in the mind of the dying man. He may be forgiven, therefore, if the anxiety with which he watched Jeppo's countenance was, to a certain extent, selfish. Walter and Mr Buck gravely waited for the termination of this scene, which they could not hurry on.

After some time, Jeppo answering the eager questioning of Paolo's eyes, said: 'Yes, you rightly understand me. Your father did not betray the friendship of the marchese; but this is an old story, and the proofs are difficult. Do not interfere, but be satisfied that, for the ease of my own conscience, I shall do my best to bring about justice. Justo knows more than I do of your father; but would it be fair to make him speak against himself? I must now ask to see the Marchese Belmonte—alone—without a single witness, save the God whose forgiveness I implore. Can you prevail upon him to come?—tell him he *must* come!'

Paolo felt that it would be useless to seek the further satisfaction of his own curiosity, and retired with the Englishmen. Walter volunteered to go and bring the marchese. There were soldiers at the door of the cottage, who seemed to consider all within as prisoners, but after some difficulty Walter was led to the neighbouring house. There he found the marchese still watching with Angela and Bianca; they had talked of all that had happened, but constrainedly, for one name was excluded. Yet the unhappy father had already begun in his own mind to accept what seemed to him to be the decree of destiny; he could not, it is true, patiently look forward to the moment when he must deliver over his child to the heir of his hatred, but he felt that, after all, it must come to that. The overpowering influence of Bianca, in whom he had not until then so clearly recognised the likeness of her sister Speranza, had been long preparing. Oftentimes she had attempted to exert it too soon, and had met with an angry repulse; but now she seemed naturally to assume the character of a guiding spirit, and what she said to be right must, he felt, be submitted to, whatever suffering it might bring. It is true that this consciousness existed within him but vaguely; and now and then, when he thought that some painful request was rising to Bianca's lips, he implored her by a glance to postpone it until he had savoured fully the delight of his daughter's restoration to freedom—without intrusion of the idea that he must part with her, and send her into an enemy's house.

Walter was so little acquainted with the mental position of the three persons into whose presence he was introduced, and felt his ignorance so keenly, that after exchanging a friendly glance with Angela and Bianca, he delivered the message of Jeppo without saying a word of what he had heard besides. The marchese, however, seemed to understand intuitively somewhat of the nature of the communication to be made to him. A flash of joy illumined his countenance; he pressed Angela's two hands fervently, and left the room.

This was the first time that Walter, except in the hour of strife, had been in the presence of Angela since the morning when they had parted in the chestnut-grove. Her full heart at once overflowed in expressions of gratitude; in a few phrases of natural eloquence, she painted the sufferings through which she had gone—her hopes, her fears, and her joy. Walter listened with pleasure; partly because he felt that he deserved the enthusiastic thanks he received, partly because Bianca, sitting near the speaker, assented to all she said with smiles. The stout Englishman in that society got rid at length of his gloom, and related joyfully, forgetting the emotions which Jeppo's sufferings had aroused, what seemed to him to be good news.

'What you say,' said Bianca at length, 'explains to me many things which I only imperfectly knew. As you are aware, I was present when my poor sister was violently taken away. My memory of persons and faces is strong. Report had already told me that my unfortunate relative, Count Cacamo, was an instrument in carrying out that crime: it is useless now to condemn him, or dispute the motives which he assigns as an excuse. I believe that he had included the members of his own family in the hatred which he bore to society, for wrongs he thought he had received. No matter; I forgive him now. But I was going to say, that when I accompanied him to the forest, although

I thought I had seen him then for the first time, it seemed that his face was not unfamiliar to me, and that it roused painful recollections. I am now sure that he was the man who saved me from ill-treatment when my sister was taken away, and who kindly put me into the house.'

'Then there can be no doubt,' replied Walter, 'that he indeed knows the mystery of all that transaction. Why should he not speak out? The marchese would certainly give faith to the words of a dying man.'

'Perhaps he fears not,' said Bianca; 'perhaps some strange scruples prevent him. But I think we may now feel confident, that in one way or the other the truth will be made manifest.'

'At anyrate,' exclaimed Angela, 'my father must be convinced of Paolo's innocence; and then the sight of our happiness will make him happy.'

They talked cheerfully of the prospects of the future until the marchese returned. His countenance was calm, but impenetrable. He checked their eager questions, and told them to leave all in his hands; but it was evident that he had learned something that had made him, too, more at peace with the world than he had been for many a long year. After a little time he said:

'What I have now to tell you can scarcely be said to be evil intelligence. Jeppo is no more. He died with the priest by his bedside; and human justice, neither in deeds nor in words, has anything further to do with him.'

One of the reasons for which the marchese was unwilling to relate the interview that had taken place between him and the dying bandit chief was, that beyond declaring solemnly that the father of Paolo di Falco was innocent in every respect of the crime laid to his charge, Jeppo had made no positive statement whatever. Weakness had come too rapidly over him; and just as he seemed about to narrate all he knew, he checked himself, and gathering up his energies for a last effort, exclaimed:

'My testimony is not wanted; Girolamo di Georgio knows all. Let him be brought face to face with the Lady Bianca—suddenly—without preparation—in the presence of numerous witnesses—and then—perhaps you can persuade Justo—— Ah! the world is going away from me—call the good padre—where is Lotta? —a convent is the place for her—let men forgive me, and perhaps God will.'

After this it was difficult to find any connection in what the old chieftain said, except that he seemed anxious that the priest should be with him to the last. The marchese left the room softly, and found Paolo and Mr Buck sitting by the side of Luigi, who had been removed from the dying man's chamber. There was a moment of suspense. It seemed as if a precipitate reconciliation was about to take place: Paolo rose from his chair; the marchese took a step towards him; but suddenly checked himself, and hurried away, yielding rather to a habit of aversion than obeying any distinct impulse.

Next day the marchese, with his daughter and Bianca, went on to Palermo, whilst Paolo and his English friends remained with the wounded Luigi, who was not yet in a fit condition to be removed. They buried Jeppo in the little cemetery of the village church, and witnessed, with some surprise, the violent grief of Carlotta, who had never exhibited much tenderness to her father whilst he lived. Walter offered to make some provision for her; but she obstinately refused, and went away alone after the ceremony was concluded. Bianca, at a subsequent period, tried to be kind to her, yet was always repulsed. She lived by begging, and made the Torre dei Giganti her head-quarters, because there lay the remains of her lover, Chino.

Luigi became rapidly convalescent, and spent his time in characteristically deploring that so much energy and so many precious lives had been wasted on mere private interests. He felt, however, that his cherished plans were indefinitely postponed, and tried to persuade himself that poor young Andrea's death could in noway be laid at his door. He heard from Walter unequivocal proofs that his affection for Antonia was returned, and hoped that when grief was calmed by time, he might yet be received as her suitor. His friends, though wondering at the way in which he made all things centre in himself, were willing to humour him; and whilst they remained inactive, assisted him, with rival ingenuity, in evoking golden visions of happiness and prosperity—beyond which, however, the claims of ambition perpetually started up. Paolo took little part in these conversations. Bianca had privately told him, from Angela, that he must consent to remain absent for a few days, until the marchese requested his presence. He obeyed; but felt almost as unhappy as when a prisoner, without hope for the morrow. It seemed to him that he was perseveringly set aside, and treated as a person of small importance; he was even disposed to accuse his young wife, for not exerting her influence in the midst of paternal transports of joy. The finishing-stroke was put to his misery by the arrival one day of a messenger with a letter from the marchese to Walter, requesting him to come to Palermo at once, as his active assistance was required 'to untie one of the last knots of this mysterious affair.' Walter smiled, because he understood the anger of Paolo, and departed at once, promising to keep his friends acquainted with whatever happened.

Before accompanying the Englishman in his new adventure, we must request the reader to pass, for the last time, in imagination to the Island of Maretimo, where we have left one of the chief personages of this action. Signor Girolamo di Georgio, who had been tortured by remorse whilst he thought that vengeance for past crimes was coming upon him, had suddenly reverted to a tranquil state of mind. The last emotion of terror he had felt was when, on ushering the marchese into the castle after Paolo's escape, he had found himself for a moment pierced through, as it were, by a vengeful glance; but what took place subsequently, as we already know, restored him to confidence. The marchese had struggled with what came to him as a revelation, and had seemed almost to repent of the dislike which he had hitherto exhibited towards the commandant. He even listened with apparent kindness to hints that long and faithful service should at length be rewarded, and left the island without forbidding Di Georgio to hope for an appointment he had long coveted, as governor of the prison of Palermo, which a word from him could obtain. It is too true that some men regret crimes only at the near view of punishment. The commandant excused himself easily for having put Mosca to death: the deed was done in mere self-defence; and as one of the soldiers had witnessed the attempt on Paolo's life, might even be considered, as things had turned out, quite meritorious. As to old crimes, what had he done, after all? Was he, as an exception to all others in this world, forbidden to have affections? And so he went on debating the character of events which he alone knew of correctly, until he almost persuaded himself that, as men went, he was quite immaculate.

The only circumstance that gave him any doubt of his own excellence, was the disappearance of Justo: that individual had formerly been in some way an accomplice of the Black Band, and had always, as we have seen, kept on friendly terms with its chief. He knew a good deal of the past life and actions of the commandant—that was clear—how much, there had been no time to discover: if he could have been put out of the way, however, this world would have been too beautiful. His disappearance was something. The commandant could not foresee the destruction of the Black Band, and knew not the complication of incidents by which it was to be brought about and accompanied. When he heard the intelligence, however, it filled him with joy; Jeppo and all his companions, according to rumour, had been put to the sword. Not a whisper of dangerous revelations came. The commandant paced up and down in front of the castle, rubbing his hands, and wishing—as man is never satisfied in this world—that Justo could have been included in the slaughter. However, as we know, he felt that this would be too fortunate; and he was not far from impiously supposing, that that thorn was left in his side simply that he might not go mad with excess of joy.

It was in this mood of mind that Girolamo di Georgio received a letter informing him, first, that the Marchese Belmonte was acting for the time as viceroy of Sicily; and, second, that his presence was required at Palermo. The most ambitious projects and ideas instantly filled his mind. Why should he be content with the petty appointment towards which he had previously directed his wishes? Evidently the anger—no, not the anger, but the pettishness of his old patron (why should he not call him friend?) had completely died away. The faithful manner in which, whilst seeming to perform a mere public duty, he had served the vengeance of the marchese against Paolo, although he was the son of an old boon-companion, was at length to have its reward. How fortunate that he had resisted the attempt of that old brigand, through that old pirate, to corrupt him! Fidelity was a great thing, after all. He hastened to make his preparations for departure; promised the garrison to speak a good word for them at Palermo; and on that very evening, having been accompanied with all honours down to the beach, set sail for Trapani, by a singular coincidence, in the very boat which, some six weeks before, had borne his guest, Walter Masterton, from the Island of Maretimo.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

BY A CHINESE.

[The following Notes describe the impressions really made upon a Chinese, of the literary class, during a brief visit to England in 1844-5. It will be observed that he came in contact with only the upper classes of the people, and was treated by them with hospitality and distinction: hence everything is painted *en beau*, and John Bull is sketched in his company-dress. Still, it will not be denied that this Celestial visitor saw more clearly, and described more accurately, the surface of English society, than many travellers from neighbouring European countries have done. Our author's name is Woo-tan-zhin. In 1842, he made his appearance in Chusan, having come from the mainland—being dissatisfied with the state of things in his own country—to offer his services to the British as a spy. He failed in this application, but was received into the house of the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the Notes, as a teacher of Chinese; remained with him for eighteen months, during his residence in Tinghai and Ningpo; and in 1843 accompanied him, as his guide and fellow-traveller, from the latter city to Canton, a distance through the interior of 1300 miles. After the short visit to England, they returned to Shanghai, where our author assisted his patron in the revision of the Chinese translation of the Scriptures. He is now an assistant in the office of Her Majesty's China secretary, Mr Medhurst, at Hong Kong.

The Notes were originally written in Chinese verse, for the perusal of the author's private friends, but have been recently printed in his own country. The version here given is a prose translation by his patron. It appeared some time ago in an Anglo-Chinese journal, the *North China Herald*; but we are of the opinion of the translator, that it will not be found unamusing in this country, accompanied by the above particulars furnished by him.]

In the year 1844, I embarked on board a foreign ship, and made sail for the far West, to ramble about in England for a while. Altogether, I was nearly three years absent from my native country.

If I were to attempt to note down everything relating to the manners and customs of the English people, or the products of their country, the task would be an endless one. Indeed, the time would fail for merely copying off the various manuscripts that would be necessary to a thorough investigation of these points. My object at present, therefore, is only to select a few of the things that struck me most forcibly during my sojourn in England.

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Of dusky and cloudy weather, there is in Great Britain quite an excess, and rain in abundance. Among my countrymen there is a saying, that 'in the West the skies leak.' This is not far from the truth. During the dog-days, the heat is not very great, for the people are able even then to wear several pieces of clothing at one and the same time. Yet, let the cold of winter be never so severe, no one thinks of using raiment wadded with cotton as we do.

In their cities, the public streets cross and recross, and upon them you constantly hear the rumbling of coaches or carriages and the tramp of horses. Sometimes the crowds of people in the streets are so large, that the passengers touch each other's shoulders; but the olfactories are not offended by disagreeable and disgusting smells. In these crowds, you may distinguish the policeman by his blue livery and grave looks; and the postman by the red collar of his coat, and the double stroke of the knocker when he delivers his letters. The dragoon you know by his carrying on the crown of his helmet a crest of red floss silk, as indicative of his fierce valour; and military officers you may tell by their wearing ornamental badges of gold thread upon the shoulders.

On the roadside there stand lamp-posts, with beautiful lanterns, that, when lit at night, illumine the whole expanse of the heavens. The gas which burns in these lamps is produced from coal, and, without question, is a most wonderful discovery; it jets forth a flame of light brighter than either the wax-candle or the oil-lamp can give. By it whole families enjoy light, and thousands of houses are simultaneously illuminated. In all the market-places and public thoroughfares, it is as clear and bright at midnight as at noontide, and, if I mistake not, as gay as our Feast of Lanterns. In fact, a city that is so illuminated might well be called 'a nightless city;' for you may wander about it till break of day without carrying a lantern, and, go where you please, you meet with no interruption.

Cars of fire, urged on by steam, fly as swiftly as the wind; and on the rails of their railways, they have a most ingenious method of turning these locomotives.

Steam-boats, which are in general very richly adorned, pass through the water by means of paddle-wheels with astonishing rapidity; and upon the rivers, and in the bays, beautiful steam-wherries are constantly running, which make it both easy and convenient for passengers to cross.

I have seen a carriage that was so constructed as to be worked by the person who was riding in it—just as one would row a boat. It went admirably, and seemed well fitted for land-travelling. The machines that are used for dredging their canals and rivers must be of immense service to inland navigation. . . . .

The graves of the English people do not rise in heights, nor are they planted about with trees, as ours are.

The houses are as close together as the scales upon the back of a fish. In front of them they plant trees, or have flower-gardens. The houses rise several stories high. The people generally live in the upper stories, and make constant use of staircases. Houses darting up to the clouds, with whitewashed walls and glazed doors and windows, look as if they were buildings set with precious stones. Balustrades of metal twist and twine around the windows and pillars.

Doors and windows are all furnished with panes of glass, and bright light is reflected from every part of the room, so that one, as he sits there, may fancy himself a resident of the moon. The bedrooms are so close and air-tight, that no dust gets in, and the wind is only heard blowing upon the outer shutters. Thus, the chilly breezes of autumn are scarcely felt; besides, the fires in their grates are constantly kept up, so that the general temperature is that of spring-time, and in the depth of winter one does not feel the keenest cold.

Enter what house you please, it is as if you were ascending a pagoda furnished with every variety of costly ornaments. Each brilliant drawing-room might be taken for a fairy's paradise. The walls of their parlours are hung with beautiful paper, or tapestry; carpets of the most exquisite texture and elegant patterns are spread upon their floors; their staircases, too, are laid with fine soft carpeting.

In these rooms, musical-instruments stand here, there, and everywhere. Whatnots and tables laden with books, pretty clocks and beautiful vases, elegantly furnished sofas and settees, and work-tables inlaid with tortoise-shell, form part of the decorative furniture of these saloons, while fragrant odours, exhaled by luxuriant flowers, fill the air. Generally, their tables, couches, and chairs, are all rubbed up till they become as bright as polished metal; and in the spacious apartments of which I speak, large mirrors of glass are hung, in which one can always see his full length.

The artificial flowers which you find in each room are of every variety, and display extraordinary talent and ingenuity; in short, if you look into any corner of their rooms, you are sure to see specimens of manufacture that exhibit the finest skill and art. For instance, the contrivance by which the door of the room is made to shut of itself is remarkably ingenious; the titles on the backs of their books are in letters of gold; their chess-boards and chess-men are elegant pieces of work; the keys of the piano—an instrument that strikes the most perfect notes of music—are made of beautiful ivory; and if I were to attempt to describe their stained and variegated glass, I really could not give any adequate idea of the curiosity and fineness of the art that can produce such results.

On the throne there sits a Queen, who is endowed by Heaven with remarkable wisdom, and governs her subjects with great benevolence.

The faces of the fair sex—for shading which they wear gauze veils of the finest texture—are as delicate as the hibiscus flower; and as I have watched them sitting side by side in the same carriage, I could not help remarking how like the sweet violet they looked. Their eyes, having the blue tint of the waters of autumn, are charming beyond description; and their waists are squeezed as tight and thin as a willow-branch. What perhaps caught my fancy most, was the sight of elegantly dressed young ladies, with pearl-white necks and tight-laced waists. Nothing can possibly be so enchanting as to see ladies that compress themselves into taper forms of the most exquisite shape, the like of which I have never seen before. In their splendid carriages—which are generally drawn by a pair of horses, each with a diamond spot of white hair upon its snout—ladies and gentlemen sit together; but as for the ladies who grace these carriages, their beauteous hue surpasses the bloom of the spring-flowers; their eyebrows are of a delicate outline, resembling that of hills looming on the distant horizon; the colour of their eyes is of the most charming blue; and their whole deportment is as calm and cool as are the autumnal waters.

The elegant dresses they wear are often made of watered-silk, that looks like a collection of fibres from some cirrus-cloud. In the cold weather, they are in the habit of putting variegated fur-tippets and boas round the neck. Tortoiseshell-combs are used for keeping up the hair, both on the back and the side of the head. Their caps are decked with elegant artificial flowers; their bonnets carry plumes of brilliant feathers; and caps and bonnets alike are trimmed with beautiful ribbons. When they go out for a walk, fine silken bags dangle from their pretty arms, coral-chains with gold watches are slung around the neck, they carry open parasols of the shape of the full moon, their robes are gay as the rainbow; and as they pass and repass you while you stand at your door, the pretty sounds of their tittering and talking remind you of the sweet notes of the thrush.

As to the men, they have prominent noses, bushy eyebrows, and frizzly hair. They spare no pains in washing, dressing, and adorning their persons. Their under-garments are tight; their outer, short and open in front. The sleeves of their coats are worn tight, to keep out the cold. As perspiration is very much disliked, scented oils or waters are much used, some of which for deliciousness of flavour can vie with what is of the highest repute among us under the name of 'The Dragon's Saliva.' They carry beautiful pieces of gold and silver money in elegant purses. Their hats are of beaver, their shoes of leather, and their clothes of fine black cloth.

The British are an enterprising people. Most of their merchants are men of large capital; and being fearless of danger, as well as regardless of distance, they travel far off upon the sea to the remotest regions to open marts for their commerce.

Great Britain has been for nearly eighteen centuries under the influence of Christianity, to which chiefly, I think, must be attributed the refinement in customs and manners of the nation. Of the idle tales and silly vagaries of the Buddhist and Taouist religions, they know nothing, because they derive all the principles of true morality from its only source—the Supreme Being. They do not even offer sacrifices to the manes of their departed ancestors; but the whole nation are, to a man, worshippers of the God of Heaven. Him they adore with all sincerity of heart; hence, the intercourse in society is marked by pure integrity and unmixed kindness.

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Among charitable institutions, the English support medical dispensaries and public hospitals, where they cure lingering diseases, without the use of those tedious and ineffective prescriptions that are in vogue among the people of this middle kingdom.

The English seem to delight in the golden rule, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself;' and in carrying out the spirit of this maxim, I do not think there is any farce or hypocrisy with them. So far as came under my observation, the feelings of the people are generous and benevolent; their manners perfectly refined; and their usual deportment, while it is kind and bland, bespeaks the deepest sincerity.

Hosts and guests are exceedingly polite to each other, and, both in meeting and parting, heartily shake hands; while relations, in token of deep affection, exchange the kiss of friendship. When strangers meet, the intercourse is most respectful, and the conversation free from rude speeches. Sometimes, as a mark of attention, they may treat you to a glass of wine, sometimes to a cup of tea. The writer of these notes, although a visitor from a very distant country, and a man of no merit whatever, was nevertheless entertained with the greatest hospitality; everywhere met with much respect; and, no matter into what company he went, eager inquiries were put to him regarding China and her customs. Many a gay lady has made tea for their Chinese stranger; and often, often, have bright young maidens brought their albums to him, that he might write a line or two of Chinese for them.

In their social intercourse, respect for the female sex is one feature that I could not help observing as being very prominent, and most likely inherited by them from antiquity. Their young children are well educated and well behaved, and the sweetest harmony prevails in the family-circle; so that, whenever its members group around the fireside, there is no squabbling, no wrangling, but all is order, quiet, peace.

When they take their meals, the whole family sit at one and the same table.

The breakfast is served in an elegant service of plate and porcelain.

When the dinner-hour arrives—the lateness of which depends on the rank of the guest—each lady, leaning her arm upon that of a gentleman, is conducted to the dining-room. The festive-board is decorated with flowers of the most exquisite hue, and fruits of every variety. Spoons, instead of chopsticks, are set out to eat rice with—rice as white as snow. Their table-knives glitter like the hoar-frost, and have edges sharp enough to mince the toughest meat. When the choicest dishes have all been laid out, and before even a spoon or a knife is touched, thanks are first offered up to the Ruler of All for the bounties of his providence. Soup in a tureen is usually the first dish, after which the several standard-dishes come in succession. Instead of rice being, as with us, their staple food, they take beef and mutton, cooked not with firewood but with coal. Ask for what spice you like, to stimulate your appetite with, and it is at once handed to you. Various wines, too—the fine product of the grape, the sweet flavour of which fills the banquet-room—are served out in abundance.

At their evening-parties, as I have watched the most delicious tea made in silver teapots, and the silver tray go round the room laden with snow-white sugar, rich cream, sweet cakes, and pearly butter, I could not lose sight of the ladies before me: they looked like fairies of the most lovely figure, flitting and gliding before my eyes. And yet these were not airy phantoms, or cloud-wrapped nymphs, created by some magic art: they were living realities; and one cup of tea, under auspices so propitious, was enough to drive all care away!

The usual hour for getting up in the morning is five o'clock, and for going to bed at night, eleven. When they want to call a servant, they ring a bell. The attendant is waiting outside, and on hearing the call, quietly walks in. At weddings, the reigning colour is white; at funerals, black. In using the door-knocker, there seems to be something like the following rule: a lady taps gently, a gentleman gives a decided and repeated knock; the postman makes two loud rapid strokes, a servant only one. When a visitor comes to pay a call, it is customary to send up a neat card with his name upon it. As soon as he crosses the threshold of the house-door, he takes off his hat. You will almost invariably find that each gentleman, in taking his walks abroad, carries his cane or stick with him: you will not often see a servant-boy following behind, but more frequently a dog, or perhaps a pet-cur with a bell round its neck. Ladies and gentlemen, when they walk out together, generally walk arm-in-arm. Go out at what hour you choose, and you may, if you like, mount some finely equipped coach; or, if you are about to take a jaunt into the country, the coach-guard blows his horn, to warn you of the hour for starting. In lodging any money at a banker's office, you receive a note or bill to the amount thereof. The gray-goose quill is used for writing the running-hand; and when a letter is written and folded, it is sealed with wax. For his leisure moments, every one has at hand what suits his taste—a musical-instrument or a book. The ladies at such times are great readers, or while their spare moments away in working embroidery with a pretty delicate needle; the gentlemen are fond of amusing themselves at cricket, which is played either out of town or on a fine lawn, and is really well worth looking at.

In conclusion now, reader, amidst all the wonders, attentions, and enjoyments I found among the English people, what think you was it that mortified me? It was—that I was not able to speak one word of their language. A consciousness of this defect greatly annoyed me at the time, and the reminiscence thereof still makes me feel no little shame.

NATURE'S UPS AND DOWNS.

That facts are forced on our attention, even as greatness is thrust upon some people, is what any one who has lived to the age of thirty will hardly be ready to deny. Whether we will or no, we are compelled to take notice of some things; we cannot shut our eyes to them, if we would. Examples are plenty as blackberries; but for the present we shall confine ourselves to a few supplied by the weather—that well-worn, but never to be worn-out subject. Do not throw down the paper with an exclamation about having 'had enough of that;' but read on, especially if you be one of those respectable-looking individuals who in such multitudes leave their homes about nine o'clock every morning, to betake themselves to warehouse, office, or bank, for their daily occupation. If such be the case, you cannot fail to have observed how frequently a bright morning, a dazzling sun, and a clear sky, whereof some stray beams had perchance found their way to your heart, has become suddenly overcast just about the time that, having administered the farewell kiss to your wife and children, you close your front-door behind you. The walk proves less cheerful than it promised to be; and well if it be no worse, for such improvised cloud-gatherings not unfrequently lead to a shower which, if it does not surprise you without an umbrella, does nevertheless take the polish off your boots, and the complacency from your temper, making you feel damp and uncomfortable, when all the while there seemed to be no occasion for it, for you have hardly got to your destination, and hung up your hat, than the weather 'holds up,' and all is pleasant again. Very provoking! Why should it rain between nine and ten, just when you are in the street, and not before or after. This is a question you must have so often repeated to yourself—the fact has been so repeatedly forced on you—that you are more or less a meteorologist in spite of yourself. You will remember how that the misgivings about the picnic produced by the nine o'clock shower all vanished as the sun so soon broke out again; or what rainy contingencies befell the last time you went to the Derby. Nor will you have forgotten the changing aspect of clouds, nine o'clock being apparently an hour when the large solid banks break up into those magnificent scattered masses that go sailing about the sky until towards sunset, when they reassemble, as though to form a guard of honour for the descending luminary. Perhaps the idea may have occurred to you, that there is a reason for these occurrences—that somehow or other Nature seemed to have certain fixed hours for certain operations, just as we have for breakfast, dinner, &c.; for pulling off our boots, and putting on our dressing-gown.

That Nature has her times and seasons, is no secret. The recurrence of spring and summer, the alternation of daylight and darkness, the rise and fall of the tides, are manifest even to an indifferent observer; but not so manifest are some other operations, in which, however, she is always busy. These we have to watch for patiently and attentively; and in time we become aware of a series of actions and movements, occurring with such regularity, that science has been able to class them among periodical phenomena. In some places, the regularity is undeviating; in others, perturbations take place as though by some disturbing cause rushing suddenly in while the superintending eye looked aside for a moment. And, what is remarkable, the more we investigate, the more do we find a relationship among different kinds of phenomena, and the more do they appear to come under one and the same system of cause and effect.

First, among the ups and downs: what seems more irregular or uncertain than the rise and fall of the barometer? As well might we attempt to discover a connection and a meaning in the jerking flight of the wagtail, as in the movements of the mercury; many would say, at first sight, yet these movements have a meaning, and an important one too. Let us go into the tropics, because there the phenomena present themselves with undeviating regularity. If we commence a series of hourly observations on the barometer, we see that the height of the mercury varies hour by hour, but yet in some sort of order; for twice in each twenty-four hours it has touched its highest point, and twice its lowest. These extremes, which are known to meteorologists as maxima and minima, occur at about the hottest and coldest hours of the day and night; and the oscillation is so certain in its amount and recurrence, so much to be depended on, that by observing the height of the mercurial column we can tell the hour within about fifteen minutes. Our barometer, in fact, might do duty as a clock in case of need; and here we have evidence of a regular, uninterrupted movement of the atmosphere—an ebb and flow, as it were, which, as Humboldt describes, is, within the tropics, 'undisturbed by storm, tempest, rain, or earthquake,' alike on the sea-shore, or at an elevation of 13,000 feet.

Supposing that we have begun to observe early in the morning, we see the mercury steadily rising hour by hour, until nine or a quarter past, which is a maximum; it then as steadily falls, until four or a quarter past in the afternoon, which is a minimum: then rising again, it reaches its second maximum about half-past ten in the evening; when, falling once more, it has sunk to its second minimum by four the next morning. And thus the wonderful oscillation goes on, day after day, always the same. Here we already begin to perceive a reason for certain weather-changes about nine in the morning.

Now comes the inquiry—How is it in other parts of the globe? The answer is, that the same phenomenon prevails, though, when we leave the tropics and travel north or south, the oscillation becomes less in amount, and less apparent. Here in our own island, for instance, where, as every one knows, it is not safe to venture a weather prediction six hours in advance, the regularities are masked by the irregularities. The latter can, however, be eliminated by about ten days' observation; and then the periodical rise and fall comes out distinctly appreciable, and the hours of the maxima and minima will be found to vary but little from those of the tropics. Allowance must, however, be made for the time of year; for the afternoon minimum, which falls near five o'clock in summer, will in winter occur at three, or about two hours earlier, and correspondently with the others.

Of course, there is a cause for this remarkable phenomenon; and the explanation is, that as the earth, by its diurnal rotation, turns us towards the sun, the temperature of the air is raised, and in the greatest amount from about the hours of nine to three. Expanded by the heat, the air rises, becomes lighter, flows away into surrounding regions, and, as a consequence of the diminished pressure, the barometer falls; precisely what takes place every day, as we have seen above. After three or five, as the case may be, we are turned so far away from the sun, that the air becomes cooler, and consequently heavier, and the barometer rises again. But here we must not lose sight of an important consideration. The atmosphere is composed of dry air and aqueous vapour, and each has a different effect on the barometer; for the tension of vapour, which is at its minimum at about the coldest hour of the twenty-four, attains its maximum at the hottest—just the reverse of what takes place with the dry air Now, it is the conjoint influence of these two constituents which gives us the double daily maximum and minimum. Where vapour is not abundant, as in the interior of continents far from the sea, the double effect disappears, and but one daily maximum and minimum is observed, due to the dry air alone.

But the phenomena do not end here; the daily oscillations are but part of a great scheme, which includes also monthly and yearly maxima and minima. Twice in every month, the observers at Greenwich see that the mercury touches 30 degrees, or a little above, on the scale of their barometer, and has a corresponding fall. They see, too, that as the barometer is highest in the coldest weather, so does the annual maximum fall in winter, from which it sinks gradually to the equinox, then rises again as summer advances, but not to the mean of the cold season; descends again to a second minimum in autumn, after which it reascends to its winter level. Hence we see that, generally speaking, while it is winter with us, our barometer is higher than with our gold-digging friends in Australia; but when we are panting under a July sun, then they have the advantage. This corresponds with what is observed with respect to winds—that the barometer is highest with the wind from north to east, and lowest when it blows from south to west. And we may remark here, that a periodical change, distinctly observable, takes place every day in the wind: its pressure is least about sunrise, and greatest shortly after mid-day, from which it declines till ten in the evening. After the latter hour, it is unsteady, and blows by fits and starts until the dawn. This, it should be remembered, is quite independent of the direction of the wind; and is a well-ascertained fact, notwithstanding the many apparent discrepancies likely to be noticed by those who watch weather-cocks.

There is yet another periodical phenomenon to be considered, before we pass to the concluding portion of our subject: it is the influence of the moon on the barometer. As our satellite affects the ocean, so does it affect the air, and produce an atmospheric tide, the rise and fall of which is clearly traceable by the corresponding rise and fall of the barometer. The amount of oscillation may be extremely small; but still the fact remains: it has been detected at Greenwich, and wherever observers have set themselves diligently to discover it. The time at which it occurs, depends on the position of our satellite with regard to the earth. Colonel Sabine says, and there can be no better authority, 'that, on the general average, the barometer at St Helena stands four-thousandths of an inch higher at the two periods in each day when the moon is on the meridian above and below the pole, than it does at the two other periods in each day when the moon is distant six hours from the meridian.' Who shall say how vast the tide which this little four-thousandth represents!

Leaving the barometer for the magnet, we come now to another class of movements, singularly interesting in their periodical recurrence, and in the ideas they suggest of the laws and powers of nature. To comprehend them, we must first explain that in observatories where magnetical observations are made, part of the apparatus consists of a bar magnet, about two feet long, suspended by a skein of cocoon silk, so as to move freely in a horizontal direction. This bar, by its gradual or sudden movements, tells us a good deal of what is going on with the magnetism of the earth. Suppose that we begin to observe it before breakfast: about eight o'clock, we see the end which points to the north begin to move slowly towards the west, and advance gradually hour by hour until between one and two, when having made an excursion of about 15 minutes of the scale, it stops and retreats as slowly back to its former position, which it reaches about seven in the evening. It then moves once more to the west, and returns to its place in the east by eight the next morning—again to repeat the same deviations. The same thing is going on in the opposite hemisphere, only in the reverse direction.

Now, here we have two maxima and two minima in the twenty-four hours, precisely as in the case of the barometer. We see that the ups and downs and oscillations have a mutual relationship. Complex and obscure as they appear when viewed separately, we may be sure that the principle on which they all depend is beautifully simple. So far as is yet known, it is the heat of the sun, increasing from morn till noon, and decreasing from noon to evening, that produces all these periodical phenomena, whether magnetic or barometric, and in the absence of the great luminary there are atmospheric influences in full activity.

In common with the barometer, the magnet has monthly and yearly maxima and minima, apart from other great periodical movements. The variation of the compass is a well-known fact: some 200 years ago, the needle pointed exactly north at Greenwich; now it points 24 degrees to the west of north; and so it will go on until, having reached its maximum, it will return to a point as far to the east of north. Thus, on the greatest as well as the smallest scale, there appears perpetual change; and yet, amid all this mutability, we have already discovered much that is fixed and certain, and science in her steady advance will discover more. As an instance of the way in which human interests may be affected by great natural laws: any surveys made by compass must necessarily be faulty, for the boundary-lines will be continually shifting with the variation of the needle. In some parts of the earth there is no change, the compass remaining always invariable; this is the case in Jamaica and the West India Islands; and as the surveys there were all made by compass, it is only to this invariability, as Sir John Herschel says, that 'the whole mass of West India property has been saved from the bottomless pit of endless litigation.'

There is little doubt but that, with increasing knowledge, we shall find other phenomena related to those which we have here discussed. We shall know more of the laws of the formation of cloud; more of those which regulate the fall of rain; droughts and storms will cease to be considered as accidental. We shall know what the diurnal inequality of the tides of the ocean means, and trace the passage of atmospheric waves hourly or daily. We already understand some of the greater aërial movements; we know that a great wave sweeps over London every November, and that, during eleven years, its crest has passed within five days of the middle of the month.

In presence of facts so interesting, may we not say, what has often been said—that natural philosophy is by no means a dry study? We go about our daily duties, we buy and sell, eat, drink, and sleep, are sad or merry, contented or querulous, forgetting that all the while the grand scheme of Nature's operations is carried on, though unseen. It might do us good at times to imitate her silent energy and beneficent compensations.

SAM DRINKWATER'S LUCK.

In the spring (the English autumn) of the year 1852, Sam Drinkwater was a dweller in the tents of Bendigo. Time was when Sam had been the proprietor of a large and comfortable establishment; when he had slept under twelve square feet of canvas, and had drunk out of crockery. His goods and tools were a load for a one-horse dray in those days, and he had paid many pounds sterling for the frequent removal of his premises. But now that prosperous time had passed away; and at Sam's last removal, his own broad shoulders served instead of the one-horse dray. Arrived at the new spot he had chosen, he tied a rope between two gum-trees, pitched over it the strip of duck he called his tent, rolled up a back log for his fire, and made himself comfortable.

Sam Drinkwater was a remarkable man among his neighbours, for he preserved his ruddy English complexion, never swore, and respected not only his native land, but its government also. Mr Drinkwater had not come out at his country's expense—that was evident. Of his antecedents, I know nothing. What occupation he might have had in England, or what position filled, it was impossible to form an idea. I knew him only as one who, though a grumbler from habit, was in reality one of the jolliest of jolly diggers; one whose infinite good-humour was proof against the winter rains and the summer flies; who liked butter with his bread when he could get it; and when he could not, took an extra pipe of Barrett's twist, and thanked Providence.

At the time when gold was first discovered at Ballarat, Sam Drinkwater had come across the Murray with twenty pounds in his pocket, and a pair of boots and his blankets on his back. His money he expended in the purchase of the big tent before alluded to, and other heavy and comfortable goods; and having set up his house, he commenced digging. Since then he had sunk some fifty holes with his own hands, and had worked in numberless others dug by other people, and yet never had Sam once been the possessor of six ounces of gold. Still he worked on, as calmly and steadily as ever, much given to moralising when he was troubled with empty pockets, and receiving with equanimity any stray nugget that came in his way.

I made Mr Drinkwater's acquaintance in the following manner. Going down one morning to a hole of mine much later than usual, I was surprised to find a man quietly seated at the bottom of it, cutting slices off my washing stuff with his knife.

'Hillo!' said I. 'Good-morning—hope you are well?'

The man looked up, and surveyed me with some surprise.

'Good-morning,' said he; 'how do you find yourself?'

And he quietly resumed his occupation. I began to lose patience, and addressed him again:

'Mate, you will allow me to tell you that that's my hole.'

'Is it? Well, it can't be helped. It's my luck. You didn't leave your name on it, you know.'

'All right,' said I; 'but if you have come across any "bits," I hope you will hand them over.'

'Not in the daytime,' replied Mr Drinkwater, for he of course it was.

'You won't?' said I.

'Not I. Don't put yourself in a passion. Wait till I get out, and I'll shew you the rights of it. You see I have given you three hours' work this morning, and I have got you out stuff enough to keep you washing all day. Well, now, supposing I have picked up three pennyweights of gold—which is quite an overestimate, I assure you—I am not overpaid, am I?'

'I am satisfied,' said I; 'you look honest; keep it, and welcome. Have a drink of tea?'

I handed him the 'billy,' or large can, which is a digger's constant companion in warm weather. I found that Mr Drinkwater improved upon acquaintance, and we became very intimate.

Some few months after our first meeting, I lay one Sunday morning enjoying the first warm beams of the rising sun. The flies, those pests of Australia, had not yet started into life, and the air was cool. The scene was full of beauty, but of a beauty that had no change, and was therefore soon lost to the weary eye. Beautiful heaths and wild-flowers grew at my feet, worthy to have adorned your drawing-room, my dear madam; but I would have given them all for a yard of green turf. Beautiful birds lived in those woods, but they had no song; and the monotonous hum of insect-life was unrelieved by any of nature's articulate music. It was a pleasant spot for an anchorite, so calm was the air, so silent the forest; and yet it was in the midst of the largest of the gold-fields. A little hill divided me on each side from an enormous multitude, scattered here and there in tents of every colour, along the sides of a wide valley. After a while, the dull slow strokes of an axe were heard at a distance, followed in a few minutes by the crash of a falling tree, as some industrious digger began to lay in his week's stock of fuel. Sunday is but little observed, in a religious point of view, on the Diggings: the churches are too far off, or the service is too long for the tired workman, who does not love preaching, and wants rest. The melancholy truth is, the digger is the child of to-day, and religion concerns him little.

I threw open the front of my tent, and lighted my pipe—the digger's *vade-mecum*. Under the magic influence of ignited negrohead, I gradually sunk into a pleasant doze, from which I was roughly disturbed by a voice, and looking up, I saw a head poked in at the side of my tent, which I recognised as belonging to a neighbour, Mr Michael Shannon.

'Walk in,' said I; 'plenty of room inside.'

'Excuse me, sur,' said Mr Shannon; 'I wouldn't wish to be committing any depredations'——

'Certainly not,' said I.

'I only wanted to say a word to you; and, indeed, I am ashamed to be troubling you with such a trifle'——

'By all means,' said I. 'I shall be awake directly. Make yourself at home; there's a log in that corner. Don't sit in the frying-pan, that's a good fellow. Now for it.'

After many protestations, and taking off his hat as if he was in a drawing-room, Mr Shannon at last came to anchor on one of the short logs which, turned on end, served us for seats. This done, he commenced exploring his pockets, one after another, without success. Knowing what he wanted, I threw him over the cake of tobacco.

'So I hear you are going to leave us, Mick,' said I.

'Well, we'll have to leave the luck that's come to us, but we'll be off to-morrow, please God.'

'What luck's that?' I asked.

'It's the good hole we got down below.'

'What! the last? Why, I thought there wasn't a speck in it.'

'Indeed, and there was not till the last tub we washed; and if we didn't get two ounces of gold out of that, may I never'——

'Precisely,' said I. 'Well, I am glad to hear it. Of course, while that lasts you won't leave it to go after any new diggings?'

'Indeed, but we will. Didn't we hire the horse and cart, and won't we have to pay for it whether we go or not?'

'Well, please yourself of course,' said I; 'but a man that would leave a hole that gives two ounces to the tub to go to a new digging, would do anything.' Here I took several whiffs in succession, to enable me to comprehend the absurdity of such a thing. 'Depend upon it, Mick,' I continued, 'a bird in the hand is generally worth two in the bush, especially in the bush of Australia.'

'Well, that's true for you,' replied Mr Shannon; 'but you see, we know we'll do well at Korong, and we were thinking we might sell the hole below. A fine thing it would be for a man that stays in the place.'

'I see; you want me to buy it,' said I.

''Deed we do not, except you'd like it yourself. But Tim was saying last night that we'd give you the first chance of it, for we know you'd have done the same by us.'

'And how much do you want for it?'

'Is it likely we'd be asking a price to a friend like yourself? Sure you can give us what you think it's worth.'

Not liking this, however, I questioned Mr Shannon again; and after about five minutes' perseverance, I succeeded in getting out of him that he wanted three ounces of gold (then worth about L.8 on the Diggings) for the hole. The price did not suit me, and I therefore declined the purchase. Mr Shannon, however, being pressing, I agreed to mention the matter to Sam Drinkwater, who I knew would be glad of such an opportunity, though I doubted extremely whether he could find the purchase-money. So with this understanding my visitor took his departure, having arranged to call upon me again that afternoon.

Now the fact is, that I had always had a lurking doubt of Mr Shannon, he was so very polite. My conviction was, that the constant smile which illuminated his dusky countenance, was but a habitual contraction of the muscles, and, like the big pictures over a penny-show, no guide whatever to what was going on within. Still I hate to be suspicious without cause, and I had never had real cause to suspect Mr Shannon of anything dishonest. He was an unexceptionable neighbour when sober, and very amusing after a little whisky; and I don't know what more one could expect under the circumstances.

According to my promise, I went after dinner to Sam Drinkwater, to tell him of Mr Shannon's liberal offer. I found Sam with his hands in his breeches pockets seated on the trunk of a tree, and whistling profanely. He nodded shortly in reply to my salutation, and went on whistling. He did not even offer me a pipe, but fixed his eyes, and seemingly his attention, on the fragments of a pick, which he had smashed probably the day before. Mr Drinkwater was evidently very miserable. After some trouble, I overcame his *vis inertiæ*, and got him up to my tent, where I unfolded to him what the reader already knows. My narrative did interest him a little, and he stopped whistling, until I mentioned the demand of three ounces, when he whistled louder than ever.

'Of course, I knew there was something,' said Sam, getting up excitedly. 'Why, I haven't got one ounce, much less three.'

'Didn't you make anything last week?' I inquired.

'Just as much as will pay for my rent and washing,' he replied. The reader is, no doubt, aware that these items demanded no outlay from Mr Drinkwater.

'I am sorry for it, Sam,' said I; 'but I think Old Johnson will lend you the money, if you choose—— Here comes Shannon.'

That gentleman entered the tent as I spoke, and having prevailed upon him to take a seat, I explained to him the sad state of my friend Sam's finances.

'Upon my conscience, I wish I could give him the hole—so I do,' observed Mr Shannon; 'but travelling's mighty dear in this country, and what with the flour and tea, and other combustibles for the journey, we'll want every penny we can get.'

'I suppose you'll let Sam wash a tub to try the hole,' said I.

'Of course we will, but the gold will be ours.'

'Oh, certainly. Well, Sam, what do you say? We can manage it somehow. I can get you the three ounces where I mentioned, on security of your tent and tools; and one day's hard work, if the hole keeps good, will free you again.'

'My traps are not worth three ounces,' said Sam.

'Never mind, I'll be your security. Why, you'll pay the money in two days you know, at latest.'

'All right,' said Sam; 'I accept. But I know how it will be. Directly I get into the hole, all the gold will have disappeared.'

'What do you mean by that?' cried Shannon, looking very red. 'If you mean to say that I'm deceiving ye'——

'Oh bother,' said I; 'Sam means that his luck is so bad, that when there is gold in a hole he can't find it.'

'Yes, that's it,' said Sam.

I was rather surprised that Shannon should have excited himself so needlessly, nor could I altogether account for the passion he exhibited. However, the matter was arranged, and it was agreed that Sam should try the hole next morning; and if the trial proved satisfactory, he should pay the money at once, and so enable Shannon and his partner to set off for the new diggings at Korong.

On the following afternoon, about four o'clock, finding my labour very unproductive, and feeling, therefore, very lazy, I strolled down to the site of Sam's new purchase, to see how he was getting on. Passing along the gully, I was hailed by the individual before alluded to as Old Johnson. He was a thin copper-coloured old man, who picked up a living on the Diggings without the labour of using a pick. He kept a 'sly grog-shop,' or, in other words, he disposed of diluted sulphuric acid, sweet nitre, and other compounds, which were sold under the names of different ardent spirits. He also dealt in tools and provisions, and had been known to assist struggling diggers with small advances of money—on good security—at 100 per cent.

Old Johnson came up to me in a great hurry.

'You han't seen anything of Mick Shannon and his mate, han' you?' he asked.

'Not I,' I replied; 'they are off to Korong by this time.'

'I wish I could catch 'em. They've taken two of my best picks with 'em.'

'Indeed! How do you know that they took them?'

'Why, Mick was looking at 'em last night when he was up at the tent, and I missed 'em both this morning. I know he's got 'em. Now it was a neat thing of Mick to get three ounces for that rotten hole of theirs. I don't say anything agen that, but to go and take an old chap's picks, was as mean a thing as ever I heerd on.'

'What do you mean by a rotten hole?' asked I in a quandary.

'Why, the hole was a blank—not a speck in it; and they got some chap to give three ounces for it. He, he, ho! They told us all about it last night, over a glass of grog.'

'Don't laugh, Mr Johnson,' said I. 'I suppose they did not tell you who had bought the hole?'

'No, no; they wouldn't say that.'

'Well, I'll tell you. It was Sam Drinkwater; and the money he and I borrowed from you yesterday, was to pay for it. You might have guessed as much, I should think.'

'Well, may I be'——

'Don't swear. You know we are sure to pay you some day. But it is a bad job for Sam. Did he try the hole, I wonder?'

'Oh, you know, they had salted it.'

'Done what?'

'Done what! Why, salted it, I tell you. A nice job it is for me. You'll have to pay me, youngster, if Sam don't; so look out.'

'All right,' said I; and Old Johnson, who was shaking with passion, walked off.

Here was a pleasant state of things! The practice of 'salting' a hole, I ought to tell the reader, was mixing gold with the 'washing stuff'—which, when washed, of course appeared rich, making the hole look as if well worth money. I say the practice *was* so, for I believe that since digging has become a regular trade, rather than a gambling fever, this kind of fraud is rare, if it has not quite disappeared.

Musing on the news I had heard, and trying to determine what was best to do under the circumstances, I arrived at the hole in question, which was situated in a little gully on the other side of a neighbouring hill. The holes here were some twelve feet deep; and on reaching the brink, and looking down, I saw my poor friend seated between two mounds of earth, quietly picking away. His round hat was thrown back from his forehead, and exposed that noble feature to full view. No damps of labour were gathered there, for in truth Mr Drinkwater was not working hard. As I called out to him, he turned to look at me, and the corner of his mouth was drawn up towards his left ear, giving a peculiarly disconsolate expression to his face.

'Well, old man,' said I, 'how do you get on?'

'My dear fellow,' he replied, 'I have been swindled; the hole is not worth sixpence. When I was getting dinner, I saw the fellows all laughing, and I found they knew that the hole was worthless. Shannon had salted it, sir.'

'I know it,' said I; 'Old Johnson told me so.'

'And since the salted tub which I washed this morning, I have not seen a speck.'

'Well, it can't be helped. What's the use of going on working? Come home, and let us see what can be done.'

'Excuse me,' said Sam; 'I have bought this hole, and I mean to stick to it. There is gold lower down the gully, and I do not see why there should not be some up here.'

'Oh you may work in that way for a year.'

'Do you see that parcel beside you?' inquired Sam.

I replied that I did.

'That's candles—I have just bought them. I intend, sir, to drive on this tunnel in a straight line as long as my stock of flour and those candles shall last.'

'You are excited just now,' said I, 'so I won't reason with you. Come home, and have some tea.'

'Not I,' he replied. 'Look out, I am going to shovel up.'

So saying, Mr Drinkwater began to send up the earth which lay piled around him. I stood looking on, meditating whether it would be practicable to follow that rascal Shannon, and make him refund his plunder.

As the earth in the hole was removed, a large block of quartz was exposed to view, which quite filled one side of the hole, and had compelled Sam to reduce the tunnel he was opening to very small dimensions.

'There's a nice convenient thing to have in a hole,' observed Sam, striking his shovel against the quartz.

'I tell you what, Sam,' said I, 'I should like to see what's under that block. Gold has been found in such places as that before now, especially with a clay bottom.'

'Not much chance, I am afraid,' said Sam. 'And yet it is a likely clay, eh? But, then, what's the good of a likely clay to a man with my luck?'

'Never mind your luck; I'll go and get a crowbar.' After some trouble, I succeeded in borrowing that implement, and after excavating round the block, we tried to raise it. For a long time it would not budge an inch, till at one great struggle the stone was lifted just enough to enable me to see under it; but while I stooped to prop it up, the crow-bar slipped, and the block fell into its place again. Sam, whose back had been turned to the stone, to enable him to get a greater purchase, turned round puffing, and exclaimed that he would shove no more.

'Sam,' said I, gasping a little, 'keep cool, old fellow; there's gold under it. I saw it. Mick Shannon has cheated himself, and no mistake!'

'Hurrah!' cried Sam, 'we'll soon have it up then;' and he seized the crow-bar.

'Stop,' said I; 'recollect it is getting near nightfall. Better leave it as it is. I don't mind helping you to have a look, though.' And while I propped the stone, Sam picked out some small nuggets, which there could be no mistake about. It was with some difficulty that Mr Drinkwater could be got home; and I am inclined to believe that he took several walks during the night in the direction of his hole, feeling uneasy in his mind, except when he could see the moon shining on his block of quartz.

The next day, we took one hundred and twenty-eight ounces of gold from under that block; and although I worked afterwards at the hole for some weeks, no more was found. As for Sam, on the morning following he came to my tent with his blankets on his back.

'I am off,' said he.

'Good-by, then; I wish you luck in New Zealand.'

'No need of that,' replied he; 'a man with health and strength, and three hundred pounds to stock a farm, can do without luck in New Zealand.'

'Happy country!'

'And remember this,' continued Sam; 'if ever you should get tired of knocking about, and want a quiet home, or if there should come a time when you are poor, and want a friend, don't be afraid to write, for you will have him in Sam Drinkwater.'

And with these words Mr Drinkwater squeezed my hand, and went on his way.

'EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.'

A LITTLE work, on the *Relative Rights and Interests of Employer and Employed*, by M. Justitia, has come under our notice.* The object of the writer is, to shew that the elevation of the working-classes would be wonderfully promoted by their co-operating in large numbers to establish and maintain manufacturing concerns; in other words, by their becoming their own capitalists, and the drawers of the entire profits of their own labours. There is nothing new in this proposal. The plan would have been carried out long ago, if it had been practicable under existing circumstances. The main difficulty in the way of such projects seems to be overlooked by this well-meaning writer. It is this—Where is the capital, in the first instance, to come from to establish the undertaking, to enable the managers to give credit, and to pay wages and other current expenses? Until a body of manual labourers can unite in putting down, say L.50,000 to start, and an equal sum to keep going a concern such as he points to, it is useless to speak of organising large manufacturing establishments on a co-operative principle. Improvement in the position of the working-classes can be reasonably expected only by means of better education, by the spread among them of a taste for reading, by increased self-respect, and by altogether higher aims individually. As regards the connecting of these classes with ordinary trading enterprises, no other practicable plan presents itself than the admission of individuals as shareholders on the *commandite* principle, by which there would be the greatest of all inducements, not only to save, but to rise in the social scale. We may hope, that when a law permitting partnerships *in commandite* comes into operation in this country, the problem which troubles M. Justitia will be solved, and that we shall hear no more of the wild communistic schemes that have been propounded during the last thirty years. At the same time, nothing can be done for the working-classes till they really help themselves; and more particularly, till they systematically repudiate the noxious counsels of the parties who mislead them on every doctrine of political economy, and sow dissension between them and their employers. The single fact of the late Preston strike causing a loss in wages to the extent of L.533,250, speaks volumes as to this mournful misdirection.

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* London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THE POET AND THE VOICE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A POET wandered by a woodland stream,
Voicing the thoughts which made his daily dream,
Whilst joyous birds took up the mystic theme;

Or so they seemed to do—such concord bound
The soul-stirred to the soulless voice, in sound;
Note blent with note in music so profound!

'The stream flows on beneath a summer sky,
The winter clouds pass o'er it equally—
It singeth freely still—and so do I.

'It singeth on, whate'er its waters cover;
If sunshine or if shadows o'er it hover,
Its song the same—gay Music's constant lover!

'The woods, awake with melody, lift up
Their leafy hands, as holding in a cup
Rich floods of song that drop down drop by drop.

'Bird-rife the branches, and song-rife the birds;
I know not what they utter, but the chords
Rouse thoughts within me that can find no words.

'And I could almost deem such harmony
Woke echoes, that within my spirit lie
Till so called forth—each chant a prophecy!

'And merry sound their lays, if I can read
The interpretation by the hopes they breed
Within a heart where youth and health exceed.'

* * * *

Oh, Poet-heart! 'tis youth, 'tis health, 'tis hope
That make for thee Life's golden portals ope
To vistas bright beyond all real scope!

'Tis youth, 'tis strength, 'tis hope that give thy song
The poetry, that doth to earth belong
Only ere life hath fed, or starved, on wrong!

Ere life hath played with reptiles and with thorns,
That taunt the after-thoughts with shames and scorns,
Reaped through mad nights upon repentant morns.

Oh, Poet-heart! couldst thou thus ever sing,
Joy were a real and a lasting thing,
Fresh as the leaf on bough, or bird on wing.

But as the stream sings on, and doth not shew
The ruggedness and death that lurk below,
In thy gay song may hide prophetic wo.

The jocund birds may be interpreters
Of coming wretchedness; in lyric airs
Foreboding gaily comfortless despairs.

The very utterance of mirth may be
Mystic dissemblings of the wo, which we
Are yet to boldly brave, or basely flee.

Oh, Poet-heart, sing on! but sing on still
With a pure-thoughted mind and innocent will,
That so thy music may retain its skill!

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A BISHOP OF A PRIMITIVE TYPE.

WHEN the beautiful parish church of Leeds was consecrated in 1841, the figures of the archbishop of York and the bishop of Ripon were a conspicuous and interesting part of the spectacle; but they created less *sensation* than the tall and meagre, but venerable figure of another bishop who accompanied them, and whose name and designation came upon the public ear with a feeling of comparative strangeness. It was, indeed, a somewhat bewildering novelty to most people present, to hear that this ancient prelate was a Scotch one—for, in the general unimportance of Scottish affairs in the south, even the fact of there being an episcopal, though unestablished, church maintaining its ground amongst the Presbyterian communions of the north, is scarcely known. So it was—the person in question was Dr Low, bishop of Ross, to all clerical intents and purposes as much as Dr Vernon Harcourt was archbishop of York, though bearing no recognised secular rank or place under that designation. The sight of the northern bishop, however, in his canonicals, taking part in an august ceremony, was nothing, after all, very remarkable. To have really appreciated the status and character of the man, it would have been necessary to go to a very different scene.

Can a southern reader put himself to the trouble of following me to the further shore of the Firth of Forth, where gray hills slope down to the sea, and the coast is studded at intervals of one or two miles with old-fashioned seaports, so grim, and worn, and dreary, that one would suppose the mason's trowel had not been at work in any of them for a century. In one, called Pittenweem, perched for the most part on a cliff overhanging the waves, there is, on the verge of that cliff, an irregular old white building, which, on a little inquiry, you would find to be the patched-up remains of an ancient priory. Enter it from a rude court on the land-side, and you find merely one or two plain rooms, such as a second-class tradesman might occupy. A middle-aged woman shews you in; and in the homely parlour, between a table covered with books and a small fire, sits a thin old man, in faded, nay, to speak the honest truth, threadbare black clothes, of the cut of a former age. This, sir, is Bishop Low, at his studies, and the female who shewed you in, is his sole attendant. She has just removed the remains of a single haddock which formed his dinner; and if you come back in a few hours, you will find him enjoying the cup of weak tea which forms the only luxury of his home-life. He is a learned, diligent, and efficient prelate; also the acting pastor of a congregation which meets in the little unpretending chapel at the head of the avenue. But no palace, no carriage, no purple liveries are his. In celibate simplicity he has lived for sixty years in this humble mansion, realising rather the bishops of the second than those of the nineteenth century; and out of an income of perhaps L.250, sparing fully two-thirds for objects connected with religion. While denying himself all but the barest necessaries of life, and turning the envelopes of his correspondents to enclose his answers to them, this 'Israelite indeed' has devoted L.8000 to the endowment of a bishopric, and given nearly L.3000 more to other ecclesiastical objects. Verily, his was a life and position of little external account in the world; yet it is not without its moral dignity and force. His is the glory of glories—that of being self-denying, as well as self-devoting, for the good of others.

The good bishop died last January, somewhat over eighty-six years of age, and having been rather more than sixty-seven years an ordained clergyman. He considered himself, in March last year, when I saw him for the last time, as probably the clergyman of oldest standing in the island. He bore a character even more remarkable still, for he was the last survivor of the Scottish Episcopal clergy who, on principle, declined to pray for the reigning family. It was certainly very curious to converse in 1854 with a minister who had professedly lived in obedience to Charles III.! He mentioned that such was his predicament for rather less than a year after his ordination in 1787—the clergy of his church only agreeing to pray for George III. and his family after the death of the unfortunate Chevalier in the ensuing year. Now that Bishop Low is gone, our amiable Sovereign may have, I believe, the satisfaction of considering that there is not a living clergyman in her dominions who ever was professedly an enemy of her house, or the partisan of any rival claimant of the throne. But it may be a surprise to her to learn, that till the death of this venerable person in January of the present year, she could not have had that satisfaction.

The good old man had seen many changes in his time; for in a country so progressive as ours, a public life of seventy years embraces not a little. When he came to minister in the east of Fife in 1790, he found a neighbourhood full of resident gentry, whose style of life was comparatively simple and familiar. They all dined at four o'clock, and when a friend or two called in the forenoon, they were usually pressed to stay and partake of that meal; and thus much good-humoured sociality prevailed. In later times, the successors of these people dine at seven, and there is no intercourse except upon formal invitation. There is more elegance now, but it is attended with less good-humour. Life seems altogether a more serious affair than it was then. In those days, the Episcopal Church was only beginning to get clear of the penal statutes which had depressed it so much after it had lost its state connection and dignity at the Revolution. It had less than forty congregations, and only one in the whole diocese of Glasgow. Bishop Low lived to see the entire number tripled; while for the one then formed in the Glasgow diocese, there are now thirty. These facts seem to have some general interest, as shewing the advance of toleration amongst us.

I must now endeavour to delineate the bishop in his most prominent personal character, as a late representative of the extinct party of the Scottish Episcopalian Jacobites. Born in Forfarshire, where this party was unusually strong, and brought up amongst those who had acted and suffered in the cause of the Stuarts in 1745, he had become acquainted with all their distinctive peculiarities of temper and opinion, and picked up an immense amount of curious anecdote regarding the party in past ages. It could not be said that he was himself, in any active style, a Jacobite, although he probably would have been so, if he had lived a little earlier. Having survived into an age which could view the whole matter objectively, and therefore coolly, he seemed chiefly to see the whimsicality of the position of the Jacobites, and to relish the humours which arose therefrom: hence his conversation was full of quaint and comic stories regarding the relics of the party; all of them told with a point and brevity, and a twinkle of the keen gray eye, which gave them infinite relish to the hearers. Indeed, it may be regarded as somewhat doubtful whether he was not led to become such a chronicle as he was of Jacobite sayings and doings, chiefly by a strong sense of the ludicrous with which he had been endowed by nature. Not that there was the slightest taint of the derisive in the bishop's feelings—he, in fact, sympathised too much for that—but it was evident, from the intense comic expression which he gave to most of his narrations, that, but for their jocular character, they would have had little attention from him.

He used to give amusing sketches of the conduct of the very earnest members of the party, when tried in temper by the instances of conformity to the spirit of the times which were constantly taking place around them. One old gentleman, when told that his son had lapsed so far as to accept the situation of superintendent of the Hulks, said, if the lad had only told him he was so anxious for a place, he believed he could have got him made hangman of Perth! Another, calling on the Honourable Misses Murray, sisters of the Chief-justice Mansfield, found them reconciled to the actual dynasty to a most vexatious degree, in a flutter of delight with some portraits of the royal family, which their brother had sent them, and in every second sentence referring to *the people above*. At length, unable to endure it a moment longer, he broke away in fury, exclaiming: 'What care I though they were a' up the lum!'—lum being Scotch for chimney.

The resolution, adopted with the good-will of the majority in most congregations, to introduce the prayers for the reigning family, left a minority of the old-fashioned people in extreme, though helpless, indignation. All they could do was to keep shuffling their feet and blowing their noses whilst these prayers were said. Old Oliphant of Gask, kept at home by gout, on hearing of the backsliding of a particular clergyman who used to come to minister privately at Gask, and was always hospitably entertained there, sent him the old surplice and gown which he used to keep in the house for those purposes, with a pointed request that he would never attempt to shew face there again. It happened that the king took his unfortunate illness soon after the Jacobites commenced praying for him. 'Ye see what ye've done,' said an old stickler to his clergyman; 'the honest man has never had a day to do weel since ever ye took him by the hand.'

The bishop had many anecdotes illustrating the difficulties to which the Jacobites were put, in order to get their sentiments expressed without the usual consequences of treason and sedition. This same Oliphant of Gask, for instance, had two favourite toasts, 'The King' and 'The Restoration,' both of them excusable as referring to legitimate objects, yet always pronounced in such a significant manner as to leave no doubt that he meant James, not George, and referred to a potential, not a past restoration. One day, when an officer of the army was dining with him, he felt somehow rather nervous about giving the latter toast; so, after 'The King' had been given, and accepted by the two in their respective senses, he propounded, 'The King *again*, sir. Ye can hae no objection to that.' On an occasion when a certain Bishop Dunbar attended an entertainment given by an officer at Peterhead, 'The King' being given, the bishop quietly added the word 'rightful;' whereupon the host hastily called out to him: 'What, sir! Rightful! that is not King George.' 'I am sure,' said the guest calmly, 'if you believe that King George is not our rightful sovereign, I have no wish to dispute it.'

Though the present moment is alone our own, and Horace counsels us to enjoy it, most people find a high enjoyment in being witched out of it. To sit for an evening with Bishop Low, and encourage him to talk of old times, was sure to be attended with this charming effect. We felt that we lived quite a hundred years back, among people of a stamp entirely different from our actual contemporaries. Men who had fought at Sheriffmuir came before us in their full natural lineaments, originally gallant and aspiring, but now soured by disappointment, like a generous wine that has been kept too long. Foiled by Whiggery in all the essential points, they were reduced to employing against it those weapons of wit and poetical fancy which cannot be so easily found treasonable. There were troops of Fife lairds, who, meeting at some favourite tavern, over a newly imported butt of claret, did not part till they had drank the same dry. There were broken-down Forty-five men, obliged in their old days to live in a great measure by their wits. More striking figures still started up in the wilds of Appin—gaunt old Highlanders that had cloven the heads of the British infantry at Gladsmuir, and still dreamed of the Prince coming back some day, in all the graces of a never-failing youth, to set all to rights that had so long been wrong. Our venerable friend knew well the proud Ogilvy, by whose shoulder-belt the Prince held, as he marched by night over Shap Fell, fast asleep. He was intimate with a Scotch Episcopalian minister, who was so pressed by the harsh laws imposed on his church, that a child which was to be baptised by him had to be smuggled into his house in a fish-woman's *creel*. He knew Colquhoun Grant, the writer, who in his youth pursued a couple of dragoons from Preston all the way to the castle of Edinburgh, where, finding them taken in and protected, he left quivering in the wooden gate that dirk with which he was prepared, on their resistance, to have despatched them. Equally familiar was he with that Ross of Pitcalnie, who wiled a loan of forty pounds out of Grant's hands by an adroit reference to this Preston feat, forty years after it took place, and coolly remarked to another old companion-in-arms, that he had still 'Falkirk' to come and go upon, and would not give it for less than eighty. His first congregation included the Erskines of Kellie, children of the earl who figured as far as a rather weak brain would allow in the affair of 1745; also the Lindsays of Balcarres, whose father, the Earl of Balcarres, had fought for the old Chevalier in 1715. Another of his flock was Sir Robert Sinclair of Longformacus, who gave him many anecdotes of the Cavalier notables of an earlier day—particularly one regarding an ancient Aberdeen Highlander, who came to the rebel army at Perth in 1715, accompanied by his sons, professing not to be able to do much himself; but if then, if his sons didn't do their duty, 'can I no *sheet* them?' said he, shewing a large pistol in his belt. And another not less remarkable, respecting a Highlander of Montrose's wars, whom, strange to say, Sir Robert had seen and conversed with—who used to remark: 'It was a braw day, Kilsyth: at every stroke of my broadsword I cut an ell o' breeks!' alluding to the lowland attire of the militia whom Montrose cut up so unmercifully on that occasion. The bishop himself, while spending some of his youthful days in the west Highlands, was on intimate terms with a Mr Stuart of Ballahulish, who had not long before had a servant of a style of character which may be said to take us fairly back into the middle ages. Led by a grateful sense of the man's long and faithful services, Mr Stuart had gone to his bedside and given him the assurance that, when he died, he should have honourable burial in the church-yard of Glenorchy, among Mr Stuart's own children. 'Your bairns,' said the expiring Celt, 'were never company for me, dead or alive. But I'll tell you what to do with me. When the breath is out of my body, take my sword and break my back; then lay me across a beast, and carry me to the graves of my forefathers. There, lay me with my face to those scoundrels the Camerons, and put my claymore by my side!' So saying, he died.

With that intense relish for the humorous which marked his character, the worthy bishop seemed to have gathered and preserved every whimsical or comic thing that had come in his way through life. We cannot attempt to follow him through this more general line; but yet there were a few pleasantries which bear such a smack of the old world about them, that they almost become historical, and may be thought entitled to some notice. Of such a character was his account of a certain Sir Michael Malcolm, who was noted for having descended to the trade of a joiner in London, and, by virtue of his Jacobite associations, was on the scaffold with Kilmarnock and Balmerino as their undertaker; on which occasion, an English lady of some fortune, who was present as a spectator, fell so much in love with him as in time to become his wife. Sir Michael, however, with a fine outside, had a commonplace mind, and was devoid of all polite learning. So one day, when presiding at a justice court in Kirkcaldy, he was rather hard bested by a sharp-witted shoemaker, whom he was condemning to a fortnight's imprisonment for some trivial offence. 'I want to know,' said the culprit, addressing Sir Malcolm, 'what is the meaning of these Latin words in the sentence?' 'Give that fellow two months more for *contempt of court*,' cried the conscious baronet.

Equally good in its way was a story of a certain General Anstruther, who represented the East of Fife burghs at the time of the Porteous riots, and gained such extreme unpopularity by voting with the government against the city of Edinburgh, that, having to cross from Fife to England, he deemed it most prudent to avoid the usual ferry, and get a couple of fishermen to take him from Elie over to East Lothian. On the passage, he fell into conversation with the two men. 'Well, I suppose, you fellows are all great smugglers?' 'Oh, ay,' said one of them; 'but I dinna think we ever smuggled a general before!'

Of a different stamp, partaking more of the humorous than the witty, was a legend regarding a certain Mrs Balfour of Denbog, in Fife, who flourished about 1770. The nearest neighbour of Denbog was a Mr David Paterson, who had the character of being a good deal of a humorist. One day when Paterson called, he found Mrs Balfour engaged in one of her half-yearly brewings, it being the custom in those days each March and October to make as much ale as would serve for the ensuing six months. She was in a great pother about bottles, her stock of which fell far short of the number required, and asked Mr Paterson if he could lend her any.

'No,' says Paterson, 'but I think I could bring you a few graybeards that would hold a good deal; perhaps that would do.' The lady assented, and appointed a day when he should come again, and bring his graybeards with him. On the proper day, Mr Paterson made his appearance in Mrs Balfour's little parlour.

'Well, Mr Paterson, have you brought your graybeards?'

'Oh, yes. They're down stairs waiting for you.'

'How many?'

'Nae less than ten.'

'Well, I hope they're pretty large, for really I find I have a good deal more ale than I have bottles for.'

'I'se warrant ye, mem, ilk ane o' them will haud twa gallons.'

'Oh, that will do extremely well.'

Down goes the lady.

'I left them in the dining-room,' said Paterson.

When the lady went in, she found ten of the most bibulous old lairds of the north of Fife. She at once perceived the joke, and entered into it. After a hearty laugh had gone round, she said she thought it would be as well to have dinner before filling the graybeards; and it was accordingly arranged that the gentlemen should take a ramble, and come in to dinner at two o'clock.

The extra ale is understood to have been duly disposed of.

We close with several regrets—first, that our limits forbid us to go further in our humble attempt to sketch the character and conversation of this interesting old man; and, second, that the exigencies of light literature prevent our giving in the sketch, such as it is, the merited prominence to the more serious aspects of the life of Bishop Low. We can only entertain a hope, founded on the assumed candour and good-nature of our readers, that they will not allow anything we have said to derogate from a character which, with infinite simplicity, geniality, and innocent playfulness, combined, in an extraordinary degree, true, though unostentatious piety, and a zeal for objects beyond the personal and the present. In all our own intercourse with the good old man, during the past twenty-eight years, we never found our heartfelt and abiding veneration for his inherent and extrinsic dignity to be in the least abated by our enjoyment of his old-world, and perfectly inoffensive pleasantries. So may it be with others!

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JUSTO.

The marchese received Walter in a private chamber of the vice-regal palace of Palermo. His manner was affectionate. He referred immediately to the fact, that he owed his own, and probably his daughter's life, to the Englishman's courage; pressed his hands fervently, and hinted a hope that an opportunity of expressing gratitude in some practical way would present itself; but he carefully avoided any expansive conversation in which his own intentions with respect to Paolo might be made manifest. 'He is like a lady,' said Walter, writing an account of this interview, 'who talks of Shakspeare, because certain that if she talks of love she will consent before the period that coquetry has marked.' This was, perhaps, too good-humoured a way of viewing the matter; and so the impatient Paolo thought; but as the marchese himself, when he looked back and considered his state of mind on that occasion, could not venture to say what he would have done had things turned out differently, we shall not pretend to decide.

'I will not disgust you by talking too much of gratitude,' said the marchese at length, 'especially as I am going to ask a favour of you. Perhaps you remember that Jeppo in his last moments, when he confusedly exculpated the father of your friend, used a name which seemed at the time strange to me.'

'I recollect perfectly,' replied Walter; 'it was that of Justo.'

'For some time, in my anxious meditations on this subject,' proceeded the marchese, 'I despaired of making use of that hint; but now I think I have obtained a clue.'

'Paolo knows the man well,' interrupted Walter; 'he is an inhabitant of the Island of Maretimo. We saw him on the night—when—I was fortunate enough to be of some service to you. *Our* young friend used often to meet him when strolling about the island, and sometimes thought he wished to speak to him in private. But he now believes that if he knew anything important, he would have found means of telling it.'

'He was well watched,' replied the marchese, blushing slightly. 'Besides, you know that when we compared what Jeppo said to us, we found he seemed doubtful of that man's willingness to speak. From certain sources'—the marchese alluded to Mosca's anonymous denunciations from Maretimo, which some one had analysed and laid before him, with comments and additions from other of the police archives—'I have learned a few facts. He appears to have been in former years a pirate or smuggler on the coast of Sicily, and to have retired on the produce of his plunder. If I can trust the indications given me, I should say that he wished to avoid all communication with his old friends or successors. He was bound, however, by particular friendship for one Giacomo, one of your lawless acquaintances.'

The marchese smiled at first, but became grave again when he saw Walter's face darken.

'He was also in correspondence with Jeppo, who tried to corrupt the fidelity of that immaculate officer Signor Girolamo di Georgio, and seduce him to deliver the Prisoner whom he held in the name of the king of the Two Sicilies.'

It was now Walter's turn to smile; but the marchese took no notice, and went on.

'I have good reason to believe that this said Justo is the depositary of secrets which it much imports us to know. If I recollect rightly, there was some quarrel between him and the commandant of Maretimo about the time I was there; I heard of it vaguely, but paid no attention. I think a soldier, employed to notice things, whispered it to me. No matter; it is quite certain that he left the island, and has not been heard of since. Now, you seem to know many persons who have intimacies in places where officials are not well received; will you undertake to find this Justo, and make him speak? Whatever charges rise up against him, he shall be forgiven—thanked—rewarded—if he make the past clear to me, and enable me to proceed towards the future without doubt and hesitation.'

From the warmth with which the marchese uttered the last words, Walter could not fail to understand his meaning; he at once, though with little confidence in success, undertook to perform the service required of him, and felt that it would be good for the comfort of his mind to be again engaged in an action requiring energy and perseverance. During the lull, indeed, that had followed the exciting incidents in which he had been engaged for the happiness of Paolo, Walter had experienced a sense of loneliness and lassitude for which he could scarcely account. He sighed sometimes for the feeling of reckless independence with which he had first set foot on the deck of the unfortunate *Marc Antoine;* since that day he had been many times in danger of death, had incurred heavy obligations, and had amply repaid them, and had formed many friendships. But the countenances of the marchese and his daughter, and even of Paolo, had already begun, as it were, to appear to him in profile: their eyes were directed towards a different quarter of the heavens. Luigi Spada was too much of a Sicilian, too much occupied with himself, to rouse a very lasting affection in the son of the North. Honest Mr Buck, it is true, vowed in sincerity eternal brotherhood and admiration; but even he was secretly sighing for the Bay of Naples, his cutter, his curiosities, Lina, and the counting-house of Messrs Thompson, Pulci, & Co. There was another figure, further off, which Walter's gaze loved to dwell on; but on the morning following the destruction of the Black Band, a veil of caution and reserve seemed to have dropped before it. Bianca had spoken at parting almost as if another meeting was problematical or unnecessary.

Walter left the marchese without having formed any definite plan of action. He asked to see Bianca and Angela, and was admitted into their presence. Paolo's wife was sitting apart, pensively gazing forth through the lattice over the brilliant expanse of the Bay of Palermo; Bianca, with affected industry, was attempting to use her pencil. They rose eagerly to welcome the Englishman, and of course began at once to talk of Paolo. What was he doing? How did he bear that time of suspense? Was he well in health? Was he hopeful? Walter felt, but suppressed, a movement of impatience. Was all the world to be ever occupied with the happiness of Paolo; and was he never to be regarded as anything but an auxiliary? Had he been more indifferent, he would have seen that Angela looked at them both with an indulgent smile, just as we look upon two actors groping about in sham darkness on the stage, close at hand, face to face, yet affecting to seek each other at opposite corners.

Bianca, we have already hinted, had been from the time of their first meeting in the Palazzo Belmonte at Messina, wonderfully impressed by the appearance and manners of Walter. In the storehouse of romantic sentiments, what she felt is usually labelled 'love at first sight'—a sin against propriety, which, so far as ladies are concerned, has gradually been well-nigh expelled from the world. To speak truth, however, this first favourable impression, not usually ineffaceable in healthy minds, may be received without treason against modesty. In Bianca's case, it may be justified in many ways: she had already seen and condemned the handsomest and most amiable men of her country and class. Some of them—rather attracted than scandalised by her resolute retreat from the threshold of religious life, and passing over her avowed passion for the arts—had made inquiries as to her fortune; they discovered it to be small; and, consequently, at the same time discovered that her uncle, Count Cacamo, was still living in the Sicilian mountains under the dreaded name of Jeppo. All, therefore, took themselves off the list of her admirers except two or three obstinate parasites of the marchese, who thought that Bianca's hand might lead them indirectly to honour and wealth. This was partly the reason why the proud young girl, long before she beheld Walter, had tried to persuade herself that she was created for a single and artistic life; and when sometimes she discovered that she had been sitting for hours before her easel without laying on a single touch—the hand that held the palette drooping by her side—angrily accused herself of idleness: for she would not understand that she shared the weakness of Angela, and was born for domestic happiness, not to seek public applause.

But at length, as we have seen, the colour of her thoughts was changed by the appearance of Walter. The abrupt frankness of his manner, which rather set off than concealed a natural gentleness, combined with a new type of beauty, in which the intellectual more than the sensuous was expressed, pleased her at once. During the various changes of position that so rapidly occurred in a single month, she learned to watch over the development of her own sentiments. It could not be concealed from her that Walter had felt the influence of her beauty; but at the same time it was impossible for her not to perceive that he had never given way to a simple impulse in her presence, but that the manifestation of his feelings was checked by what might be timidity, but might also be caution. Had she for a moment thought that his reserve arose from mere worldly motives; that he was calculating her probable fortune, or was even uncertain as to the absolute purity of her character, she would at once have chilled towards him for ever. But the truth is, that in some measure she appreciated his hesitation; instead of offending her, it forced her to turn back, as it were, upon herself, and endeavour to estimate her own value. At that time, the fame of victory, and the rather unreasoning partiality of romance—the influence of a literature resumed in the names of Scott and Byron—had exalted in some minds the character of the Englishman to an almost heroic level. 'If I have incurred, it may be that I have deserved his contempt,' thought Bianca, with exquisite humility, which she did not know was the first of virtues. Because Walter had the prudence to examine and curb his affections, we should style him inferior to that warm-hearted Sicilian girl, if it were not that his caution was also instigated in part by modesty; he tried to reason away a passion which might never be accepted. Perhaps most of those who complain of disappointed affections in after-life, have at least once played the sophist from cowardice, when they should have consulted only the yearnings of their heart; and this may be the reason of the stupid accusation against women, that genius never finds favour in their eyes.

Angela knew enough of the progress of her father's thoughts, to understand the importance he attached to the discovery of Justo. But what could she do? Nothing but implore Walter, rather by glances than words, once more to devote his energies to her service. Bianca thought that Luigi Spada was the best person to apply to; but Walter knew his fondness for elaborate intrigues, and hoped to find a better and shorter mode of proceeding; he remembered that on his way to the palace he had seen, sitting in the sun, eagerly talking, as they shared a huge juicy melon, two of his old comrades in adventure—Carlotto and Josefo, the faithful crew of Mr Buck's little cutter. If Justo's place of concealment was known among the sailors of the port, those two lads would be able to spread abroad that the man was wanted for no evil purpose. He explained his plan, and was set down by Angela as the very prince of policy; Bianca was less enthusiastic; and Walter went away but half satisfied with his interview.

The two lads had shifted their quarters—leaving no traces but various slips of melon-rind—by the time the Englishman sought for them, so that his ingenious scheme seemed likely to fail at the very outset. He strolled, however, down towards the port, hoping that accident would favour him; he paused before the house of Mr Bell the banker, and remembered that it was his duty to thank him for what he had done, and ask news of the pleasure-party. His appearance created quite a sensation in the office; all the clerks had heard accounts, more or less distorted, of his prowess. Mr Bell received him with open arms.

'All hail! great victor,' cried he in an exaggerated tone. 'Hadst thou failed, we should have set thee down as a madman; being successful, we crown thee!'

Walter briefly related what had happened since he had so unceremoniously left the *Santa Rosalia*—speaking like a table of contents, in his impatience to come to the point that then most interested him. Mr Bell attributed to his brevity and modesty the total omission of all notice of the single-handed charge he had made on the Black Band, and also of the desperate naval fight in which he had made the Marchese Belmonte prisoner. On hearing the name and qualities of Justo, however, the banker exclaimed:

'What if I could set you on the track? Shall I become worthy of mention by the Cervantes who will hereafter record your heroic exploits?'

Walter would have preferred hearing the name of any other historian; but good-humouredly promised to accept Mr Bell as a companion-hero.

'Well, then,' said that gentleman, 'you must know that the *Santa Rosalia* remained a couple of days in the port of Trapani before returning. On the home-voyage there was also a mysterious passenger—Unknown the Second, as Lord Augustus styled him; he had come in a great hurry from Maretimo, and was anxious to reach this city—an old wiry man, half-fisherman, half-farmer, taciturn, but apparently well to do. Is my imagination too active?—or may we not conclude we have found your friend?'

'There is every likelihood,' replied Walter; 'but what became of him?'

'You ask too much. They arrived yesterday, and Unknown the Second instantly disappeared; but you now know he is probably in Palermo.'

The information was valuable as far as it went; and Walter, refusing a pressing invitation to dinner, but promising to accept a bed, bade adieu to Mr Bell, and proceeded, as he originally intended, towards the port. Here he walked up and down until near evening, looking out in vain for the two lads. In his disappointment, he began to doubt whether he had really seen them that day. One had gone out of sight when he left the *Filippa;* the other had kept in inglorious concealment during all active operations.

However, on carefully taxing his memory, he felt certain that he had not been deceived; and hoped, if not on that evening, to be successful by perseverance on the morrow. He was just about to turn away from the neighbourhood of the port, when he perceived a long-nosed pale old man, with a red cap on his head, sauntering slowly along towards the door of a Trattoria, or eating-house—the external appearance of which promised that marine appetites and tastes would probably be consulted within.

'That is Pipo, as sure as life,' murmured Walter, whose first impulse was to go up and claim acquaintance at once. But he had heard the story of Gianetto: the worthy smuggler might not approve of being recognised in so public a place. Walter remembered that he had not dined; and pulling his travelling-cap over his eyes, entered the Trattoria on the heels of Pipo.

Business was slack that day; with the exception of one English master and his mate—already far gone on the liquid road to happiness—the two new-comers were the only guests. They sat down at separate tables, and were supplied spontaneously each with a huge dish of macaroni. Walter watched his time, when the mariners were beginning to excite each other to locomotion in a manner that threatened a speedy sleep, and when the waiter was out of the room.

'Signor Pipo,' said he in a low voice, 'we parted in a bleaker place than this.'

The smuggler hastily swallowed a long string of macaroni, and looked at his interlocutor with an expression of comic surprise, slightly mingled with alarm. However, he answered very bravely and sententiously.

'Life is full of strange partings and strange meetings.

When we sit down to dinner, who can tell what the dessert is to be?'

Seeing that he spoke in that tone, Walter transferred his dish to the smuggler's table, and they soon managed to understand each other, especially as the Englishman, true to his national character, called for a bottle of the best possible wine that could be got. Pipo knew a good deal about Justo—which was not surprising—for he seemed to know a good deal about everybody. According to him, the worthy of Maretimo was quite a model man; for he had not continued his lawless life a day longer than necessary. Having amassed enough to live on comfortably, he had prudently retired to enjoy himself in an out-of-the-way place, where he was not likely to brush against people whom he had previously met on rough occasions.

'I might probably put you in the way of seeing him,' continued Pipo, who was inquisitive as well as cautious, 'if I could understand your motive.'

Walter thought it best to be tolerably communicative. The smuggler was pleased by his frankness.

'This is one of the few wise notions which the marchese has ever had,' said he. 'If he had spoken to the right people, instead of gnawing his own heart in silence, he might long ago have learned many things he cares about. I don't meddle with stories that concern other people; but even I could tell him a thing or two. Why, I have heard the girls sing in the villages all about Speranza: they pretend she loved Di Falco'——

'For Heaven's sake,' exclaimed Walter, 'never breathe a word of that; it would ruin everything!'

'Truth is truth,' replied Pipo sturdily; 'but let me finish. The knowing say the contrary—that it was he loved her, silently, respectfully, because of his duty to his friend. I am not well informed on this matter, however. You are right in seeking for Justo; he must know, for he was owner of the vessel in which Speranza was carried away.'

'This is very extraordinary!' said Walter. 'Why did he take refuge on the very island where Girolamo di Georgio was in command? That officer was also present on the same occasion.'

'He was,' quoth Pipo with a nod, that shewed he knew more than he chose to tell; 'but you are not well informed in the chronology of this business. Every one connected with that vessel was marked at once for terrific punishment; they disappeared right and left. Justo hastened to carry out a plan he had long thought of; and went to Maretimo before Di Georgio. Do you imagine that afterwards he hastened to claim acquaintance? Why, he avoided crossing the commandant's path for years. I suppose you know that the whole affair was arranged by Jeppo, who, they say, repented, and tried to whitewash himself before he died. But he was a sad fellow in those days; and the girls I speak of curse him in that song, for having helped to kidnap his own niece. That's the plain story.'

Jeppo had evidently ceased to be the hero of the lawless world of Sicily since his recantation. Walter did not attempt to defend his character; but listened eagerly to Pipo's revelations. He began now to understand that the self-torture which the marchese had inflicted on himself was, to a certain extent, wilful; and more eagerly than ever desired to trace out the retreat of Justo.

'Well,' said he, 'you now understand my motives fully; will you assist me?'

'I will,' replied Pipo; 'but we must not be in any hurry; Justo is timid, and I am cautious. How can I send you a message without meeting you myself? Our people are becoming suspicious; and if I am seen talking with you, they will imagine I am going to repent, like Jeppo.'

Walter mentioned Josefo and Carlotto.

'I know where to find the lads,' quoth Pipo. 'I made a point of speaking to them, for they would have been useful to us. But they are Neapolitans; timid, signor—timid!'

The Englishman promised to be at Mr Bell's house until noon next day; and leaving Pipo, after some sordid agreement about reward, hastened to inform the marchese of the partial success of his undertaking. He found him, with his daughter and Bianca, enjoying the cool of the evening on a balcony looking towards the sea. There was still constraint in that family; for the marchese would not, could not as yet—until he actually received the revelation, the approach of which he saw—speak of Paolo as his son. What Walter had to say, in the way he said it, seemed to relieve every breast of a considerable part of the burden that weighed on it. Bianca in that dim light was not afraid to exclaim: 'Well done! Heaven seems to have decreed that all our happiness is to come from you, signor.'

Instead of continuing his narrative, Walter paused to reflect on the import of these words, so that the marchese was obliged once or twice to say: 'And afterwards? What then?'

It was agreed that the Englishman should endeavour to bring Justo to consent to an interview with the marchese. Soon afterwards he rose to retire.

'We receive to-morrow evening for the first time in state,' said the marchese; 'and we have a powerful reason for wishing *all* our friends to be present. None that love us must be away. Whatever happens, we count on you.'

Angela, who seemed to perceive much meaning in these words, moved softly to her father's side, and took his hand, which he affected to withhold; whilst Bianca, in order that the embrace that followed might be private, drew Walter away from the balcony into the great room on which it opened. We tremble for the result. Will the frozen islander let go her hand without saying a single word more than 'Good-night?' Bianca had been led to that position accidentally; but felt that this was the turning-point of her life, when it was too late to retreat. Her breast was already swelling with shame and injured pride, when she heard her own name, without any title or addition, pronounced very softly; and because she answered in the same tone, 'Walter,' shall we say that she was too lightly and easily won? This was nearly the sum of their conversation; for this was nearly all they had to say. When the barrier that keeps two souls apart suddenly breaks down, so that they can meet together, are many words of greeting necessary? 'Bianca!'—'Walter!' The room was nearly dark; and no one saw, nor did they remember how often he stooped and kissed her brow where the tresses parted.

He walked rapidly along the moonlit streets, endeavouring not to contemplate his happiness too closely; he seemed afraid lest he could not bear it yet. Promenaders were out enjoying the balmy air, and he heard passionate voices whispering together as he passed. From retired streets and gardens, strains of music occasionally came. As he approached Mr Bell's house, an English melody, jollily chanted from the balcony, struck him in some of its notes as familiar. He went up, and found that Joseph Buck—abandoning Paolo, by agreement, to lonely expectation—had accompanied Luigi to the city in a carriage sent by some friends, and had laid himself out for the dinner which Walter had refused. He, too, had been received as a hero; and certainly he had drank like one.

'You a man to keep appointments!' shouted he on seeing Walter; 'here are two messengers, sent one after the other, for you. I know them well; one is called Josefo, the other Carlotto. To-morrow, I shall ask why they have deserted to the enemy: to-night, their business is with you.'

'There are, indeed, a couple of lads in the kitchen;

O Hannibal of these days, by whom Pompey was defeated!' cried Mr Bell, who had no pretensions to accuracy of historical allusion at that moment.

Josefo came in, and taking Walter apart, said that he was sent by the smuggler.

'He wants to see you this very night,' he proceeded. 'You must accompany me alone, if you are not afraid.'

Walter, knowing the lad's timid character, smiled at this proviso, and said that he was ready to start at once. In spite of Mr Buck's valiant offers of escort, therefore, he went out with his guide, who took him down several narrow streets in the direction of a quarter inhabited chiefly by sailors. Pipo suddenly came to his side.

'I hope you have no absurd suspicions of me,' quoth the smuggler; 'but you have brought company.'

Mr Buck had followed with Carlotto, thinking that his friend was going into danger. He came forward when he saw that he was discovered, and begged to be of the party; Pipo recognised him, and consented with some unwillingness. The idea that his honour had been doubted annoyed him; however, he was soon pacified.

He took them into a house, where he was evidently lord and master.

'I shall now explain what we have to do,' said he. 'Justo is not so easy to deal with as I expected. As soon as I proposed an interview with you or the marchese, he took fright. A long time of comfort has made the man timid; he thinks every one is going to betray him. Now I for one am not; nor will I seem to be. Yet, what I have promised, I will perform.'

Walter thought it necessary to hint at an increased reward; after which Pipo said, that the man they sought had taken refuge in a retired house away from the city, about two miles along the shores of the bay.

'He knows the place of old,' said he; 'and knows, too, that not one of us dare go thither except in company of good men and true. I would not take two Sicilians for the world; but two Englishmen count as nothing. The neighbourhood is rather wild; the police do not care to be there at night—shall we go?'

The two friends were ready to go anywhere. Pipo, accordingly, guided them towards the gate of the town, and passed out with a facility that shewed him to be a man of good connections. The road led along the beach; and although the night was calm, they could hear the breaking of little waves on the pebbles as they proceeded. Walter could not refrain from taking Mr Buck's arm, and relating his interview with Bianca, not foreseeing that his jovial friend would stop every hundred yards to shake him by the hand, and wish him joy.

Not many minutes previously, another party had passed the gates, and taken the same direction. We already know that Girolamo di Georgio, on leaving Maretimo, was troubled only by one circumstance—namely, that Justo was abroad in Sicily. At Trapani, he learned accidentally that his enemy had gone to Palermo; and approached that city, therefore, in some doubt and trepidation. He had arrived that very morning; but instead of making his coming known, as he had intended, and as a favourite of the marchese was entitled to do, he modestly concealed himself, and debated the means by which he might indeed become immaculate; for, as we know, complete virtue was in his eyes complete absence of the proofs of sin. He had many friends of more than doubtful character in Palermo—knew, at least, where to find secret information and useful helping-hands. Before evening, he learned where Justo was concealed; and having provided himself with a couple of resolute companions, started in order to prevail in some way on his old antagonist at backgammon to maintain a complete silence on all he knew of the past.

The commandant was not new to this kind of adventure. Long inaction made him at the outset hesitate to engage in it; but when once he had taken the first step, he felt a strange elasticity of spirits. Tender natures feel young again amidst gentle and amiable scenes; that rough hard man seemed to be relieved of twenty winters, because he was once more engaged in an action that might end in crime. He had learned that Justo would be almost alone; but he had not positively determined what he should do. On the morrow, however, he expected that there would no longer exist any witness likely to interfere with his ambition.

Despite the vague allusions of Jeppo, and the interview that was to be contrived at his suggestion, the position of the commandant was at that time, if not safe, yet tolerable. However much opinion might be turned against him, there were no elements on which distinct accusation could be founded. We have ourselves refrained from saying how far his past life had been guilty, because had he not—by a desire to be perfect in his strange way—blindly laboured to make the truth manifest, his contemporaries might have suspected, but could not have condemned him. The ends of justice are oftener served by the over-ingenuity of criminals, than by the diligence of its instruments.

Justo had become more and more alarmed every day since his departure from Maretimo. Until, however, he learned that the marchese and the commandant—for report, as usual, exaggerated everything—had suddenly become dear friends again, he did not despair of ultimately returning to his little property on the island. Then only did he determine to escape from Sicily altogether. As a relic of old habits, he had always kept the greater part of his wealth in a portable shape, so that exile to him was not ruin. In the first flush of alarm, he had taken refuge among his old comrades, and renewed acquaintance with old haunts. That kind of life, however, soon disgusted him again; and when he learned from Pipo that he was sought for, he would not listen to any reasoning whatever, but firmly refused an interview, and took refuge in a place which was, by common consent among that class of people, looked upon as inviolable.

It was a lonely house, situated about a rood from the sea-beach amongst the hills. They called it an Albergo; and, indeed, by day the sailors often went out to drink there—sometimes with their lasses to dance. What made the place safe was, that nothing ever happened there to draw the attention of the police by day. By night, what could induce them to go to that lonely spot, towards which, indeed, suspicion was never directed? It is true that once or twice there was talk of wounded smugglers taking refuge there; but after all, no house had ever a better reputation for tranquillity than the *Albergo del Cane Nero*.

Justo knew from old times the ancient couple that kept the place, and felt perfectly easy in their society. They went to bed, leaving him to meditate in the great chamber on the ground-floor. The proposal of Pipo had annoyed him. Would he repeat it?—or would he take the first refusal as final? A trap was evidently laid for him; the marchese and the commandant wanted to get him into their hands, and had corrupted or wheedled the smuggler. Would it not be best suddenly, without warning to any one, to depart, leaving no trace of the road he took? That was certainly the wisest course. Justo had no baggage. He felt that the girdle containing his money was well secured. The roads were known to him; in ten minutes, he might cut off all connection with his old comrades, and be on the way to a virtuous and honourable life. He rose from his seat, and leaving the lamp burning on the table, softly advanced towards the door and opened it. A figure stood on the threshold. He stepped back; the figure advanced; it was no other than that of Girolamo di Georgio. Justo retreated as far as he was able.

The commandant most certainly had not formed a definite plan; besides, he knew not who might be present in the house. He had told his companions to keep aloof at first, and determined to feel his way. What he said was very confused: he talked of his friendship for Justo, who forthwith felt his danger, and shewed that he was armed. Their voices gradually rose to a high pitch; no one seemed to hear; there could be no witnesses.

'Old pirate,' accordingly exclaimed the commandant, 'you must not think to escape. Swear that you will never reveal anything you know, or'——

Here he broke off, for he had now in reality no intention of leaving a choice of alternatives; but not daring single-handed to attack Justo, who had retired into a corner with a pistol in his hand, turned to call his accomplices. What was his surprise on beholding Walter, Buck, and Pipo—at whose approach his *bravi* had taken to flight—enter the chamber.

'Gentlemen,' said he, admitting his guilt at once in his confusion and alarm, 'I am your prisoner.'

'You may thank us, poltroon, for your life,' exclaimed Pipo to Justo. 'The two brothers Nani were outside.'

Justo understood at once that if the commandant wished to put him out of the way, there must be others ready to reward him for his secrets; and seeing, also, that it would be difficult to escape, consented to return with Walter and his party to Palermo. Dawn had already whitened the sky when they reached the gates.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.*

It is usual to speak of London as a world in itself, not only from its presenting specimens of all the various races of mankind, but from its exhibiting, in its ordinary population, all the gradations of social life, from the darkest barbarism to the most exquisite refinement. To heap into a single volume everything curious and remarkable in this strange microcosm, was surely a great idea; and Mr Timbs has wrought it out with an industry worthy of that unwearied compiler. The appearance of the volume itself brings before you an image of London. It is a number of volumes squeezed together, and rolled into one dense mass; and in its crowded pages you feel as if you were working your passage through the choked thoroughfares of the metropolis. In the frontispiece, however, sits Mr Timbs himself, pen in hand—a plain, stout, sagacious, methodical-looking man—as if for the purpose of guiding and protecting you through the maze.

In order to give an idea of the contents of this volume, we shall just glance along one of the great lines of street on the left of the Thames. Under the head 'Strand,' there occur a number of interesting notices. Beginning on the south side at Northumberland House, we learn that this well-known mansion was built about 1605, for Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and passed by marriage into the family of the Percys of Northumberland. It was in this edifice that, in 1660, General Monk met by invitation a number of leading men of the nation, and proposed to them the restoration of Charles II. The house has since been considerably altered. The glory of the interior is the double state-staircase, with a collection of pictures and objects of taste. Behind, there is a garden or patch of pleasure-ground, with walks and some lofty trees, reminding us of what the Strand must have been when it was skirted with the mansions of nobility, of which Northumberland House is the only surviving memorial. Walking eastwards along the Strand on this side, we have a number of short streets diverging towards the Thames, each celebrated in some way or other. In Northumberland Court, lodged Lord Nelson. In Northumberland Street, Ben Jonson lived with his mother and his stepfather, a bricklayer. At No. 7 Craven Street, now a society's office, resided Dr Benjamin Franklin in 1771. At No. 18 Strand was born, in 1776, the late Mr Mathews, comedian; 'his father was a bookseller, and his shop was the resort of Dr Adam Clarke, Rowland Hill, and other dissenting ministers.' No. 31 occupies part of the site of York House, in which, 1560, was born Lord Chancellor Bacon. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, at one time inhabited York House; and while residing here, he erected, in 1626, a handsome stone gateway on the Thames, which is still seen from the water. Villiers and Buckingham Streets are named from the duke's connection with the neighbourhood. At the last house on the west side of Buckingham Street, since rebuilt, lived Samuel Pepys from 1684 to 1700. No. 15, on the east side, opposite, was hired for Peter the Great in 1698; the house has some noble rooms facing the river. Next comes the Adelphi, a group of buildings named from four brothers, Adam, who about 1768 erected here a number of handsome streets, founded on vast arches over the courtyard of old Durham House. At the centre house of Adelphi Terrace, facing the Thames, and marked No. 5, died David Garrick, January 20, 1779. In John Street have lived and died many eminent public characters.

Continuing our way along the Strand, we next arrive at the opening, at the bottom of which stand Beaufort Buildings, now occupied for business purposes. Here, at one time, stood a mansion named, from its successive owners, Carlisle, Russel, and Worcester House; the name Beaufort being the ducal title of the Marquis of Worcester's eldest son. We are told that 'Lord Clarendon lived here while his house was building at the top of St James Street; and here, in 1660, was married Ann Hyde, the chancellor's daughter, to the Duke of York,' afterwards James II. Passing over traditions about Salisbury and Cecil Streets, and the Savoy, we come to Wellington Street, a modern opening; beyond which, on the site of No. 141, 'lived Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, "at Shakespeare's Head, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand." The house was successively occupied by the publishers Andrew Millar, Alderman Thomas Cadell, and Cadell and Davies. Millar, being a Scotchman, adopted the sign of Buchanan's Head, a painting of which continued in one of the window-panes to our day.' We are getting on classic ground. 'No. 142 occupies the site of the Turk's Head Coffee-house, which Dr Johnson encouraged: "for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business."'

Of Somerset House, built by the Protector Somerset about 1547, we need present no particulars, but pass on to less known matters. At the bar of the Strand Hotel, No. 162, letters were left for the author of Junius. Three doors further on, marked 165, we have an instance of English persistency in old arrangements. At this place, as appears, from an old advertisement, Anderson's Scots pills have been sold since 1699; the shop is spoken of as having the sign of the Golden Unicorn, and being situated 'over against the maypole, in the Strand.' Eastward, there formerly stood a large mansion called Arundel House, to which, it is said, the Earl of Arundel brought Old

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* *Curiosities of London, Exhibiting the most Rare and Remarkable Objects of Interest in the Metropolis.* By John Timbs, F.S.A. London: David Bogue. 1855. A post-octavo volume of 800 pages, with subjects arranged in alphabetical order.

Parr from Shropshire, to be shewn to Charles I.; and in consequence of high living here, the old man died, November 14, 1625, at the age of 152 years and nine months. Our faith in the tradition of Parr being domesticated in this mansion, is somewhat shaken by a fact recorded by the author in speaking of 405 Strand, to which he says Old Parr was brought from the country. Perhaps he lodged only for a day or two at 405; but Mr Timbs should have sifted the truth of the statement, instead of presenting two apparently conflicting passages. But let us go on. The site of Arundel House is now occupied by Arundel, Surrey, Howard, and Norfolk Streets. At 191 Strand, was the shop of William Godwin, bookseller, author of *Caleb Williams*. Essex Street now occupies the site of the town mansion of the Earl of Essex, the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

At this point, we are opposite the church of St Clements' Danes, near which, on the north side, were formerly some interesting old buildings; the most curious of all, perhaps, being the Angel—an entire specimen, till lately, of the old-fashioned inns. Holywell Street, a great thoroughfare in days of yore, 'is named from one of the holy springs, which Fitz-Stephen described as "sweete, wholesome, and cleere, and much frequented by schollers and youth of the city in summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the aire." The holy-well is stated to be that under the Old Dog Tavern, No. 24.' The church of St Clements' Danes, by no means a handsome, and certainly an inconveniently placed structure, traces a connection with the period when the Danes were in Britain. In the church is buried Otway, the dramatic poet. 'St Clements was the church most frequented by Dr Johnson; here, upon a column adjoining his pew, No. 18, in the north gallery, is a brass tablet, with the following inscription by the Rev. Dr Croly:—"In this pew, and beside this pillar, for many years attended divine service the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born, 1709; died, 1784. In the remembrance and honour of noble faculties nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St Clements' Danes have placed this slight memorial, A.D. 1851."' The inhabitants have done their parish much honour by this commemoration. We now pass on into Fleet Street, Johnson's favourite locality, of which we may now draw a few amusing particulars from the mine of information before us.

Fleet Street, extending eastwards from Temple Bar to Bridge Street, differs considerably in appearance from the Strand, of which it is a continuation. There is a greater density of buildings; the throng is more dense; and everything has an air of greater antiquity. The Strand is a kind of patch-work of pieces of street erected, from time to time, on the sites of great aristocratic mansions—a stretch of country road filled up as occasion required. Fleet Street, as an integral part of 'the city,' is ancient and homogeneous; tall houses shoulder each other in a business-like way, and at a glance we know we are on a spot which has been covered with buildings since the Heptarchy, if not since the days of the Romans. In old times, as now, Fleet Street was lined with the shops of tradesmen, each possessing a peculiar emblematic sign, and the sideways were encumbered with posts, upon which advertisements of goods for sale and announcements of the performances at the theatre were stuck; hence the term *posting*-bills. Among the old trading celebrities of Fleet Street, printing-offices, booksellers' shops, and banking-houses were conspicuous. Here are still some old banking firms. 'No. 1 Fleet Street (formerly the Marygold) is the banking-house of Child & Co., who date from soon after the Restoration; they occupy the rooms over Temple Bar for their books of accounts.' Next is Gosling's Bank, No. 19. William Gosling, the founder of the house, is mentioned in royal records as far back as 1674. What an idea do these facts give of the substantiality of the old London banking firms! and yet such things are not thought remarkable in England.

The value of ground in Fleet Street has led to the custom of building houses in contiguous narrow lanes; and in these murky passages there have flourished, from time immemorial, a variety of inns, taverns, and coffee-houses, celebrated in the literature of the last two centuries. We can afford space for only a few casual notices. On the south side, down a passage, is the ancient precinct of Whitefriars, the *Alsatia* of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, now sobered into a group of narrow quiet streets, partly occupied by printers. Fronting Fleet Street, in this quarter, but entered by a carriage-way, may be observed the Bolt-in-Tun Inn, which is named in a grant as early as 1443. Think of an inn in London having been in operation since half a century before the discovery of America! Yet the Tabard (No. 75 High Street, Southwark), now stupidly called the Talbot, is older still; for it was from this ancient hostel that Chaucer and his fellow-pilgrims set out on their pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1383. Further eastward, on the same side, is the entry to Salisbury Square, where once stood Salisbury House, the town residence of the bishops of Salisbury. In this quiet little square 'Richardson wrote his *Pamela*, and printed his novels; his printing-office being at the top of the court, now No. 76 Fleet Street. Goldsmith was once Richardson's *reader;* and here was printed Maitland's *London*, folio, 1739. Richardson was visited here by Hogarth, Johnson, Young, Secker, archbishop of Canterbury, and Mrs Barbauld, when a playful child.' Nearly opposite, on the north side of Fleet Street, are found the principal retreats of Johnson—the Mitre, his favourite tavern, excepted. We may run over a few notices as they occur in the book. In Bolt Court—a paved and crooked alley environed by respectable edifices—'at No. 8, Dr Johnson lived from 1776 till his death in 1784. His house was subsequently Bensley's printing-office, and was burnt in 1819. The Johnson's Head Tavern was not contemporary with the doctor. At No. 4, Ferguson the astronomer died 1776.' A neighbouring passage from Fleet Street leads to Wine-office Court. 'Goldsmith lodged here in 1761, when Johnson first visited him. Goldsmith then wrote for the *Public Ledger* newspaper, and began the *Vicar of Wakefield*.' On the right-hand side of the court, as we enter from the street, is 'a good old chop-house, the Cheshire Cheese.' In this memorable establishment, with plain box-seats, and floor sprinkled with saw-dust, are daily dispensed some hundreds of dinners, consisting principally of chops and steaks of matchless tenderness. Dinners are served here in the unsophisticated style of a century or two ago; the world may change, the Cheshire Cheese never. Nor would 'improvement' be tolerated; the customers would not relish finery. When lately visiting the Cheshire, an aged gentleman was pointed out who had dined here at the same hour every day, always occupying the same spot, for the last forty years. Where, but in England, could we hear of such affection for old haunts? We may next notice Johnson's Court. Here, at No. 7, Johnson lived from 1765 to 1776. 'Northward is Gough Square, where, at No. 17, Johnson compiled the greater portion of his Dictionary, 1748 to 1758.' Mitre Court—south side of the street—is rendered famous by the Mitre Tavern, 'the favourite rendezvous of Dr Johnson's evening-parties, including Goldsmith, Percy, Hawksworth, and Boswell; here was planned the tour to the Hebrides. Johnson had a strange nervous feeling, which made him uneasy if he had not touched every post between the Mitre and his own lodgings. Chamberlain Clarke, who died in 1831, aged ninety-two, was the last surviving of Dr Johnson's Mitre friends.'

Shire Lane, adjoining Temple Bar, was once a place of note. 'At the upper end of the lane lived Isaac Bickerstaff, the *Tatler*, who led the deputation of "Twaddlers" down the lane, across Fleet Street, to Duke's Coffee-house. At the Trumpet—afterwards the Duke's Head—public-house, in Shire Lane, the Tatler met his club; and in the lane lived Christopher Katt, at whose house originated the Kit-kat Club.'

If the reader be not tired of these sauntering observations, we may proceed eastward to Ludgate Hill and Street, which bring us to St Paul's Churchyard. Ludgate—so named from a gateway, removed 1760—has long been famous for mercers' shops, but also celebrated in the annals of children's books. At the north-east corner—St Paul's Churchyard—No. 65, lived John Newbery, for whom Goldsmith wrote *Goody Two Shoes*, a pamphlet on *The Cock Lane Ghost*, and a *History of England*, and edited the *Public Ledger* newspaper. To Newbery succeeded John Harris, and next Grant and Griffith. 'Through Ludgate Hill and Street, there have,' says our authority, 'passed in twelve hours 8752 vehicles, 13,025 horses, and 105,352 persons.'

By Ave-Maria Lane, and some less obvious passages northward, we are conducted from this vast thoroughfare to the comparative quietude of Paternoster Row, which, with the exception of a few modernised buildings, remains pretty much what it was hundreds of years ago. So narrow is the Row, that only at certain places, by limiting the breadth of foot-pavement, can two vehicles pass each other. Old residents in the Row, however, do not complain of either its dinginess or want of free air. They count greatly on its standing on the highest ground in London, and with some pride refer to an inscription to that effect in Pannier Alley, a short lane which connects the Row with Newgate Street. 'This alley is named from having been the standing-place of bakers' boys with their panniers, when bread was sold in markets.' Built into the wall, about the middle of the alley, is a stone on which is carved the figure of a boy sitting on a pannier, with the inscription: 'When ye have sought the city round, yet still this is the highest ground. —Aug. 27, 1688.' Mr Timbs fails to enlighten us respecting this wonderful elevation. We should imagine it cannot be more than thirty-six feet above the high water-level of the Thames, for the Mansion House is only thirty-two. The history of Paternoster Row is traced to early times; at least to the reign of Henry IV., when 'stationers and text-writers here wrote and sold A B C, with the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c.' Two hundred years ago, it was considerably occupied by 'mercers, silk-men, and lace-men.' Defoe, we think, refers to its chairmakers; but in all stages of its career, it seems to have borne a semi-ecclesiastical and literary reputation. About Stationers' Court, Ave-Maria Lane, and Amen Corner, all at the western extremity, and also along its south side, there have long existed some large publishing and bookselling concerns. 'We find, as early as 1564, that Henry Denham, bookseller, lived at the "Star," in Paternoster Row. In the reign of Queen Anne, the booksellers removed here from Little Britain.' So far as we can learn, the two oldest publishing-houses in the Row are those of Messrs Longmans and of Mr Baldwin—the fathers, indeed, of the 'trade.' Mr Timbs states, that 'at No. 39 have lived more than a century and a quarter the Longmans; the imprint of Thomas Longman, with Thomas and John Osborne, at the sign of "the Ship and Black Swan," is dated 1726. Here was commenced the original Cyclopedia, by Ephraim Chambers, upon which was based the New Cyclopedia of Dr Rees. For several years, the firm gave here dinners and soirées to authors and artists; and they have acquired world-wide repute as the publishers of the works of Scott, Mackintosh, Southey, Sydney Smith, Moore, and Macaulay. Messrs Longmans' own sale of books has amounted to 5,000,000 volumes in the year.' Our author also mentions, that 'at No. 47 lived Robert Baldwin, publisher of the *London Magazine*, commenced 1732.' We have reason, however, to believe that the house of Baldwin can be traced as far back as the Revolution of 1688, the first of the name having been Richard Baldwin, a bookseller in St Paul's Churchyard, who died in 1727, and was succeeded by his nephew Robert, who settled in Paternoster Row. The sign of the house was the 'Rose.' From father to son, or uncle to nephew, the business has continued to our own day. The much-respected Mr Robert Baldwin, last surviving member of this ancient firm, after being fifty years the occupant of No. 47, has just quitted it, and the premises have passed into the possession of W. and R. Chambers, publishers of the present sheet. In the dwelling-house connected with No. 47, Mr Baldwin frequently entertained Charles Lamb, and other distinguished literary personages. Three doors eastward, at No. 50, was the Chapter Coffee House, now temporarily occupied by a bookselling concern. The Chapter is mentioned in No. 1 of the *Connoisseur*, January 31, 1754, as the resort of 'those encouragers of literature, and not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers.' Here, in a box in the north-east corner, called the *Witenagemot*, usually met the 'Wet Paper Club,' composed of authors, editors of newspapers, and some of the adjacent bibliopoles, among whom was Robinson, styled the 'King of the Booksellers.' The Robinsons established themselves in the Row in 1763, and here they published their *Annual Register*. Among other by-gone publishers in the Row, were 'Harrison, Cooke, and the Hoggs; to the latter succeeded their shopman, Thomas Kelly, Alderman of Farringdon-Within, and Lord Mayor, 1836–7.' Cooke's pocket editions, issued at No. 17, have never been rivalled in beauty. 'At "The Bible and Crown," a sign carved in wood, coloured, and gilt, lived the Rivingtons, High-church publishers, from 1710 to 1853. Here, in 1791, the Rivingtons commenced the *British Critic*; but the "old shop," where Horsley and Tomline, Warburton and Hurd, used to meet, was in 1854 altered to a "shawl emporium."' On the same side, at a short distance, is a large stone building, occupied as a depôt by the Religious Tract Society—an association professedly established to issue brief tracts, but which has latterly seen fit to devote a portion of its funds to the issuing of books apparently differing in no respect from those which are the objects of private enterprise. Notwithstanding the establishment of publishers elsewhere in the metropolis, it would seem as if Paternoster Row was not losing its *prestige* as a great central mart of literature. Besides many publishing-houses of lesser or greater importance, there are within its precincts (Ave-Maria Lane and Stationers' Court) two of the greatest book commission-houses in the world—namely, those of Messrs Whittaker, and Messrs Simpkin and Marshall; the amount of periodicals and miscellaneous works dispersed by them respectively being immense.

Having outrun all reasonable bounds in our notice of the work of Mr Timbs, we in the meanwhile drop the subject, commending the *Curiosities of London* to all who have any wish to search into as amusing a mine of information as has for several years been presented to the public. If the work has any faults, it is that of containing too much, besides presenting a variety of details requiring verification. For example, who cares where Ireland, the author of the Shakspeare forgeries, lived? And Mr Timbs states, that Scotland Yard is so named from having been 'the site of the palace, "for receipt of the Kings of Scotland, when they came to the Parliament of England."' Before incorporating so strange an assertion, on the authority of Stowe or some other old chronicler, the author should have reflected that Scotland has always been an independent nation—a short period of oppression under the Edwards excepted—and that its kings, having a parliament of their own to look after, were not likely, either from duty or affection, to attend the parliaments of England.

CURIOUS ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

WHAT would be thought of a lady who, when saluting her dearest friends, gave at the same time an electric shock from her lips?—who, presenting a hand to her acquaintances, made *their* hands tingle again with electric sparks? What would you think if the knob of your friend's parlour door sent a mortal twinge up your arm? or if a similar twinge paralysed your legs on passing from the front to the back drawing-room? No matter what you would think: such things are, and the marvels of fiction fade to insignificance before them.

New York, as every one knows, is an extraordinary city, famous for many things, but of which we concern ourselves at present only with some of the newest private dwelling-houses—edifices of almost palatial architecture. Great pains are bestowed on the workmanship of the interior, the doors and windows being made to fit with the utmost accuracy, to keep out the fierce winter cold; and the arrangements for heating the apartments with hot air are such, that the houses are as dry and warm as an oven during the cold season. Too warm, indeed, for health.

Well, within the past few years, the occupants of some of these houses have been the subjects and witnesses of unusual phenomena, something more than they bargained for in their lease. They have had to endure the visitation, if not domiciliation, of what may be called domestic electricity, exhibiting itself in vivid sparks, without apparent cause or warning. As described by Professor Loomis of New York university, the shocks were at times of considerable intensity. 'A stranger,' he says, 'on entering one of these electrical houses, in attempting to shake hands with the inmates, receives a shock, which is quite noticeable and somewhat unpleasant. Ladies in attempting to kiss each other are saluted by a spark. A spark is perceived whenever the hand is brought near to the knob of a door, the gilded frame of a mirror, the gas-pipes, or any metallic body, especially when this body communicates freely with the earth. In one house, which I have had an opportunity to examine, a child, in taking hold of the knob of a door, received so severe a shock that he ran off in great fright. The lady of the house in approaching the speaking-tube to give orders to the servants, felt a very unpleasant shock in the mouth, and was much annoyed by the electricity, until she learned first to touch the tube with her finger. In passing from one parlour to the other, if she chanced to step upon the brass-plate which served as a slide for the folding-doors, she caught an unpleasant shock in the foot. When her finger approached the chandelier, or gaselier rather, suspended from the ceiling, there appeared a brilliant spark and a snap, as in the discharge of a Leyden jar of good size. In many houses the phenomena have been so remarkable as to occasion general surprise and almost alarm.'

Strange as these facts appear, they are not difficult of explanation. They are most conspicuous in the coldest weather, and in the best finished and most highly heated houses. Here are presented materials for the development of electricity; in addition to which, the floors of the rooms are covered with velvet-pile carpets; and it admits of proof that electricity may be excited in a close thick worsted carpet by the leather of the shoe in walking over it. Two plies of ordinary carpet, or of drugget, exhibit the same effect, but with less intensity. Dryness is essential to the phenomenon, and the American winters, as is well known, are remarkably dry; at any rate, the anthracite coal-furnace, pouring its stream of hot air into every room of a house, effectually checks any approach to moisture. For this reason, to shuffle across the carpet in such a house, or even to walk slowly, would so charge a person with electricity, that sparks would be given off by touching another person or any metallic substance. And although the cause may seem scarcely adequate to the effect, we ought to remember that the friction is accompanied by the whole weight of the body. Let any one rub a piece of carpet with a piece of leather, and apply the electrometer; the effect will be surprising. These electrical houses give feebler signs of electricity as warm weather comes on; and during the summer, with its damp oppressive heat, they almost entirely disappear.

There is nothing mysterious in this. The phenomenon is easily understood; but it has the peculiarity—reversing social usages—of staying most at home in dry weather, and going abroad when damp and rainy. We have read of a natural philosopher, who, persecuted by an obstinate dun, charged his knocker with a strong shock to punish his tormentor: the hapless savant should have lived in an electrical house. We have heard of other houses where a spark could always be drawn from the looking-glass frame above the mantle-piece, a fire burning at the time in an open grate beneath. And in many parts of America, and on board steam-boats, persons sitting round the fire have drawn electric sparks by presenting their knuckles to the stove. It is known, too, that a sheet of paper laid on a warm stove and rubbed will give out a spark.

In 1837, the scientific journals published a few remarkable particulars concerning an 'electrical lady' at Orford, in New Hampshire. This lady, one day towards the end of January, during an appearance of the aurora, happening to pass her hand near her brother's face, saw sparks fly from each finger; the pricking sensation being felt by both, to their mutual astonishment. A professor from Dartmouth College, who came in shortly afterwards, expressed his incredulity, when the lady, presenting her knuckle to his nose, he was convinced of the fact by a spark three-fourths of an inch long. This electrical condition remained in full vigour up to the end of February, after which it decreased, and was lost in May; but during this time, the lady observed the effect to be greatest when her mind was tranquil and cheerful, and least when she was agitated or cold. She had no inward consciousness of the presence or absence of the electric power; when it existed in intensity, while sitting at her needle-work, she was tormented by the sparks every time she touched her scissors, knitting-needles, the poker, or anything metallic; and when quietly reading near the stove, three or four sparks a minute would pass from her to the mass of iron. Her health was delicate; and she continued subject to similar manifestations till her death, which happened a few years after.

Turning from domestic to industrial life, we meet with another mode of electrical development. The proprietor of a cotton-factory at Manlius, in the state of New York, observed that, when his machinery was in motion, and the drums with leathern straps making nearly 300 revolutions a minute, all the loose cotton-fibres within a short distance of the strap were attracted towards it, stretching out in quick agitation, as though being tugged from their attachments. If any of the work-people passed under the strap, although their heads were four feet from it, their hair would be drawn straight up, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' Fibres of cotton held near would fly to the strap, and sometimes come and go repeatedly from it to the hand; the effect being most marked when the strap was tightened, and the friction therefore greatest. Here, though the nature of the climate had an influence in producing the phenomenon, the fact that leather is a good exciter of electricity is likewise of importance. Franklin once said, that with a leather cylinder, it would be easy to make a portable electrical-machine. But still greater excitement has been witnessed in another factory, near the sea-shore, in the state of Maine, where the atmosphere is generally damp; although this phenomenon is most observable in clear weather. The strap, in this case, when in motion would give off a spark to the knuckle at 17 inches' distance, to the finger 3 feet distant, and an electrical brush to a black-lead pencil at 4 feet, while a steel-point at 7 feet became luminous. The work, indeed, could not be carried on, for the loose, light 'rovings' were actually attracted from their place; nor was it till the machinery was connected by a wire to an iron steam-pipe that the inconvenience ceased. A strip of leather, held near the swiftly-moving belt, drew out jets and flashes resembling an aurora in miniature.

Similar phenomena have been observed in factories in this country. In 1838, the vicar of Keighley, in Yorkshire, sent an account to Mr Faraday, of singular electrical effects in a worsted-mill in that town. Here also was a leathern strap, passing over two drums, and crossed midway, so as to resemble the figure ∞, and it was at the point of crossing that the effects were exhibited. Presenting the knuckles, numerous brilliant brushes of electric light streamed off: a prime conductor drew sparks two inches in length; a large Leyden jar could be charged in a few seconds, and at any time, for the electricity was constant. 'In fact,' said the writer to the learned professor, in concluding his statement, 'if this strap had the advantage of silk flaps and a little amalgam, it would rival the machine in the lecture-room in Albemarle Street.'

Another instance was observed at Glasgow, three or four years ago, in an engineering-factory. The floors of the building are of asphalt, laid on arches of corrugated iron, supported by iron columns. Some time after the machinery had been set agoing, the work-people found themselves troubled by shocks of electricity, and in one room so severe, that measures had to be taken to divert the excitement, by wires leading to the iron columns.

In this room was fixed a large cast-iron lathe, and a comprehensive apparatus for turning, worked by leathern bands. A shock could be taken at any time when the machinery was in motion, by detaching the wire, and touching the iron of the lathe with one hand and the column with the other; and on holding the end of the wire at a quarter of an inch from the column, a stream of sparks passed from one to the other. Held nearer, the light was constant. An electro-magnet, placed in the current, acquired great intensity, and an effect was produced on the needle of the multiplier and the compass-needle. Tested by the electrometer, the electricity was found to be positive; and so great was the excitement, that at two feet from the belt nearly the whole of one of the gold leaves was torn away, and remained adherent to the side of the jar for some hours. Gutta-percha bands, we may add, do not develop electricity.

These phenomena, while remarkable in themselves, open views of electricity which the natural philosopher will some day make subservient to his purpose. There are undiscovered powers in this subtile element more wonderful than anything the world has yet dreamed of, and all facts are valuable that tend to their elucidation.

WICKED WATTS.

During seven or eight years of childhood, I was placed under the care of a spinster aunt, who resided on the outskirts of the metropolis, in a large dilapidated house, of which our little household inhabited a very small portion, consisting, as it did, of my aunt, her two old domestics, and my poor little self. These years, notwithstanding a great distance of time, are forcibly engraven on my memory; they stand out, as it were, from all other associations, reminiscences, or recollections. My parents were abroad, toiling to achieve honourable independence, and my brother and sister were taken care of by relatives in the sister-country: so that I was quite alone; and though not actively unhappy with Aunt Stedman, yet mine was a dreary kind of existence on the whole for a once fondled, petted child. The greater part of my aunt's time was passed in reading and writing. I think she was composing a poem in the style of Hudibras: she could not bear to be disturbed, rarely went out, and did not care to linger over her meals; in short, she was a most unattractive person in my eyes; and though she never scolded or reproved me, her carelessness of my comfort and amusement was not likely to induce affection. The two servants were a man and his wife, named James and Nanny; they had lived in Miss Stedman's service a score of years, and apparently had an easy place of it, taking things much their own way. The rooms which were inhabited were all at the back of the house, save one, where my aunt always sat at her desk in a comfortable angle between the windows and the fireplace. These windows looked towards the high-road, which in those days was traversed from morning to night, and from night to morning, as a direct continental route, or main outlet from the metropolis. Established in one of the deep embrasures here, I was permitted to look out on the passers-by, though not to make a movement or hazard a remark; and as it was a far more cheerful apartment than any of the back ones, and as the numerous rooms on the same floor were all empty or shut up, I greatly preferred remaining in Miss Stedman's presence, solaced by the company of a huge doll, to being obliged to seek solitude, or else to herd with James and Nanny.

The house, as I have said, was a large one, but falling into decay: it was my aunt's own property, and in ancient times had no doubt been a fine place, though rather too closely bordering on the public road. Its value, however, in point of situation must have become sadly depreciated, when by degrees the neighbouring mansions were pulled down, and hosts of tenements rose in their place, of such a size and character as to render the vicinity anything but pleasant or respectable. Immediately opposite, was a row of small houses, called Puddiman's Buildings. These were gray with age, but infants in comparison with my aunt's stately overshadowing roof. Even Nanny did not know what had stood there before the erection of Puddiman's Buildings, but she thought it must have been open garden-ground. Miss Stedman did not notice the outer world, nor concern herself to remark the close proximity of neighbours, whose noises never disturbed her in the street below, for she was used to them, and they had grown with her growth; although had I but addressed a word to her, or my dumb wax companion, a hasty command to 'leave the room' would have ensued forthwith. These circumstances threw me very much on my own resources for occupation and thought. Seated on the window-sill, with a book in hand, which was not always read, I gradually became quite intimately acquainted with all the occupants of the opposite houses, and a world of interest was centered in Puddiman's Buildings, which I looked down on, and into, from the elevation of my retreat, as from a tower. So I used childishly to indulge my fancy, and silently talk to myself and my doll about all that was going on below. I was rather too much advanced in years to seek companionship in a puppet; but what could I do? With keen observation, and no lack of imagination to fill up any gaps, it was left entirely to my own discretion whether I should imbibe low habits with James and Nanny in the kitchen, and cast childhood in some measure behind me, or continue a child, and silently fondle a toy, and listlessly idle away time in looking out of the window. I chose the latter; and it was the wiser alternative. Standing out in strong relief against a clear sky, I still view in my mind's-eye the dingy tumble-down row of houses which have long since been swept away from the face of the earth, together with Miss Stedman's ancient mansion, to make room for gay shops and a noble railway terminus.

There were five distinct tenements comprised under the name of Puddiman's Buildings, three of which did not boast of a story above the ground-floor, and all were irregularly built, without minding any particular style of architecture. First, there was a green-grocer's, where oysters were also sold—and very large oysters they were; the green-grocer's wife was a fiery-faced, stout woman, but industrious and sober—very unlike her intemperate husband, who seemed to occasion his helpmeet a vast deal of trouble by his addiction to 'the drop;' who was intemperate, however, only as to drink, sitting quietly and stupidly beside his door, pipe in mouth, contemplating with lacklustre eyes the passers-by. This couple had two sons, bricklayer's labourers, who regularly returned home after work-hours; and two lodgers, apparently engaged in a similar calling—for the green-grocer's house had a room over the shop, much resembling an enlarged watch-box, and ascended within by a ladder. This constituted it a two-storied dwelling, and the watch-box was the dormitory of the green-grocer and his fiery-faced wife. It had a queer little window with four panes of glass—only one of which was stuffed with rags—and a check-muslin curtain drawn across. I discovered that they were fond of red-herrings for supper, which I often marvelled at, when oysters with them seemed so much more plentiful. When the shop-door was open, I could see into their back-room, by flattening my nose against the window-panes of my observatory; and many a time, by the ruddy firelight, I have envied them their cheerful hot supper, and a tear has trickled down my cheek as I watched the fiery-faced matron loading her sons' platters with steaming potatoes, and saying—for I always fancied what they said—'Come, my dears, eat while it is hot; and much good may it do you.' Alas! I had no kind mother near to press food on me, but, supperless and chilled, I slunk off to bed, in a big cold desolate chamber, to dream of warmth, and red-herrings, and potatoes, and, above all, of kind words. I quite loved that green-grocer's wife; I felt sure she was a benevolent excellent creature, despite her fiery face and dirty hands and arms; and I would not have scrupled to ask her a favour, had I stood in need of any particular aid.

Next to the green-grocer's was a long, low, barn-like hut, into which you descended by two steps, protected by broken palings; it was all one room, with an uneven tiled floor; and here lived poor old Dame Simpkinson, bedridden, in one corner, but still presiding over the sale of gingerbread and sugar-plums, which adorned, and certainly must have darkened, the single window. The door of Dame Simpkinson's house always stood invitingly open, and many children went in to change their half-pence for sweet-cakes during the day; for the dame's wares were celebrated for their genuine manufacture, and the little folks knew very well how much they ought to take for a half-penny or a farthing; and no one, not even Wicked Watts's children, ever dreamed of cheating poor old bedridden Mistress Simpkinson, whom all the neighbours 'did for' in turn, and yet who managed her own buying and selling so cleverly. Then came the dealer in 'marine stores,' even Wicked Watts himself—but of him more presently; his abode had a narrow frontage, but went far back, and its recesses were dark and mysterious. Adjoining to the marine store, a queer, little, rickety, bay-windowed, one-storied house looked more respectable than its neighbours; there was an air of pretension about it: it had but two rooms, one above and one below; but there was a knocker to the door, and a scraper, and two geraniums flourished in the window below, and a white fringe festooned that above. Between the geraniums, a dirty straw-bonnet or two peeped out, and an announcement, written on a card, that here they were 'cleaned.' 'Day School' was also announced in legible characters, superintended by Mrs Sedley and her two daughters; these gaunt women—for all three looked equally old and repulsive—were the aristocrats of Puddiman's Buildings, known to have seen better days, and to demand much outward respect. Their door was always shut; the scholars were taught to knock gently for admission; and the Misses Sedley had a silk cloak between them, which they wore by turns when accompanying their venerable parent to chapel on a Sunday. The silk cloak and the knocker established their claims to consideration; and they were quite affable and condescending to poor Mrs Simpkinson, but distant with the green-grocer's bluff wife, who could not tolerate 'the air of those Sedleys, no how.'

Next to Mrs Sedley was a corner-shop, always changing owners. When these went, or how they came, I never could find out; but 'wonderful bargains' and 'great sacrifices' were always going forward here; and tickets, a foot long, with 'three-farthings' stuck in a corner, invisible to the naked eye, flaunted on coarse flannels and gay prints, while a box of common ribbons, and trumpery of the like kind, completed the small assortment of haberdashery. 'The shop' was at one side of a narrow doorway; on the opposite side, the occupants cooked, washed, slept, and ate, and came forth in tawdry finery to attract customers to throw away hard-earned money on deceptive rubbish. I quite hated that miserable little shop—the people who succeeded each other in keeping it, had all such rascally countenances and cringing manners. I never saw the green-grocer's wife enter it, though the Misses Sedley did, and often stopped to chat with the lady who presided; and once, I know, they invited a young couple to tea; but the young couple, after a six months' struggle and a tremendous 'sacrifice,' suddenly disappeared.

But the marine store and its owner threw all others in the shade. Wicked Watts dwelt in the centre of Puddiman's Buildings; and to him, and to his doings, all eyes were directed, as to a general point of attraction. When I first resided with Aunt Stedman, and first began to make my silent observations on the scene which opened to my bewildered gaze, it was with absolute terror I watched the countenance and movements of the man known as Wicked Watts. He seemed to my childish imagination the very impersonation of the Evil One issuing from a dark, unfathomable den—so ferocious, so dreadful was the appearance of the dealer in marine stores. He was a widower, with several children of all ages; and when Nanny told me that he had killed three wives by cruel treatment, 'though he could not be hanged for it,' my indignation knew no bounds. The children were the offspring of these three victims, and Wicked Watts used to beat the elder ones, and Nanny said he would surely kill them as he had killed his wives. Two of these unfortunate children had very sweet voices, and sang ballads about the streets, bringing all the pence home to their tyrant, who cruelly ill-used them if they did not bring what he considered enough. As to the younger children, they rolled about in the mud all day long, and tumbled over each other, like a frightened flock, at the bare sound of their father's voice: the youngest was still almost an infant, its unfortunate mother having died after a premature confinement, brought on by the savage treatment of her husband. Wicked Watts did not drink or brawl—he was a Blue Beard only in his own castle, and as frightful a personation of one as it is possible to imagine; so much so, that I often wondered how he could have succeeded in decoying silly women into matrimony. And great was my surprise when a new Mrs Watts suddenly appeared on the scene, 'for the sole purpose,' Nanny declared, 'of being knocked down and trampled to her grave,' like her predecessors.

But a strange and evident change speedily followed the advent of the fourth wife. She was a very fair, good-looking woman, slender, and tall; but with such a voice, such a tongue, such lungs! Wicked Watts vainly endeavoured to bear up against the storm; he made battle furiously: but the virago was too much for even him; and after several futile attempts to establish his old dominion, Wicked Watts drooped his head, and suffered himself to be led about like a tame bear. His children soon benefited by the change, and were reclaimed from destitution and filth as if by magic. The woman's tongue, however, never ceased—morning, noon, and night, it was to be heard scolding, commanding, abusing, ranting, never still. Even the superintendence of the marine store was forcibly claimed by Mrs Watts. She threatened anything and everything terrible to all who interfered with her management. She seemed as if her eyes were in one place, her hands in another, and her tongue everywhere. Wicked Watts got no rest; she made him work, and starved him if he did not: indeed, I began to pity the poor wretch, he looked so utterly miserable and woebegone, so crest-fallen and stupified, at everything he saw and heard. Mrs Simpkinson complained of the hubbub; but the little Wattses, who had never hitherto owned a farthing of their own, now entered her domain in clean jackets, and asked for lollipop, paying for it too! Their 'new mammy treated them,' they said, 'when they were good;' so Mrs Simpkinson forgave the clamour, and held many sage discourses with the green-grocer's wife, how all this reform had been brought to pass. It was rumoured that Wicked Watts had cast glances on Miss Jemima Sedley when he was a widower for the third time; but that was too aspiring, and the Sedleys looked down with high disdain on the marine store-dealer. They even refused to receive his children as pupils, until the fourth Mrs Watts boldly called upon them, with her clean-faced little ones beside her, and placing herself, with arms a-kimbo, at once on a footing of equality, demanded to know 'their terms,' with such 'an air,' old Mrs Sedley said, 'there was no refusing.'

Things had been going on in this way for a year or two; Mrs Watts's voice grew more shrill, and her husband appeared with a deep cut across his cheek—which, it was reported, had not been caused by accident, but by the enraged fourth wife, on his venturing to chastise one of his own children—when one evening, just as it grew dusk, and I was watching the proceedings with considerable interest at the green-grocer's, where supper was preparing, a travelling-chariot of foreign build, drawn by four horses, suddenly came to a stand-still between the marine store and Mrs Simpkinson's gingerbread-depôt. The cause of this delay was the plunging of both wheelers, and the fall of one, when a scene of confusion of course ensued; the servants behind jumped down in a moment, and opened the carriage-door, when an elderly lady alighted, assisted by a young gentleman, on whose arm she continued to lean. The accident was soon rectified; Wicked Watts brought lights, and gave assistance; and the lady with some difficulty—for she was scarcely able to use her feet—at length sank down on her easy cushions again; the young man jumped in after her; and the post-boys rattled off, and were out of sight and hearing in a moment *en route* for the continent. But in the meantime, with straining eyes, for it all passed like a dream—I could scarcely credit what I saw, but I *did* see it, I was sure of *that*—I beheld something glitter on the ground, close to the young gentleman's feet, as he was assisting the fat bustling lady into her chariot again. He had drawn off his gloves, and such lily-white hands were raised to smooth a pair of large whiskers and dark moustaches, that I could scarce refrain from an exclamation of 'How beautiful!' On his little-finger glistened brilliant gems, and one of these rings fell off, no doubt; for Wicked Watts saw it too, and unseen by any living creature, as he thought, with the quickness of lightning picked it up, and put it in his bosom as the travellers drove off. Two of the children were holding lights, and Mrs Watts, in her anxiety to be foremost to receive the liberal donation tendered for their assistance, did not observe what passed. But the road was narrow; Aunt Stedman dozed beside the fire; there was no light from within our room to betray my close proximity to those without; and I clearly saw the glittering thing on the ground, and the suspicious glance of Wicked Watts towards his wife when he stooped to seize the prize.

A feeling of timidity towards Aunt Stedman, and of reserve or pride when in contact with her servants, withheld me from confidential remarks. I frequently overheard James and Nanny converse about the affairs of the neighbourhood, and from their conversation I had gleaned much of my information respecting the inhabitants of Puddiman's Buildings. But being naturally of a shy, retiring disposition, I did not feel inclined to acquaint them with all the thoughts passing through my mind; and, truth to tell, I felt rather ashamed of the interest I secretly cherished in all the daily doings of our opposite neighbours. Wicked Watts I regarded with a species of awe—as a veritable Blue Beard—and I would not have betrayed his secret for worlds; for who could tell what such a villain's revenge might be? No; I alone knew he had picked up a brilliant ring, and I satisfied my conscience by the knowledge that he had not stolen it intentionally. But what would he do with it? How dispose of such a treasure unknown to his violent partner, who never permitted him to have a penny-piece of his own? If he sold it, or pawned it, she would rifle his pockets of the gold; and as to frequenting a public-house, that he dared not do—she would have been after him in a twinkling!

For several nights I tossed about on an uneasy pillow, thinking of the secret I shared with Wicked

Watts, and had almost determined to confide in Aunt Stedman; for several days also I had missed the dealer in marine stores from his accustomed place by his doorway, where he usually sat since his fourth marriage, furbishing up bits of iron, rusty keys and locks, and other odds and ends—looking sheepish and askance whenever he heard his wife's tongue—who not unfrequently, in passing to and fro, gave her lord and master a gentle hint to be 'alive there.' But when I heard James tell Nanny that Wicked Watts had gone nobody knew where, and that his wife knew nothing about him, I began to think it more prudent to keep the secret than to reveal it. Whether this childish reasoning was right or wrong, does not seem quite clear. The neighbours unanimously declared that Wicked Watts had been spirited away on account of his former evil course, and his wife did not contradict them. One or two, indeed, hinted that he had drowned himself in a fit of despondency, which he had been often subject to of late; but the virago scowled so fiercely at the idea, that none dared to repeat it. What could have become of him? He had not robbed his till or his store, and he had not wherewithal to purchase a loaf! Weeks passed, and the disappearance of Wicked Watts in so sudden and mysterious a manner began to be noised abroad; judicial inquiries were instituted, but Mrs Watts was acquitted of all blame or connivance in the affair. She deposed, that about half an hour after the grand foreign folks had alighted at their door, Watts went out without saying a word, and never returned. 'He seemed skeerie like,' she added, 'after that foreign gemman's coal-black eyes had shone upon him. I ain't sure that it warn't a warning to Watts for the bad life he'd led, and I be sommat afeerd that the shiners given me may turn to ashes as I hold 'em in my hand.' From that time forth all shook their heads, and spoke in whispers when alluding to the disappearance of Wicked Watts; James and Nanny, too, looked mysterious and solemn, and did not like to go into the empty rooms after dusk. The marine store, however, prospered under the superintendence of Mrs Watts, and the children throve, but their father never was heard of again; and even Aunt Stedman exhibited some interest when the matter was discussed in her presence. 'No doubt the man had some private means unknown to his wife,' she remarked, 'and has availed himself of them to join a band of Irish emigrants. He's a riddance to the neighbourhood; and would have killed his fourth wife, if she hadn't half-killed him.'

Long afterwards, Nanny informed me, that for many years after these circumstances occurred the memory of Wicked Watts still continued fresh in the minds of the old inhabitants of Puddiman's Buildings, and the legend of 'his call' became quite a winter fireside favourite theme. Mrs Watts had gradually become a milder and more serious person, setting a good example to her step-children, and always speaking of herself as a widow. Then, and then only, at that vast distance of time, I ventured to tell Nanny what I had seen; but she replied with considerable tartness: 'Found a brilliant ring, ma'am, did you say? Pooh, pooh! your eyes were not good enough to see *that* across the road; that foreign gentleman with the dreadful black whiskers and eyes was no stranger to Wicked Watts, depend on't, and he came only to claim his own.' 'Then, who was the stout elderly lady in his company, Nanny?' I asked with a smile. 'She was a sham, ma'am, in course; and the horses, and the chariot, and the servants were all a sham, to make "the call" look real-like to the neighbours,' replied Nanny solemnly. 'It makes me shiver when I think of it—that it does; and depend on it, ma'am, if you had looked round the corner of the road after that foreign chariot, you'd have seen it all vanish away like smoke.' This legend of Puddiman's Buildings survived the place itself; for it is still current in the neighbourhood, although the marine store, the green-grocery, the day-school, the lollipop-shop, the haberdashery, and Aunt Stedman's house itself, have all vanished from the face of the earth.

THE DEMON-ORACLE OF CEYLON.

The Singhalese inhabitants of Ceylon profess the Buddhist religion. As this, however, is too cold a faith to exercise much influence on any people, they have added to it a multitude of superstitions, the greater part of which has been borrowed from the natives of India. Of these, one of the most interesting is that of the demon-oracle, or *dehwahle*. The affair is not carried to such an extent as about Bombay, yet it exercises a constant sway over the people. The belief on which it is based is simply this—that demons, some good and some bad, generally the spirits of long-departed kings, enter temporarily the bodies of men, and thence utter oracular responses. At each village, therefore, there is a demon-temple, or dehwahle. On Wednesday, the people assemble there; the prophet, called *kapoorahle*, puts on the dress and ornaments of the god he is about to invoke; dances wildly to the sound of stormy music, amidst the burning of fragrant gums; gives oracular answers to the questions put to him; and at last falls into a deep swoon. There can be no doubt that the prophets themselves are sometimes enthusiasts rather than deceivers. A friend of mine saw such an one quake and grow pale, when asked to put on the dress in order that he might be sketched; in fact, he would only put on the various articles of costume successively, saying that if he wore all at once, the god would punish him for doing so at any time except during the regular ceremonial.

The following is an account of a visit paid to the dehwahle of a very small village; it is extracted from a private journal:—This being Wednesday, there was of course a meeting at the dehwahle. Looked in during the forenoon; the kapoorahle was standing inside, the door being open. His long dishevelled hair hung down his back; the head had a constant jerking motion from side to side. At short intervals, he uttered convulsive shrieks and sobs, or, looking upwards, hissed out the sound 'Hush! hush!' in a very peculiar tone: this evidently was a call to the spirit. After a time, the bangles (bracelets) of the goddess were placed on his wrists; he then began to shake his hands violently, and to yell, and after a little while turned round. I observed that his face and arms were daubed here and there with turmeric, and that his eyeballs were turned upwards, so that the pupils were invisible. His first query was:

'Why has the raja [myself] come?'

'To see you,' replied the headman of the village.

'That is well.' After that he—or, as the natives would say, the goddess through him—talked a good deal about the said raja. At last a man, carrying a sick child, stepped forward, and mentioned the disease under which it was labouring.

'I will cure it!' was uttered, and papa went off contented. Some other sick persons appeared, and received similar comfort.

The more important ceremony, however, was to come off in the evening; and as I had signified my intention to be present, the villagers arranged everything as comfortably as they could. Till ten or eleven o'clock, there was drizzling rain; and soon after, the hurly-burly began. On reaching the spot, I found six or eight musicians with drums, tam-tams, and cymbals. They kept time admirably; and to the sound of their own sweet strains leaped about with the agility and grace of so many giant frogs. The kapoorahle was so long of bedizening himself, that the *kohrahle* (petty chief), in the most disrespectful way, ordered the goddess to appear forthwith; and all the tam-tams gave a ruff that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. I bore it with heroic patience. In the meantime, we heard, inside the dehwahle, the tinkling of cymbals, and the sounds of other instruments, interrupted now and then by shrieks of maniacal laughter. At last the prophet appeared. On his arms were the inspiring bangles, and in each hand he carried a piece of coloured cloth, folded up like a fan: with considerable ingenuity, he had made out of various coloured cloths a sort of flounced gown, somewhat like the dress occasionally seen on Malabar women. The upper part of his body was uncovered, and his long hair unbound; the nether-integuments consisted of long tight drawers. As he came out, the kohrahle, begging pardon, said that it was very unlucky to remain seated. I explained, that being of another religion, I could not in any way be affected; but he looked so distressed, that I stood up. However, the goddess settled the matter by saying that the raja might sit; and sit he did.

The tam-tams now recommenced, and the kapoorahle began dancing, after the native manner, moving in a circle, with sidelong strides, advancing his hands, with an undulating snake-like motion of the arm. When a quicker tune was played, he suited himself to the measure, executing a figure not unlike the 'one, two, three, and a hop' of dancing school-days. In the height of his antics, the goddess, to my surprise and amusement, called most importunately for beetel, the native substitute for tobacco; and as none was forthcoming, alluded to that creature-comfort in terms of marked reprobation of the bystanders. At last a quid was stuffed into her prophet's mouth; and after he had been well rubbed down—good cause was there for that—the dancing went on with as great vigour as ever. Occasionally, the man would stop, and looking upwards, utter the peculiar hissing sound previously mentioned; and I observed, that however violently the head might be shaken from side to side, it seemed to have no forward or backward motion at all. At one time, an amusing strife arose between the tam-tam beaters and the goddess. According to the figure, the former were to walk backwards in a circle, while she constantly advanced towards them; now the musicians declared, that on no account could they turn their backs towards the rajah. The goddess remonstrated; and the matter was at last settled by a smaller circle, at some little distance, being formed, and by the tam-tam beaters begging pardon each time they passed my chair of state. I sat it out for about two hours, in order to see the swoon at the conclusion, being determined to feel the man's pulse at the time; but learning that the prophet intended to exhibit his activity so long as I remained, I took pity on him, and went off to bed, soon after which the crowd dispersed.

I should have observed, that the kapoorahle's whole frame was occasionally convulsed with a curious quivering motion, which it would be extremely difficult to imitate in cold blood. When a kapoorahle dies, it is the demon itself which selects the new prophet. The natives have considerable faith in the responses, although I have heard some of them say with a smile: 'Sometimes things happen as was foretold.' As to the dancing being involuntary, a good many are somewhat sceptical; yet, when disaster threatens their own families, one and all rush to the dehwahle. A long and painful discussion has been going on for some time in Ceylon, regarding the appointment of persons to manage the lands belonging to these demon-temples. Government insists upon having a more or less direct influence on these elections, and the opposing party maintains that a Christian government should not have anything to do with such matters at all.

THE WIFE'S REPLY.

THOU askest me what offerings bright
From climes beyond the sea,
Thou mayst collect with loving pride,
To lavish upon me?

I seek not costly gems to grace
My brow: thou say'st 'tis fair—
And if it be, why, love, should I
Thy glance with jewels share?

Why speakest thou of Orient pearls
To lay upon my breast?
I have a treasure dearer far,
And fitter there to rest:

Thy child and mine my bosom claims,
Thereon repose to seek,
And all the pearls the ocean hides
Are worthless near his cheek.

And when upon his face I gaze,
With rapture there I see
What pearls or diamonds could not yield—
A likeness, love, of thee.

Speak then no more of things like these;
When thou com'st home again,
The joy of seeing thee will make
All other treasures vain.

But if thou wouldst that joy increase,
I'll gladly tell thee how—
Bring, bring me back thy heart again
As much my own as now!

RUTH BUCK.

GRIMSBY.

THE DRUSE WOMEN.

Whilst the master of the house is asleep, the wife and daughter wash up the cooking utensils and put these by till evening; the children go forth on various errands of amusement, else fall asleep under the shade of the nearest tree. The wife has minor duties to attend to in the village; so she leaves us alone with the eldest daughter, who is a buxom lass of between sixteen and seventeen, and who, sitting down near us, enters into conversation without the least restraint or affectation. This fact alone proves that the Druses are not that jealous people they are sometimes represented to be, nor are their women such slaves to the prevailing Mohammedan custom in Syria of excluding their sex from the companionship of men: this rigid law has only effect in the intercourse of the Druses with each other, or with the Turks; and this fact also proves that they have greater confidence in the good faith and honour of Christians and strangers than they can place upon their own fraternity. If we may judge by the sample before us, the Druse women are not one whit behind their sisters in more civilised countries as far as regards natural sharpness of intellect, and even wit; they possess, beyond a doubt, the rough unpolished matter, which, when worked up, would constitute what is styled elegance and manners—a perfect illustration of the aptitude of that ancient proverb which says, that the roughest surface often contains within it the greatest mineral wealth. Somehow or other, the Druses, in common with all classes inhabiting Syria, are born with a natural tendency to politeness and etiquette. This is more particularly the case with the women; the wildest mountain-girl possesses a refinement of manners, an elegance of deportment, and a delicacy of speech, which one might seek for in vain amongst a similar class in England and France. That heavy awkward gesture and speech, so familiar to clodhoppers, and which so immediately stamps the creature with the class he belongs to, is never to be met with in the East.—*Chasseaud's Druses of the Lebanon.*

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WAR-SPARKLES.

It is one of the saddest things about war—about this our present war—that we gradually become used to it; at least we middle classes, whom it has not as yet touched so nearly as the upper and lower ranks. The first horror, the first triumph, having worn off, we unconsciously go back to our daily life, which jogs on just the same; and 'News from the Crimea' becomes a kind of indefinite diurnal interest, strong, indeed, but vague and unreal. We shudder, glow, or weep over it; but in a heroic, poetical, picturesque way, as it were a tale that is told; we find it hard to receive as a naked reality. In fact, the war altogether seems like a great fire, but so far distant that we can hardly form an idea of the conflagration, unless by some faint smoke on the horizon, or a fragment of charred wood cast for miles, startling us with a visible sign of how great is the far-off burning.

This fancy, and these moralisings, came into my mind the other day while pacing the Waterloo terminus. Therefore, jotting down a few observations made that day, it strikes me as not unfitting to call them by the above title—War-sparkles.

The great war-fire had been burning down dimly; Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, began to be talked of calmly as historical names, not lingered over with a throbbing awe. Good Heaven! shall any of us now living ever forget that September day when we first read the *Times'* account of the battle of the Alma?—that September moonlight night, when in London streets and in country towns, and in the deep silence of country villages, people gathered together and asked one another 'the last news,' and thought with a trembling awe what sort of strange, new, impossible-to-be-realised scene the moon was illuminating on the heights of Alma?

But now all this excitement had faded away; people went about their own business, rushed to and fro on railway lines: what a rushing there was on this very line on which I was taking a short, harmless, luggageless journey, entailing no bustle, no trouble, and no good-byes! Most favourable circumstances for making those studies from the life, of which a railway terminus is a first-rate academy! Being early, the platform was rather empty of humanities, so I amused myself with looking at some luggage scattered about, and inventing imaginary owners for it. One rather anomalous heap particularly attracted me. I had even the curiosity to inquire what it was.

'Baggage for the Crimea,' quoth the porter.

I start, remembering that this line is the direct highway to the East, and that probably every regiment despatched on foreign service, and every young officer who has received his orders, must have paced this platform where I am now pacing in such leisurely laziness, waiting for the train, with no one to part from, no one to leave behind. A certain painful sense of wrong seizes me; something like what I feel in reading with quiet, terrorless curiosity the lists of killed and wounded; something like what I felt once in walking through the streets and seeing every third person in mourning. My bright warm winter colours seemed unnatural and unkind.

'Baggage for the Crimea,' reiterates my friend the porter, shoving it along without a bit of sentiment.

It is an officer's trunk—his name is painted thereon in those glittering white letters which trunk-makers seem so greatly to affect. And that large canvas-roll is probably his bedding. Poor fellow! how many a heavy worn-out sleep he may have upon it; or it may bear him in months of weary languishing; or he may die upon it. But that is taking a melancholy view of things, which, some folk say, is rather my peculiarity.

And here come a set of fellows, who are evidently bent on something quite the contrary. Surely some of them jostled me in the ticket-place, when I was meditatively smiling over the penetrative policeman's remark: 'Second class, I 'spose?' Now they tumble out on the platform by twos and threes, in a vain attempt at order, counteracted strongly by their very jolly state of mind, and body too, to judge by the half-tipsy chat.

'There they go—one after the other, like sheep,' observes Porter No. 1 sarcastically to Porter No. 2.

One is tempted to add, 'for the slaughter,' since these are evidently recruits going down to Southampton to be drilled into something like capability, and then shipped off to supply the exigencies of our army in the Crimea. Some of them have a lowering, desperado look—the off-scouring of respectability, which is always drafted into 'our military defences;' and oftentimes, to the great surprise of Mr Respectability, becomes not so bad a defence after all. Others are mere lads—more fit to play at soldiers on a village-green, than to be targets for Cossack bullets. A few decent young men are among them, but by far the greater portion belong to the awkward squad. Truly, if out of these shambling clod-pates is to be evolved a section of our British army—that glory of the world—one cannot but regard with great admiration and amazement the power of the drill-sergeant.

But on they stumble—to the sound of their own tuneless and muzzy 'hurrah;' and the waving of a heterogeneous mass of indefinite head-coverings, to each of which is appended the ominous bunch of ribbons, that must have flaunted so cruelly in the eyes of mothers or sweethearts not many days since; for rarely is scapegrace so hopeless, or reprobate fallen so low, but that there is some woman to love, or at least to pity him. So even these half-drunken young boors acquire a certain interest in my eyes, thinking of the 'old folk at home.'

Well, they are all packed—penned, I may say—in some not far-distant carriage, to judge by the hammering of feet, and mingling of most sweet voices in that feebly uproarious cheer. But it dies out, and somebody starts a new idea—namely, a song; the rest snatch it up, and bellow it out in the same disconnected fashion, every one ingeniously choosing his own time, tune, and words. Now and then I catch a note or two, and find the dreary noise is meant for an English version of 'Auld lang syne.'

'Jolly enough they are,' observed occupant second of our carriage, a comfortable farmer, to occupant third, just leaping in. 'Recruits, sure enough!'

'Um!' hums occupant third, with a slightly scornful air, either meant for the said recruits or the civilian opposite; for he himself undoubtedly is of the regular army—a well-trained, well-looking non-commissioned officer.

'Queer set of chaps, them,' pursues the farmer, evidently desiring, though with a vague awe, to be conversational.

'Um!' repeats the soldier. 'Took a lot of 'em down to Southampton myself last week.' He speaks in the tone with which our agricultural friend might speak of a drove of his bullocks; and then drawing his cloak round him, relapses into dignified silence. Was *he* ever a recruit, I wonder?

But now the bell rings, and our train stirs a little; in a minute, we shall be off. I hear a sudden lull in the song—a total silence—and then a weak, very weak, and uncertain 'Hurrah!'

We are moving. It is probably, nay of a certainty, the last look that some of us travellers will ever take of great old London, with its busy bright terminus, its murky, multitudinous labyrinth of streets, which we behold in a curious, still yet ever-varying, panorama moving below us as we fly on past Vauxhall.

I wonder whether any one of those fellows—their cheer having died lingeringly, they are tolerably quiet now—has put out his head out of the window, and thought—as the dullest and wickedest young scamp must think at times—of some little pleasant fragment of the past? Has any one inly speculated in his rude way about the chance of 'never coming back no more?'

Doubtless, no! For we all are apt to see only at our neighbour's shoulder the fate which stands invisibly behind our own; and it is only rare minds, under rare circumstances, that are haunted by the then strongly impressed dread which is, in fact, the unrecognised truth of all life. We forget that every minute is a 'no more.'

'Have an orange, miss? Real nice! Do now.'

No, my benevolent farmer-neighbour; no, thank you. You were little aware on what a thread of fine-drawn sentiment and philosophy you were breaking—as little aware, my honest friend, that your quiet fellow-passenger, whom you evidently took for some respectable person, probably a dress-maker, going to see her friends in the country, would ever put you down in an article. *You* are not particularly interesting; I have travelled with the like of you by dozens. I know your plump, well-outlined apple-like profile perfectly—a thoroughly honest English profile—rosy and good-humoured in youth, gradually descending to the rubicund and jolly in old age. I have no doubt that your name is John Smith, or Thomas Brown, or some other thoroughly English name; that your antecedents, Smith or Brown, have been grown for generations at and about the country town whither you kindly ask if I am going? I admit your own personality as having unquestionably been for the last ten years the beau, par excellence, of all the shop-keeping beauty in the said town, until you shocked its feelings by bringing home, from some rival town, or perhaps from London even, a Mrs Smith or Mrs Brown; after which you subsided into the sage proprieties of middle age. Yet you are conscious that you are a very good-looking fellow still—agreeable too—and that I cannot but feel honoured by your polite and benevolent attentions in the matter of the orange, and the query as to my destination. Certainly, my friend, you mean well, and I am naturally open to kindness. But, I repeat, you are not interesting. I have no great wish for your conversation; I prefer watching our opposite fellow-traveller, the soldier in the next compartment.

Is he conning over that great sad mystery—'no more?' Is he bound for the Crimea, I wonder? Has he any friends left behind in town, that he presses his moustached physiognomy so close to the window, and rubs the pane clear from mist, and gazes back, with a gaze very sad and serious for a handsome young red-coat, upon that huge, fog-overhung London, whose intersected lines of lights are becoming fainter, dwindling into lamps here and there, with black hazy patches between, brick-fields, and commons, and hedged-meadows, as we sweep on into the regular country.

That curious earnest look interests me, even in a soldier. Some minutes after, he accepts from my quondam friend the revision of *Punch*, and removes close under the carriage-lamp to investigate it—quite in his line, for the sketch is that admirable one of the Crimean navvy, digging Lord Raglan out of the mud, with the motto, 'Spades are trumph!'—I take the favourable opportunity of investigating him.

Certainly there is a great deal of downright beauty sown broad-cast about the world. That head would make a first-rate study. Of the aquiline type, brown-skinned, dark eyed, with a capacious brow and a well-cut mouth and chin—delicate, yet extremely characteristic, close, and firm. The sort of head which convinced you that in whatever station its owner was born, his present one was a step or two above it, since he was of that quality which was sure to rise. Now I understand the reason of the stripes on his sleeve, and his being intrusted to 'take a lot o' them to Southampton.' I have no doubt, young as he was—certainly under thirty—that fellow could have commanded a regiment, and himself likewise.

He smiles in a grave patronising way over *Punch's* jocularities on his profession, and returns the paper.

'Sharp doings out there,' remarks its owner.

'Rather!' with a twist of the moustache, indicating sublime indifference either to the subject or to the ignorant interlocutor.

'Going to the Crimea?'

'Our regiment 's ordered out in the spring.'

So my little fabric of sentiment falls to the ground; that thoughtful look was not a good-bye.

'Ever been on foreign service?

'Eleven years.'

'Where?'

'Malta—Canada—West Indies—Calcutta.'

He runs over the names as carelessly as an omnibus-cad ejaculates: 'Bank—Ox'd St—Totten' Co't-road.' The civilian draws back awed, and the next question is put with a certain wondering deference.

'Been long returned?'

'Nine weeks.'

And our military friend, pulling his foraging-cap over his brow, throws himself back in his corner, with a plainly apparent air of 'What-do-you-know-about-these-sort-of things?' But the other meekly and reverentially persisting in his civilities, he at last condescends to shew that even a son of Mars approves of oranges, and to respond briefly to a few remarks on the war in the Crimea.

'Will it last, do you think?'

'Maybe; but most likely the best of it will be over by the time we get there.'

'How do you feel about going out?'—in a slight hesitation, as if the worthy questioner had an uncomfortable consciousness of how *he* should feel under the circumstances.

'Me! Shouldn't mind if it were to-morrow.' And with a little snort—too entirely indifferent to be even contemptuous—he settles himself once more, shutting his eyes, and turning away from the lamplight, which sparkles merrily on his trim regimentals, and makes quite starry the metal ornament on his belt, the 'bursting ball.' As the head lies back, the face as quiet as that of a child in the cradle, I cannot help watching it, and speculating on the life of its owner—his wild wandering life 'from Indus to the pole,' and what his coming home was like after those eleven years—whether he had any home to come to—any mother to trace in those set, bronzed features, her lad who must have been a mere stripling when he went away. He was then a recruit, as raw, perhaps, as some of those in the carriage hard by.

Looking at the firm, grave head, and truly gentleman-like bearing of this young man, who must have begun life in the ranks, I fell into a reverie concerning the influence of character on circumstances—circumstances on character—and where was the just division of results attributable to both. 'A man's a man for a' that!'—undeniable fact. But, then, 'Every man is as God made him.' How far he himself, of his own freewill, can remodel or degrade the original article, is a problem that, I suspect, never will be decided on this side of the great solution—as we hope—of all life's mysteries.

At present, it is sufficient to read, as I gladly do in the countenance of this man, only a step above the grade of a common soldier, confirmation of my favourite truth—that, granted certain conditions, which few are altogether deficient in, a man's career lies apparently in his own hands, and he is exactly what he chooses to be.

A pause at a station, and our sergeant—I believe he is such, though I cannot vouch for it, being quite unlearned in military lore—opens his eyes. He has not been asleep; for I have noticed him do the same several times, and look with a lazy yet earnest stare up to the carriage-roof. Query, where were his thoughts roaming?—to Malta, or Canada, or Calcutta, or the West Indies? Sweeping over the eleven years abroad, or converging into that small point—the nine weeks he has been at home? Anyhow, he must have enough materials for meditation, Heaven knows! and I trust, judging by the air of goodness, steadfastness, and even woman-like sweetness when he smiles, that he need not be in any great dread of Heaven's knowing: at least, let us hope not. Let us hope that, serious, even sad, as he was looking just now, within these nine weeks there has been an old mother's hand on his brown curls, inflicting no conscience-sting, lest she should find out how much wickeder was the man that came home than her lad that went away.

'Aw—what carriage is this? I've lost my carriage—aw'——

And pushed in by the guard, for the train is moving, enters a stray from elsewhere, a very newly-fledged youngling—of the upper classes, decidedly, as he takes care immediately to inform us.

'Aw—is this a second-class carriage? I never was in a second-class carriage before. Aw'—scanning with his eye-glass the two compartments, and turning up his nose at the bare seats, which *might* be newly painted certainly without ruining the company—'aw, deuced uncomfortable!'

He speaks with that drawl which, I have heard, is 'ton' in the first circles, at least in a segment of them; and manifests a good deal of indifference to the letter *r*. He is small, has a young face, weak in outline, light complexion, and light hair. He might pass for an Eton lad home for the holidays, only he wears a magnificent ring, and keeps perpetually stroking his upper lip, as if to assure himself that no accident has happened to the indefinite hirsute appendage there. Finally, discovering that he is locked in, and must perforce make acquaintance with a second-class carriage, he tries to settle himself, noisily enough—throwing his cloak about, and talking very loud to us in general. We are silent; but the soldier, under cover of his handsome moustache, indulges in an amused smile; and a little news-boy, who has crept into the carriage with his bundle, eyes with considerable respect the pompous boy-man opposite.

'Aw—got a *Times*, my lad? No! Must have a *Times*—very important that I should have the latest intelligence. Could I get a *Times* at ——?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What have you here? Aw—deuced provoking,' taking and glancing over and crumpling more than one paper, which, however, he returns without paying for. 'I always prefer the *Times*. Any news from East to-night?' generally addressed to everybody.

'Can't say—rather fancy not,' gruffly answers the sergeant, who sits directly opposite to him, and on whom his eye travels.

'Oh, I see—what regiment?'

A glance, indicating strongly 'What business is that of yours?' then a monosyllabic reply.

'The —th; not a bad regiment either. Going on foreign service?'

'No,' gruffer than ever.

'Of course not; I forgot. It's the —th and the —th that are ordered to the Crimea. I'm off myself there to-morrow night.'

This annihilating information was given with hands in pockets and chin in air, in an assumption of indifference.

The soldier answered with a military salute, and due military respect: 'Indeed, sir.'

'Yes,' said the boy-officer, condescendingly leaning over to converse with the non-commissioned. 'I received my orders yesterday. I'm going home for to-night, and to-morrow I sail. Quick work, as Lord C—— said to me at the Horse Guards this morning. But the army must be supplied; the case is urgent, you know; we are very much wanted out there.'

'Ay, sir,' with a most creditable gravity.

'By the by,' evidently desirous of a talk, to shew how thoroughly 'up' he was in professional matters, 'how many do you think they are recruiting per day at the Horse Guards? One thousand! Incredible! as I said to Lord C——, when we were driving to-day to the army-agent's: the thing is impossible, I don't believe it.'

'Nor I, sir,' with a quiet smile; 'and I'm a recruiting-officer myself, stationed at ——' (a town not far off).

'Curious! Yet I've never seen you about my father's place; but you may have seen me—doubtless you have seen me—and I've often gone about in recruiting-parties, with my gun on my shoulder, and my dogs, pretending to be out shooting—ha! ha! I like recruiting very much myself; it's capital fun. These poachers and the like, how many of them do you beat up in a week? But a thousand a day! Aw, I assured Lord C——, from my own experience, that the thing was impossible.'

'I think so too, sir.'

A lull, in which the lad—what a mere lad he was!—

held out a snuff-box graciously, 'Take a pinch;' and began once more in loquacious excitement.

'Your regiment got the new clothing yet? Mine has not; we shan't get it till spring; very inconvenient. Now'—again leaning elbow on knee, in ardent and earnest consultation—'what *do* you think about cross-belts and waist-belts? As I said at the Horse Guards, I myself am all in favour of the cross-belt. It looks far the best.'

'It does, sir; but then you see'—and the other began to explain a few facts on the part of the common soldier and his accoutrements, which I was not learned enough thoroughly to comprehend; but I could not help admiring the intelligent, respectful way in which he brought his practical information to bear on the voluble ignorance of his superior—the sound, sensible argument of 'So I've heard, sir, from them that wears it;' the quiet patience of 'You see, sir, it's us soldiers who know—these sort of things don't reach to head-quarters.'

But these sort of things were almost wholly the letter of military etiquette; the cross-belt question seemed of far more importance to the juvenile warrior than any other, with one momentous exception.

'There is a point, however, in which I quite agree with those at head-quarters, and am very glad it has been settled before I received my orders—the question of beards. They ought to be allowed—don't you think so? Shaving is such a monstrous inconvenience.'

'Yes, sir,' in a rather smothered, but still duly respectful voice, as the recruiting-officer put his hand over his own handsome mouth so well garnished, and abstained from even a look which might hint how very little inconvenience any anti-beard regulations would apparently have caused to the officer opposite. Not so the civilian beside me; who, at first impressed into attention by John Bull's instinctive respect for the first-class passengers of life, had afterwards, with John Bull's equally instinctive penetration of shams, listened, broadly grinning, and at this last speech broke out in a regular explosion.

Luckily, it was harmless. We had reached a station, and our youthful friend, once more eagerly impressing upon us that he had never been in a second-class carriage before, made a precipitate exit from ours.

'He—he—ho! I wonder how much a year it costs *him* in shaving-soap! Pretty fellow he is to fight the Russians! Is that the stuff your officers are made of, my friend?' The recruiting-sergeant, who had been indulging in a few quiet smiles, now resumed an air of regimental dignity.

'Many a good officer has been made out of worse. He'll improve; he is but a lad.'

'He seems merry enough at the prospect of going to get shot in the Crimea,' I could not help observing. 'It will be a rather different thing for his mother, if he has one, when he gets home to-night.'

My friend the farmer looked rather surprised that his friend the supposed dress-maker should make any remark at all. He ceased his loud laughter; possibly he himself had a little lad at home whom he would rather have beating a baby-drum, or see strut about petticoated shouldering a sham-musket, than be sending off to-night to the Crimea. He listened very patiently while I gave him, woman-like, a piece of my mind—the other side of the subject, which touches nearest the women and mothers at home. For empty as the lad was, now he was gone, and his prattle had ceased, my mind involuntarily drew a vivid picture of the home waiting him to-night for the last night. His father's place, soon to be swept away from him, with all its luxuries—its dogs and horses, and preserves and game-keepers—its hunting and fishing and driving—perhaps, too, the slight adjunct of 'the old governor,' who had paid scores of needless bills, 'like a trump;' and of 'mamma, who is always fidgeting after a fellow so!' All gone—this gay country-squire life, full of tangible sensuous enjoyments—the only life the lad had probably ever known, or wished to know—and in its stead, hardship, weariness, disease, and pain; death threatening on all sides —in the fight, in the camp, in the trenches, in the dreary desolation of Scutari; every possible form of human misery by which man's physical and moral strength is tried. And what strength can this poor lad bring to meet them?—Nothing!

'Ma'am,' said my fellow-passenger seriously, apparently rather shaken in his dress-maker theory, and a good deal surprised that a woman unsusceptible to polite attentions should enter into any deeper subject, or, indeed, converse at all—'ma'am, these things are very true, and very unfortunate; but how can we mend 'em? Should you like to go out after the fashion of Miss Nightingale?'

'I think Miss Nightingale is likely to do more for our poor soldiers than all the Privy-council put together.'

'But 'tisn't a woman's business.'

'Anything is a woman's business which she feels herself impelled to do, and which, without losing her self-respect, she feels capable of doing.'

'Do you feel yourself capable of doing as Miss Nightingale? Would you like to be a nurse at Scutari?'

A second time I eluded this *argumentum ad feminam.* 'There are probably very few women who would choose such a life, still fewer who are capable of fulfilling it; but when the two are combined, I see no reason on earth why any woman, high and low, should not undertake the duty, and be reverenced for doing it.'

'Certainly, ma'am, certainly,' pulling up his coat-collar, and composing himself to a snooze. I had wasted my warmth on too thick-skinned an animal. John Bull feels chiefly through his daily newspapers. My agrarian friend, within a dozen miles of a snug tea and Mrs John B——, had not a very keen sensibility for either suffering or heroism.

For the recruiting-officer, who, in the next compartment, had probably caught our conversation very fragmentarily—he only now and then looked round on us civilians out of the corners of his eyes, in a kind of mildly superior air. 'My good people, you are talking of things you know nothing at all about.'

We do not! Heaven help us! That is and has been the great misery of this war, that we at home—at least two-thirds of us—do know nothing at all about it. We cannot take it in; and because we cannot, we are almost powerless against its miseries. What can I know? I, a comfortable Englishwoman, travelling thus in peace and pleasure; or you, jolly Englishman, going cosily home to smoke your pipe over the fire, and tell your wife of this little railway incident, adding, perhaps, as you added but now (with a glance at my black frock, as if there to read the secret of my interest in Scutari), 'Rather bad for folk who have relations out there.' Good Heaven! my honest friend, what can we know of even those things that have reached us within the last two hours? Can we follow those wretched boy-recruits, who will have weeks on weeks of incessant toil and torment to be made into decent soldiers, and then shipped off like cattle, to be hunted down by Cossack lancers, or die in herds by the roadside, and in the trenches, and among the Crimean snows? Can we picture the future of that young lad we laughed at, or how his mother or sister, or some fond fool that cares for him—simpleton as he is—will sit at home these many months to come, and picture it too? Or, that fine handsome fellow who lounges opposite under the lamplight, who is ordered out next spring, and who, with that quiet brave indifference, 'wouldn't mind if it was to-morrow,' is evidently ready at all risks, and under all circumstances, to do his duty, and to call the highest heroism simple 'duty'—nothing more? Now, can you and I, my cheery stay-at-home friend, imagine him lying in the cold, with his stalwart limbs shot off, and his bold brown face stark and white; or huddled under a flapping tent, with the snow beating in on his helplessness; or languishing weeks and months on an hospital-bed, and rising only—if he ever does rise—an invalid for life?

No, my good friend, we cannot realise these things; we can only, when needed, put our hand in our pocket, as I daresay you would to the utmost of your honest capability, and try to abate any suffering we know. Above all, to help on, each by his atom of power—making in the aggregate that power which rules the universe, Love—that time when the 'nations shall not make war any more.'

So good-bye, my jolly agriculturist; may you give your ploughmen wages enough to keep body and soul together, so that they need not take to poaching first, and to the ale-house and 'listing' afterwards. And good-bye, my steady recruiting-officer; would that, for your sake, our army were so nobly democratic, that every private had it in his own power to become a general: your good, handsome face will often stop me in future Philippics against soldiers.

Good-bye, for I descend at this little country station, and am ready to vanish into the dark; and ere the train glides off, like a long, sinuous black serpent, with three eyes in its tail, I hear the little news-boy running from carriage to carriage, with his fan of papers extended, shouting out in his small voice:

'To-day's *Herald*—second 'dition! Last news o' the war!'

The war—the war! And I am driving down peaceful country lanes, between feathery, white-foliaged trees, and deep silent snow-drifts, shone on by moonlight and stars!

AN AFTERNOON AMONG THE TENANTS OF THE DEEP.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

> For seas have,
> As well as earth, vines, roses, nettles, melons,
> Mushrooms, pinks, gillyflowers, and many millions
> Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these,
> As very fishes living in the seas.—DU BARTAS.

A MORNING of heat and bustle—of transit on foot or in carriages, over dusty roads, and through crowded streets—of pressure of business, and perplexity of thought—had left me over wearied, and in no mood to care for sight-seeing; but in London there is no rest for the casual visitor, whatever there may be for the resident. There are things to be seen and heard, which it would be an infringement of all the laws of custom and etiquette—a contradiction of all the opinions which your friends have formed of you—to return into the country without having heard and seen; and, therefore, although the poor overwearied frame may utterly rebel against any more work, and the overwearied mind plead hard to be allowed quietly to rest from excitement, there is no appeal—go you must to see one or other of the sights which await you.

Such was my fate but lately; and submissive to the plan I had sketched for myself before entering on a short London campaign, one afternoon I set out. Now, whether it was that I slept, and dreamed; or that imagination played tricks with me, and placed me where, when I have watched the crested waves break into myriads of sparkling drops over the rocks on my own beautiful sea-shore, I have often longed to be—I mean amidst the wonders at the bottom of the sea; or whether what I saw was real, I will leave my readers to decide; but, whatever it was, 'it was a vision of delight' I witnessed on that afternoon, and one that will not speedily be effaced from my memory.

I found myself in a crystal saloon, ornamented with flowers of the richest dye. There were lovely white many-petaled blossoms, like those of the night-blowing cereus, growing, as it were, out of the solid rocks; there were rich scarlet and pink, and purple and green anemones, and brilliant coloured mesembryanthemums—their petals all thrown open as we see them in our earthly flower-beds, when the rays of the sun have wooed and won them, and they spread out their beauties to greet his cherishing beams; there were orange-coloured, and white, and crimson carnations; and beautiful blossoms of other kinds, green and violet tinted, and rose, and white, and scarlet, exquisitely lovely; but, marvellous to relate, these glowing blossoms were not, as the flowers of earth, *motionless* until stirred by the influences of surrounding zephyrs, or bent down by the weight of some bee or butterfly; they had all *voluntary motion*, and their beautiful anthers and petals—or what appeared to be such—were continually thrown forward or withdrawn, and waving about with the most graceful and easy motion, now clustering in mazy convolutions, then suddenly drawn into their calyxes, and lost altogether to sight. The flowers were *alive!* They were not arranged in vases, neither did they grow in the earth, but the pure limpid *water* was their element, and in it they expanded their flexible petals, and moved from place to place at will.

Mixed with these living blossoms, were long floating branches of sea-weeds, amidst which sported numbers of living creatures, of which we must speak individually hereafter; and surrounding these on all sides were beautiful fish, of every variety of form and colouring—some feeding, others sleeping, and others in lively motion; now darting to the surface of the translucent element, now hovering as if suspended in mid waters, and then again diving to the bottom, and concealing themselves amidst the weeds and rocks, or joining some group of finny companions, and entering into a sportive gambol with them in the bright element in which they lived.

Entranced with delight, I took a seat and gave myself up to the study of the beautiful specimens of animate nature that surrounded me, all of which were made manifest by a clear, steady, and pure light, which poured in through every part of the transparent dwelling, and enlivened the not less transparent waters in which these beautiful creatures moved. It was a scene such as we may fancy greeted the eyes of Queen Gulnare, when, hand in hand with her green-whiskered brother King Saleh, she descended into the deep to pay a visit to his submarine dominions. But the light of which I have spoken was not such as we should find in the depths of the ocean, for there only the faintest glimmer of the sun's rays can ever penetrate, and the exquisite hues which adorn marine-plants are not derived from his beams, but owe their glorious tinting to some law of nature with which we are as yet unacquainted. That I was not at the bottom of the sea, was therefore evident; and probably my readers will long since have perceived that I *was* in the Zoophyte House of the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park; and therefore dropping all 'quaint disguises,' I will proceed to tell a little of what I saw there.

Those who are familiar with the most interesting exhibition of aquatic-life, will not object to a few details concerning the names, habits, &c., of those creatures which they have seen and watched; and those who have never had the very great pleasure of observing the movements of the denizens of the water when in their own element, cannot fail to be interested by an account of this remarkable place, and of some of the things it contains, which I will therefore proceed to give.

The Zoophyte House is formed entirely of that thick semi-transparent kind of glass that has of late years been used for such purposes, and which prevents the entrance of the unbroken rays of the sun. It is further shaded from the glare by calico rolling-blinds at the top. The inside of this house, which is apparently about from 50 to 55 feet long, by 40 wide, is entirely surrounded by tanks made of plate-glass; and down the middle of its area is also a row of these cases, rather smaller than those at the sides—the larger being about 6 feet long by 3 deep, and about 2½ feet in width; the smaller not more than about two-thirds that size. There are eight of the huge tanks fronting you as you enter the door; and three on each side of the doorway, each end of the house being filled by a single larger tank. These end-tanks contain but little water, and each has a compartment covered with dry sand at the side. In these end divisions are turtles of various kinds, and other semi-aquatic animals; and some small specimens of the crocodile tribe, which were at the time I was there lying dormant on the sand. The turtles, &c., were working their way about between the stones and rocks, and appearing very comfortable; but to them I did not pay especial attention, other objects proving more attractive.

The cases on either side of the door are full of river-water. The bottom of the tanks resembles as closely as possible the bed of a river: long sedges and water-weeds grow luxuriantly in the ooze and mud, with here and there a stone, and on their long and pliant leaves creep about fresh-water shell-fish, looking as much at their ease in the water as ever a snail could be when devouring the best roses in your garden—curious creatures, with their slug-like heads and tails protruded from their shells, and their singular projecting eyes. In these fresh-water reservoirs sport multitudes of river-fish. One case contains carp and tench, their full richly-coloured bodies moving heavily about among the weeds; another, affords you a sight of tribes of merry little dace and gudgeon, and other such attractions to boy-fishermen. One was swarming with elegant little silvery fish, so white that they might be taken for whiting, but that their length did not exceed two or three inches; these I found were minnows, unlike any minnows I had ever seen, but I was told they came from the river Colne; whilst another tank was pointed out to me, in which were hundreds of the darker kind, to which I had been accustomed, and these it appeared had been born and educated in the Thames. Both species were exceedingly elegant and pretty, and their movements as they darted about in the water most graceful; the colouring, too, of both was beautiful, but the most beautiful and most varied were the Thames fish.

Of the long row of cases which occupied the side opposite the door, some were the abode of the larger zoophytes, and the rest of marine-fish; whilst the whole of the range of smaller cases in the centre were full of various zoophytes, mollusks, crustacea, &c.

The marine-cases are fitted up so as to be as much as possible like the parts of the sea in which the animals they contain are chiefly found; and thus each kind is, as nearly as it can be, in its natural position, and able to follow its natural habits. Great pieces of rock, with different kinds of fuci, ulvæ, and other algæ growing on them, are irregularly placed in some of the cases, with a point or two jutting above the surface of the water, whilst in others they lie low, quite at the bottom; and in others, again, loose gravelly pebbles, such as are found in sea-side pools, form the groundwork of the tank. In all, however, are living and growing sea-weeds; and owing to this intermixture of animal and vegetable life, the water did not require to be changed oftener than at intervals of from three to six months. It is brought from the sea or river in casks; the old drawn off with a siphon, and the fresh substituted.

In one of the marine-cases were some most lovely little fish of a brilliant green, with a single spot of black on each side of the tail, the name of which I did not hear, but they were foreign. There was another species, spotted and mottled, of black and gold colours, varying in every position according as the light fell on them, their markings almost like those of a leopard; and a third kind, aldermanic in its build, so corpulent was it, with a most odd and cynical countenance, quite out of character with its comfortable proportions and splendid attire of gold and purple scale-armour. Amongst these splendid foreigners, skirmished about tribes of wonderful little fish, with long-pointed noses like snipes' bills, very long thin bodies, and tapering tails, each furnished with a most remarkable tassel at the end, which waved hither and thither in the water. These were sea-sticklebacks, or, as they are called in some localities, 'sea-snipes.' I conceived them to be *Syngnathus acus*—the larger pipe-fish, a species found on many parts of the coast at low-water, and amongst sea-weeds. Fish of this genus are very singular in appearance, and possess some remarkable characteristics. The long snipe-like bill is formed by the prolongation of both jaws, which are united into a tube; the male fish has an elongated pouch under the tail, closed by two folding membranes; this is supposed to serve as shelter for the young ones, to which they retreat in time of danger. Yarrell, in his account of British fish, says: 'I have been assured by fishermen, that if the young were shaken out of the pouch into the water over the side of the boat, they did not swim away; but when the parent fish was held in the water in a favourable position, the young would again enter the pouch.' It has been observed that the spawn is deposited in this pouch, and there hatched, which accounts for the singular fact of the young being found associated with the parent fish, and not, as is usual with most species, hatched amidst the weeds, and left to shift for themselves.

But although all these scaly creatures were most attractive and beautiful, those which most fascinated me were the *flat*-fish—soles, flounders, and dabs. I had seen fish of other forms in glass-globes, and at one time kept a host of minnows in a large stone horse-trough, to which the farm-horses were brought, a dozen at a time, to drink. Here I used to peep and watch my minnows until, to my no small dismay, they all disappeared; and I found that the whole party had been sucked down into the capacious maws of the great animals, with as little consciousness on the part of the drinkers as we have when we swallow a host of animalcula in one draught of water. I thus had opportunity of observing the motions of ordinary cylindrical fish, of seeing the beautiful motion of their respiratory organs, the alternate raising and depressing of the gill-flaps, and the elegant fringed arches of the gills themselves, as the currents of water which are taken in by the mouth rush through them, and wave their delicate fibrils with incessant movement; and also to observe the singular ever-open eyes—for the eyes of fish have no lids—and the flexile movements of the fins and tail; but the motions of flat-fish I never before had seen, and I could willingly have watched these for hours.

Flat-fish, such as the sole (*Solea vulgaris*), the flounder (*Platessa flesus*), the dab (*Platessa limanda*), the turbot (*Rhombus maximus*), are so different in their structure and habits from other fish that they require some special notice; for they look, when fried in egg and bread-crumb, or even when laid on the fishmonger's stall, quite unlike themselves when moving about in their own peculiar haunts amidst the waters.

Flat-fish are especially adapted for inhabiting low places; they lurk chiefly amongst the sand and mud at the bottom of the water; and are more usually brought up by the drag than by other means.

Fish, in general, are furnished with air-bladders, with which they buoy themselves up, and are sustained for a long time amidst the upper waters; but the flat-fish have no such appendages, nor do they need them, for their allotted place is among the loose soil of the muddy or sandy shore. All fish of the *Pleuronectidæ*, or Flat-fish family, have both eyes on the right side of the head, one above the other, and often unequal in size. The mouth is most grotesquely formed, differing in different species, generally obliquely placed, and larger on the left than on the right side; and another peculiarity is, that the right side is coloured and the left white. The fish always swims with its dark side upwards, and lies amidst the sand in the same position. The singular waving motion of the bodies of these flat-fish is very beautiful, and quite unlike the movement of cylindrical fish; and the very odd effect of their one-sided faces, as they glance at you in return for your gaze at them, would almost lead you to think that they were amused by your curious looks, and were making you the subject of a jest to some companion.

But, now leaving the fish, let us proceed to examine the contents of the other tanks. In these we find congregated a most interesting variety of marine-animals, of different orders and families, amongst which some species of the crustacea especially attracted my notice. One individual of these particularly delighted me. Its armour, which covered the whole body, was formed on the tail in rings, which overlapped each other as the creature moved, and were united by a strong flexible membrane, each plate of the shell being fringed with fine cilia. Its back was covered with a shield, composed of one solid piece of shell, and its legs covered with jointed tubes of the same material; two of these legs were much longer than the rest, and furnished with strong nippers. This strange creature had four long and flexible feelers by its mouth, and its eyes projected on long stalks, and turned in every direction.

'Look,' said my companion, 'it has a tail like a peacock;' and so it certainly had, the plates of shell which formed it lapping over each other, and expanding or closing, as it moved, and each being beautifully fringed at the margin, with hair-like processes. Its colour was a most brilliant cerulean blue, of metallic lustre; its eyes bright scarlet; and round its mouth were cilia, which were constantly playing, and kept up a continual vortex in the water. This strange animal I saw perform some curious antics, but with what object I could not ascertain. It had evidently been some time so employed when I first observed it, and seemed very earnest in its work. It was lying at the bottom of the tank amongst the loose pebbles, which it was busily scraping up with its longest claws; it first took some five or six of these up in its claws, as a man might gather hay in his arms, then pushed itself forward by the motion of its ringed tail to the top of a hillock of stones which lay before it, and which it had apparently constructed before I discovered it, and there deposited its load. It then pushed itself back by a retrograde movement of the tail, gathered another armful of pebbles, and again mounting the heap, placed them on the top, and returned to gather more. This operation it repeated over and over again, with as much steadiness and as business-like an air as if it had been a rational being, until it had cleared the whole of the ground of that part of the tank on which it lay for a space of five or six inches round, and not one single pebble remained. This remarkable creature was the common lobster; its colour was so much more brilliant and beautiful than when seen out of the water, that I could scarcely recognise it. There were some crabs of singular hue also in the cases, 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue'—the strangest-looking creatures, with wonderfully odd countenances. One, in particular, I saw suddenly lift up a mass of sea-weed, under which it appeared to have been sleeping, and present me with a view of its great scarlet eyes and vigorously active claws, its cilia playing with intense velocity, and the excited water circling round its mouth—a perfect picture of marine youth and vigour. I observed one of the lobsters coated over with a full growth of small confervæ, and other sea-weeds, so that he looked as if he had slipped on a fancy-jacket of a dark olive-green.

Whilst speaking of the lobster, I must not omit to notice another little crustaceous animal, somewhat allied to it in form and motion—I mean the common shrimp (*Crangon vulgaris*), of which a large number were swimming about in several of the tanks. The shrimp is a remarkably active little creature, and these were continually projecting themselves to the surface of the water, swimming backwards and forwards with equal speed and elegance by means of the little false feet, as they are called, which are placed on each point of the tail, and in all crustacea of this formation—such as lobsters, prawns, &c.—take the place of fins in fish, and are employed to propel them through the waters, and by the females to fix the spawn on. The shrimp is of a pale flesh colour, and its shell semi-transparent, so as to exhibit when in the water the motion of its internal juices and of the viscera. They are placed in numbers in these aquariums as food for the sea-anemones, and I saw one caught by a single tentacle of a large actinea, and nearly drawn into its devouring reach; but the poor little creature, evidently aware of its danger, gave a most vigorous spring, and succeeded in freeing itself from its enemy.

JACK FROST AT OUR TERRACE.

We must confess to a friendly feeling for Jack Frost as an old acquaintance, who in times past has contributed not a little to those bracing exercises out-of-doors which are worth all the doctor's stuff in the world in a sanitary point of view. Jack, moreover, is a picturesque fellow, dealing in strong contrasts of colour, depths of rich brown and black beneath mountainous mantles of white—and in odd and grotesque shapes, as well as forms rare and fanciful—in involuted snow-drifts, curling like the capital of an Ionic column, in gigantic icicles ranged in jagged rows like the teeth of some preadamite monster, or sharp, glittering, and terrible as the sword of Michael. These doings of Jack's, we say, are picturesque and suggestive; they set the imagination scampering off on a new track, occasionally breaking up a little fallow-ground in a man's fancy, and awakening old associations or creating new, which one would not like to be without altogether. Wherefore we welcome Jack Frost as a friend; and when he comes writing his beautiful and flourishing signature on our window-panes, we shew him a cheerful face on the warm side of the glass, and wish him a merry time of it.

But a man may have too much of a good thing; and the best friend in the world may become a bore, if he is always at your elbow—and on this account we would take the liberty of suggesting to our friend Old Jack Frost, that it would be quite as well if he would content himself with his own side of the street-door, and not be playing the burglar as he has done of late, and turning things upside down, besides perpetrating all manner of mischief in our peculiar domiciles. The fellow came in unceremoniously 'last Wednesday was a week,' as Boniface says, and took possession like a broker's man; and here he stays, and won't be got rid of, do what we will. Betty, having a presentiment of his intention, did all she could to keep him out, by cramming the vents of the attic stoves, and shutting the windows tight, not to mention the lighting of rousing fires on every floor. But Jack found his way in somehow, and has had his own way ever since. The first thing he did, was to crack the water-bottles by the expansion of their contents; then he glewed the ewers to the basins, so that they couldn't be got apart; then he transformed our private and particular sponge into a piece of pumice-stone; changed the tooth-brush into a lump of something as hard as the kitchen-poker, but of a colder flavour; and starched the towels to such a state of dignity, that each one thought fit to declare himself independent of the towel-horse, and would ride a pick-a-back no longer, but stand stubbornly on end. These exploits, however, were but trifles compared with what was to follow. Notwithstanding that we have regularly paid our water-rates, and have all our receipts on the file ready to produce at any time, Jack had the impudence to treat us as defaulters, and to manifest an intention to cut off the water. Betty, who had suspected his design, made up her mind to defeat it. With this view, she commenced a course of friendly overtures and good offices to the pipe, which, running through the kitchen, pierces the wall, and disembogues into the cistern in the back-garden. Never was pipe the object of more tender care or solicitous coddling—a part she swathed in warm flannels, a part she bandaged surgically with hay-bands, and another portion she boxed off with boards, filling the interstices with sifted coal-ashes. After all this skilful engineering, Betty grew defiant against Jack; and we must say that for her, certainly kept her kettle boiling without the help of foreign resources for days after our neighbours were frozen up. But, alas for the triumphs of the beau sexe! The first thing we heard on coming down to breakfast on Tuesday morning last was, that that pipe had frozen and burst in the night, and that all the water in the house would have to be dipped out through ice three inches thick, from the half-empty cistern. There was no help for it; and we had to submit, especially as the plumber, upon being called in, declined operations till the thermometer should rise above the freezing-point. At the moment we write, the whole capillary system of the New River Company is suffering from congestion, and the arterial circulation of that leviathan body is represented by a few perpendicular plugs stuck up in odd corners and out-of-the-way places. Upon these extemporised fountains, Our Terrace, and the whole parish, for that matter, are thrown for their indispensable supply of water. The capture of a pailful of the precious liquid is no easy matter. The plug being besieged all day long by tubs, buckets, pails, pans, and garden-pots, in the possession of every description of bare red-elbowed matron, sewing-maid, small girl, and errand-boy, is not readily approachable, particularly as it is surrounded by a slippery glacier a foot or more in thickness, caused by the spillings and overflowings. There is a continual quarrelling for priority; and though the law of 'first come, first served,' is recognised in theory, it is not amicably carried out in practice—the strong supplant the weak, and the sure-footed upset the timid; and it is at the water-plug as it is all the world over, that the feeble go to the wall, and the strong-willed have their way. Now and then comes the sound of a splash, followed by a roar of laughter, and perhaps a faint cry: this time it is a little girl lugging a water-pot with a spout as long as herself, which she has been waiting half an hour to get filled, and having upset it through falling, is limping off to beg a kettleful from a neighbour.

There is another plug at the other end of the Terrace, but that is in the possession of the water-hawkers, a race who, according to a law which ever operates in London, have sprung up to supply the necessities of the moment. Their voices, in every tone and key, are heard all the morning long, bawling as they march slowly along the pavement, 'Water—water! any water wanted?' They pull bells and bang at doors without ceremony, and will fetch you a yoke of water for twopence 'in your own pails.' They are pretty well employed in the forenoon, but disappear about one o'clock until to-morrow. They are the same race, in fact, the same individuals, who but a short time ago performed the part of 'snow-birds' in clearing away the snow from the doors and house-fronts—a duty which the law, as they are perfectly aware, will compel you to perform if you do not set about it spontaneously before ten o'clock or so—and which for a 'trifle of coppers' they are ready to perform for you.

The only man in the neighbourhood of Our Terrace who has fought victoriously with Jack Frost, and beaten him on his own ground, is the water-man of the cab-stand round the corner. But Old Tom Buckle seized Time by the forelock; and when he scented Jack a-coming, took the precaution to bury the fountain from which he fills his horse-tubs in a pyramid of stable manure five feet high and nearly as wide at its base. Into this pyramid Old Buckle has to make an excavation, to get at the tap for every bucketful he draws; but he gets the water he wants without buying, begging, or borrowing, and therein he differs from his neighbours the householders.

The peripatetic tradesmen appear to care less for Jack Frost than one might expect. Their sonorous cries penetrate further than usual through the clear atmosphere, and are intelligible to a greater distance. 'Live soles' and 'Live cod' keep alive longer in ice, and cook never questions their freshness when they come to hand frozen. Charley Coster continues to maintain as abundant a show of vegetables as though frosty weather were no bar to their production—though, notwithstanding his obstinate assertions to the contrary, it is our conviction that his potatoes at a penny a pound are *not* the better but the worse for being frostbitten, and eating sugary. The larder of the cats-meat man is frozen as stiff as a brick-wall, and Stalker just now has to crunch his daily ration as noisily as though it were so much overbaked biscuit, unless when Betty chances to get hold of it first, and, in mercy to his old teeth, thaws it for him.

Just now, the road in front of our dwellings is alive with stooping figures, and noisy with the click of pickaxes. Two or three dozen of poor fellows, who, having been frozen out of their employment in the fields or gardens, or on houses in process of building, have applied to the parish for relief, have been set by the overseers to cut channels in the ice next the kerb-stone, in readiness for the thaw when it shall come. They form, however, but a small proportion of the unfortunate crowd whom the severity of the season has driven to apply for parish relief. We find the door of the workhouse besieged by numbers, pass it at what hour we may; and we see in other places sufficient evidence of cruel personal sufferings borne by the industrious poor, who yet disdain the relief of alms. On the other hand, Jack Frost is welcomed by a numerous band of his special followers and admirers. There is Mr Brown, who goes a-skating in Regent's Park every day, and is seen coming home at dusk, dangling his steel blades and straps, and steaming after the exhilarating exercise like a locomotive. There is Robinson, who wasn't at church all day yesterday, but was seen starting from home at nine o'clock with a suspicious swelling hunch at his coat-tail, which looked more like a pair of pocketed skates than a prayer-book, and who didn't return till after dark. Then there is that Jones, who has rushed home at three o'clock every afternoon since the ice would bear, and started thence at a trot to Hornsey Wood House, where the lake is as smooth as a mirror, and kept select for subscribers, and where he stays cutting all manner of figures by lamplight, until it is time to come home to supper and to bed. It was but Friday afternoon last that, happening to walk over to take a look at the sport, we surprised him in the very act of giving lessons in skating to Miss G——, who, it was evident from the ease with which she swept an arc on one little foot, must have had a pretty liberal course of instruction before.

Betty summons us to the coal-cellar, and we go down, feeling alarmed at our consumption of the black diamonds, and wondering if it be possible that the liberal supply which came in at Christmas can shew symptoms of exhaustion. She brings a candle; and then we see a sight worth seeing—Jack Frost, among his other tricks, has converted the coal-cellar, which runs under the front-garden, into a crystal palace; the walls and ceiling are apparently incrusted beneath a massive frieze of silver—the old cobwebs are pendulous with frosted silver instead of dust—and spumy-looking cascades of frostwork exude from every fissure and crevice, reflecting the light of the candle at every angle. We have just taken our fill of this natural curiosity, when there comes a message from the landlord to say, that he hopes we shall be thoughtful enough to have the roof cleared of snow before the thaw comes, and perchance floods the upper rooms unawares. So we send Betty off to Mr Scriven, and he sends his man with a shovel to do the needful service. Stump, stump, he plods upstairs, and disappears through the trap-door. A minute after, his big voice is heard bawling out 'Be—low!' and down comes a succession of snowy avalanches, plump into the middle of the road, with a shock that rattles the parlour-windows as we sit by the fire watching the lumbering shower. This practice of snow-balling on a grand scale excites the combative organ of the doctor's boy opposite, who evidently itches to be returning the compliment to the man on the roof, but has no time for such experiments, having too many pills of a different description to distribute.

Which brings us to the notice of the melancholy fact, that this season of extreme cold is alarmingly sickly and trying to the invalid and the old. Cough-lozenges, delectables and jujubes, are not the only medicines now at a premium. Medical men are active night and day; and so, alas! are the coffin-makers and undertakers. The number of funeral processions that passed Our Terrace yesterday, amounted to nearly a score. The bills of mortality have risen as much as forty per cent. since Jack Frost housed himself in every dwelling; and many a sad heart, and many a weary head, are looking forward prayerfully for the arrival of the gentle south wind, which shall snap the iron chain that binds the world, and restore them to liberty and health.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

COLOUR.

It may easily be supposed, that the occupancy of a country by two distinct races of people—one white, and exercising dominion; and the other dark-coloured, and hereditarily subordinate—must give rise to many grotesque and painful incidents in the daily concerns of life. In England, we are accustomed to see an impoverished and abject class, who are, on the whole, about as much shunned socially as if they belonged to a different order of beings; but it happens that there is no actual barrier in nature, as there is none in law, against the rise of this unfortunate class. We all know how frequently and deservedly the children of the humblest parents attain to a high social position; and when such is the case, the fortunate individuals boast of their origin and early difficulties more frequently than they are invidiously reminded of them. Little or nothing is done by the state to help anybody on; but all may help themselves, if they please; and if they have the acuteness and the good-luck to overcome the impediments in their path, and are in other respects worthy of recognition, they are received with welcome, and are absorbed into the higher spheres. In the United States, owing to republican institutions, and the more general means of advancement, this absorbative process is fully more developed than in England—one of the late Presidents, for example, who was likewise one of the most estimable, having risen from the humble condition of a stable-boy. But in one respect there is a great difference between the British and American systems of absorption. In America, it is only the white section of the population who can entertain any hope of rising out of their original condition. The colour stamped by nature on the skins of about half a million of freemen and three and a half millions of slaves, is obstructive of all social progression. Whatever be the ability displayed by the descendants of these coloured persons, they are, according to present opinion, doomed to play for ever a subordinate and contemptible part in the great drama of life. Such a state of things, independently of raising grave considerations as regards the future, cannot but produce, in the meanwhile, many strange and painful anomalies. Among these, may be instanced the danger of free coloured people involuntarily lapsing into servitude, by merely crossing the border of a free, and intruding on the soil of a slave state. This hazard, doubtless, tends very much to fix the coloured population in a particular spot, and to render them suspicious of overtures of employment from strangers; for they may unwittingly be transported to one of the nearest slave states, and there sold like cattle. I propose to jot down a few cases in illustration.

In Maryland, a slave state, there was a law passed in 1839, to prohibit the ingress of free persons of colour, under the penalty of a heavy fine. The enactment is as follows:—'No free negro or mulatto, belonging to, or residing in any other state, is permitted to come into Maryland, whether such free negro or mulatto intends settling in this state or not, under the penalty of 20 dollars for the first offence.' For a second offence, the penalty is 500 dollars; and, failing the payment of such fines, the offender 'shall be committed to the jail of the county, and shall be sold by the sheriff at public sale to the highest bidder.'

Under this law, a free coloured person wandering inadvertently into Maryland in quest of employment, may be seized, and if poor and unable to pay the fine, sold after a few days' public notice, just as if he were a stray heifer. A case of this kind occurred not long ago.

In 1851, there resided in Philadelphia a negro named Edward Davis, who, finding employment fail, went to the country in quest of the means of subsistence. He could not have possessed very bright intelligence, for he ought to have known that it was dangerous for him to enter the borders of a slave state. His original intention was to go no further than Hollidaysburgh, a flourishing town in Blair county, Pennsylvania; but for some reason he abandoned this design, and crossing the Susquehanna, reached the populous village of Havre de Grace, in Maryland. Here he sought for, and obtained employment; and was thoughtlessly pursuing his occupation, when he was arrested, and taken before a magistrate, to answer the charge of having violated the law, which prohibits the settlement of free negroes in the state. The offence was clear, and the fine of twenty dollars incurred. Destitute of money, and without friends, he was confined in prison, where he lay about two months. At the end of this period, he was brought out, and after due advertisement, sold by auction to pay his fine and expenses—altogether amounting to fifty dollars. The following is a copy of the sheriff's certificate of sale, which we give as a curiosity:—

'State of Maryland, Harford county—I, Robert M'Gan, sheriff of Harford county, do hereby certify, that whereas negro Ned Davis was found guilty by the Orphan Court of Harford county of a violation of the Act of Assembly of the state of Maryland, passed 1839, chapter 38; and the said negro having refused to pay the fine and costs, as in the said law directed, I did, having first given the notice prescribed by law, expose the said negro at public sale, at the court-house doors in Bell Air, and Dr John G. Archer, of Louisiana, being the highest bidder, became the purchaser of the said negro. Given under my hand and seal, this tenth day of November 1851. Robert M'Gan, sheriff.'

Davis, now a slave, was subsequently transferred from master to master; and we find that, in June 1852, he was sold to a Mr Dean of Macon, Georgia, for 300 dollars. As this is only about a third of the market-value of an able-bodied negro, we infer that he was past the prime of life, or otherwise defective. In one of the accounts of the transaction, he is spoken of as being thirty-four years of age. Be this as it may, Ned Davis was, to all intents and purposes, a slave; and as such, was first employed to cook for a large number of slaves in Baltimore; and subsequently, on being purchased by Mr Dean, was sent southwards, through Washington and Charleston, to Georgia. On arriving in Macon, he was put to work on a railway; but the labour of an excavator being beyond his strength, his health failed, and, as a relief, he was placed on a cotton-plantation. He was afterwards sent back to the railway. This second time, however, he utterly broke down, and was removed to an hospital. This occurred in July 1853. In the hospital, he related his history to the attending physicians, who, taking pity on him, offered to buy him for 400 dollars; but the price was refused. Although shattered in health, and partially lame, the unfortunate Ned was again put to some kind of work, and he continued in servitude till the 12th of March 1854. On this day, after long brooding over his wrongs, he ran away from Macon, and went to Savannah, a seaport from which steam-vessels traded to northern free states. Davis's object was to get on board one of these vessels; and he secreted himself in a stable till the 14th, on which day he went on board the steamer *Keystone State*, which was to sail next morning for Philadelphia. The remainder of the narrative may be given in the words of a New York newspaper:—

'At nine o'clock the next morning, the steamer sailed with Davis on board. The following day, the men, while heaving the lead, heard a voice from under the guards of the boat, calling for them to throw him a rope. Upon examination, it was found that the voice proceeded from a coloured man, concealed on a beam under the guards of the wheel-house. He was rescued from his perilous situation, in a state of great exhaustion; his clothes were saturated with sea-water, as the sea had become rough, and he was dipped in the water at every rock of the vessel. The hands furnished him with a dry suit, and made him comfortable; but the commander of the boat was differently disposed. Fearing the effects of Georgian law, in case he should bring a slave to a free state, he ordered his vessel to put into Newcastle, Delaware, where he had the unfortunate man imprisoned, with the intention, it is stated, of taking him back to Savannah on his return-trip. But the facts of the case having leaked out, public sympathy was enlisted, and a determination shewn that Davis should not go back to Georgia, unless it could be established that he was not entitled to his freedom. On the 20th of March, the case was brought before Justice Bradford, of Newcastle. A number of witnesses were examined, and his freedom clearly proved. On hearing this testimony in his favour, the magistrate discharged him from custody, there being no reason why a free citizen of Pennsylvania should be kept in a Delaware prison, with no crime charged against him. After his discharge, and before he had left the magistrate's office, the commander of the *Keystone State* appeared; made affidavit that he believed Davis to be a fugitive slave, and also a fugitive from justice; whereupon he was detained, and again shut up in prison.' On the return of the captain of the steamer to Savannah, measures were adopted to reclaim possession of Davis by legal proceedings. The case came on for trial at Newcastle, April 16; and it was clearly proved by evidence, that the negro had been legally seized and sold in Maryland, and transferred by his owners to his present claimant, Mr Dean. A decision was given accordingly; the runaway being adjudged to be a slave, and put at the disposal of his proprietor. Whether he was actually taken back to Georgia, is not stated. If alive, there can be no doubt of his being still in a condition of slavery. The laws of Pennsylvania possess no power to reclaim a citizen, whose liberty is legally forfeited in another state; and if the friends of Ned Davis fail to buy him, there are, so far as we are aware, no other lawful means by which they can restore him to freedom.

The next case to be mentioned, is that of Solomon Northrup, a negro who was kidnapped in a very extraordinary manner. In the year 1841, Northrup lived at Saratoga Springs, in the state of New York; he was then thirty-four years of age, and had a wife and three children. He was a clever, handy person; could drive a carriage, play on the fiddle, and make himself generally useful. One day, two strangers, named Merrill and Russell, were introduced to him. They spoke of being connected with a travelling-circus, and required an assistant possessing Northrup's accomplishments. The wages offered were fair—a dollar a day, and expenses till he returned. Pleased with the offer, Solomon hired himself to the strangers; and bidding good-bye for a short time to his wife and family, mounted the box of a travelling-carriage, and drove off on his journey. The party went first to the city of New York, and there Northrup expressed a disinclination to proceed southwards; but being finally persuaded to go, he took the precaution to procure from the custom-house papers certifying his being a freeman; and forthwith went off with his employers through New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Baltimore, in Maryland, and thence to Washington. Here, Northrup was told he would see the circus company, and be employed with his violin. The party, meanwhile, conducted him to a tavern, to get some refreshments—an arrangement to which, of course, he could have no objection. He ate and drank unreservedly. The drugged liquor did its work, and he soon became sick, and, finally, insensible. How long he remained in this condition, he could not tell; but when he came to his senses, he found himself handcuffed in a slave-pen, with his legs fettered to a ring in the floor. In reply to his alarmed and indignant questions, he was told that he was a runaway slave from Georgia. It was vain to assert that he was a freeman, from the state of New York; his remonstrances were met by threats of the lash. What could the unfortunate negro do? His coat, hat, money, and free papers had been taken from him. Continuing to remonstrate, he was actually whipped with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and otherwise beaten in a savage manner, with the view, possibly, of breaking his spirit, and rendering him submissive. He was now left to ruminate over his hapless condition; and after a confinement of a few days, carried off with a number of other negroes, by steam-boat and railway, to Norfolk, in Virginia; from which place he was shipped with his companions to New Orleans. Here he was sold to a planter, to go up to Red River; and was subsequently purchased twice, and kept in slavery for a period of nearly twelve years, up to January 3, 1853. He was on that day unexpectedly set at liberty, and returned to his family.

After Merrill and Russell had fraudulently disposed of Northrup, and pocketed the sum for which they had sold him, they returned northwards, and carried on similar practices with other negroes whom they inveigled into their power. Their tricks were at length discovered; and it was probably through this circumstance that Northrup regained his liberty. The two kidnappers were taken into custody, and brought for examination before the justices at Ballston Spa, on the 11th of July 1854. Northrup, and other witnesses, appeared against them; and it is from the narrative of this judicial inquiry, in a Saratoga newspaper, that we have gathered the foregoing facts. The parties accused did not deny the charge; but claimed their release on account of the Statute of Limitations, requiring an indictment to be found within three years of the commission of the offence. The district-attorney, in reply, maintained that the offence was committed up till the day that Northrup was set at liberty, in January 1853. The magistrates, taking the same view of the case, remanded Merrill and Russell to prison, to await the course of law. And the last thing we hear of them is, that they were held to bail by Northrup in the sum of 5000 dollars, to answer in a civil suit of personal damages for having sold him into slavery.

A late number of the *New York Evening Post* (Mr Bryant's ably conducted paper), copies the following case of kidnapping from the *Cincinnati Columbian* of January 4, 1855. We give it exactly as it is therein related:—

'A deeply interesting reunion of a severed family took place at the house of Mr Levi Coffin on last Saturday. The story, as told us by the parties, runs in this wise: Forty-eight years ago, two little coloured boys, named Peter and Levin Still, were playing in the highway near their father's house, on the Delaware river, when a stranger passing by in a gig asked them to take a ride. The boys did so; and were thus kidnapped, and carried to Lexington, Kentucky, where they were sold to one John Fisher. They were ultimately sold to other masters; and after thirteen years' slavery in Kentucky, were sent south, where they were purchased by John Hogan, of Franklin county, South Alabama. At the age of twenty-four, Levin died; but Peter continued a slave for thirty-one years. During this period, he married a female slave belonging to one Barnard M'Kinon, a neighbour of his master, and had three children—two sons and a daughter. By years of extreme economy, Peter at last saved 500 dollars. This was enough to purchase his freedom; and a worthy Jewish gentleman, acting for Peter, paid the money.

Peter bade farewell to his family, and went north, to Philadelphia, to discover his relatives. He found his aged mother and eight brothers and sisters still living, He laboured for some time to save enough to buy the freedom of his wife and family; but as his accumulations were slow, and the amount to be raised very large —5000 dollars—he at last determined to appeal to the charitable public for aid. He went from place to place, telling his story, and asking assistance. In the meantime, his family ran away from their master; travelling at night, and remaining concealed in the daytime, they escaped from the slave states to Indiana, where, however, they were captured by a white man, who returned them to their master.

On being taken back, they became hopeless of ever getting free. At last, after four years of effort, Peter had raised the 5000 dollars; and a few weeks ago, an agent was despatched to Alabama. He purchased the wife and children, and brought them on to this city, to which Peter had come from Philadelphia to meet them. The reunion was deeply affecting. One of the sons is twenty-seven, and the other twenty-four years of age. One of them had a wife in Alabama, who died, leaving a baby only a few months old. When coming away, the father begged hard for this little one, but it was worth 200 dollars: he had nothing, and came away without it. If these are fair samples, southern slaves have not been so much degraded and brutalised as is sometimes represented. Peter expects, when he reaches Philadelphia, to publish a card of thanks to those who have aided him. He and his family will leave this morning.'

I have referred elsewhere to the singular inconsistency of demanding the abolition of slavery, and yet habitually excluding coloured persons from those social advantages which ought, by constitutional law and the courtesies of society, to belong to all classes of free citizens indifferently. An incongruous case of this kind occurred about a year ago, in the free state of Ohio. Mr W. H. Day, a young man of less than half-African blood, described as being a graduate of Oberlin College, a person of talent, and gentlemanly habits and manners, was exposed to a cruel indignity. As editor of a newspaper, he made application to the senate of Ohio, to be permitted to report their proceedings. His admission to the floor of the house was voted, 'after a definite statement of the fact that he was a coloured man, and that he sought a seat as a reporter for a paper.' Having been admitted accordingly, some of the members would appear to have been startled at their own act. The subject of Mr Day's admission was again discussed; and by a vote of 17 to 10 he was expelled, on the ground that it was inexpedient for the two races to mingle on terms of equality. It is alleged by the party who contributes an account of the affair to the newspapers, that 'every vote for exclusion was given by Democrats; the Whigs, Free-soilers, and only two Democrats, voting against it.' Of course, we can offer no explanation of the matter, further than that presented by the press. We understand that, by the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio, men of colour possess the privileges of voters at elections. If so, is not the conduct of the senate in the case of Day inconsistent, and indeed incomprehensible?

There was published in London, in 1853, a small volume, entitled *The American Prejudice against Colour; an Authentic Narrative.* By Willam G. Allen.* Allen's narrative is curious. He tells us that he is a quadroon, one-fourth African blood, and three-fourths Anglo-Saxon. He received a good education, and graduated at Oneida Institute, in Whitesboro, state of New York, in 1844. Subsequently, he studied law, and became professor of the Greek and German languages, and of rhetoric and belles-lettres, of New York Central College, in M'Grawville, Cortland county—the only college in America that has ever called a coloured man to a professorship. In April 1851, he visited Fulton, to deliver a course of lectures. Here he was kindly received by the Rev. Lyndon King, a Wesleyan Methodist clergyman, to one of whose daughters, Miss Mary King, he ultimately became attached. The sentiment was reciprocal. The father of the young lady had no objection to his offer of marriage; one of the young lady's sisters, also, favoured the proposal; but Mrs King—a step-mother—and the other members of the family, were violently opposed to the idea of forming a connection with a man of colour. The greatest opponent of all was one of the brothers, the Rev. J. B. King, a prodigiously pious gentleman, who had for some time been engaged in gathering funds to build a church, which should exclude from membership those who held their fellow-men in bondage, and all who would not admit the doctrines of the human brotherhood! Professing an abhorrence of slavery, he nevertheless seems to have possessed the usual northern prejudice against persons of colour. He was incensed beyond measure at the atrocity of the proposed alliance; and through him and the step-mother the public indignation appears to have been excited. From less to more, all Fulton and its neighbourhood were roused to a sense of the impropriety of the intended marriage—the objections resting on no other grounds than the damage that might be done to the pure Anglo-Saxon race by *amalgamation* with the African type.

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* W. and F. G. Cash, Bishopsgate Street. Price One Shilling.

Professor Allen and Miss King were now placed in an awkward and dangerous predicament. Besides the lady's sister, their only friend was Mr Porter, a schoolmaster, and his wife. Porter allowed the parties to meet at his house. Having gone thither on Sunday evening, January 30, 1853, for the purpose of talking over their affairs, they were alarmed by the intelligence that an infuriated mob was collecting, which would soon surround the house, and commit some serious personal outrage. Allen was informed that 'tar, feathers, poles, and an empty barrel, spiked with shingle nails, had been prepared for his especial benefit;' Mr Porter was to be tar-and-feathered, and ridden on a rail; and Miss King was to be conducted away in a sleigh to the house of her parents. Aware of the extremities to which the mob-spirit is carried on such occasions, Allen prepared for death. Unless the mob relented, no earthly power could save him.

Up the outrageous multitude at length came. They consisted of all classes of persons, including the most respectable in the place. The churches were emptied; all went off to enjoy the fun or mischief of hunting 'the nigger,' and protesting against the sin of amalgamation. With shouts and yells, the mob called to 'bring out the nigger,' 'to kill him,' and 'to tear down the house.' Some members of a committee who had been appointed to regulate proceedings, entered the dwelling, and declared that Allen's life could only be saved by his instant departure, and that Miss King would at the same time require to go home to her parents. The young lady having, after some demur, gone off in a sleigh, Allen was next escorted from the house by the members of committee to a hotel—not, however, without being well kicked and buffeted by the mob, who crowded about him during the march. At the hotel, after a little delay, he was smuggled away by a back-entrance, and conveyed in a sleigh to Syracuse—a distance of about twenty-five miles.

Dark days ensued. The newspapers were furious at the idea of amalgamation, and it was some time before the lovers were able to arrange an interview. We must refer to Allen's narrative for an account of what indignities were suffered by both parties at this period. Some time in March, they were enabled to see each other, and to arrange future movements. At this interview, they resolved to exercise their undoubted legal rights—to enter into the holy state of matrimony; but having done so, to flee the country. This daring resolution they successfully put into effect. They were married in New York, and shortly afterwards departed from Boston for Liverpool. Professor Allen carried recommendations with him to gentlemen in England, by whom he has probably been put in the way of earning a livelihood. He, in conclusion, informs his readers, that Mr Porter, who gave him refuge in adversity, was dismissed from his situation as schoolmaster, in consequence of outraging public opinion by favouring the union of a white lady with a man degraded by the taint of African blood. If all this be true—and we have no reason to doubt its authenticity—we are furnished with a striking example of that loathing and detestation of the free coloured population which prevails in the northern states of the Union, and which has seemed to us so irreconcilable with the profession of abolition principles. W. C.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH THE STORY COMES TO AN END.

It was only by a kind of surprise that Walter had accepted the surrender of the commandant, Girolamo di Georgio; his object was accomplished when Justo expressed a willingness to accompany him. The two men seemed to have been quarrelling; but on what ground neither chose, when the first moment of excitement had passed, to explain. On the way to the city, therefore, Walter took his old host aside, and told him that he was perfectly free to go where he pleased.

'You will oblige me by seeing me safe to Palermo,' replied the commandant, who had no wish to meet his two friends the *bravi* again in that lonely place. 'I am glad you came in between me and that old ruffian. Look sharp after him; he knows his neck is in danger.'

Girolamo had once more determined to be bold, and to shelter himself behind nothing but his own audacity. After all, even if Justo knew many things to his disadvantage, was not his former reasoning good? He could always deny whatever was said—oppose oath to oath if necessary. He had never signed any damaging documents in his life; what verbal testimony could overthrow him? His action of that night was slightly imprudent, it is true; it would be difficult to explain the motive of his mysterious journey. But imagination was given to man to be used; at anyrate, he must stand out to the last, for he had no prospects in life if the marchese deserted him.

Once on the road, Justo endeavoured to deviate from the straight line, perhaps, after all, thinking that his original plan was the best; but Mr Buck, who had remained rather noisy and hard to deal with, vociferously shouted to him to come back. He, therefore, very quietly entered the city; and suffered himself to be led in a friendly manner—Pipo having turned off in one direction, and the commandant in the other—to the house of Mr Bell. Nobody as yet was astir; but the porter admitted them, and they went up together to Walter's apartment. A person was sitting there with his face buried in his hands. It was Paolo. He had determined to join his friends, and learn what had been decided as to his fate.

'This is the son of the man of whom you know so much,' said Walter to Justo.

The old pirate looked from one to the other inquisitively; they had not yet explained to him clearly what they expected of him; and Pipo, it appeared, had thought it useless to do so.

'I know nothing,' at length he said cautiously and slowly, 'but that Count Cacamo felt an interest in this young man, and charged me, if possible, to corrupt Signor di Georgio to obtain his release.'

'Do not deceive us,' replied Walter. 'If what you say be true, your position becomes dangerous. You tried to corrupt the commandant, and failed! Are these all the revelations you have to make?'

'But on what authority do you act? By whom are you commissioned? You are a stranger; I do not know you.'

'You know *me*,' cried Paolo; 'and you knew my father. Do you not understand that if I am here, it is because my fortunes have changed?'

'It is true that I am astonished,' replied Justo; 'but I thought I was told that the Marchese Belmonte himself wished to see me. He is now the viceroy; he never broke his word; to him will I speak, and to no other. Yes, young man, I have things to say—most valuable things—secrets of great moment; but they must be bought, not with money, but with promise of quiet. I am old now, and cannot make my fortune again. Do you think that the marchese will grant me his protection?' Walter assured him that the promise had already been given. Paolo remained silently gazing at the man who seemed to know more than all others the secret of his family history. Mr Buck went to sleep, after begging to be called as soon as his assistance was required.

The morning had not far advanced before the two Englishmen were wending their way with Justo along the streets of Palermo towards the palace. The marchese no sooner heard of their arrival, than leaving all other occupation, he met them in his private room. His countenance was pale and anxious; he looked at Justo with eyes that sought to penetrate into his soul.

'Sir,' said he, interrupting, in his eagerness, the salutations of Walter and his companion, 'you are the keeper of most important secrets. They tell me that the law might have something to say to you. I ask no questions; but this I promise: let me know the truth—the whole truth—whatever it may be, and no one shall ever harm you.'

'About Signor di Falco?' inquired Justo, fixing his small keen eyes on the marchese.

'Yes, yes,' was the hurried reply.

'His memory has been much ill-used,' said Justo. The marchese, deeply agitated, sat down and slightly turned away his head, but did not speak.

'He admired a saintly lady, whom all admired,' continued the witness of the time past; 'but he respected his friend, and never spoke what he felt. The very servants knew that; we all knew it; and many laughed at him. No matter. He learned from some one—from me—I told him carelessly, because he had before done me a great service—that the Lady Speranza was to be roughly taken away. He had come down to the beach, where he used often to wander half the night. We were lying on our oars, waiting for a signal from the villa. "This is a bad business," I said; "if it had been for you, I should not have repented, though you might not have paid me so well." He preached to me, and tried to make me break my word; but I had done more than I ought. Then the crowd came down among the trees with lights—Speranza walked quietly. "Per Bacco," thought I, "she is willing after all; what a foolish thing to feel a heart-ache about the matter!"—I did not know they had put a gag in her mouth.'

'Horrible villain!' gasped the marchese, striking the air with his hand.

'And I did not know she had agreed to walk, in order to escape the rough grasp of those who had seized her. Di Falco called out to her: "Can this be true? Are you really willing?" They pushed him back when he tried to come near, and led her into the boat. I think she managed to turn an imploring gaze to Di Falco: he had made as if he would go away; but suddenly came back like a lion, and leaped on board, nearly upsetting us as we pushed off. We heard people shouting amidst the trees, and along the shore; so, whilst Di Falco struggled with a man who tried to hold him down, and to expostulate with him'——

'I know the rest—I know the rest,' cried the marchese; 'Di Falco and that man went on board your vessel; it sailed; it was pursued; it was wrecked. *She* perished—my poor friend perished; that man escaped—with Count Cacamo.'

'The count did not come on board; he had stopped behind to quiet his little niece, Bianca. Well, as I was going to say'—— proceeded Justo, eager to come to the point.

'I know what you are going to say,' exclaimed the marchese. 'The name of that man who escaped was Girolamo di Georgio; he committed the crime of which his friend was accused—most unjustly, most wickedly accused. He, then, alone caused that old misery, and all the new miseries under which I suffer; *he* widowed my heart; *he* estranged me from my child; *he* has driven me to the verge of crime and madness. Is not that what you would say?' Justo had the tact to understand that no answer was expected; he bent his head, and remained silent. Walter and Buck looked at each other in delight; they thought that all things must now end happily. But suddenly the marchese, who had remained silent for a while, spoke in a strange sceptical tone.

'How curious it would be,' he said, walking slowly to and fro in the room, 'if this story should prove to be an invention of my excellent son-in-law! 'Tis not likely; but 'tis possible. What proof does this man give me?—his word? How often has he broken that in his long life? Come, Justo, do you expect me to believe what you say without other testimony?'

'No,' replied the old man, holding up his head. 'What you say strikes home, marchese. I have uttered falsehood in my time, and when I speak the truth, may deserve disbelief. But have you not the word of the dying Count Cacamo? Did he not answer for me?'

'Yes; all tallies. If there be falsehood here, Signor Walter, it is marvellously clever. What do you say?'

'I believe this man implicitly; he has no object in deceiving us.'

'He may have. Is he not an enemy of *that man?*'

They talked a little longer in the same strain, and then the marchese suddenly requested to be left alone with Justo; he thirsted to commune in private for the first time with a man who had been with Speranza in her last moments. Let us leave him to relish this melancholy pleasure. He learned nothing but what served to increase his love and his regret.

Walter went with his friend to carry tidings of the success of his enterprise to Bianca and Angela; they had both already heard of the arrival of Justo, and now felt confident that all the marchese's doubts would vanish.

'I shall certainly be called before all the world by the name of Di Falco this evening,' said Angela smiling. By a kind of tacit agreement, she went apart a little with the companion of her captivity, whilst Walter and Bianca whispered softly together of matters that concerned them only. Paolo di Falco was perhaps justified, when he heard of the result of Justo's interview with the marchese, in complaining bitterly of the stern perseverance with which he was still excluded from the sight of Angela.

'She is my wife,' he said; 'I can now claim her before the whole world. My presence here is an admission that I was unjustly imprisoned; they would not dare to take my liberty again.' His friends did their best to quiet his impatience.

'This evening,' said Walter, 'it is agreed—though so much has not been said in words—that you are to appear with us in presence of all Palermo at the palace. No one will deny your right then; and Angela will come of herself to your side. This is, perhaps, a strange way of submitting to a necessity;

but the marchese has some claim to our indulgence—he has suffered much. Let us not endanger the future by impatience.'

They passed the time in visiting Luigi Spada, who had already entered on complete convalescence, though the doctors told him that several weeks must elapse before he could be ready for active service again. He talked perseveringly of his projects for the future, and bitterly regretted the admiral of his fleet—poor Giacomo—to whose memory, indeed, he dropped a tear which he tried to conceal. Then, in the fulness of his heart, he shewed a long letter from poor Antonia, in which she reproached him as the cause of her brother's death, and ended by expressing her forgiveness; 'for, as Julio admitted, they were all equally to blame, and the unfortunate Andrea had only suffered the chance of war.' How eager is youth to turn from the side of a grave, and gather flowers on the hillside!

Captain Albizi came to make a polite call. He talked generally of the dashing attack on the Torre dei Giganti, and seemed very curious to know by what manner of men it had been carried on. All the peasantry he had spoken with, had told him that on that occasion one set of banditti had eaten another—that was all.

'What a glorious haul I could have made,' said he, looking cunningly at Luigi; 'the fish were in my net, and every single one escaped.'

He then told them the circumstances of the late viceroy's death, and how the bishop of Catania had suddenly remembered that there were souls thirsting for spiritual consolation in his diocese. The governor of Messina, he said, naturally succeeded to authority, until the will of the king became known. Public opinion, however, was not satisfied; all patriots and brigands feared the stern uncompromising character of the marchese, and loyal society believed that there would not be a sufficient number of balls and festivities. As for the gathering that evening, everybody would go from mere curiosity; but no amusement was promised. Walter and Mr Buck would be the chief lions, next to Angela and Bianca.

'You will have your share of notice,' he continued, getting up to go, and addressing Paolo; 'for I believe you were one of the party. Signor Spada, I am your humble servant.' And so he went, leaving the young man in astonishment; for it was evident that in that class of society in Palermo the most romantic part of the story was totally unknown.

A rather remarkable arrival took place that day at Palermo. The Princess Corsini had heard of the early adventures of Angela in the mountains, and had set out in a vessel—which, perhaps as a punishment for her wicked intentions, was terribly tossed about and delayed—in order to prove to her brother the absolute necessity of catching the truant, and putting her by force into a convent. As for Ascanio, he had been definitively disgusted by the elopement by moonlight; and was paying his addresses to some Neapolitan beauty or other, in order that Angela might be vexed by the report of his brilliant marriage.

As soon as the presence of the princess on board the packet-ship *Vesuvio* was known at the palace, the Marchese Belmonte hastened to drive down in his carriage, and the courtiers officiously bustled about, some ordering flags to be hoisted, and others guns to be fired. Whilst idlers were collecting on the quays, the brother was receiving his sister with an odd smile; her countenance was full of wisdom and importance, but the fatigues of her journey made her taciturn. She was led at once to the private apartments of the viceroy, and there the first thing she saw was a beautiful group—we are sure it was studied whilst she was sweeping up the marble staircase—Angela and Bianca splendidly attired, each according to her different taste, comparing the brightness of the jewels above their brows in one circular mirror, in which a view of the door could be obtained.

There were awkward feelings in more than one breast, but they did not make themselves manifest; the marchese by his presence prevented any too precipitate explanation. Events were talked of generally, and by way of allusion. The princess said something gravely spiteful about Bianca's letter; and Bianca enlarged, innocently of course, on Angela's delightful trip across the Bay of Naples. Women always fight with the weapons of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Daylight fled away from the city, leaving it in gray silence stretched along the shores of the bay. Presently lights sparkled everywhere, and the rolling of carriages began to be heard; all society was repairing punctually to the vice-regal palace. The brilliant halls, along which a few servants only at first moved, giving a last touch to the decorations, began to be filled with life. The marchese, with Angela by his side, stood in the first room, waiting to receive his visitors; but Walter and Mr Buck and Paolo had gone by agreement to join Bianca in a private apartment. Julio Castelnuove, in deep mourning, came early, because some one had told him that the last scene of the drama in which he had been an important actor was about to take place: he did not understand what was meant, but came, urged by curiosity. With him, unrecognisable in their elegant ball-costume, were several of the bold party who had destroyed the Black Band: they had never been under an official roof before, and partly on that account were received with the most gracious of bows by the marchese. All saluted Angela with profound respect—every one, even those who in the same halls not long before had joined the bishop of Catania in seeking specks on her reputation. Already the saloons were tolerably crowded; and as every one knew that something was going to happen, an impatient murmur—pale, genteel resemblance of that which rises from a crowd waiting for an execution—had begun to pass to and fro when Julio Castelnuove, who kept apart in a corner, saw the marchese turn as white as bleached wax. The commandant, Girolamo di Georgio, had just presented himself with an obsequious bow, and passed on.

'What is the matter, my father?' whispered Angela, laying her hand on his arm.

'Do you ask? Have you not felt the evil angel of our house brush by?'

Angela looked around, and saw only that every one was noticing this whispered conversation: she had no time to press the marchese to be more explicit, for suddenly a cry, that might have been of pain, and might have been of angry surprise, came from the next saloon, succeeded by a confused murmur of many voices and the trampling of feet to and fro. The marchese thrust Angela aside, and violently made his way through the crowd. He arrived in time to see Bianca leaning for support on Walter's arm, pale as a statue, but with flashing eyes, pointing to a man who stood bewildered before her, looking to the right and to the left, as if for an avenue of escape—the commandant Girolamo di Georgio.

This was what had happened. The marchese had told the servant who received the names of the visitors, as soon as the commandant arrived, to send a messenger to Walter, requesting him and his party to join the company. They came in by a side-door, smiling, and enjoying the curiosity with which they were greeted. Walter, with Bianca on his arm, attracted the greatest amount of attention; his tall form and noble countenance, her delicate and intellectual beauty, combined certainly to produce an admirable group. Paolo and Mr Buck were but satellites; the latter thankfully received the admiring glances which six English sisters, hearing that he was a bachelor and unengaged, cast on him; the former was looking eagerly through the crowd, determined, as soon as he saw his young wife, to claim possession of her hand once and for ever.

So they proceeded, until they reached the great saloon, enthusiasm increasing as they went, and becoming almost an impediment to progress. Among the most eager to salute the heroes of the day was Di Georgio. He bowed once almost to the ground; but when he raised his eyes, he beheld a beautiful young girl, whom he did not remember ever to have seen, suddenly start back from him, and heard the cry of recognition that was, as it were, forced from her lips.

'What is the matter?' asked Walter alarmed. He had forgotten, amidst thoughts of his own happiness, that Jeppo, before he died, had arranged this sudden meeting of Bianca and the commandant.

'There,' said Bianca at length, pointing with her finger to the unmasked criminal—'there is the man who has so long haunted my most unquiet dreams. I have spoken of him before; I said I should never forget the hideous glare of his eyes. There is the man who murdered my sister Speranza.'

Under this terrific charge the commandant quailed, and had nothing to say. Even those who did not already sufficiently know the true facts were convinced; no one, indeed, could doubt for a moment on which side were truth and falsehood.' The marchese heard the last words: his first impulse was to grasp at the throat of the commandant; but he checked himself, and raising his hands towards heaven, said aloud: 'I thank thee, O God, that the last doubt by which my soul was tortured is now crushed out!'

A beautiful transformation seemed suddenly to be operated in his character; instead of reviving the idea of vengeance, he sought, with eyes dimmed by tears, for his daughter, that he might formally take her hand and place it in that of Paolo. But the young people were already side by side; and Angela had concealed her hand in the white silken folds of her dress, that her husband—whilst they both pretended to look on whilst their fortunes were being decided in that strange way—might clasp it unseen by the crowd. Both started like guilty things, when the marchese, struggling to bring down his voice to a tone of festive announcement, said tremulously:

'My son-in-law, Paolo di Falco, is not well known to the society of Palermo, but he deserves to be so.'

Wonder caught up all these facts and sayings; every one joined them together in his own way, making monsters of strange shape. The most remarkable circumstance of all, however, was but little noticed. The marchese would not utter the word which would have consigned the commandant to the same prison from which Paolo had escaped; he determined to enjoy the luxury of forgiveness—perhaps shrank from anything that would too much force his mind back again to dwell on old miseries. At anyrate, Girolamo di Georgio, perfectly understanding that the whole mystery of his villainy was known, but wondering why he was not at once seized and dragged away, passed through the crowd, that opened and shrank from him as from a leper, and went forth into the lonely streets. He walked some distance, looking back now and then to see if he was pursued; but no one seemed to notice him. Then he was seized by a horrid fear; the marchese would avoid public scandal, but would seek to punish those unpardonable offences in secret. Perhaps the brothers Nani were already engaged for the work. There were two black figures stealing along the wall; he ran, and again found himself alone. No: the marchese was wise in vengeance. He knew that the anguish of suspense was great; he should be allowed to live a while—a little while in fear. Next day, in what he thought an impenetrable disguise, and with false papers, he presented himself at the packet-office, intending to go on board the *Vesuvio*, about to start again for Naples.

'There is no need of disguise, Signor di Georgio,' was the observation of a police-officer who was present; 'you are allowed to depart.'

The truth seemed now evident: he was to be assassinated at sea, and his body thrown overboard. However, it was now too late to retreat; he departed, and arrived in safety at Naples. Here every one—from the *facchini* to some courtiers on whom he called, vainly hoping to get employment—seemed to know his character, and to receive him with systematic coldness. The police, instead of watching, appeared to avoid him. He was always finding himself in very lonely places, at very undue hours; and he constantly heard steps stealing softly behind him. At every moment, he expected to feel the sharp point of a dagger in his side. Once he seized by the throat a man who came towards him in a suspicious way, and was accused of assaulting a quiet tradesman—for the bravo instantly adopted that semblance. This kind of life was intolerable. The commandant at last began to hope for the end, and was anxious only that the blow should be sharp and sure; but an order came that he should leave the kingdom of Naples. He went northward, and at length no more was heard of him under his own name; but a friend once met in Paris a miserable old man, living partly by charity, partly by giving Italian lessons to persons incapable of discerning his detestable provincial accent. He had a monomania, which was this: that he was to be allowed to live in misery and anxiety for sixteen years—just the time he had tortured the marchese—and then be put to death in some horrid way. As this was before 1840—not sixteen years after the events we have related—and as some other corroborative circumstances came out, we are inclined to think that that unhappy being, who probably passed himself off as a political refugee, was no other than the mean-souled commandant of Maretimo—Girolamo di Georgio.

'I believed before,' said Bianca to Walter, in the hearing of the company, that were preparing to depart, 'that Di Georgio was the man who had violently carried away my sister from her house. Information of this fact, as you know, had come to me from various quarters. The dying Jeppo had insinuated it, and Justo had told us so plainly; but now I myself profess to be an undeniable witness. I had never connected the statements made to me with my own confused recollection of that event. I believe I had previously seen both the father of Di Falco and the commandant; but their countenances had made no impression whatever upon me. My memory, however, is good; I had already recognised to a certain extent the features of Jeppo, but the face that most powerfully affected me was that which I saw only for a moment, when the mask of the principal villain fell. I remember that even at the time I cried out: "I shall never forget you." He tried to strike me; but some one, to whom I am grateful, saved me from his fury. As soon as I saw the eyes of this Di Georgio, I felt for a moment all the fear which so many years before they had cast into my soul; and my foolish shriek was, therefore, not only one of recognition—I was really terrified.'

Every one, strangers and friends, began here to say that when they saw the commandant cower, they knew that he was a great criminal.

'I never saw so dramatic a scene; the attitudes were quite tragic on both sides,' said the Princess Corsini with affected simplicity.

'We have had comedy as well as tragedy,' replied Bianca quickly. 'Signor Walter must relate his adventures at Naples—how he played the brigand, and frightened you, my dear princess, and your amiable nephew.'

A great circle was formed, whilst Walter modestly—Mr Buck backing him, by boastful additions now and then, as soon as he became an actor in the narrative—told in outline all that had happened to him since his shipwreck at Maretimo, seeming, however, to take it for granted, out of respect to the marchese, that Paolo's imprisonment was just.

'They have been talking of us, love!' said Paolo to Angela, waked as it were from a trance by the buzz and bustle of the belated guests getting up to depart. Most of them had ordered link-boys to be in waiting; but these were no longer necessary, for the red blush of dawn was already in the sky.

'They are going to rest, weary with dancing, just as we begin the labours of the day,' said the Sicilian girls with a sigh, pausing in their toilet to thrust aside the curtain of their perhaps unlatticed windows as the carriages rolled by. Poverty supposes far more contrasts of delight than really exist.

Not long after, Walter and Bianca were married with a splendour on which the marchese insisted. He made it the last act of his viceroyalty, so that people still talk of the stupendous ball given on the occasion. Major-general Count Wolfram de Portendeck and the Dowager-duchess of Castelcicala, already in the last quarter of their honeymoon, tried to persuade themselves that there was more noise and less elegance than on the occasion of their fortunate nuptials. Certain it is, that every one was immensely amused; and that poor Mr Buck, completely thrown off his guard, yielding to the contagion of example—seeing, as he said, turtle-doves on every side—actually proposed to the youngest of the six sisters aforesaid, a merry bright-eyed thing, with abundance of auburn curls—which always in the end entrap unwary bachelors who pretend to admire the classical and the antique—proposed, we say, that she should instantly elope with him to the Bay of Naples. They went as far as the lobby; but came back again, for, as they said with a sigh, there was nobody to oppose them or interfere with them in any way. Miss Amandine's mamma was only too proud of such a son-in-law—a hero who had dispersed the brigands of Sicily like chaff. Luigi Spada, who though still a little pale, was present and saw this amusing evolution, thought of the absent Antonia, and smiled bitterly. We may as well add that he afterwards married that amiable young lady, and found plenty of occupation for his diplomacy within doors.

As we have said, the marchese retained the post of viceroy only until the marriage of Walter and Bianca; he then resigned it, and went with his daughter and her husband to live at Messina. Thus our friends were soon dispersed in various directions through the world. Mr Buck took his Amandine to Naples, and with some difficulty brought Lina, who had garrisoned his house during his absence, to capitulate. Walter went to introduce his beautiful wife to his friends in England; and the prodigious sensation created by the appearance of Bianca in fashionable circles is well remembered. He has never since passed a year without spending many months in Sicily, always stopping at Naples by the way, and insisting on Mr Buck—the firm is now Pulci, Buck, & Co.—leaving business and accompanying him to Messina with Amandine, who still wears her hair in ringlets, in which her strength, like that of Samson, partly resides. There have been more marriages in all those families within the last four or five years; for the second generation has sprung up, and the marchese now rests in the cenotaph he had erected to the memory of Speranza. We need not speak of the fortunes of other personages, except to say that if the steamer which now, on its way from Marseilles to Malta, passes between Favignana and Maretimo, should happen, as it sometimes does, to coast the latter island within the distance of a hundred yards, the passengers may see not only the castle-prison, with its flag-staff, the village of San Simone, the boats drawn up on the beach, but also, a little apart, a small cemetery, with one well-marked tomb, where Old Justo, having been restored to his property and position, after many years of prosperity was buried.

THE PASSING FEAR.

'Mother, I shall not die,' she said,
Calm lying, open-eyed,
Still smiling when the morning rose,
Smiling at even-tide.

'Mother, it was not Death, whose hand
Above my eyelids drawn
Put back my seventeen childish years
And made a new world dawn.

O golden world! O wondrous world!
My heart looks back amaze
Upon those gone-by years, and forth
Into the coming days.

O mother! was it thus, and thus,
That when my father came
You hid your burning face, and cowered
Blushing, but not with shame?

And, mother, was it thus, ay, thus,
That when my father said
Those words—it seemed an angel's voice
Wakening the newly dead?

No death—sweet life! Shall I arise,
And walk, serene and strong,
My mother's household ways, and sing
My mother's household song?

Shall I stand by *him*, as you stand
By my dear father's side,
And hear, as you heard yesternight,
"Dearer the wife than bride?"

And—strange—oh passing strange, to think,
If ever there should be
For me, grown old, a fond arm's clasp,
Mother, as I clasp thee?

O mother, mother, hold me close,
Until these tears run dry;
God, Thou wert very merciful,
Thou wouldst not let me die!'

A HINT TO MECHANICIANS.

An operative coal-miner calls our attention to the antiquated and imperfect tools which he and others employ in excavation, and suggests that 'some great mechanical genius' should try to invent a machine for digging coal—as, for example, a circular-saw moved by steam-power, if such be at all practicable. We suspect there are serious difficulties in the way of making such improvements, otherwise they would long since have been attempted. The hint of our correspondent, however, may not be without its use, in exciting the ingenuity of mechanicians. In America, field-drains are now dug with a rotary excavating-machine, while we are still using spades and pickaxes. Perhaps the Americans may also get the start of us in employing machines to dig coal.

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A SUNDAY-MORNING IN EARLY SPRING.

WHAT a change does a week of warm genial weather make in the latter days of March!—all the more bright and beautiful for the contrast of barren winter that preceded. 'The sun goeth forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber;' the sky is draped with soft silvery mists, that are glowing with his enlivening light; the mountains are disrobed of their snowy mantle, and rejoice in the salubrious atmosphere; verdure and flowers are overspreading every fold of the robe of Mother Earth. There is the music of birds, singing among the bursting leafage by the glistening streams; and the spotless lambs are sporting in the fields, and playing a thousand fantastic gambols, until their tender limbs are weary, and they are fain to lie down upon the slope of some southering hill. It seems a new creation; and sad and worn indeed must be the heart that hath no visitings of joyous and gentle thoughts amid this manifold bounty of God to man.

But it is Sunday to-day—the festival of the Annunciation, or Lady-day, as it is still called in our Protestant calendars; a Sunday in Lent, too, a festival surrounded by fasts, and all the brighter for the tears that precede it, and are to come to-morrow. The bells, the fine-toned old bells of the parish church, six in number, are ringing lustily. They are famed bells, and once belonged to a neighbouring abbey, now the seat of the squire, as it has been of his ancestors since the days of the last King Henry. The ringers are famed, too; and you might know them at once from all other men of the parish, for they have a dry, old-fashioned, solemn look of superiority, and in their whole aspect there is a positive assurance, that the ringing of bells is a most ancient and honourable profession, and that a Sunday without the usual peals would be like a herald of the Day of Doom. A select band are these bell-ringers, into which the squire himself could not get introduced, even were he to try, without giving a most satisfactory proof of his capabilities.

To-day, the bells ring, or seem to ring, with a lustier and merrier peal, that circulates through every corner of the parish. A blessing on the sound of the old church-bells! Time has no effect upon them: they sounded the same in the days of old—far, far away back in the times of Tudors and Plantagenets—in the ages of abbots and monks—of venerable old monasteries, abbeys, and priories. Manners and religion have changed, but the blessed old bells never change; and one supposes the ringers will go on as regular as ever to their peal on the morning of the resurrection, should it be on a Sunday. There is nothing like the Sabbath-morning peal from the bells: it suits every mood of our changeful tempers; it hath a note of sympathy for every heart. One while, there is a gush of sound so solemn and supernatural, that you imagine it has the very cadence of the trump of doom, and was that which the Spanish painter feigned his monk to hear in his devotions, as he formed the awe-inspired lineaments of his countenance. At another time, it is so light and joyous, and floats away over the earth with so tremulous a motion, that you think some harp of heaven has been smote in the valleys of earth. O blessed it is to be born and brought up in the sound of the old church-bells!

And now, how merrily they ring! Faster and faster, away through the parish on every side, and languishing and dying among the heights of the distant mountains. Their sound floats with an unearthly cadence around that old man on the church-way; he is slow, for he is threescore-years-and-ten, and has set off from his daughter's cottage in good time, with his little granddaughter for a companion. He has an old Bible under his arm, which was given him when a lad out of some charity bequeathed for that purpose; he stoops, and his hazel-staff seems requisite to his motions, and his dress is old-fashioned and well worn; yet he looks remarkably well to-day. He has been nothing all the week but a poor desolate old man; but now, as we see him going to church, he seems vested with importance, and there is light upon his path. Who can number the times he has gone up to the old church in the sound of the dear old bells?

Faster and faster they go; for it is the last change. The ladies at the abbey, and the ladies at the rectory hear them; and they are composed, for they are prepared. But there is one, the village-maid, who, as she hears the quickening peal, is in hurry and confusion, for she is not yet dressed, and as she dresses but once a week, it takes time, for her hand is unpractised. A little more hurry, and everything is complete; but she must see that it is so, and that takes time too. She must examine her whole trim figure in the glass; turning her head and shoulder round in opposite directions, to see if possible her back. All this is done, however, with glances like lightning; and soon, after a few farewell looks in the glass, and with an excellent opinion of herself, half whereof innocence itself creates, she takes the road to the old church, already speckled with the farmers and villagers in their best attire. There is the squire and his family, and the rector and his family among them too, for it is so lovely a day that no one could think of being cooped up in a carriage. Brightly the sun shines through the old church windows, and it falls warm and gladsome upon the assembled worshippers. It has been very cold in the church all the winter, despite the two great stoves, and their long black chimneys; and the cold frightened many away from the service, and made the prayers seem long, so long, that the rector was tempted to read fast; and once or twice he left out the prayer for the parliament, though the parliament was in session assembled. All the long frost, the church was dreary and desolate: here and there only were the pews occupied; and the villagers who did attend, put on their old-fashioned greatcoats, which had outlived their position in society—so that had you peeped through one of the south windows during service, you would have thought the folk of the old days had risen from their graves, and had gone into the church, to warm themselves at the stoves. We must not, however, forget to say, that the frost did not frighten away from church that old man whom we saw going up this morning: he still went on, good old man, for it was his day of society and importance, wherein he had an interest equal to that of the great men of the land. The world had quite shoved him aside; but he was still a man, and recognised at church.

How cheerful, then, the old church looks to-day, with its full pews, and the bright warm sunshine resting upon them! The old clerk, in his little old stall, looks as pleased as if he were a very sunbeam himself; for it goes to his heart when there is a thin congregation, and he looks so sad all the week after, that you would imagine something had gone wrong in the parish. But to-day, there is a full church, and he has put on his summer shoon, that he may go softly on his errands of psalmody to and fro between his stall and the singing-gallery. He feels that his 'season' is commencing. Honest fellow, he has been clerk, man and boy, these fifty years!—how many baptisms, marriages, and funerals must he have sanctioned by his 'Amen!' He is dear to all the parish, and all the parish is dear to him: indeed, he thinks the church will go to ruin when he is gone; and when he dies—for he, too, must die—and another clerk has begun the responses from his little old stall, the parish will feel as strange as if there had been another reformation, or another great rebellion.

That is the squire's voice you hear so distinctly; it was somewhat husky all the winter, but is now as cheerful and as clear as the song of a throstle. And whose voice should not be cheerful to-day?—for already there is an opening of the rosy gates of spring—a resuscitation of the latent powers and the perished glories of earth, upon whose blossoming the Almighty word hath made our life to hang; and as they pall or brighten, so fluctuates the brief fortunes of the vast family of man. Let us boast not too frowardly of the achievements of science, and of our command over the powers of nature, for subjects we are still to the varying aspects of our Mother Earth; and as she smiles or frowns, so joy or sorrow gathers over our countenances, life or death is our inheritance. The ambitious statesman is but a deacon in her great temple; the world-famed student hath won his laurel-crown by the elucidation of but one or two of the many deep mysteries of wisdom that throb within her life; and the grave divine, with inspiration upon his lips, waits upon her differing seasons as the altars whereon he offers praise, and whence he preaches to our immortal spirits thankfulness or resignation, gladness or repentance, life or death.

AN AFTERNOON AMONG THE TENANTS OF THE DEEP.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

Besides the Crustacea we have already noticed, there is another kind in these tanks which especially challenges our attention. This is the hermit or soldier-crab (*Pagurus bernhardus*). No one who has visited the Zoophyte House can have failed to observe a bustling, eager-looking creature, with the foreparts of a crab, thrusting its bony limbs out of a large white whelk-shell—a creature whose eccentric and rapid movements would give you at once an idea of his being the most pugnacious, as well as the most conceited of animals: at one moment, he rattles sidewise over the stones and rocks; at another, pushes himself backwards; then gathers his claws together, and slips back into his shell; then suddenly protrudes them, and dashes forward. His eyes project like those of his congener the crab, and his cilia are as constantly in motion, so that the water round his face is in one incessant whirl. He is odd enough in himself to astonish any one unaccustomed to such queer ways, but his appearance is rendered still more peculiar by the load he carries on his back; for it is a rare thing not to find at least one sea-anemone clinging to the shell, and sitting, like the 'Man of the Sea' on the back of Sinbad the sailor, quite at his ease, and expanding its brilliant-coloured tentacula in all directions as the poor hermit rattles about carrying it on his back.

The whelk-shells in which these crabs live, being the deserted habitations of some dead former inhabitants, have in most cases been tossed about in the sea for a long time before they become the cells of the hermits, and, consequently, are usually found coated with other shelly substances. These are the convoluted tubes of different kinds of serpulæ, which are adorned with the plume-like tentacula of their little inhabitants, thrown aloft to gather their sustenance from the surrounding waters. Then, on some there are clusters of the pretty little 'acorn-shell,' the balanus, which abounds especially on the south-western coast, and incrusts the rocks and stones between high and low water-mark in every direction. The structure of both shell and insect is exceedingly curious and beautiful. The little creature builds a circular wall of lime, from a quarter to half an inch in diameter, and about the third of an inch in height, sloping inwards so as to leave an opening at the top of about half the width of the base. In this fortress, which is of snowy whiteness, and wrinkled, dwells the pretty little zoophyte, enclosed in a small hinged shell of soft material, which covers it closely when out of the water; but when in its own element, may be seen to open gently on hinges. The same little book from which I have before quoted says: 'If you take up some of these stones or limpets with their acorn-shells upon them, keep them dry for an hour, and then place them in a basin of sea-water, you will be delighted with the graceful movements of the little thirsty balanus; for shortly after it feels the moisture of the water, it will open the sides of its shell, and send forth a head-dress resembling beautiful plumes. These plumes are the feathery tentacula of the small animal living within; and being sent forth to gather both food and air from the water, may be seen, to the great delight of the beholder, rising up and falling down with a most graceful waving motion.' The balani are sometimes called 'sessile barnacles.'

There was a species of serpula in the same tanks with these crustacean animals, which gave me great delight. The cells were formed of calcareous tubes wreathed together, well described by Miss Pratt as resembling 'little stony serpents.' From the mouths of these tubes were projected the most exquisite coronals of waving, feather-like tentacula, scarlet, crimson, or orange, varied with white, rising in circles, usually three from each tube. They looked like fairy flowers placed in diminutive china-vases, waving as under the influence of a gentle breeze.

Dragging its slug-like body slowly up the side of the glass, yet quite under water, I observed a curious dark mollusk with long processes on the head like ears. It was of a rich purplish brown, of velvet-like appearance, varied by some lighter marks; and I thought it beautiful as well as curious, although others pronounced it very ugly. This was the sea-hare, or sea-slug (*Aphysia depilans*). It is found among the sea-weeds at low-water, and is said to exude a substance from its skin which will make the hair fall from him who touches it. It is said, also, that the poison with which the Roman emperors used to destroy those whom they wished out of the way, was taken from this slug; as also, that it was by this that Titus poisoned Domitian; but later writers, and better-informed jurymen, have pronounced the poor little sea-hare as innocuous as any land-hare, though not such good eating. It is reported, that a body of wise and learned men of late met to try and taste all manner of queer things, with the philanthropic hope of discovering new resources in diet for the good people of Great Britain. One of the first cooks in England was appointed as superintendent of the scientific meal; and amongst other things, a dish of sea-hares, elaborately spiced and prepared, made its appearance.

'How do they taste?' asked one of the savans.

'I have not tried, sir,' was the reply; 'I could not fancy them.'

The man of science was in a worse predicament than the man of cookery, for the one was only in duty bound to *cook*, and the other to *taste* and pronounce on the quality of the viand; and it was with so much repugnance he performed this task, that sea-hares will probably not be very vigorously hunted in their lairs, nor government find it necessary to fix a day after or before which they may or may not be killed.

There were many specimens of another naked mollusk, of extreme beauty and delicacy of appearance, gliding about over the leaves of the sea-weeds, and on the rocks. These were a species of *doris*, pure, milkwhite little creatures, with peculiar protuberances on their heads, and some with slug-like bodies, richly tipped and garnished with the most brilliant golden hue.

I have more than once alluded to that flower-like tribe of animals commonly called sea-anemones—a name including the whole family of the actinidæ, every individual of which is more or less beautiful. Before we describe any of the sea-anemones which excite our admiration in the Zoophyte House, it will not be uninteresting to our readers to receive a few hints as to the general structure and habits of the tribes to which these pretty creatures belong, as without some knowledge on these points, although the eye may be pleased by their radiant hues, the mind will receive but little benefit from the inspection of their beauties. *Zoophyta helianthoïda* is the name applied by scientific men to this tribe of animals—zoophyta, because by some they have been supposed to partake of the nature both of vegetables and animals; helianthoïda, to express the resemblance which the animals bear to *compound* flowers—that is, to flowers which, like the daisy, the marigold, and others, are composed of many little florets, connected by a common calyx, and forming one head. Ellis says: 'Their tentacles being disposed in regular circles, and tinged with a variety of bright lively colours, very nearly represent the beautiful petals of some of our elegantly fringed and radiated flowers.' Dr Johnston, of Berwick, thus describes them: 'The body of the helianthoïda, may be compared to a truncated cone, or short cylinder, seated on a flat plain base, while the opposite end is dimpled in the centre with the oral aperture, and garnished with variously figured tentacula, which originate from a space between the proper lip, and the free, somewhat thickened, border of the disk. In a state of contraction, the mouth is closed, the tentacula are shortened, and the whole concealed by this border being drawn like a curtain over them, leaving a mere depression on the top. The mouth leads by a very short and wide passage into a large stomach, which is a membranous bag, puckered internally with numerous plaits, and divided in a perpendicular direction into halves by a deep smooth furrow, with cartilaginous sides. . . . . In a state of expansion and of hunger, many helianthoïda can protrude the stomach beyond the lip in the form of large bladder-like lobes, which often hang over the sides, and almost conceal the rest of the body.' The under part of the body in animals of this family has a large sucker, by which they adhere to any object they choose to fix on; and by loosening which, and drawing a sufficient portion of water into their bodies by means of the tentacula, they are able to float off and change their position.

The *Actinia*, so named from a Greek word signifying 'a ray,' comprise several varieties, many of which are named from flowers—there is a mesembryanthemum, fig-marigold, bellis, daisy, dianthus, pink, &c. But although all these species are called indiscriminately sea-anemones, there is not one amongst them that now bears that name as its own individual distinction. The tentacula of which I have spoken as existing in the polypi are very remarkable organs: they consist of fleshy tubular arms, each furnished at its point with an orifice, by means of which the animal sucks in the water wherewith to inflate its body, and also absorbs the animalcules which it finds floating in the water, and which form a large proportion of its food; indeed, although sea-anemones at times eat other food, they can and do subsist for months together wholly on this invisible support, as may be proved by keeping one in a vessel of sea-water, when, if the water is occasionally changed, it will continue to grow, and thrive, and propagate, without being fed in any other way. But the specimens at the Zoological Gardens are not left thus to imbibe their sustenance, they are fed with bits of raw meat; and I was amused by seeing little portions guided by a rod towards the centre of the circling rays of some of the pretty creatures, on the touch of which the tentacula instantly folded over, enclosing the foreign substance, and in a few minutes the whole had disappeared, having been sucked into the stomach of the anemone, and the lovely coronal of rays was again expanded, a most beautiful trap for fresh prey. They are greedy creatures, and the fishermen have reason to dread their ravages, for they sometimes get into their crab or lobster pots, and will wind their tentacula round a fine crab or lobster, or whatever they may lay hold of, and suck out every particle of its juices, casting out the empty shell from their devouring maw when they have absorbed the whole of its contents. In some seas, these creatures grow to so enormous a size as to be able to inflict serious injury: they have been known to seize on man; and an instance was lately told me by a young Indian officer, of a friend of his who, when bathing, had his thigh taken hold of by one of these horrible creatures, from which he sustained severe injury; and was released only by having the animal cut from him piecemeal. Such dangers, however, do not exist in our seas, nor could they be anticipated from the lovely little actiniæ in the tanks.

The *Actinia dianthus* is a most lovely species. The individuals which it comprises are much varied, but all are lovely. The bodies of those I have are all white, richly figured with purple and amber, and as smooth as china, which they much resemble. They are firmer to the touch than the before-named species, and the body is longer, so that the *corolla*, if we may so term the clustering flower-like tentacula, is raised higher into the water.

The variations in shape which this animal is capable of assuming are most remarkable. Its least attractive appearance is when it floats off from its resting-place; its body—which is in general about two and a half inches in length, and over one in diameter—extended and straight, and its tentacula half unclosed. In this state, you would scarcely conceive it to be the same creature as when—its base firmly fixed on a whelk-shell, and its body nipped in below, and spread into a deep cup-like form, with its delicate petals widely thrown open—it more closely resembles a fine white thistle than any other flower; which likeness is greatly increased if you just touch the lip with your finger, for then it instantly half closes up, and leaves but the mere tips of the tentacula densely clustered together, and just peeping out from their shelter. But wait a moment. The thistle has assumed entirely another form; the lip, with its fringing tentacula, is thrown back over the body, which is now clipt in like an hour-glass about the centre. Watch a little longer, and the lower part of the body shortens, and grows half as big again as it was before, and the contraction rises to just under the lip, so as to make the flower like a carnation; presently, the oral disk rises into a high narrow cone in the centre, its beautiful white markings and transparent interspaces forming a varied sort of receptacle, round which the floating petals play; and if you try to sketch it, you will find, ere you can have caught its outline, that the whole figure has changed, and it is quite unlike in form to what you have ever before seen it.

> As they please,
> They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size,
> Assume as like them best.

Some of this species have their tentacula delicately ringed with a peculiar claret tint, of which there are other markings on the lip and body, and the whole animal puts you at once in mind of a fig laid open.

In some specimens of *Anthea cereus*, which I lately collected in Torbay, the colour is of a vivid lilac, ever shifting from place to place, and not confined to the tips of the feelers, which are, however, always of that hue. The green is the most brilliant I ever saw, but varying in intensity; now you see the whole blossom, except the tips of the petals, of a living dazzling green; but watch it for a few minutes, and you will see that the bright clear lilac begins to extend hither and thither, so that the whole animal seems tinged with it; and then the sweet soft hue fades away, and gives place again to the prevailing green. In the variety which Gærtner describes as ash-colour, but which I should rather say was of the hue of the ringdove, the soft tinting is as changeful as in the green specimens—a most exquisite pearl-coloured bloom, as it were, seeming to flicker over the whole surface of the feelers, constantly fluctuating and varying. The form of the *Anthea cereus*, when fully expanded, is more like that of a gigantic tassel-chrysanthemum—that beautiful species, I mean, which exhibits tubular petals, or, I should rather say, whose petals are not only tubular at their base, but closed nearly to the tip.

The name anthea is taken from the old poet, Michael Drayton, who says:

> Anthea of the flowers that has the general charge.

Dr Johnston tells us that this animal is good to eat, and that it 'furnishes the dish called rastegna, a favourite in Provence;' but although it is a most beautiful and interesting creature, I should think it must be a very hungry person who could be so enterprising as to venture on eating anything so like a cluster of worms as are the writhing, ever-moving tentacula of this strange animal.

Certainly there are few, if any, exhibitions in London, which can afford so great a variety of objects of interest with so little of fatigue or atmospheric inconvenience as the Zoophyte House. The exceeding delicacy of the light as it falls equally on all sides through its crystal medium; the transparency of the tanks, and of the water in them; and the exceeding brilliancy of hue of all these varied mollusks, zoophytes, &c., together with the different tints of the sea and river weeds, are altogether most striking and beautiful; and the freedom from the smell and noise which pervade other exhibitions of living creatures, certainly renders this a most attractive place of resort, especially for invalids.

A GIRL'S DILEMMA.

This is the anniversary of an important day in my life. I will keep it by recording the events that led to my present position; let not those stay to read whose hearts have grown too old to relish a love story.

At eighteen, I was one of the most thoughtless of human beings. My widowed father, a rich London merchant, had humoured every whim from infancy, and asked nothing of me in return but lightheartedness and affection. No one could have known less than I of the shadows and sorrows of life, or have been more childishly occupied in the present. It was the night of my first ball, to which I was to be introduced under the most flattering auspices; I was half-wild with excitement, and the moment my toilet was completed, I flew down stairs to shew myself to my father, who was not going with me, as at first arranged, being prevented, he said, by sudden and insurmountable engagements. Well I remember how impatiently I burst open the dining-room door, and with what a bound of elation I sprang towards the spot where he stood, spreading out my beautiful dress, and making before him a sweeping courtesy. I seem to hear now the soft rustle of lace and satin; to feel the glow that burned on my cheeks, and the quick throbbings of my happy heart. I had not at first noticed, in my eagerness, that the table was covered with papers, and that my father was not alone. Mr Lacy, barrister-at-law, his friend and mine—for I had known him from my cradle—sat opposite to him, and a second glance shewed me how grave and anxious were the faces of both.

'What is the matter?' I asked, laying my hand caressingly on my father's shoulder. He looked at me fondly till I saw the tears brim his eyes.

'My darling!' he said in an abrupt passionate way. 'We will not tell her, Lacy? It would be cruel. Let her have at least a few more happy hours; she need not know to-night. How will she bear it?'

Mr Lacy looked increasingly grave. I had become very grave too; my childish excitement seemed to have given place to a sudden and almost womanly seriousness.

'It is of no use hiding anything from me,' I said, trying to smile, though I trembled from head to foot in vague foreboding. 'I could not go to the ball now; tell me what has happened.' The expression of my father's face deepened to anguish; he put his hands before it, as if the sight of me was too painful to bear. I turned to Mr Lacy.

'Do you tell me!' I implored. Mr Lacy fixed upon me the fine searching eyes whose reproof had been the sorest penalty of my life hitherto, and kept up the scrutiny till I could bear it no longer, earnest and kindly as it was. I knelt on a cushion before him, and leaning my arms on his knees in a favourite attitude, I returned his gaze with a steady though tearful one.

'Try me,' I said; 'perhaps I am more than the giddy child you think me. Besides, it cannot be so dreadful—you are both alive and well!'

A peculiar expression passed over Mr Lacy's face. He seemed hesitating whether to draw me into his arms, or to push me from him: he did neither, but rose up suddenly, putting me gently back, and took a few turns through the room.

'Halford,' he said presently, and in agitated tones, 'once more I renew my offer. Of what use is wealth like mine to a lonely man? With the help I can give, you may keep your credit, and breast this storm. You shrink from an obligation there is a chance of your never being able to cancel? Well, I will change places with you. Give me in return—that is, if I can win her to consent—your daughter as my wife!' My father looked up with a literal gasp of astonishment. Mr Lacy went on without heeding him. 'I am a fool, no doubt,' he said; 'but the time has long gone by when Mildred was a child to me. For the last two years, I have felt from the depths of my heart that she was a woman; I have fought against the insane wish to win her for my wife; my age, my past relations with her, seemed to make it a crime. Now I have spoken; God knows, as much to save you from the disgrace you are so obstinately bent on meeting, and her from the poverty that would crush her youth, as to satisfy my own feelings. What she is to me, words cannot say; how I will guard and love her, my life only could prove. Mildred, what do you say?'

He paused opposite me, and took my hand: I was like one in a dream. Love! Marriage! Brought up as I had been at home, I had speculated less on these points than most girls of my age. I had vague theories, indeed, gathered from poets and novelists; and my feelings for Mr Lacy, a man of forty years of age, who had nursed me as an infant, and whom I regarded with almost unlimited reverence as one of the best and wisest of the race, did not seem to correspond with them. I was unworthy of the honour—incapable of fulfilling the office of wife to such a man. Wife!—it seemed almost blasphemous to mention the word to such a child as I was. I shrank back from him towards my father, my cheeks burning, and my eyes full of tears.

'You refuse me, Mildred?' said he. 'I should be a villain to take advantage of my position, and urge you. Yet in my heart I believe I could make you happy: what would you have but youth that I could not give you? There are many chances against your ever being offered again a strong, honest, undivided heart like mine. No young man could love as I do. Mildred, what you might be to me!'

The strange tone of passionate earnestness made my heart beat thick. I glanced at my father; he was watching me with intense anxiety: no need to question what his wishes were. As for the meaning of this strange scene, I wanted no details; enough that some monetary crisis had come, that threatened disgrace and ruin. I could avert it; and how? By marrying one whose affection might have gratified the most ambitious heart—one of the noblest of men—one I loved, though perhaps not as he loved me. In that hour of excitement, and in my undisciplined mind, little was I prepared to weigh remote possibilities and contingencies; besides, I was ardent, excitable, apt to mistake impulse for sentiment. 'Mildred, what you might be to me!' wrought upon my sensibility; his expression of subdued emotion still further moved me. It never occurred to me, to demand time for explanation and reflection. I felt constrained to answer him then and there.

'If I were less a child,' I said, blushing and trembling —'if I were more your equal'——

It was enough: he drew near me, and clasped me in his arms. 'Child!' he said passionately; 'my love —my wife!' Then releasing me, and gazing at me seriously: 'You give yourself to me willingly, Mildred; but I will not bind you. Six months hence, I will give you back your freedom, if you are not happy; and you will find it hard to deceive a love like mine.'

My father rose and grasped his hand in silence. 'God bless you,' he said at length; 'I would have borne much to secure such a protector for my child. Leave us, Mildred, to arrange some matters that cannot be delayed even till the morning.' I was eager to obey, and be alone to think; and I left the room without a backward glance.

That half hour had revolutionised my whole being. I was a child no longer. I locked my bedroom-door, to give way to all the tumultuous emotions of a woman. Sued for as a wife—engaged! I looked at myself in the glass, and wondered that a man like Mr Lacy could love such a young unformed creature as I appeared. There was an incongruity in it that struck me painfully. Still, there was a distinction in his regard that flattered me; I had a very high esteem for him; I was warding off a calamity from my father; I loved no one else—no doubt I should be very happy. I sat down on the edge of the bed, and leaned my head—little used to ache with such grave matters of reflection—upon my hand. Unaccustomed to dream, at that moment an involuntary dream rose before my imagination. Instead of this strange compact, the wooing of a youthful lover; instead of mere consent on my part, the delicious hopes, the rich fruition of a conscious, active passion. Might it not have been thus? If beauty won love, I was fair enough; if freshness and strength of heart were needed, how mine throbbed under the ideal bliss! The sound of Mr Lacy's voice recalled me to a sense of my duty to him; it was wrong to dream of such girlish possibilities now.

He was going away, and my father had accompanied him to the head of the staircase. I suppose he had asked him if he would not wish to bid me good-night, for I heard him answer: 'No; she would not wish to be disturbed—I fear to weary her. God forgive me if I am acting a selfish part!' I rose up resolutely; no more such weakness as that of the last hour; he was worthy of a woman's love and honour, and I would give it. The next two months passed in a state of tranquil happiness. If manly devotion, if the most delicate and minute attentions could win a heart, mine would have been won; and I thought it was, and reposed on the idea.

Mr Lacy made no attempt to prevent my plunge into the gay world, postponed for a while by the late strange incidents. Now and then he would go with me to ball or opera, but it was in the character of protector or spectator, not as participant; and I felt his presence a restraint. I was by no means a coquette; I strove to bear always in mind that I was his affianced wife; but I was only eighteen, ardent in temperament, with high animal spirits, very much courted and admired, and I did enter with a keen zest into the pleasures of life. His grave smile, in the height of my enjoyment, used to fall like a weight on my heart.

He himself, holding an important and influential position in the world, was full of earnest schemes of practical benevolence, of professional reform. He seemed to think, labour, and write mainly with an eye to other men's interests, and those in their highest and widest bearings. He liked to talk to me of these things, and excite my moral enthusiasm; and while I listened, he carried heart and conviction with him, and I felt a call to such co-operation an honour, in which sacrifice could have no part. Then his look of intense affection and happiness, as he kissed the cheek to which his words had brought so deep a glow, stirred my soul, and left no doubt on my mind that I loved him.

At the end of two months, Mr Lacy left me to attend a summons to his father's death-bed. He expressed no fears as to the result of this separation, though I perceived a deep secret anxiety. I shared it. I had a morbid dread of the effect of this absence.

'Don't leave me,' I cried, clinging weeping to his arm. 'I am afraid of myself—afraid of becoming unworthy of you.'

'How, Mildred?' was his answer. 'If you mean you will forget me, or discover you are mistaken in thinking you love me, it will save us both a life-long misery—me, at least, a life-long remorse.'

For a week or two after he left me, I hardly went into society; but my father and friends laughed at my playing the widow, as they called it, and I soon resumed my former gaieties, with, however, a certain restraint and moderation which I felt due to Mr Lacy.

At length the temptation beset me of which I seemed to have had a vague presentiment from the first evening of Mr Lacy's offer, and it beset me under its most insidious form. My father's sister and nephew came to pay us a long-talked-of visit; and even before they arrived, I had begun to torture myself with doubts as to the issues of this intercourse. As children, Frank Ingram and I had spent half our time together; and as children, had pledged ourselves to each other. Five years had passed since we had met, for he had been studying medicine abroad; but an unbroken, though scanty correspondence had been always kept up between the two families. Frank had been my ideal as a child. If I found him so still—if I were to love him!—if, when he came, he brought with him that future about which I had dreamed—brought it in vain! There was something morbid in this state of mind; but the idea had fastened upon me, and I could not shake it off. My very self-mistrust was a snare.

My aunt and cousin duly arrived; and of Frank I must speak the truth, even if I am accused of a wish to justify myself. Every charm a young man could have, I think he possessed. I say nothing of his personal beauty, or his ingenuous graces of manner. I could have withstood these, though I had a very keen appreciation of them. But he was as full of disinterested ardour in his profession as Mr Lacy in his; had the same deep desire to be of use in his generation—the same unselfish plans and aspirations; only he unfolded them with such a winning self-mistrust, as if he doubted his worthiness for the high vocation of benevolence, until he warmed into enthusiasm; and then the passion of his speech, the very extravagance of his youthful hopes, thrilled me with a power far beyond the reasoned wisdom of Mr Lacy's enterprises. Oh I longed to join hands with him in his life-journey, and lend my aid to the working out of his Utopia, with a spontaneous fervour of desire never known before!

Lesser things lent their aid. He was a fine musician, and an enthusiast in the art: we practised constantly together. He taught me how to play and sing the German compositions he had introduced to me. I do not wish to dwell on details; but who does not know how subtle a medium of love a kindred pursuit and enjoyment of music is?—and Mr Lacy had never cared for music. Then, again, he was my perpetual companion: at breakfast, his clear eyes and welcoming voice opened the day; and after its long hours of delightful intercourse, his hand was the last I clasped at night. No attempt was made to put any restraint upon this dangerous companionship. My father looked upon us as brother and sister; besides, the fact of my engagement was known, and he had the most implicit confidence in his nephew's honour. He never considered my danger, yet it was the greater. He might be strong, but I was weak. In short, I loved Frank.

A letter, announcing the probable day of Mr Lacy's return, roused me to a conviction of the truth. I carried it up to my room, locked the door, and fell on my knees. What should I do? Should I keep my secret, and sin against my own soul by marrying one I did not love? Surely that were the worst crime of the two. What was left me, then, but to wound a noble heart, belie my promise, inculpate my father? It seemed a dreadful alternative. After hours of agonised casuistry, I could not decide, but determined to leave the final issue to chance. Did Frank love me? Strange that I took that fact for granted, torturing myself with the idea of what he would suffer—he, with his young strong capacity for sorrow! This is not to be a long story, so I must not stay to analyse the state of my mind during the interval that elapsed before Mr Lacy's return. A criminal awaiting a sure condemnation, and that approved by his own aching conscience, would understand my feelings.

The evening came on which we expected him. Never had our drawing-room worn a more happy, home-like character. My father read the newspaper at ease in his ample chair; my handsome lively aunt perpetually interrupting him with irrelevant remarks. I sat near the tea-table, for a certain hour had been fixed, and we waited for our guest before we began our favourite meal. I held a book, to hide the changes of my countenance. Had I doubted my cousin's love before, I should have doubted it no longer; how earnestly and searchingly he looked at me—how grave and sad he appeared!

The knock came. It was natural I should start; but it was hard to smile naturally at my aunt's pleasant raillery. Mr Lacy came in; he was one of those whose self-governed, serene manner precludes flutter or embarrassment in others. The gentle friendliness of his greeting reassured me for the moment; under it I could hardly imagine the strong passionate current to exist that sometimes broke its bounds.

The evening passed smoothly and pleasantly to all externals. Mr Lacy was very grave, but then it was to be expected of a son who had just left his father's death-bed; and my aunt's animated tongue filled up the intervals when conversation would have flagged. Frank and I sang together at my father's request, for I feared to seem unwilling; besides, it precluded the necessity of my exerting myself to talk. Frank was very serious, and, I thought, averse to sing with me; but at the same time he had never sung to more advantage.

The ordeal was over at last. Mr Lacy took his leave, without anything in his manner to make me fear, or perhaps hope, that my secret was discovered. A week passed; he was constantly with us, shewing me the same tenderness as ever, somewhat graver, but as certainly more gentle. He seemed, too, to make a point of seeking Frank's society, and spoke of him in high terms to my father. Oh! what a heavy heart I carried during that period. Looking in my glass, I thought with wonder of the change six months can work in mind and body. At the end of those seven days, I came to a resolution that nerved me with something like strength. I thought I would seek a direct interview with Mr Lacy, tell him the whole truth, and throw myself on his generosity. Let him but release me from an engagement that became every hour more intolerable to contemplate, and I would consent to enter on no other. Let him but free me, and I would live unmarried for ever—yes, though I must take labour and poverty as companions.

It was the very evening of the day I had come to this decision, that I chanced to meet Mr Lacy on the stairs, at the hour of his usual arrival. Here was the desired opportunity, but I trembled to avail myself of it. He forestalled me.

'Give me a quarter of an hour alone, Mildred, in the library,' he said. 'I have wished to have a few private words with you for days.'

We went in; he placed me a chair near the fire, and closed the door carefully, then came up to me, standing before me as he spoke:

'This day six months ago, Mildred, I made a promise I am going to redeem. If you are not happy, I said, I will free you from the engagement you made with me. You are not happy. I suspected the truth from your letters when in Scotland—those painful letters—and I saw it confirmed the first night of my arrival. The expression of your face, the tone of your voice, when you spoke to your cousin, would have set the strongest doubt at rest, killed the most pertinacious hope.' He paused a moment, then went on as calmly as before: 'I acquit you of all blame, Mildred; it was I that acted the unworthy part, taking unmanly advantage of my power to help your father and your untried child's heart. If I were not now the only sufferer, I could scarcely bear the retrospect; but I am, thank God! As for your father, our fears magnified his danger: the little help I was able to give, has re-established his position as firmly as before. He will repay me; you owe me nothing. I have had a wild dream, but I am awake at last—awake enough to see it was a fool's idea that a man like me could win a young girl's heart.'

He was calm no longer; but he turned abruptly away to hide his emotion.

'Mr Lacy,' I cried, striving to stifle the conflict of my love, 'I would fain do right. I have a deep esteem for you—I'—— I broke off. 'Give me a little time,' I added, passionately renewing the effort; 'I shall conquer this love of mine—I will become worthy of you after all!'

'Conquer the purest feeling of a woman's heart! Offer yourself a sacrifice to my selfishness! No, no; Mildred, yours is the season of blessedness—mine is already past. Presently, I will come back to you in my old character, and be able to say with less difficulty than I do to-night, "God bless you both." I will kiss you for the last time.'

He clasped me in his arms, and kissed me, seemingly with more earnestness than passion, but it was the very depth of passion. As the door closed upon him, a strange impulse seized me. I longed to call him back. Was it true I did not love him?

I saw none of my family that evening, for I went at once to my room. What a night of misery and conflict I passed!

The next morning, Frank came to my private sitting-room, and knocked for admittance. He held a letter in his hand; his fine eyes were suffused with happiness.

'Sympathise with me, Mildred,' he said; 'I feel too much to bear it alone. I have never talked to you about her, for I could not trust myself with the subject while a doubt remained. Now, I will tell you about my darling; she is as worthy of a true man's heart as—as Mr Lacy is of yours. By the way, Mildred, I was very anxious about you that night he came home, for your manner was not—not what, were I in his place, would have satisfied me; but that is the form a woman's caprice takes with you, I have concluded. As for not loving him at bottom, I don't dare so to impugn my noble cousin's heart and understanding.'

Frank talked on long and earnestly—told me the story of his love, read me his letter; but I heard nothing distinctly, understood nothing fully. One fact I grasped, that he was going to leave me to-morrow—going to this darling of his—and that if I had a spark of dignity and womanly sense left, I must excite it now. I don't know how I bore my martyrdom; but I won its crown. Frank bade me good-bye without a suspicion of the truth.

I ran once more to the solitude of my chamber. I felt abandoned—prostrate. I flung myself on the bed in a transport of despair. Why, I had lost all! Had I been so criminal that my punishment was so heavy? 'Oh, Frank!' I cried, 'how I have loved you—what life might have been!' Then I reflected, if Mr Lacy loved me as I loved my cousin, what a fine spirit and nature he had shewn, what a rare gift such a heart was! Miserable as I was, it was deeper misery to think I was the cause of his.

I was very ill after these events, and fears for my health quite absorbed any anger my father might have felt at the disappointment of a cherished desire, or perhaps Mr Lacy, by his representations, had shielded me against it. When I recovered, people said I was very much altered; and so I was. The flush of youth was passed; I was not twenty, but nothing of the childishness of a few months back was left. Frank was married; and Mr Lacy we never saw, at least I never saw him. Disappointment had made life an earnest thing to me; and taught by its discipline, the character of my former lover rose in dignity in my eyes.

How was it that what I had thought would be a life-long regret—my love for my cousin—seemed a transient emotion, of which the traces grew daily feebler. Had I sacrificed my happiness to a passing fancy? Or was it that at my age one cannot long cling to the impossible? Little signified the seeming contrariety of my heart, for the fact remained—if I had never loved Mr Lacy before, I loved him now. I thought perpetually of the incidents of our brief engagement—every word of endearment, every embrace, had its hold on my memory. I recalled his opinions, framing my own stringently by them, and followed his public career so far as I was able, aided by my deep knowledge of the high principles and motives that actuated it.

The feeling grew in silence, till my former love for Frank was but a child's dream in comparison. To hear his name mentioned, and always mentioned in connection with something honourable, moved me with a strange passion of feeling—and he had loved me! Oh! did he love me yet?

Time passed, and I had long resumed my former relations with society, and had met with successes enough to gratify my heart had vanity been my ruling passion, or could I have adopted it in place of the one which was secretly sapping the fresh springs of life. Sometimes the idea occurred, that it might be possible, without any compromise of womanly dignity, to ascertain his feelings for me, and if they remained unchanged, to teach him the change in mine; and then I fell into that colouring of a bright future which seems to be the ordained and Sisyphus-like penalty of the unhappy.

My chance came at last. At a large dinner-party, I unexpectedly met Mr Lacy. He came to me at once; spoke kindly and gently, as in long-past times; but there was nothing to lead to the idea that he still loved me—no hesitation in the well-known voice, no latent tenderness in the searching eyes. I could not bear it, and wished he would leave me to myself, and not torture me with that cruel friendship. At my first opportunity, I turned from him, and engaged myself in conversation with a gentleman who was well known to be one of my suitors. It appeared like coquetry, but it was the eagerness of self-mistrust. That evening seemed very long, and insupportably painful; I had not known how tenaciously I had clung to hope until it failed me. When Mr Lacy came forward to help me to my carriage, I felt I could hardly receive the ordinary civility from him without betraying myself.

I was surprised when he begged me to turn into an empty room we passed on our way to the hall. 'Mildred,' he said, 'I was going to ask you when we first met to-night, whether I might resume my old relations in your family. Nearly two years have passed since we last met, and I thought I could bring you back the calm heart of a friend. But you have so studiously shunned me, that to ask permission now seems superfluous. What am I to think? Have you not forgiven me yet for the misery I cost you?'

I was silent. If I could have fallen at his feet, and sobbed out the truth, I might have been blessed for life; but that would have been too great a sacrifice for even love to exact from a woman's pride.

'If the deepest sympathy in your disappointment could entitle me to the character of a friend,' Mr Lacy pursued, 'you would give me your hand willingly. Pardon me, Mildred, for what may seem an unmanly allusion, but it is best to make it—if there is any chance of future friendship between us. It was hard to give you up, harder still to feel the sacrifice had been in vain. Had you been happily married, I could have returned to you sooner; but suffering, and to feel I had no power to soothe'——

This generosity was too much for me. I rose up hastily from the seat I had taken. 'I cannot bear it,' I said rashly; 'the past has been cruel enough, but this is worse than all. Oh, I am miserable! Friends we can never be—let me go home!' I spoke with the fretfulness of a child; he looked amazed.

'Am I again deceived?' he asked. 'I was told that the gentleman I saw with you this evening, Mr Branson, was your accepted lover. I know him well; he deserves you, Mildred. I rejoiced to see you bright and animated, as you used to be, in his society—to think there was no blight on the future for you at least. What can you mean? You will not risk, surely, the happiness of both? Pardon me,' he added colouring, 'I forget I have not even a friend's right to warn.'

On the brink of one's fate, to deliberate is to lose all.

'Mr Branson is nothing to me,' I said, white and trembling, 'and will never be more; the past will not let itself be so soon forgotten.' My tone seemed to excite him.

'Mildred!' he exclaimed passionately, 'did you, then, love him so much? Ah! had mine been the power.' He drew a long breath, and fixed for a moment a gaze on my face, that solved my last doubt, broke down the last barrier.

'Frank has long been forgotten,' I said, and instinctively I held out my hand—'that was a child's love. What I want of the future, is to be what the past once promised, Mr Lacy.'

I had stood erect, and spoken audibly, up to this point; but here my head drooped, my cheeks burned, yet from no ignoble shame. One quick glance of searching astonishment, one rapturous exclamation, and I was folded in his arms.

'Mildred, forgive my doubt. You have regretted me—you love me?'

'Beyond what you have asked,' I stammered, hiding my face on his shoulder—'beyond friendship. I feel I have found my ark of refuge!'

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The last stone is being laid of the Universal Exhibition of Paris, and the masons, having little more to do, are beginning to admire their handiwork, giving a finishing touch here and there, and anticipating public applause. As yet, however, few persons have been admitted behind the scenes, and curiosity is becoming more eager every day. It is not satisfied with seeing, through breaks in a screen of trees, portions of a beautiful edifice occupying that vast space, the Carré Marigny—formerly covered on Sundays and fête-days with crowds, busy in search of amusement amidst shows and whirligigs, and booths and tables, where sweetmeats and playthings were gambled for. It now wants to pry into the internal arrangements of the building, and sit in judgment upon them. Being one of the inquisitive, I recently sought admission within the awful precincts of the boarding which keeps the mysteries of the work secret from the vulgar gaze; and having obtained a ticket, not only got a better view of the exterior, but penetrated into the interior, and examined all its details to my heart's content. The result of my experiences seemed to me worth noting down, especially as—by the kindness of one of the contractors, an Englishman, Mr Yorke—I was furnished with a few figures, and some information of an interesting character.

Most persons, doubtless, have heard of the Champs Elysées; but for the benefit of those who have not yet seen them, it may be necessary to say that they form a kind of urban-sylvan place of resort, extending between the Place de la Concorde, the Avenue Marigny, and the Seine, but scarcely occupying so large an area as St James's Park. There is, however, no grass to be seen; and delightful as the shade of the trees may be on a summer-day, the hot and barren ground, trodden hard by innumerable feet, is anything but agreeable to the eye. Fountains are erected here and there, with occasionally a restaurant or a café, where in the afternoon loungers congregate, and sip some cooling beverage; or later in the day, take dinner, coffee, and the inevitable *petit verre*. At intervals, open spaces occur, to which the French give the name of *carrés*, or squares. The largest of these was the Carré Marigny, once, as we have said, the chief rendezvous of pleasure-seekers, where French infants, and infantine French of all ages, were wont to while away the time in the last hours of the long days, and the first hours of the short nights, made balmy and cool by air breathing from the neighbouring Seine.

This fine open area used to be periodically occupied by a temporary building, containing the Exhibition of French Industry. It has now been permanently appropriated as the site of a solid edifice of stone, iron, and glass, not without a sigh and an occasional complaint from the old habitués of the place. They say that the choice of this spot is disastrous, and speaking eloquently, exclaim: 'It is the condemnation to death within a given time of that magnificent public promenade which Europe envied us—the Corso, the Grand Cours, as it was at first called, the delight of which Paris appreciated so much, that the poetical name of the Champs Elysées was assigned to it. Bounded on the north by the hotels of the Faubourg St Honoré, it obtained air only from the south, in which direction its lofty clusters of trees spread to the borders of the Seine. The new Palace of Industry suppresses all this—air, space, prospect. It stifles this beautiful promenade, and transforms it into something like a boulevard. In a few years, the Champs Elysées will, indeed, be nothing else than a prolonged boulevard.' These lamentations are perhaps a little exaggerated, and are always repeated whenever any change, whether improvement or not, is made in the public promenades of Paris.

The principal façade of the Palace of Industry is turned towards the north; and from the north I first approached it. In the centre, a large quadrangular pavilion projects some 30 or 40 feet in advance of the body of the building. A deep arch, spanning nearly two-thirds of the height of the pavilion, and flanked by double Corinthian columns, with corresponding fluted pilasters, gives a bold expression to the entrance. Over the pediment, on the summit of the building, a group of colossal dimensions is placed. A statue of France, standing erect, with arms outstretched, as if in the act of touching at the same moment the utmost confines of the earth, is the principal figure. Beneath her sit, in a humble position, two other figures, representing the Genii of Arts and Commerce. The allegory intended to be conveyed is not difficult of interpretation; and perhaps the presumption may create a smile in some.

At the extremities of the pavilion, on either side of this group, the arms of France and the reigning family have been carved out of huge blocks of stone, and serve in lieu of turrets. Appropriate sculptures and bass-reliefs have been distributed over the surface of the façade, and add wonderfully to its richness and elegance. Every effort has been made to take advantage of the opportunity offered for doing justice to men of genius who have advanced the cause of science by their labours, or established an eminent reputation as contributors to the world of literature and of art. On either side of the grand arch which forms the entrance, are inscribed the names of Pliny, Vitruvius, Phidias, Apelles, Archimedes, amongst the ancient; and of François Arago, Monthyon, Vauban, Bertrand, and Canova, amongst the modern; whilst beneath these inscriptions are suspended medallions, containing portraits in bass-relief of these same persons. A similar compliment is paid to celebrated men of every country, whose names are sculptured in letters of gold along the cornice that surrounds the building, but are too numerous to be inserted here. Shields, emblazoned with the arms of upwards of 250 of the principal towns of France, with their names engraved on a bar traversant, are placed as ornaments between the intervals of the arched windows, and fill up with an agreeable commemoration the otherwise blank space. Paris, Lille, Rouen, Nantes, Lyon, Bourdeaux, Toulouse, and Marseille, first in commercial and manufacturing importance, as in size and population, naturally occupy the post of honour, and grace the chief façade.

The leafless, winterly state of the trees enabled me to take in at a glance the size and proportions of the building. But, unfortunately, so closely do the branches press down upon and envelop it on every side, that when the summer returns, and decks them with broad shadowing leaves, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain a view of the entire Palace. St Paul's is not more completely hidden by houses, than is this temple of industry by trees. At each of the four corners is another quadrangular pavilion, named after its position—Pavillon du Nord-est, Pavillon du Sud-est, Pavillon du Nord-ouest, Pavillon du Sud-ouest. There is another on the south side of the Palace, which corresponds with the one on the north. In these pavilions are the staircases which lead from the great body of the building to the galleries, and also rooms, which, it is said, will be appropriated to refreshments. Before going into the interior, it may be as well to observe, for fear of forgetting it, that the entire length of the building is at least 800 feet, and its width 350: it will at once be seen how inferior in size the Palais de l'Exposition Universelle of Paris is to that which now occupies so majestically the summit of Sydenham Hill.

An attempt has been made in the construction of the present edifice, to combine the advantages of what may be termed the two materials of modern architecture—iron and stone. The success of Sir Joseph Paxton's design at once opened the eyes of the world to the extraordinary efficiency of iron as a principal material in the construction of vast buildings. But Paris abounds in stone—stone of a beautiful whiteness, and, after a short exposure to the air, of considerable hardness. The hills that encircle it are pierced by innumerable quarries, and it is to this fact that this beautiful capital is indebted for its reputation as a queen among cities. The idea, then, of erecting an edifice entirely of metal was abandoned; and it was determined to see how well the two could agree together, each sharing equally in the construction. Accordingly, the exterior walls were made of solid blocks of stone, whilst the fittings-up of the interior—the roofing and the galleries—were formed of iron. How far the trial has succeeded, must be decided when the whole is completed. Notwithstanding that the four walls of this great parallelogram are pierced by nearly 400 windows, there is still a great heaviness about the *tout ensemble*. The recollections of the airy proportions in the deep nave, and the open transept of the Palace in Hyde Park, with its walls of glass, may perhaps have predisposed one to receive with a kind of disappointment any falling off in these particulars. But I must confess, invidious as it may seem, that the idea which the interior of the present building conveys to the mind, is that of a huge warehouse or railway-station. The unfinished state in which I found the interior may have also, in some measure, prevented me from enjoying a correct appreciation of its future beauties. Upon the threshold of the entrance there were numerous workmen finishing off a boss here, chiseling a rose there, and smoothing down the rough surface of the stone with their scrapers, or polishing a marble slab in another place. Scaffolding remained at various points; and in several quarters the unlevelled earth continued still as it was when heavy carts passed along, and ploughed it into deep ruts.

The interior is divided into two sections—a vast well-lighted hall, and a corridor which entirely surrounds it, over which ranges the gallery. The height of the lofty glazed roof from the ground is between 70 and 80 feet, whilst the width of the gallery is about 60 feet. Already the demands for space made by the English exceed the area of the grand hall.

The whole of the decorations of the interior of the Palace are undertaken by the government, who appoint their own artists and furnish their own designs. It was determined, accordingly, to paint the whole in different grays, all of them approaching to stone colour. This may in some measure account for the sombre appearance of the hall, and its want of lightness. The reason for adopting this mode of colouring is, that colours too bright detract from objects exhibited; and it is objected to the Owen-Jones system of colouring—blue, red, and white—which was used in the decoration of the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, that whilst people ought to have been admiring the beautiful products of art and commerce, their attention was seduced away too much by the brightness and gayness of the decorations, no less than by the airiness and lightness of the building. Perhaps the sombre cast of the present colouring will be relieved by the two painted windows by Maréchal, which are to be inserted in the eastern and western ends. However, where the decorative talent of the French has an opportunity of developing itself, there it will still be found vigorous and healthy. The stone staircases that lead from the ground-floor to the galleries are very fine; so is the ceiling that covers them; whilst the flooring of the highest landing-place is formed of different coloured marbles, inlaid so as to produce a picture. In other parts, the pavement is tesselated. A series of medallions, by M. Devers, of great men will adorn the principal staircase.

Although the Exhibition building was originally intended to be finished by the May of 1854, and the postponement of the event to the present year created considerable disappointment, prodigious efforts have been put forth to hasten its completion. Not less than 800,000 cubic feet of stone have been used in the construction of the Palace; and when the works first commenced, 1000 men were employed in bringing daily upon the ground 400 tons. The weight of iron used is also enormous, since it has been determined that no bare security shall satisfy the consciences of the inspectors of public safety. In the Palace of Sydenham, for a surface of 78,459 yards, 9641 tons of that metal were employed; whilst in the Palace in the Champs Elysées, 8100 tons have been supplied for a surface of 45,140 yards only. If there ever was for a moment a suspicion as to the strength of the girders and pillars of the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, for the purposes for which they were used, and the crowds of people they would have to support, in the present instance all apprehension may be laid aside, especially as former experience has thus rendered assurance doubly sure. But the French are not very calculating in their application of means to bring about an end; and not unfrequently a force fiftyfold above what is necessary, is introduced to move a small weight. The same thing may be observed in their draught, either at the cart or the plough. Often more horses than are required are harnessed together, and thus a great waste of power is incurred. It must also be confessed, that the French sometimes err on the other side; and that much apparent cruelty has been exhibited during the recent improvements and embellishments of the city, from the insufficiency of motive-power used to draw the huge lumbering wagons and massive blocks of stone that may every day be seen obstructing the general traffic of the streets.

The Palais de l'Exposition was more than two-thirds finished, when, upon a new calculation of its size, strength, and capacity, it was found to be too small for the purposes for which it was intended. An Exposition Universelle, to which all the world was invited, and expected to contribute, it was contended, ought to have ample space to exhibit itself. The great hall alone contained only room enough to meet the demands of the British—probably they were exorbitant in their demands; and although the other nations might not compete so extensively, it was thought proper that Paris should be able to meet all the wishes of her friends, provided they were confined within reasonable limits. Accordingly, two supplementary buildings were *run up*—one along the borders of the Seine, the other in the Allée des Veuves—both in the neighbourhood of the grand building. I say run up, for though constructed—one of masonry and ironwork, the other of strong woodwork—they have been begun and completed in an incredibly short space of time.

The building running along the borders of the Seine is intended for the exposition of every sort of machinery. It extends along the whole length of the Cours la Reine, known probably to many of the readers of this publication, and reaches to within a few yards of three-quarters of a mile. The parapet-wall of the north bank of the river has been taken for its southern side; at intervals of 30 or 40 feet, strong stone pillars have been erected to the height of 12 or 14 feet. On the opposite side, corresponding pillars have been thrown up, and the two are connected by lofty iron arches, which form the roof. This roof is boarded over, then covered with zinc almost to the top, where it meets the glazed windows by which light is admitted into the interior. The building runs from east to west. At each extremity a house has been erected, to give a finish to the edifice, and also to serve as principal entrances. In the centre is also another grand entrance; and here it is that the building is intersected by the road opposite the Avenue de Marigny, which leads on to the Pont des Invalides.

The other structure to which I have alluded is the Picture or Art Gallery, which is situated a little way inland from the river, at the western extremity of the Machine Gallery. The whole of this building, except the foundation-walls, which rise to about a foot above ground, is constructed of wood. In fact, it is a vast scaffolding, filled in with rubbish confined by lath, and then plastered over. The front facing the Allée des Veuves, when finished, will be very elegant, though now scarcely more than the ribs of the building are to be seen. The arrangement of the interior is such as will expose to the best advantage the subjects of art intrusted to exhibition there. For a long time, the artists of France have been busy in their ateliers; and with doors closed to all but their most intimate friends, been putting forth their best energies to compete with the works of other nations that are to come and stand side by side with them on their own ground. It is also a well-known fact, that greater exertion will be made, as last year the usual annual exhibition of paintings was set aside, that more leisure might be devoted to prepare something great for the present Exposition. There is also a feeling of apprehension existing amongst a large number of the present school of artists, that this exhibition may be the last of their regular series. The Institute, in whose hands is the distribution of rewards and prizes for meritorious works of art—the jury appointed to decide on the merits of the several works exhibited being selected from members of that body—has ever been jealous of the public annual interference with what they esteem their prerogatives. The rising school of artists in France, on their part, cannot forget the struggle which their predecessors maintained to obtain the permission of government to hold annual exhibitions, and which was only gained after the Revolution of 1830, when Louis-Philippe was in a more liberal mood than in 1848, and are afraid that their greatest and only legitimate means of success—appeal to publicity—will be lost through ministerial or academical caprice. Great expectations are raised, I have already said, as to the forthcoming efforts of the French school. Many names have been mentioned as about to enter the lists of competition: amongst others, it is stated that M. Eugene Lami is employed to paint a colossal picture of the Battle of the Alma; and M. Jesuron is about to produce one entitled the Camp of Ambleteuse, near Boulogne.

What the artists may be doing in England and elsewhere, I do not know; but already a pretty authentic report of the more material subjects to be exhibited has reached us. Nearly all the civilised nations of the globe, Russia excepted, have expressed their intention of contributing to the Universal Exposition of Paris. At their head moves England, bringing with her her numerous colonies—Malta and the Ionian Isles, the Cape of Good Hope and Western Africa, St Helena, the West Indies, Guiana, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and India, who have already voted large sums to defray the expenses of exhibiting, and stimulate the enterprise of their manufacturers. Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, Hanover, all the German states, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, Naples, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Egypt, the United States of America, Mexico, Brazil, &c., have named commissions charged to receive the products of their industry, and forward them for the Exposition; and if Persia, China, and Japan do not exhibit directly by themselves, they will doubtless be amply represented by their products sent indirectly through the merchants of London. France herself is not backward in her exertions on the great occasion; and every branch of manufacture for which she has been so long celebrated—silks, porcelain, and ébénisterie—will receive new accessions of lustre from the present display.

THE VENETIAN COUNSELLOR.

I. THE BANKRUPT'S SON.

There was once a boy in Venice of the name of Pietro Sarpi, and a boy not very likely to obtain great advancement in the world, as he was of a quiet, meditative turn, who desired nothing better than to be left alone to study and to think. His father had failed in mercantile business, and dying, had left his widow and Pietro in indigence. What to do with the youth became the question. His mother was for his entering upon some of the active duties of life, so that he might earn her subsistence and his own; and his uncle thought this could best be done in the secular church, where he might rise, besides, to honour and preferment. Pietro, however, sickened at the idea of entering into the turmoil of the world. He had no objection to devote himself to a religious life—there was no hardship in that; but it must be in a capacity where he would be secluded from jealousy and contention.

'Let it not offend you, dear uncle,' said he at last, 'that, young as I am, I have ventured to trace out a career for myself equally contrary to my mother's wishes and to yours. I have carefully examined my own heart, I have ascertained the measure of my capacity, and the result has led to humility and self-distrust. For this reason, my determination is, to become one of the Servants of the Holy Virgin. In the peace and retirement of their convent, from which riches are excluded, and where the whispers of ambition are never heard, I shall devote my life to the pursuit of useful studies and the service of God.'

This speech appeared greatly to disconcert his uncle, who, however, was not easily induced to relinquish his design. He mustered up all the forces of his eloquence: he contrasted the lives of the regular and secular clergy, greatly to the advantage of the latter; he dwelt upon the benefits which might accrue to his mother and sister from acting in conformity with the counsel he gave him; but to no purpose—the young student adhered to his original resolution. At this time, although somewhat small for his age, he was yet so remarkable in appearance, that it would have been impossible to pass him without particular notice even in the street. His countenance was thin and pale, his eyes were remarkably large and brilliant, and a profusion of black hair fell in curls over his spacious forehead. In manners, he was at once above and below his age: above it, in intelligence, sedateness, and habits of meditation; below it, in inexperience and childlike simplicity.

In spite of poverty and sickness, the boy pursued his studies, and in the course of the following year took upon himself the obligations of the order to which, in his own heart, he had devoted himself. But his object was not to lead a slothful, monotonous existence. He applied himself with unremitting diligence to the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge, sacred and profane; he rendered himself master of the most difficult languages; he became a proficient in logic, philosophy, theology, and law; and having, on some particular occasion, been called upon to dispute in the presence of Gulielmo, Duke of Mantua, on several abstruse subjects, he displayed so much knowledge, calmness, and ability, that he immediately received from that prince an invitation to settle in his capital among the members of the fraternity of St Barnabas. Each succeeding day now appeared to shed fresh lustre on his conventual name of Paolo. He was courted by all the princes of Italy, and the most tempting offers were held out to him by more than one powerful sovereign; but in vain. He continued to reside in the ducal court, where he acquired a taste for history and politics, and applied the whole force of his understanding to deciphering the characters of men.

It was in this city, before he had attained the age of twenty-one years, that he collected the materials for the great work which has rendered his name as an historian classical throughout Christendom. Endowed with a prodigious memory, which never suffered anything once committed to it to be obliterated by time, he was enabled to treasure up for future use things communicated to him casually in the course of familiar conversation. Becoming acquainted with Camillo Olivo, who, during the famous Council of Trent, had been secretary to Cardinal Gonzaga of Mantua, he obtained from him an exact account of all that had taken place — conferences, inquiries, disputations, quarrels, intrigues of princes, instructions from Rome, delays, investigations, decisions, and the manner in which were drawn up those rules which still regulate the faith and practice of the Catholic Church. Afterwards, in the maturity of his age, when experience had made him a statesman, and study had revealed to him all that can perhaps be known of the science of theology, he wrote his great history of the Council of Trent, in which the mitred politicians of the Vatican, as well as the states and monarchs in communion with Rome, still seek a key to the true principles and policy of their church.

II. THE FIVE ASSASSINS.

Circumstances having led to Paolo's return to Venice, he again resided in the convent of the Servants of the Virgin, where he pursued his usual studies with the ardour and diligence of a youth. Several causes at that time concurred to disturb the internal tranquillity of the republic. A quarrel arose between the Venetian senate and the order of the Jesuits, which, after assuming various forms, led ultimately to the expulsion of the latter. The supreme pontiff, Paul V., taking part with the disciples of Loyola, and insisting, besides, on the exercise of privileges not recognised by the Ocean Queen, came also to an open rupture with the doge, which terminated in a fierce theological and political contest. As might have been expected, the perplexed and bewildered clergy separated themselves into two bodies, and took different sides. Some fled in consternation to Rome, and even there, scarcely felt themselves secure from the vengeance of the state inquisitors; others took refuge in the quiet performance of their parochial duties, abstaining altogether from intermeddling with public affairs; while a third and very small party, more under the dominion of patriotism than of the ecclesiastical spirit, boldly advocated the cause of Venice against Rome. These discussions led, in many cases, to the breaking up of all social relations: friends betrayed friends, parents deserted their children, children their parents; the members of the same religious community hunted down each other without mercy—until chaos appeared to have come again.

It does not lie within the scope of our design to describe the events of the war that followed between the republic and the holy see. We confine ourselves to the circumstances which lent their colour to the life of Fra Paolo, who, though professedly dead to the world, was elevated by the senate to the situation of its chief-counsellor. He is supposed to have organised the plan for the expulsion of the Jesuits, as well as to have originated that policy of resistance which led to the dangerous conflict between his country and the papal government. His character, as developed in the course of these transactions, may be regarded as an extraordinary phenomenon. Without any recognised position in the world—aiming neither at wealth, distinction, nor power—wearing the garb of voluntary poverty, practising the abstinence and self-denial of an anchorite—pursuing the most recondite studies, and conversing almost exclusively with monks, he nevertheless constituted the intelligence which guided the Venetian state: he was, in fact, the senate's oracle. No step was taken in peace or war without consulting him. He constantly passed, therefore, backward and forward between the convent and the senate-house at all hours of the day and night, accompanied generally by two or three stout friars and several nobles of the city. Study, abstinence, and ill-health had reduced him almost to a skeleton; so that he approached as nearly as possible to the condition of a disembodied spirit regulating the affairs of this world out of pure benevolence.

As yet, it was not known that there were those in Italy who sought the life of this great and good man. Virtue, however, is as often in this world the object of hostility as vice itself. Accordingly, Fra Paolo had enemies, and those, too, of the most unscrupulous and desperate character, among the politicians of the Vatican, who appear to have persuaded his holiness that it would be impossible to restore peace to Italy while the counsellor of the Venetian republic was suffered to live. The design was now formed, though it has never been exactly discovered by whom, for taking away his life; and five assassins, inflamed by the promise of rewards and pensions, were despatched to Venice, where they were directed to remain in strict concealment till a favourable opportunity should present itself.

Chief among the conspirators was Rudolfo Poma, himself a Venetian, and formerly engaged in commerce in that city, where he would appear to have led a disgraceful life until he had completely dissipated his fortune, after which he fled to Rome. Here he was well received by the Cardinal Borghesi, who, perceiving intuitively that he might be of use, introduced him to his uncle, Paul V., from whom he obtained a promise that two of his daughters should be provided for in a convent. Second among the list of assassins was a priest; and the other three were merely rogues and vagabonds, ready to engage in any villainy which might enable them to provide for their subsistence. Passing through Ancona, Rudolfo there received a thousand crowns, to provide for ordinary expenses, and then pushing on to Venice, he there, with his companions, remained in concealment for several months.

During this period, the priest diligently frequented the church of the Virgin's Servants, pretending a profound admiration for the sermons of Fra Fulgentio, Paolo's most intimate friend. This plan was adopted in the hope of being able to accomplish the object of Rudolfo's mission, through what has not inaptly been called Italian physic. But the cooks of the convent proving inexorable, other means were adopted, in themselves perhaps less desirable, but promising to bring affairs to a more speedy issue. One night, therefore, when Paolo, accompanied by only a single servant, was returning to his convent from the senate-house, it was resolved to cut short all intermission, and conclude the business at once. Dark clouds had covered the sky as with a pall, the wind moaned along the narrow canals, few gondolas were on the water, few passengers in the streets. The good father, who had just been conferring with the doge and the Council of Ten on some grave subject connected with the republic's dispute with the Vatican, walked along slowly, plunged in deep meditation. He had barely passed the corner of a house, and was advancing to traverse a large open space in front of a church, when the five assassins rushed forth, dagger in hand, from a dark alley, and fell furiously upon him. Terrified by the number of the assailants, his servant fled bewildered towards the convent. Paolo, therefore, found himself alone, and perfectly defenceless. His manner, however, was neither timid nor hurried. He stood erect, and demanded of his assailants why they attacked him, a man of peace, who had certainly never injured any of them. They replied with their poniards, all aiming at his head. In their eagerness, they nearly wounded each other—some gashing him in one place, some in another; one attempting to reach the brain; a second piercing him through the neck; while a third, who was supposed to have dealt the death-blow, thrust in his stiletto at the ear, till it came out through the cheek. Their victim now dropped to the earth; and the assassins fled in a body to a gondola, which was waiting for them near at hand, and took refuge in the palace of the papal nuncio. Here, of course, they considered themselves in perfect safety; for no extremity of provocation would have induced the Venetian government to invade so holy an asylum. But the people were less scrupulous. Surrounding the house in immense crowds, they demanded, with shouts and clamour, that Paolo's murderers should be delivered up to them; so that the nuncio, fearing lest they should offer him violence, caused Rudolfo and his companions to descend by a secret staircase to the canal, where they were put on board an armed boat with ten rowers, which conveyed them to the opposite shore. The multitude without became meanwhile more menacing every instant, and in all likelihood would have soon forgotten their reverence for the supreme pontiff's ambassador, had not the Council of Ten sent him a strong guard, which preserved his dwelling from violation.

When Rudolfo reached the territories of the Church, he was received with all possible demonstrations of delight, so that his passage from one city to another resembled, on a small scale, a Roman triumph. Money was showered on him in abundance: here, he was honoured by a public reception; there, rewarded with more solid proofs of approbation, in gold. But by the time he again arrived at Ancona, the disconcerting intelligence had preceded him, that the redoubtable Fra Paolo, though dangerously wounded, was not in reality dead. This damped the ardour of his patrons, who, finding that they had exposed themselves to disgraceful suspicions without accomplishing their ends, speedily turned their backs upon their base instruments, who, sinking from one degree of ignominy and ignorance to another, all came, sooner or later, to a violent and infamous death.

When great men undertake any design, however, they are not to be discouraged by one single failure. Fra Paolo had escaped; but there were still persons and poniards in Italy, with men fitly competent to make use of both. Nevertheless, the condition of their monastic enemy was far from enviable. Previously emaciated and feeble, the amount of blood he lost on the night of the crime brought him so near to death's door, that, for the better part of a month, he lay fluctuating between time and eternity, scarcely able to articulate, yet calm, collected, and apparently happy. Little had he to bind him to this world. His life had been put in jeopardy while in the faithful performance of his duty to the state, and he had always conducted himself so as to be ready to depart at a moment's notice; so he took things very easily, uttered no murmur, gave no signs of suffering, but gently and patiently awaited the course of events. The Venetian government was not meanwhile unmindful of its counsellor: it caused all the ablest and best of the physicians in the city to visit him and examine his wounds, and even sent for the celebrated Aquapendend from Padua, with orders not to leave his patient till he should have recovered. The cure was difficult and protracted; but at length the Servants of the Virgin, as well as the senate, enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding the great statesman and philosopher, historian and jurisconsult, monk and preacher, recover his health, together with the ability to make use of the wisdom with which study and meditation had endowed him.

III. THE SECRET CORRIDOR.

If Paolo recovered, however, his former confidence in mankind did not return with his health. Apprehensions arose in his mind, or rather, perhaps, we should say in the minds of his friends, that treachery had introduced itself into his own convent—nay, even into the very recesses of his cell. There was a friar whom the Virgin's Servants had deputed to perform the most familiar offices about the man they regarded as the great ornament of their fraternity. By turns amanuensis and valet, reader and messenger, he enjoyed the privilege of access at all hours to the illustrious father; and it was upon him that the enemies of the state now fixed, as the most likely instrument of their vengeance. At first, he appeared to treat with disdain the offers of opulence and distinction made to him, if he would only consent to abridge the career of a feeble old man; yet he did not disclose, as he ought to have done, the existence of these fresh machinations. His tempters, accordingly, inferred, and with good reason, that he merely coquetted with crime in order to familiarise himself with its aspect. The propositions, therefore, were renewed, the scale of reward increased, the prospect of pontifical favour delineated in more brilliant and alluring colours. The unhappy friar's virtue gave way. Owing to a variety of circumstances, however, the accomplishment of the enterprise was by no means easy; for the Servants of the Virgin, always apprehending treachery, constituted themselves the body-guard of Paolo; while a small military force had been stationed day and night, by order of the senate, at the door of the counsellor's apartment, and these men had learned to love him.

It was known at Venice—at least to the state inquisitors—that assassins in the pay of the Curia Romana still lurked about the city, and that all kinds of ingenious devices were put in practice to quench the mighty intelligence of the republic's counsellor. Precautions were therefore taken to avert this calamity; and it will readily be believed, that those profound masters of policy exhibited no awkwardness in their contrivances. As it was obviously unsafe for the father to walk, even with a powerful escort, to and from the senate-house, a lofty and narrow corridor was constructed, leading from the upper part of the convent Dei Servi over walls, and courts, and houses, to a canal where a state gondola was always in waiting. At either end of this corridor was a brazen door, opened by two keys, of which the doge kept one, and Fra Paolo the other. When the friar had traversed this secret passage, he stepped into the armed barge, in which, under a series of long, sombre archways, he was rowed to the heavy iron-grating at the foot of a flight of steps leading into the senate-house. This grating was drawn up like a portcullis, and when, with two apparitors, he had passed beneath it, its ponderous weight was suffered to descend into two granite blocks, to which it was fastened inside by bolts and springs.

As the Venetian government watched thus sedulously over the life of its great servant, it could not be doubted that it would exercise a terrible revenge against any one who should be detected plotting against it. This the Friar Antonio, who acted as Paolo's domestic, well knew. It was suggested, however, that while shaving his master, he might contrive to let the razor slip, and thus effect the desired purpose. But this he refused, alleging that the sight of blood made him faint. Next came to be considered the practicability of administering some subtile poison; but after long and careful investigation, this mode of carrying the grand design into execution was also abandoned. One other way only remained, and this was for Antonio to withdraw from beneath Paolo's head, while he slept, the key of the brazen door, and then to take an impression of it in wax, so as to be able to have duplicates made in the city. By this means, a large body of assassins was to be introduced from the canal into the secret corridor, where they were to fall upon Paolo, and cut him to pieces, even when in the midst of his guards. Many, it was foreseen, would perish in the undertaking; but the vastness of the reward had so inflamed the imagination of the murderers, that they consented to run this terrible risk.

It is generally found necessary, in all such affairs, to carry on an extensive correspondence, which, with whatever secrecy it may be managed, exposes those engaged in it to imminent danger. In the present case, three individuals—Antonio, Francesco, and Bernardo—formed the links in the chain connecting the convent of the Virgin's Servants with Rome. Their letters were all written in cipher, and the business they had in hand was, for further security, called the Quadragesimæ. The courier who passed to and fro between them was a Jew, and on his arriving one day at the monastery while Antonio was abroad, the letter he brought was, by an oversight, delivered into the hands of Fra Fulgentio, the intimate friend of Paolo. It was, however, found impossible to decipher it; yet the strongest suspicions were thus awakened. Antonio being questioned, affected entire ignorance, but received a caution from Fulgentio, that, if detected in any correspondence with Francesco, he should immediately be dismissed the convent. Dazzled, nevertheless, by the golden visions made to rise before his mind by his correspondents, he could not persuade himself to desist from the meditated crime. As the conspiracy ripened, Francesco, one of its principal conductors, passed over from the mainland to Venice, and an interview was arranged between him and Antonio at daybreak in the sacristy of the convent. The peril they ran was great. Torture and death hung suspended over them. It is no way surprising, therefore, that they should have been for a moment thrown off their guard, or at least rendered somewhat inattentive. At anyrate, they dropped on the floor a packet of letters, which the sacristan immediately afterwards picked up, and carried to Fulgentio.

It now became manifest that they who had entered into the plot thought themselves too far committed to recede; besides, the allurements held out were irresistibly powerful; twelve thousand crowns in gold, preferments, honours, and posthumous canonisation. To halt midway, was to run upon almost certain death, since the secret might be, in revenge, betrayed to the Venetian government, which would not fail to inflict signal vengeance on those within its reach. When Fulgentio laid these things before his friend Paolo, the latter, almost disgusted with a life which could not be preserved without an unintermitted system of precaution, entreated earnestly that the matter might be suffered to drop. Fulgentio, however, carried the letters directly to the state inquisitors; upon which Antonio and Francesco were immediately apprehended. The fate of the former is not known, as from this moment he disappears from the cognizance of history. There were, however, deep dungeons in Venice—the terrible Piombieri, over the portals of which might have been written the inscription which Dante saw upon the gates of hell—

> Relinquish hope, all ye who enter here.

Francesco was immediately condemned to death, and his execution was to be public; but a commutation of the sentence was offered, if he would consent to make a full confession of his own guilt, and to disclose the names and titles of all those who were engaged in the conspiracy. The import of the letters he could not conceal, because the counterpart of them had been found in his pocket.

It would be beside our purpose to trace the plot through all its ramifications, and to consign to infamy the name of every one engaged in it. It may be sufficient to say that there were those who wore mitres, and scarlet hats, and crowns. But the Venetian senate, calm and rigid as destiny, was not by any considerations of respect or fear to be turned aside from its purpose. A rigid search was instituted after the assassins; and, if any of them was discovered, it is easy to conceive what became of them. The state inquisitors were under no compulsion to reveal the secrets of their office to the world, and an impenetrable cloud still hangs over them. It is only known that Francesco, having suffered a long imprisonment, was banished for ever from the territories of the republic, and that he owed this mild doom to the warm and earnest entreaties of Paolo himself.

Ordinary enemies would have desisted after so signal a defeat, from pursuing an old man, whose days, by the operations of nature, were fast drawing to a close; but Paolo's foes were made of different metal. Having already thrown away both blood and treasure in the enterprise, they determined to persevere; and now it became a regular contest between the subtlety of Rome and the subtlety of Venice. Paolo soon received intimation that new plots were in progress; and at length, a young man, armed cap-à-pie like a knight, appeared in the city, and sought an interview with the persecuted father. He maintained that the facts he had to divulge concerned his life; but Fulgentio, who now lived in perpetual terror for his friend, suspected some dark design, especially as the stranger appeared to shroud himself in mystery, refused to declare his name or calling, and insisted only on the absolute necessity of seeing Paolo in private. The great statesman, who had almost now become weary of existence, would willingly have granted his request, even though his object should be to make a new attempt upon his life; to this, however, Fulgentio would not agree, though the young man offered to lay aside his arms, to submit his person to examination, and to allow all other precautions possible to be taken for Paolo's security. When this was peremptorily refused, he observed that his secret must for ever remain untold; and only said while taking leave: 'Beware of traitors, for you have great need. I came to Venice with one impression, I leave it with one totally different. You are much honester friars than some persons believe.'

During the remainder of Fra Paolo's life, the doge and the senate redoubled their exertions for his preservation — the secret corridor was prolonged — the state gondola more strongly guarded—the convent surrounded with a more imposing array of military force. They appeared to apprehend the extinction of an oracle upon which the very existence of the republic depended. Other causes also concurred to insure the tranquillity of the statesman's declining years. Ill success had damped the ardour of his enemies, and the belief began very generally to prevail, that the slightest suspicion of being engaged in a plot against him, sufficed to justify, in the eyes of the state inquisitors, perpetual confinement in the Piombieri. Numbers of doubtful persons, arriving for no definite purpose at Venice, had disappeared suddenly, and were no more heard of. Other individuals of similar character fell by night in the streets of Rome, in Padua, in Ravenna, and even in Bologna, until the persuasion was diffused throughout Italy, that Venice knew how to reach her enemies wherever they might attempt to conceal themselves. The historian, therefore, of the Council of Trent was suffered to die peaceably in his bed, full of days and honours, sincerely lamented by his contemporaries, and renowned through all succeeding ages.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Astronomers are to be on the alert during the present year, to decide, if possible, an important question that has lately arisen with respect to Saturn—namely, the collapsing of its rings. Compared with drawings made 200 years ago, a considerable difference is now perceived, as though the rings were gradually falling in upon the body of the planet; and if such be the fact, these remarkable objects will some day disappear. This, it must be admitted, is an interesting inquiry—one worthy of the science of the present day; and as the planet for the next twelve months will be particularly well situated for observation, an attempt is to be made to verify the change. Huyghens made his observations with a tubeless telescope, and the Royal Society being in possession of his glasses, contemplate the erection of an edifice, with the necessary apparatus, at Kew, for applying those glasses in a series of observations on the planet and its rings. We trust the opportunity will not be lost, as the same favourable circumstances will not again occur for fifteen years. In any case, the results will be valuable.

The notion started by a French astronomer, that the temperature of the earth varies according to the meridian of the sun which is turned towards us, has been inquired into by the Astronomer-royal, and found to be a mistake. Another notion, thrown out by an eminent German astronomer, remains under discussion. He concludes from long study, that the centre of gravity of the moon is sixty miles on one side of the centre; the effect of which would be that the side visible to us may be regarded as a vast mountain sixty miles high, while the other side—that which we do not see—may have all the water and all the atmosphere. Hence our satellite may not be so devoid of these two elements as is commonly believed; but to determine the question will involve investigations of the profoundest character. The French Académie have portioned their Lalande prize among the six discoverers of the last instalment of small planets. English observers come in for a share.

The Panama Railway is now complete from one side of the Isthmus to the other, a distance of forty-nine miles, rising at one part of the line to a height of 250 feet above the sea. Communication between the two oceans will now be more rapid than ever; and when the Pacific line of steamers is in operation from Panama to Sydney, we shall get news from Australia in about forty days. The cost of this work is L.1,400,000. The railway from Alexandria to Cairo, 130 miles, will be opened through the entire route as soon as the three bridges are finished; and then locomotives will go screaming and panting through the land of the Pharaohs. In India, too, the railway is open for 120 miles, and a train leaves Calcutta one day, and returns the next. This, for Hindostan, is good progress; but the Indian telegraph may be cited as an instance of praiseworthy enterprise—3000 miles having been erected in less than twelve months, at a cost of L.42 per mile. The news conveyed by the mail to Bombay is now flashed to Madras, Calcutta, Agra, and Lahore, in about three hours! Think of the wires being stretched to within a few miles of the fatal Khÿber Pass! A line is to be carried also to Prome, Rangoon, and to the capital of Aracan; so that ere long the governor-general will receive daily or hourly reports of what is going on in the remotest parts of his wide dominion. And our communications with the west are likely to be expedited, for a submarine wire will soon come into play from Nova Scotia to St John's, Newfoundland; and after that, means are to be found for sinking a wire from St John's to Galway, and then messages from New York will be as frequent and familiar as they now are from France. There is something truly wonderful in this rapid extension of the electric telegraph.

It is considered a triumph, that during the late snowstorms no interruption took place in the simultaneous dropping of the time-balls at Greenwich and Deal. To insure the punctual transmission of the signal to the latter place, an ingenious contrivance, a switch-clock, is fixed at Ashford, which being always fast, lifts the Dover wire a few minutes before the hour, establishes a connection with that leading to Deal, and after the signal has passed, lets the Dover wire fall into its place again. The electric-clock lately fitted up at the South-eastern Railway terminus, London Bridge, moves beat for beat with that at Greenwich Observatory. On this line, a message of twenty words can now be sent to any station for one shilling.

Incredible though it seem, the Greek government have voted L.4300 towards the canalisation of the Euripus—that awkward strait which separates Negropont from the main. The narrowest part is to be widened and deepened, to allow of the passage of ships; and a swing-bridge and beacons are to be erected. The *Pleiad* steamer, which was sent out last year to explore the African rivers, has made a successful voyage. Under charge of Dr Baikie, the Tchadda was ascended 250 miles further than before: a trip was also made up the Quorra, the good-will of the natives was conciliated, and openings established for trade. One hundred and eighteen days were passed in the rivers, and the expedition returned to the coast without losing a man—a striking proof that, by proper management, health may be preserved in the worst climates. To obviate the dangers that beset Europeans, a company is taking measures to have native Africans trained for the exploration of the interior of the country. In Australia, the navigation of the Murray is now a *fait accompli*, Captain Cadell in his last trip having steamed 2000 miles up from the mouth, and reached a point within twenty miles of Albury, in New South Wales. The stream thus affords an outlet to three great colonies. Two steamers and four barges, soon to be doubled in number, are in full work transporting all kinds of farm-produce, and hundreds of bales of wool; and L.1500 is to be spent in buoying the entrance of the river. Enterprise is active, too, in another direction. Sir H. Young, lieutenant-governor of Victoria, has drawn up a plan, subject to approval by the home government, for a railway from Sydney to Melbourne, 1000 miles, passing through Adelaide—the ways and means to be provided by a loan, and the sale of a ten miles' strip of land along each side of the line.

The copper-mines in Namaqualand may now be looked on as a fact; for the yield of ore continues abundant, new deposits are continually discovered, and we hear of people 'rushing' to these mines from Cape Colony, as they do to the diggings in Australia. A lake of sulphur a mile in diameter has been discovered not far from Corn Creek, in Utah Territory; and near Poughkeepsie, in the state of New York, a huge skeleton of a mastodon has been dug up—another proof of the existence of the animal in the Valley of the Hudson in past ages. Among other native produce, Canada is sending specimens of her minerals to the French Exhibition: a lump of the magnetic iron ore, weighing 2000 pounds, from the extraordinary bed near By-Town, where a mound containing 3,000,000 tons rises above the surrounding surface, is one of the most remarkable. Every year shews more and more the advantageous field open in Canada for industry and enterprise.

The Society of Arts have added to their list of prizes one of L.25, for a specimen of the best and finest flax-thread spun by machinery; another of the same amount for the best essay, with practical examples, on smoke prevention; and two others for microscopes, which are not to cost respectively more than half a guinea and three guineas. Should the latter be forthcoming, the society will have been the means of aiding students all over the kingdom by a cheap box of water-colours, a cheap case of instruments, and a cheap microscope, and all good of their kind. A 'rolling' museum has been formed out of the designs and art-objects collected at Gore House, for exhibition in the provinces. It is now open at Birmingham, and will be removed in turn to other towns, so that designers and art-students out of London may benefit by the metropolitan collection—a commendable educational operation. The coinage at the Mint last year amounted to L.4,152,183 of gold; L.140,480 of silver; and L.61,538 of copper. Apropos of the Mint, we hear that Sir J. Herschel has resigned his post as Master. Mr Smee stated in his recent lecture on the new Bank-note, that the Bank of England issues 9,000,000 notes in the year, representing L.300,000,000 of money. This fact, as much as anything, shews the prodigious amount of business done at that establishment.

The artificial tourmalines, to which we referred a month or two ago, are made by Dr Pritchard of Clapham: some of his specimens are an inch in diameter; and when two are held between the eye and the light, and properly rotated, the black polarisation is distinctly produced. A preparation of bisulphate of quinine is the formative material. Mr Westwood reports to the Entomological Society, that he has received several pupæ of *Bombyx Cynthia* from Malta, and finds them to be very hardy. The silk from the carded cocoons is said to be of 'incredible durability.' It appears, too, that in India there are not fewer than 150 species of moths, the larvæ of which produce cocoons available for manufacturing purposes, and improvable by 'education,' to use the term of the French sericulturists. Dr Daubeny has been trying to throw light on a question often raised by geologists: whether organic life ever existed in the series of rocks below the Silurian—in other words, whether the lowest rocks were deposited before the appearance of animal life. If not, the rock should exhibit traces of phosphoric acid under chemical analysis; but chemistry not having resolved the question, the doctor has made an indirect attempt to arrive at a conclusion by sowing barley in tubs filled with comminuted fragments of the various rocks, watching the growth, and testing the crop when ripe. The results hitherto are negative; and so far as they go, both series of experiments lead to the inference, that animals did not exist at the time when the rocks in question were deposited. The beautiful process known as 'Nature-self-printing,' is coming into use for the illustration of botanical works, the impressions taken from the plants themselves. A London firm is bringing out a handsome illustrated work; and on the continent, the *Cryptogamia of Transylvania*, the *Flora of Southern Tyrol*, and the *Euphorbiaceæ*, shewing the various forms of the leaves, are in course of publication. Educational developments are silently taking place, old habits giving way: the East India Company are going to break up their college at Haileybury; and henceforth, candidates for their service are to be at liberty to come from any school or university, and the best qualified for the duties to be performed are to be chosen. The day seems to be come when merit will have a clear field; and if our best and wisest are needed anywhere, it is in India.

The Académie at Paris have awarded a prize of 2500 francs to M. Roux, for his substitution of potato-flour for charcoal in the preparation of moulds for castings of copper and bronze: 1500 francs to M. Mabru, for his method of preserving milk without the addition of any foreign substance, or the evaporation of its watery portion: 2000 francs to M. Robin, for his treatise on the natural history of the parasitic plants of man and animals. And they have published their prizes for 1856, including the physical sciences, mechanics, agriculture, physiology, and pauperism. A highly important paper has been laid before them by M. Berthelot, a young and skilful chemist, who has shewn that oleflant-gas may be reconverted into alcohol without a process of fermentation. He takes a quantity of the gas, mixes it with sulphuric acid in a close vessel, and after a course of mechanical agitation, the alcohol is found completely separated. He obtains a similar result with ordinary coal-gas; and he shews, like other experimenters, that cane-sugar, boiled with sulphuric acid, is converted into grape-sugar, or glucose. The Académie have given their warmest approbation to the paper, and recommend M. Berthelot to devote his attention to other gases, judging that a new field of chemical research is opening before him. We may shortly expect to hear of other transformations.

Another paper, presented by Messrs Laurentius and Gilbert, carries out a physiological view suggested some years ago by a Scottish medical practitioner, as to the excitability of the skin. They have made a new study of the subject; and starting from the fact, that the hairs growing from the skin terminate in a bulb underneath, they shew that by washing the surface with a solution of mineral salts, electricity is developed during their decomposition; 'the hair then becomes a conductor, the negative electricity escapes by its free point, while the positive electricity becomes condensed in the fixed expanded extremity—the bulb.' Action may thus be excited and localised in any part, and a weakened or paralysed muscle may be restored by an afflux of nervous energy, which, telling at the same time upon the artery, invigorates the circulation. Even a 'rudimentary hair,' say the authors, 'will recover its primitive vigour, and the colour which accident may have altered,' and the activity of the vital functions will be restored.

From the same quarter we hear of a novel application of electro-chemistry, which, for the present, must be accepted with caution: it is a process for extracting metal which may have got under the skin, and lodged in the system. Monsieur Vergnès having on the back of his hand an ulcer caused by working at electro-plating, plunged the hand into the positive end of an electro-chemical bath, when, as the observers describe, a thin film of gold and silver was seen to form at the negative end after about fifteen minutes. This film was part of the metal that had produced the ulcer, and a few repetitions of the process effected a cure. It has been tried on other subjects with equal success; and, as is said, by plunging a man bodily into a bath, with the necessary precautions, a quantity of mercury was extracted that had been lodged for some years in his hip-joint. If confirmed by further experience, this will certainly prove a most remarkable mode of medical treatment. We may add to this a few words on Monsieur Chenot's 'metallic sponges,' which, prepared from various metals, are used instead of the cauterising process. Their action may be understood by what is stated of the 'electro-metallic lint.' 'By its application,' says the inventor, 'the coagulation of the blood takes place almost immediately; the watery part being absorbed, and decomposed into its two elements, a double effect is produced, which occasions a considerable local development of heat.' Bruises and suppurating wounds may be treated in a similar way.

Dr Callan's (of Maynooth) 'single fluid-battery,' described by us on a former occasion, more than realises all the anticipations regarding its effectiveness. On a recent occasion, a series of forty-eight cells gave a steady and brilliant coke-light, and continued to act for above eight hours without the least sensible diminution. At the end of the trial, both metals were found perfectly clean and bright. The cost of the fluid employed during the eight hours was not quite eightpence.

Monsieur de Malbeck's newly invented pump is much talked of among French mechanicians: it is a pump without a piston, greatly simplifying the construction. The tube, instead of being fixed, as at present, is made to work up and down, the lower end plunging into the water. At each plunge, the water rises higher and higher in the tube, the return of air from above being prevented by a valve, till at last a copious and steady stream is discharged by the spout. There are many advantages attending this simple contrivance: the amount of discharge is always the same; the pump is but little subject to derangement; is not liable to be frozen up; costs but little to keep in repair; and if made of galvanised iron, would not be affected by corrosive liquids or acids. It is, moreover, of universal application.

The French Minister of War has had a magazine for grain built on one of the quays at Paris, in which the machinery is so contrived, that 10,000 hectolitres of wheat can be turned, ventilated, and shifted in twenty-four hours. The new building will contain 20,000 hectolitres; it has been in use about six months, and most effectually supplies what has long been a desideratum — the means of keeping wheat in a perfectly sound state; no unimportant consideration where, as in France, large armies have to be fed.

SONNET.

Are ye not weary, brother, of the clouds
That darken so the heaven of thy belief?
Then climb not thou that spiritual Teneriffe,
But rest thee in the valleys with the crowds.
In valleys may the stars be seen. God asks
No more than that we look and trust in Him—
Content with nightly sleep and daily tasks.
Enough. Who wonders they that blindly grope
On treacherous beaches lose all Faith and Hope,
Whelmed in the deep sea by the shifting sands?
Look inward, and reck not the outward Sin;
Go to the Temple made not by men's hands,
Praying, unstifled by the far world's din,
To learn the God without is God within.—D. M.

NOTE.

It will be observed from the subjoined imprint, that the London branch of the business of W. and R. Chambers is now established in the well-known premises lately occupied by Mr R. Baldwin, No. 47 Paternoster Row. Here, in a commodious saloon, the numerous volumes, maps, &c., forming the Educational Course, as well as the Miscellaneous books and Periodicals published by W. and R. C., are arranged in a convenient manner for the inspection of teachers and others; and such inspection is now, accordingly, invited.

Literary communications, as heretofore, to be addressed to Edinburgh.

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CURIOSITIES OF INDUSTRY AMONG THE LADIES.

I AM a solitary bachelor, leading a bachelor kind of life, which, like all other kinds of life, has its sweets and its —bitters I won't say—but its occasional acids. Well for me that the sweets predominate, and that I am generally inclined to acknowledge their predominance, and make the most of them. I am reclining in my easy-chair before the fire, which I have all to myself; if I enjoy it sometimes a little *à la Trollope*, what matters when nobody looks on? As I lean back, and lift my eyes, not *ad sidera*, but to the marble mantle-piece which crowns the comfortable fireplace, I behold a spectacle by no means either unusual or remarkable in itself, yet exceedingly suggestive to my fancy at this moment, because it conjures up a host of visions of a kind more or less similar, and pregnant with associations not undelightful to recall. That strip of marble slab, some nine inches by fifty in dimensions, upon which now stand a few time-worn and dingy ornaments, worthless in themselves, but invaluable from the memories they awaken, has been in its time the ground of how many patient experiments—the arena of how many innocent triumphs? For how many generations has the domestic mantle-piece been set apart for the exhibition of lady-like skill in the fashionable accomplishments of the day—accomplishments, some of them of a rather equivocal nature, it must be admitted, but interesting in many respects, and affording some curious illustrations of industry in a department which, though familiar to us all, no one, so far as I am aware, has condescended to treat of? Let me be allowed to supply this desideratum, so far as my recollections will suffice for the purpose; and permit me, with the mantle-piece for starting-place, to trace some of the operations of that peculiar species of domestic industry which is as much the subject of fashion as the dress of the fair operatives, and has undergone almost as many mutations and revolutions as feminine costume itself.

The custom of placing a large mirror upon the mantle-piece, now universally prevailing, is of very modern date. It appears, judging from prints of interiors by Hogarth and others, not to have begun so early as a century ago. Then, in houses pretending to gentility, a picture invariably occupied the space which the mirror fills now, and it is pretty certain that the custom was of long standing. There are many houses still existing, which formed part of old London before the Great Fire; and in these the pictures over the mantle-pieces yet remain, painted some of them on canvas let into the oak-mouldings, and some upon the wainscot itself—being included among the finishing decorations of the building by the original architect. Many of these are of very little merit, but a vast number were painted by Van D'Este; some of whose works are excellent in point of composition and aërial perspective. They are even now so plentiful as to be bought at a low price—their odd shapes, they being of enormous width in comparison with their height, betraying the purpose for which they were painted, and depreciating their value. But even in those palmy days of popular art, the chimney-ornaments stood in front of the picture, just as at a later period they stood, and as they still stand, in front of the mirror. They were not, however, the work of the ladies of the house, but consisted chiefly of foreign rarities, mostly hideous and misshapen gods and idols, with cavernous mouths and corpulent stomachs, modelled in a dark-coloured earth —of imitation mummies and Egyptian deities, with the addition of any *lusus naturæ* that could be picked up, all piled heterogeneously on each side of a central bust of some ancient or historical personage. When the fashion changed, and the mirror supplanted the picture, the multiplication by reflection of all this rubbish— which, for the most part, had but one side fit for view —became offensive; and we observe that it gradually gave place to specimens of China and India ware, bearing a kind of shawl-pattern upon a greenish-white ground. In the days of our great-grandmothers, the possession of a collection of such foreign porcelain was regarded as an evidence of taste, and fabulous sums were given for fresh novelties as they were imported —from enormous punch-bowls and jar-like vases, to diminutive cups no bigger than a tailor's thimble. The mania for this species of goods at that time had an important effect upon our commerce in the East; and there must be something fascinating to a large class in articles of this kind, for to the present day the traffic in them forms a good part of the business of the curiosity-shops. The purchasers, as I have reason to know, are generally people who are well to do, and on the shady side of sixty. Josiah Wedgwood, by the production of his elegant and classical wares, did much to banish the old china from the mantle-piece; but his master-pieces were too expensive for general use; and while they helped to improve the public taste in the matter of chimney-ornaments, they but partially supplied the wants they generated. Now it was that the ladies first came to the rescue, and, taking the mantle-piece under their peculiar charge, commenced a course of experiments and a series of exhibitions, whose several epochs, if one could mark them correctly, would be found as distinctly defined as those of any of the existing or extinct dynasties of Europe with which they have been contemporaneous.

I have no doubt that I was born during the foreign china and punch-bowl era, and I have a distinct recollection of the punch-bowl itself, and the silver punch-ladle, with a guinea let into the bottom of it, and having a handle of twisted whalebone, with which my honoured parent used to ladle out the inspiriting beverage. But the first mantle-piece upon which I ever cast a gaze of consciousness, had upon it for central ornament a marvellous grotto, built up of sea-shells by the fairy hand of a female cousin; and it was flanked by shells of larger capacity, shaped like monster periwinkles, from which the outer deposit of lime and marine matter had been burned off by the action of aquafortis and spirits of salts. This was the era of shell-cleaning, when the ladies burned the skin off their fingers and holes in their dresses, in developing the mysteries of conchology by the aid of fiery spirits, and the destruction of innumerable tooth-brushes. That pungent odour of spirits of salts is in my nostrils yet, and I never smell it without thinking of the battle of Vittoria, which was fought in that era, and the news of which reached us on the day of a grand triumph achieved by the female cousin aforesaid, who had converted into one huge pearl a mammoth American oyster.

The shells and grottos enjoyed no very durable reign, but gave place, in a few years, to a succession of ephemeral attempts in the natural-history line. Birds of paradise spread their gorgeous tails to the dust, and the dust ruined them in the course of a single summer. The ladies took to stuffing English birds, and exhibiting them in little black boxes with glass fronts; but that process was not considered lady-like, and was surrendered to the barbers and the professors of the art. Something was done in inflated fish-skins, something in gigantic beetles and gaudy butterflies, something in varnished lizards glued to a mossy stone; but nothing of importance was achieved, and so that unsettled era passed away. It was immediately followed by a very brief period of marvels in straw, by which beasts, birds, and landscapes were imitated by a kind of mosaic-work of coloured straws and dried weeds cut into infinitesimal portions. Concurrently with this, came the practice of painting with sands of all tints from Allum Bay. A donkey and panniers painted with sand upon a piece of card-board, and mounted on a little black stand, was accounted a master-piece. Those who could not get over the donkey, could make a cottage, or fill a bottle with coloured sands in wavy strata. The sands ran out, if we remember rightly, about the period of the battle of Waterloo.

With the peace that followed, came more liberal notions of art in connection with chimney-ornaments; and now first dawned the important era of hand-screens. Shaped, as everybody knows, like an open fan, with a long central handle, they presented, upon their virgin milkwhite surfaces, an inviting space for the display of female accomplishments. They came rapidly and universally into vogue. Every lady who could draw, drew her best upon the creamy sheet: she who could paint, painted; and, if the truth must be told, it sometimes happened that she who could do neither, attempted both. Declining such attempts, others mounted the screens with coloured prints, or with the works of water-colour artists, and decked them with gold and silver ornaments, or inscribed them with verses original or select. Screens were the idols of the day; they stood upon every mantle-piece, and the materials for their manufacture were to be found in perplexing abundance among the stocks of every fancy-stationer. They might be bought in every stage of progress—from the blank-sheet of card-board, to the painted and ornamented screen; and you might lavish any sum upon a pair of handles, from eighteen-pence to a couple of guineas. In spite of the conventional group of flowers, consisting of that venerable damask rose, with white ditto, and lily of the valley, they were many of them really pretty things; and they did us a little domestic service, by giving some flavour of art to the pursuits of our home industry. They lasted long; and if they have at length gone out as a fashion, the materials for their fabrication may still be procured at the fancy-stationer's among his dead-stock.

The hand-screens naturally suggested the card-racks and letter-cases, which—neatly trimmed with pink or sky-blue ribbon, enframing a bunch of tender violets half hidden in green leaves, or a cluster of delicate snow-drops, or perhaps a primrose with its crumpled leaf—sometimes formed a handsome and not unsuggestive present to some bachelor friend. The era of hand-screens, card-racks, &c., was in its glory, when, about the time of the trial of Queen Caroline, some considerate and compassionate genius, taking pity upon that portion of the sex who could never hope to draw, through natural incapacity, invented the art and mystery of Poonah-painting. There is, strictly speaking, no art in the practice of this style of painting, and very little mystery; and what there is, is stolen from the stencillon. As then practised, it consisted mainly in a series of dusty, smutty operations with powdered black-lead upon white card-board. The pictures were produced by means of dry brushes and stumps, and were all of a striking and portentous character, or they were nothing: they were mostly of an earthquaky complexion, and were for some time the rage with the broken-hearted young ladies of the Byron school, then a very numerous class. Sometimes the subject was a white dove perched on a withered branch, beneath a thunder-cloud as black as Erebus—only, as the fair artists did not draw, but cut the dove from a print with scissors, stuck it on the paper, and scrubbed in the cloud around it, it would happen, through a slip or two in the cutting, that the dove became a duck or a goose, when the effect was not so sentimental. Sometimes the subject was an old stone-cross on a blasted heath, with the black thunder-cloud in the background; but whatever the subject, the thunder-cloud had to be there, or there could be no picture at all. It is impossible to conceive the extent of the mania for this marvellous accomplishment which existed about thirty years ago. The proprietor of a large paper-mill, in the neighbourhood of my then residence, assured me that it had increased the demand for card-board full 200 per cent.—that he had applied the whole resources of his mill, which had been long famous for the manufacture of Bath-post, to the production of card-board, and had only succeeded in meeting the demand by inventing a mode of casting it at once without the necessity of pasting the sheets together. The art was taught in three lessons for a guinea, and for a time the professors grew fat and pursy; but it fell into disrepute almost as suddenly as it rose, partly owing to the fact, that the pictures would not keep, being destroyed by contact with anything; and partly from the conviction, which arose by degrees, that they were not worth keeping. Poonah-painting in another form, and by means of permanent colours, afterwards struggled into birth: it professed to be a royal road to art; but nothing artistic came of it, and that, too, declined.

Next came a series of alarming experiments in the manufacture of artificial rocks, the production of which was a tantalising mystery to the uninitiated. Suddenly the mantle-pieces appeared loaded with little piles of angular rocks, surmounted by a pasteboard tower or turret filled with paper-lights, or pierced to do duty as a clock-tower. There were inkstands imbedded in jagged rocks, flower-vases of rocks, and baskets in abundance formed of rocky crystals. When the secret got wind, it was found that they were produced by immersing a wire framework of the object desired in a strong solution of alum, and chemically precipitating the alum, which clung in grotesquely-shaped crystals to the wire, and the work of art was complete. But in a little time the crevices of the rocks were filled with dust, and to wash them clean was to melt them away; and so away they all went, banished to upstairs rooms and cupboards on landing-places. The vacancies they left were speedily filled by castles, martello-towers, &c., flaming in azure and gold; old gateways and sham ruins, elaborately contrived as receptacles for the everlasting paper-lights, which were now industriously cut, curled, and spirally bound with tinsel, and bundled together in castle or fortress, with their party-coloured heads peeping over the battlements.

After that, Japanning came into fashion, and every enterprising young lady felt bound to japan her own dressing-case, work-box, writing-desk, and so on. Plaster of Paris and whiting littered the drawing-room and the boudoir; China-ink and crystal varnish were at a premium; and for some time there was a decidedly Oriental character pervading the paraphernalia of female industry. These productions, which could not be attempted by everybody, were rivalled by ingenious paper-cuttings, which crept by degrees over picture-frames, mirrors, and vases, which they covered like parasitical plants, and served the double purpose of preserving the gilding and exhibiting the ingenious fancies of the fair artists. How many years the changes were rung upon these and similar modes of industrious ornamentation, I do not care to specify. How the japanning was succeeded by the rage for papilions, to which whole holocausts of moths and butterflies were sacrificed—how the spread of geological science brought in a mania for fossil remains—how these were supplanted by imitations of Etruscan ware—and these, again, by the modelling of flowers in wax, and the patient maceration of flowers and plants, and the bleaching and stiffening of their exquisite anatomies, and how worthy triumphs have been won by the talented and the persevering in these last-mentioned pursuits; all this would be long to tell, and need hardly be told to readers of the present day. It is time now that I turn my face from the mantlepiece, and the host of industries it recalls to my mind's-eye, and look around upon another, but still an analogous class of pursuits, which kept pace with them. But I must be brief.

Our great-grandmothers, with the devotion of so many Penelopes, glued themselves to the embroidery-frame. The fruits of their life-long labours, in dim and dusty decadence, still survive in motheaten tapestries, in faded hangings, and on the bottoms of superannuated chairs and ottomans. Another kind of embroidery arose a generation later: it consisted of raised images in silk threads of a brilliant colour upon a satin-ground; many splendid examples of which still remain enshrined in the cabinets of elderly dames. These things were before my time, and I know nothing of them but by tradition. My earliest sympathies with ornamental needle-work are associated with the exploitation of lace-veils, tuckers, and collars by a bevy of five sisters, to whom I had the privilege of being younger brother. How many patterns have I traced against the window-pane with pencil, and afterwards blackened with pen and ink, when I was a good boy and a 'dear!' And how many have I peremptorily refused to touch when, having got a 'crick in the neck,' I grew sick of it, and was 'a crabbed spite?' I feel some remorse, I confess, as these questions arise. I don't think the lace-veils and tuckers, collars and all that, have died out, or ever will entirely; but the next thing that came up was the netting, with the big balls of cotton-thread and the long ivory pins with bobs at the end, which resulted in no end of window-curtains, &c. The netting bade fair to monopolise the entire energies of the ladies, when all at once arose the glass and steel bead epidemic. This occurred just before the passing of the Reform Bill, and its advent was really a tremendous visitation. Then it was that 'every lady in the land' went suddenly mad for beads—the disease was universal, like the plague entomological in Egypt—not a family escaped the infection. From inquiries I made at the time, I can state with certainty that beads rose with the manufacturers 65 per cent. in value, and they were sold retail by millions and thousands of millions at a profit of 250 per cent. upon the advanced cost. Still, there were not enough in the market; and in numberless cases the dear ladies were vexing and grieving for the want of them, or sallying forth in all weathers to hunt them up at any price however extravagant. Their first use was in the manufacture of bracelets, for which innumerable patterns were sold in the shops. The bracelet could be worked in two modes—either by sewing the beads on a cloth ground, was a simple process enough, or by elaborately netting them together in a small frame by means of mohair and hair-needles, which was an exploit of far more labour and difficulty; but, inasmuch as it exhibited the pattern on both sides, resulted in a product of greater value. From bracelets, the bead-work extended to purses; and from purses, to reticules and bags. The fever then began to abate its virulence, and prevails at the present moment only as an intermittent and perfectly manageable disease.

The Berlin-wool school of art succeeded the bead-work. It was decidedly an advance upon the merely mechanical labours of its predecessor. As a bachelor, I feel bound to speak a word in its praise, if only in gratitude for the elegant pair of slippers which bedeck my toes with all the hues of the rainbow, and enable them to bid defiance to chilblains. I ought to add a word of praise, too, to some neat performances in perforated card-board, sent by my favourite niece to serve the purpose of book-markers; but there is but small space remaining to me, and I must hasten to notice the great Crochet invasion, which, some seven years back, burst like a flood upon the land. When I think of crochet, I am positively in a quiver. Though a bachelor, I have fourteen nieces, and of course they all crochet. The dear girls have deluged me with the fruits of their labours. My head rests at this moment upon a crocheted anti-macassar; I cut my bread from a crocheted bread-cloth; and I cut my cheese from a crocheted cheese-cloth. I sleep under a crocheted coverlet beneath a crocheted canopy; I open my dressing-case upon a crocheted table-cover, and set my shaving-dish upon a crocheted doily. My housekeeper walks off to church on a Sunday afternoon in a crochet-bonnet, her neck encircled by a crochet-tucker, and her somewhat passé face shaded from the sun by a crochet-veil; and I am myself threatened by that merry minx, Margaret Manby, with crochet-frills to my next set of shirts. Of course, being only a bachelor, I cannot enumerate half the doings in crochet; and for this I feel grateful, especially as abundance of information on the subject is to be obtained from other sources by those who want it. There is, as all the world knows by this time, a voluminous library of crochet literature in existence. I confess to having looked into some of the volumes as a matter of curiosity; but they are worse than Greek to me, and I can make nothing of them. They are numerous enough, however, to shew that the cause of crochet maintains a considerable staff of writers; and, looking to the lavish illustrations of artists and engravers, I am sometimes puzzled to think what the antiquaries and archæologists, of a thousand years hence, when poring over the relics of Victoria's reign, will be likely to make of these volumes, if they should chance to light upon them, and what sage theories of explanation they may give rise to. But I must not indulge in these fancies.

Were I just now in a prophetic mood, I might prognosticate the decline and fall of the empire of Crochet, from definite signs and symbols which have lately risen in the horizon. What if I should insinuate that the whole female world is on the point of abandoning the beloved boar's-eye, and rushing headlong into the arms of Potichomanie? Should I be pronouncing a true prophecy? Really, I hardly know what to reply; but this much I do know, and I hasten with all affection to communicate it to my fair friends. Potichomanie has come among us, and is supposed to have been communicated from a foreign vessel which omitted to perform quarantine. It has suddenly broken out in various parts of London, and is observed to prevail in the most aggravated form in those pleasant districts where ladies most resort. In these quarters, glass-pots are the order of the day—pots of all shapes, cylinders, globes, goblets, beakers, flagons, vases lank and lean, long and short, graceful and stout, dropsical and pot-bellied, or slender and slim, classically Greek and Roman, anciently Ninevite and Egyptian, or corpulently and unmistakably British. These it is the function of Potichomanie to transform into unrivalled treasures of skill. The ladies have only to line them with patterns cut from coloured chintz, and ingeniously dove-tailed together, to produce a new species of ceramic art, which promises to surpass all that ancient or modern times have accomplished. The thing is as easy as fibbing. The shopkeepers, good souls! have removed all difficulty. A pair of scissors, a few pots of varnish and adhesive mixtures, and a few brushes with dislocated necks, contrived to spread and plaster round a corner: these things, with a yard or two of guady chintz, and that ardent and fervid genius which all ladies are known to possess, are sufficient to insure the mastery of the whole mystery. Success to Potichomanie! May it prove a curable endemic!

I do not feel called upon to make any reflections upon the above curious matters, which stand confessedly out of the pale of my judgment, and of which it will be seen I know practically very little; but yet a remark or two may not be ill-timed or out of place. Were I disposed to be ill-naturedly satirical, I might congratulate my fair fellow-countrywomen upon the leisure they find for these various employments in addition to the fulfilment of all the obligations which woman owes to the world; but I am *not* disposed that way, and I do not see in the pursuit of any occupation which happens to be temporarily the mode, frivolous though it may appear, the evidence of positive neglect of serious duties. The instinct to be doing something—producing something—is a natural instinct, and is often as strong or stronger in those who are not under the necessity of working for their livelihood as in those who are. It is much better that this instinct should be countenanced and indulged, than that it should be stifled; but what I would deferentially submit is, that very possibly it might be trained to a more lofty and efficient purpose, and made subservient to ends of more importance, than are achieved through the inundation of our dwellings, or the dwellings of our friends, by an everlasting tide of crochet-work, or overloading our mantle-pieces and drawing-room tables by the miracles of Potichomanie.

HORACE GREELEY.

From occasional notices in these pages, it may be known that the *Tribune*, one of the leading newspapers in New York, is edited by Horace Greeley, a person of some notoriety in the United States. To satisfy public curiosity, as well as to furnish a biography in some respects exemplary to youth, a memoir of Greeley has lately been written by one of his admirers, Mr J. Parton, from whose volume we may draw a few particulars illustrative of the early struggles and career of a man of whom something should be known in Europe.

Like Franklin, Greeley is a New Englander. He sprang from a hardy race of small farmers in New Hampshire, in which state, in the town of Amherst, he was born in 1811. In due time he was sent to the district school, where he received nearly all his education. It was not much, but he at least learned to read; and with this acquisition he soon stored his mind from every book that came in his way, including a weekly newspaper; 'and that newspaper probably had more to do with the opening of the boy's mind, and the tendency of his opinions, than anything else.' His thirst for reading was altogether insatiable. He scoured the country for books; he read every spare minute of the day. When other children were amusing themselves, he was poring over a book. In the midst of these efforts at self-instruction, and while Horace was only in his seventh year, misfortunes overtook the family. 'The way to thrive in New Hampshire was to work very hard, keep the store-bill small, stick to the farm, and be no man's security. Of these four things, Horace's father did only one—he worked hard.' He speculated, became security, and, as these were jolly days, he kept a good cellar—all contributing to a final catastrophe. Everything was lost; and after an ineffectual struggle, the family quitted the state and went to Vermont, where the father found employment for the support of his wife and children. We need not pursue the family fortunes, which did not subsequently improve much, but follow those of Horace, who, when a lanky boy of fourteen, set off for the town of East Poultney, to offer himself as an apprentice to a printer. His thin and poor appearance was greatly against him; but after some hesitation, he was taken on trial by Amos Bliss, publisher of a newspaper in the place. The curtain which hung over Greeley's destiny now rises. We see him go to work like a hero.

'The new apprentice,' says Mr Parton, 'took his place at the font, and received from the foreman his "copy," composing-stick, and a few words of instruction, and then he addressed himself to his task. He needed no further assistance. The mysteries of the craft he seemed to comprehend intuitively. He had thought of his chosen vocation for many years; he had formed a notion how the types *must* be arranged in order to produce the desired impression, and, therefore, all he had to acquire was manual dexterity. In perfect silence, without looking to the right hand or to the left, heedless of the sayings and doings of the other apprentices, though they were bent on mischief, and tried to attract and distract his attention, Horace worked on, hour after hour, all that day; and when he left the office at night, could set type better and faster than many an apprentice who had had a month's practice. The next day, he worked with the same silence and intensity. The boys were puzzled. They thought it absolutely incumbent on them to perform an initiating rite of some kind; but the new boy gave them no handle, no excuse, no opening. He committed no greenness, he spoke to no one, looked at no one, seemed utterly oblivious of everything save only his copy and his type. They threw type at him, but he never looked around. They talked saucily *at* him, but he threw back no retort. This would never do. Towards the close of the third day, the oldest apprentice took one of the large black balls with which printers used to *dab* the ink upon the type, and remarking that in his opinion Horace's hair was of too light a hue for so black an art as that which he had undertaken to learn, applied the ball, well inked, to Horace's head, making four distinct dabs. The boys, the journeymen, the pressman, and the editor, all paused in their work to observe the result of this experiment. Horace neither spoke nor moved. He went on with his work as though nothing had happened; and soon after went to the tavern where he boarded, and spent an hour in purifying his dishonoured locks. And that was all the fun the boys got out of their new companion on that occasion. They were conquered. In a few days, the victor and the vanquished were excellent friends.'

Never losing an opportunity of extending his knowledge, young Greeley continued to improve himself as an apprentice; read hard, attended debating-societies, attached himself to politics, and acquired a determinate religious faith, which has stuck to him through life. In time, he became the first-hand in the printing-office; wrote papers; and, though still a lad, sometimes acted as editor. At length, in 1830, the concern was broken up; and in the fifth year of his apprenticeship, he was sent adrift to seek for work from whomsoever would employ him. 'His possessions at this crisis were—a knowledge of the art of printing, an extensive and very miscellaneous library in his memory, a wardrobe that could be stuffed into a pocket, twenty dollars in cash, and—a sore leg.' This last acquisition originated in an accidental injury, and troubled him for some time. Cured of his lameness by medical care and temperance, Horace again wanders over the world in quest of employment, taking a 'bee line' through the woods for Erie, a town prettily situated on the lake of that name. Here the weary pedestrian, in wretched attire, and with his wardrobe carried in a red pocket-handkerchief slung over his stick, betook himself to the office of the *Erie Gazette*, and asked Mr Sterritt, the proprietor, if any help was required. At first rejected on account of his appearance, he was afterwards employed, and speedily came into favour. 'He is remembered there as a remarkably correct and reliable compositor, though not as a rapid one; and his steady devotion to his work enabled him to accomplish more than faster workmen. He was soon placed by his employer on the footing of a regular journeyman, at the usual wages—twelve dollars a month and board. All the intervals of labour he spent in reading. As soon as the hour of cessation arrived, he would hurry off his apron, wash his hands, and lose himself in his book or his newspapers—often forgetting his dinner, and often forgetting whether he had his dinner or not. More and more he became absorbed in politics. It is said by one who worked beside him at Erie, that he could tell the name, post-office address, and something of the history and political leanings of every member of Congress; and that he could give the particulars of every important election that had occurred within his recollection, even, in some instances, to the county majorities. And thus, in earnest work and earnest reading, seven profitable and not unhappy months passed swiftly away. He never lost one day's work. His better fortune made no change either in his habits or his appearance; and his employer was surprised, that month after month passed, and yet his strange journeyman drew no money. Once Mr Sterritt ventured to rally him a little upon his persistence in wearing the hereditary homespun, saying: "Now, Horace, you have a good deal of money coming to you; don't go about the town any longer in that outlandish rig. Let me give you an order on the store. Dress up a little, Horace." To which Horace replied, looking down at the outlandish rig as though he had never seen it before: "You see, Mr Sterritt, my father is on a new place, and I want to help him all I can." However, a short time after, Horace *did* make a faint effort to dress up a little; but the few articles which he bought were so extremely coarse and common, that it was a question in the office whether his appearance was improved by the change or the contrary.'

Quitting this situation, Greeley resolved on trying his fortune in New York, in which city he arrived in August 1831, bringing with him a capital of ten dollars in cash, and the well-known old bundle on the end of his stick. 'New York,' says our authority, 'was, and is, a city of adventurers. Few of our eminent citizens were born here. It is a common boast among New Yorkers, that this great merchant, and that great millionaire, came to the city a ragged boy, with only three-and-sixpence in his pocket; and *now* look at him! In a list of the one hundred men who are esteemed to be the most successful among the citizens of New York, it is probable that seventy-five of the names would be those of men who began their career here in circumstances that gave no promise of future eminence. But among them all, it is questionable whether there was one who on his arrival had so little to help, so much to hinder him, as Horace Greeley.' He had neither friends nor acquaintances in the city. 'There was not a human being upon whom he had any claim for help or advice. His appearance was all against him. He looked in his round jacket like an overgrown boy. No one was likely to observe the engaging beauty of his face, or the noble round of his brow under that overhanging hat, over that long and stooping body. He was somewhat timorous in his intercourse with strangers. He would not intrude upon their attention; he had not the faculty of pushing his way, and proclaiming his merits and his desires. To the arts by which men are conciliated, by which unwilling ears are forced to attend to an unwelcome tale, he was utterly a stranger. Moreover, he had neglected to bring with him any letters of recommendation, or any certificate of his skill as a printer. It had not occurred to him that anything of the kind was necessary, so unacquainted was he with the life of cities.'

For days the forlorn stranger wandered from office to office offering his services, but without success; returning wearied and footsore every night to the humble boarding-house where he had found a shelter. A Sunday intervenes; he goes to church, and is cheered with a sermon which accorded with his religious views. The subject was the benignity of the Deity. He goes home to his lodgings in an exceedingly happy frame of mind. 'In the afternoon, as if in reward of the pious way in which he spent the Sunday, he heard news which gave him a faint hope of being able to remain in the city. An Irishman, a friend of the landlord, came in the course of the afternoon to pay his usual Sunday visit, and became acquainted with Horace and his fruitless search for work. He was a shoemaker, I believe, but he lived in a house which was much frequented by journeymen printers. From them he had heard that hands were wanted at West's, No. 85 Chatham Street, and he recommended his new acquaintance to make immediate application at that office. Accustomed to country hours, and eager to seize the chance, Horace was in Chatham Street, and on the steps of the designated house, by half-past five on Monday morning. West's printing-office was in the second story, the ground-floor being occupied by M'Elrath and Bangs as a bookstore. They were publishers, and West was their printer. Neither store nor office was yet opened, and Horace sat down on the steps to wait.'

This patience was rewarded. Greeley was taken on as a hand; the work he was put to being the composition of a Polyglot Testament. 'Horace worked through the day with his usual intensity, and in perfect silence. At night, he presented to the foreman, as the custom then was, the "proof" of his day's work. What astonishment was depicted in the good-looking countenance of that gentleman, when he discovered that the proof before him was greater in quantity, and more correct than that of any other day's work which had yet been done on the Polyglot! Thenceforward, for several months, Horace worked regularly and hard on the Testament, earning about six dollars a week.

He had got into good company. There were about twenty men and boys in the office altogether, of whom two have since been members of Congress, three influential editors, and several others have attained distinguished success in more private vocations. Most of them are still alive: they remember vividly the coming among them of Horace Greeley, and are fond of describing his ways and works. Horace worked with most remarkable devotion and intensity; his task was difficult, and he was paid by the "piece." In order, therefore, to earn tolerable wages, it was necessary for him to work harder and longer than any of his companions; and he did so. Often he was at his case before six in the morning; often he had not left it at nine in the evening; always he was the first to begin and the last to leave. In the summer, no man beside himself worked before breakfast, or after tea. While the young men and older apprentices were roaming the streets, seeking their pleasure, he, by the light of a candle, was eking out a slender day's wages by setting up an extra column of the Polyglot Testament.'

At first, the workmen in the office took pleasure in playing tricks on Greeley, whom they imagined to be a kind of simpleton; but his imperturbability and good-humour under all these petty persecutions at length made every one his friend. He continued to work as a journeyman for fourteen months. About the end of this period, he became acquainted with a Mr Story, with whom he entered into partnership, and began in a small way of business. The first speculation of the firm was a cheap newspaper, called the *Morning Post*, which was started on the 1st of January 1833. Not proving successful, it was soon given up; and the concern for some time relied on miscellaneous printing. Greeley, meanwhile, acquired expertness as a paragraphist and writer of newspaper articles, and was thus prepared for another important literary venture. In March 1834, he began the *New Yorker*, which met with better success than the *Post*, and was marked with some good writing. It gradually became *the* authority in the department of political statistics. One of the boldest of Greeley's papers in the *New Yorker* is said to have been one on the 'Tyranny of Opinion'—a somewhat dangerous subject to touch upon in America. A few passages from this article may here be given, as a sample of editorial courage.

'The great pervading evil of our social condition is the worship and the bigotry of Opinion. While the theory of our political institutions asserts or implies the absolute freedom of the human mind—the right not only of free thought and discussion, but of the most unrestrained action thereon within the wide boundaries prescribed by the laws of the land—yet the *practical commentary* upon this noble text is as discordant as imagination can conceive. Beneath the thin veil of a democracy more free than that of Athens in her glory, we cloak a despotism more pernicious and revolting than that of Turkey or China. It is the despotism of Opinion. Whoever ventures to propound opinions strikingly at variance with those of the majority, must be content to brave obloquy, contempt, and persecution. If political, they exclude him from public employment and trust; if religious, from social intercourse and general regard, if not from absolute rights. However moderately heretical in his political views, he cannot be a justice of the peace, an officer of the Customs, or a lamp-lighter; while, if he be positively and frankly sceptical in his theology, grave judges pronounce him incompetent to give testimony in courts of justice, though his character for veracity be indubitable. That is but a narrow view of the subject which ascribes all this injustice to the errors of parties or individuals; it flows naturally from the vice of the age and country—the tyranny of Opinion. It can never be wholly rectified until the whole community shall be brought to feel and acknowledge, that the only security for public liberty is to be found in the absolute and unqualified freedom of thought and expression, confining penal consequences to *acts* only which are detrimental to the welfare of society. The philosophical observer from abroad, may well be astounded by the gross inconsistencies which are presented by the professions and the conduct of our people. Thousands will flock together to drink in the musical periods of some popular disclaimer on the inalienable rights of man, the inviolability of the immunities granted us by the constitution and laws, and the invariable reverence of freemen for the majesty of law. They go away delighted with our institutions, the orator, and themselves. The next day, they may be engaged in lynching some unlucky individual who has fallen under their sovereign displeasure, breaking up a public meeting of an obnoxious cast, or tarring and feathering some unfortunate lecturer or propagandist, whose views do not square with their own, but who has precisely the same right to enjoy and propagate his opinions, however erroneous, as though he inculcated nothing but what every one knows and acknowledges already. The shamelessness of this incongruity is sickening; but it is not confined to this glaring exhibition. The sheriff, town-clerk, or constable, who finds the political majority in his district changed, either by immigration or the course of events, must be content to change too, or be hurled from his station. Yet what necessary connection is there between his politics and his office? Why might it not as properly be insisted that a town-officer should be six feet high, or have red hair, if the majority were so distinguished, as that he should think with them respecting the men in high places, and the measures projected or opposed by them? And how does the proscription of a man in any way for obnoxious opinions differ from the most glaring tyranny?'

This brave little newspaper lasted seven years, and was given up in consequence chiefly of pecuniary losses. 'On an average, 1200 dollars a year were lost by the removal of subscribers to parts unknown, who left without paying for their paper.' Other literary ventures were tried; one of them being the *Log-Cabin*, which was finally, in 1841, merged in the *Tribune*—a paper of the Whig school of politics, price one cent. This was a great and trying effort to establish a cheap press; and it was successful. It was at first acrimoniously persecuted, and that helped it materially. 'FIGHT was the word with it from the start; FIGHT has been the word ever since; FIGHT is the word this day.' Increased, subsequently, in dimensions, and raised in price to two cents, the daily *Tribune* attained a wide popularity—not, we should imagine, among the masses, but those classes who are generally in advance in matters of opinion. Much of the volume before us is devoted to an account of Greeley's editorial labours in connection with the daily, weekly, and semi-weekly *Tribune*, for the paper assumes various shapes. Into the minutiæ of this part of his career we do not intrude, as it can have little interest for English readers. Neither is it necessary to say anything of Greeley's visit to Europe, to see the Exhibition of 1851. In the present day, his paper, aided by Mr Dana and other collaborateurs, is found about the top of the tree—the only paper, we believe, which has reached a higher circulation in New York being the *Herald*, edited by Mr Bennet. In 1848, Mr Greeley sat for some months as a representative in Congress, where he acted an honest, though not conspicuous, part. Latterly, he has diversified his editorial labours with rambles about the country, lecturing principally on subjects which point to social improvement. His biographer informs us, that few men of his time have written so much, or shewn such indomitable energy and perseverance. 'During the last ten years or more, Horace Greeley has influenced a greater amount of thought, and a greater amount of characters, than any other individual who has lived in this land. At a rough calculation, he has written and published, during his editorial career, matter enough to fill 150 volumes.'

Candidly considered, however, Greeley, with many merits, is far from being so great a man as he is represented to be by his admirers. Persevering, good-humoured, and perfectly sincere and upright, he still belongs to the family of the 'wrong-heads.' In a peculiarly graphic and uncompromising way, he sticks to exploded views in political economy; and weekly demonstrates that free-trade is the ruin of nations. As regards England, he seems to think it is going rapidly downhill by abandoning a protection policy. The late distresses among American workmen he imputes to the low tariff on imports; and with similar logical precision, the impoverished and almost anarchical condition of Turkey is ascribed, not to vicious social usages, and an effete system of government, but to the purchase of cheap British manufactures—England, of course, having pursued a far-sighted selfish policy to bring about these results. On teetotalism and Maine Law, he goes beyond ordinary writers; and, as may be supposed, gives no quarter on the subject of slavery. Eccentric and extreme as may be some of his views, and with a constitutional disposition to slovenliness in attire, Horace Greeley is, nevertheless, eminently worthy of respect. In an age of shams, it is no small merit to speak what one believes to be the downright truth. For advocacy of every real or presumed social improvement, fearlessness in the exposure of abuses, and independence of principle, few papers equal the *Tribune;* and if we do not always agree in the editor's opinions, we never rise from a perusal of his well-filled pages without having been both amused and instructed. Of no man, more than Horace Greeley, could it be properly said, that even 'his failings lean to virtue's side.'

FERNLEY HALL:

A TALE.

MARY VAUGHAN returned from her morning-walk, and went into her father's study as usual, to see that he was comfortable. And, as usual, Mr Vaughan's gray head was raised when he heard her step in the room, and he said, with a little smile: 'Well, my girl, what news from the village?'

'I don't think there is any news in the village, papa; but there is something going on at the old Hall.'

'Decay and overgrowth. Anything else?'

'Nay, papa; if what I suppose be true, decay and overgrowth will soon give place to repairs and gardening. I do believe the old place is let.'

'I daresay you may have heard some one talk about it. I have heard many people, in the course of the last fifteen years, talk of taking Fernley Hall. It is a very attractive place from a distance, but no one likes it on examination. Tenants are not inclined to rebuild another man's house, and it would require little short of rebuilding to make it habitable. Colonel Fernley neglected the old place shamefully, as he neglected other things it was his duty to care for and cherish.'

'But, papa,' said Mary, 'I really do think the place is let now. As I was passing along the fence by the shrubbery, I heard people walking inside, and some one said: "Very well, Mr Burrows; I like the place well enough to agree to the terms. Next Monday, then, I shall send in a builder to make an estimate of the necessary repairs, and he shall set his men to work immediately. This is March; by the end of June, I shall hope to move in." Then I heard Burrows mumble some reply; and the next minute, just as I was passing the little gate in the fence, it opened from within, and Burrows came out with a gentleman. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with a heavy, respectable face, a gold-headed cane, fine white linen, and a new coat. In short, papa, he is my ideal of a millionaire.'

'Millionaires often do very extravagant things; and so a millionaire may hire Fernley Hall and rebuild it; but if he is a man of sense, he will think better of it after next Monday.'

Mary Vaughan and all the village of Fernley 'were ware,' as the old ballads say, of a builder in a gig on the following Monday. He drove through the village, and put up at the Black Horse, and proceeded thence, without loss of time, to the house of Mr Burrows, who accompanied him to the old Hall, whence the builder did not return for three hours, when he went back to the Black Horse, ordered his gig, drank a glass of ale, and drove away. He would have gone without telling anything of what the whole village was burning to know, if the landlord, John Brown, had not ventured to say as he attended him to the door: 'I hope, sir, ye'll be going to set the old Hall to rights?'

'I 'll try what I can do. I shall put some workmen in directly. Can I have a bed here occasionally?'

'Ay, sir, that can ye. What 's the name of the gentleman as is coming to live here?'

'Fielding—Dr Fielding. Good-morning, landlord. Stand clear, boy.'

From that time, chaos seemed to have come again in Fernley Hall and its grounds. All through March and April, bricklayers, carpenters, and gardeners were swarming about the old place, plastering, hammering, digging, and cutting down all day long. They were kept pretty diligently at the work by Mr Burrows and the builder; and by the time 'the flowery May' had smiled away half her reign, old Fernley Hall began to smile too, under the influence of fresh order and array. There was every prospect that the leafy month of June would see it a habitable and inhabited dwelling of genteel, if not of aristocratic pretensions.

Mr Vaughan the curate, and his daughter, took cognizance of all that was going on, and were as much interested in the matter as it was natural they should be. For it is an important thing to a country clergyman and his family whether the great house of the parish be inhabited, and by whom, especially when there are no educated persons in their immediate neighbourhood.

One evening, about the middle of June, Mary Vaughan had tempted her father away from his books, to take a walk with her.

'Which way are we to go, Mary?' he inquired as they stepped into the road.

'Why, papa, I want you to go and see the improvements in the grounds at the Hall. Mr Burrows has given me the key of the little gate in the fence, so that we can let ourselves in, and walk there as long as we like.'

Mr Vaughan made no reply, but drew his daughter's arm within his, and turned towards the old Hall. Arrived at the gate in the fence—well known to Mr Vaughan of old—Mary took the key from her pocket, and fitted it in the lock. In another minute, they were sheltered from the dazzling sun, beneath the overarching greenery within the enclosure.

'How delicious!' exclaimed Mary, and immediately taking off her bonnet, she seemed to be at home in that woodland. It was part of a large plantation or shrubbery, which used to be called the Wilderness, because the old occupiers had left it to nature, that it might snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

'Do you remember this place, Mary?' asked her father, looking about with a countenance where curiosity strove with sadness.

'Very well, indeed, papa. You know I was ten years old when the Fernleys went away; I am twenty-five now. Everything looks much as it did then.'

'That is because you have grown as well as these trees. I am very glad the people who have had the management of the repairs, have had the taste to leave this Wilderness untouched.'

'Dr Fielding gave special orders that they were not to lop a bough or disturb a weed here, except on the path.'

'I am happy to hear it, my dear.' And Mr Vaughan began to walk along the path mechanically, with his eyes roaming right and left among the trees and underwood.

His daughter followed him in silence, for she had an intuitive feeling that her father's heart was full of the thoughts and feelings of by-gone years, suggested by the place in which they walked. She remembered when she, a little child, filled her pinafore with primroses and blue-bells which grew under those very trees, while he walked slowly beside a lady there. How sweet and kind that lady was! How graceful, and how fair! Yet hers was almost the saddest face Mary Vaughan could remember; and the thought of Miss Fernley always made her sorrowful. She wondered now, how in her childish years she had thought it so fine a thing to be a grown woman and Colonel Fernley's daughter—to ride on horseback, and drive in an elegant carriage!

Mary kept pace with her father, and thought of Grace Fernley. 'I remember her as well as if she had never gone away. "Either the future or the past is written on every face," says the thoughtful German. On hers both the past and the future must have been legible to my father, for I am sure he loved her. Yes; the regrets of the past, and the apprehensions of the future, were in the soft radiance of those blue eyes as she used to look at him when they talked together here. I suppose he knew then that she was going to be married. Mr Burrows says she was as much sold as any other part of the property, to pay her father's debts, and to keep the old Hall in the family. And this is the result. For fifteen years, Colonel Fernley has never been near the place, but has been living a disreputable life abroad; his daughter, who married to save him, as he called it, has been living in poverty no one knows where.' At this point of her musing, Mary Vaughan ventured a question to her father.

'Papa, do you think we shall ever hear of Mrs Robertson again?'

Mr Vaughan paused, and then replied slowly: 'Yes, my dear, I have reason to think we shall.'

'Oh, papa, do you really? May I ask what reason you have?'

'Merely this, my child: she told me, before she went away, that she would come back to Fernley, though it were only to die here.'

'She loved this place very much?'

'It would seem so, since she made so great a sacrifice to retain it in her family.'

'Then Mr Burrows and every one else is right—Miss Fernley did not love her husband when she married him? Papa, surely that is a great crime in any woman—a double crime in one who was born so noble and so wise, and had every advantage of moral training? It is an unpardonable crime in a woman to marry one man when she loves another!' exclaimed Mary indignantly; the more indignantly, perhaps, that she had never thought of the conduct of Miss Fernley in that light before. She had been accustomed to reverence and to pity her.

Mr Vaughan looked up at his child for a moment in some surprise, and then said solemnly: 'Do you remember who it was that said: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her?" You know not that fellow-creature's temptation, and should be slow to measure her guilt. Do not fall into that grievous sin—the pride of virtue.'

'Oh, papa, how good you are! You, whom she has caused to suffer so'——

'Hush, my child; the past is past.'

'Not all past—it darkens your present; will, perhaps, spread a blacker gloom over your future; for you, father, are of those whose affections change not. Father, I am a woman now; no more a child. I cannot see you unhappy without thinking why you are so.'

She put her arm through his, and looked fondly into his face. It was very pale. It might be only the green shade of the trees that made him look so wan; but his eyes were closed as if in agony, and Mary whispered tenderly: 'Have I hurt you by touching on this subject? Ah, forgive me, dear, dear father. I have spoken rashly—cruelly. I did not know that—— Lean on me, dear father.' She looked about for a resting-place, for he seemed to be fainting, and she could not support his weight. She drew him as well as she could to the root of an old tree which formed a sort of seat; he sank down, and reclined there motionless. There was something in his aspect which frightened his daughter, and she ran hurriedly towards the house in search of assistance.

The workmen had all left the premises, and the stillness of sunset lay on the lawn and front of the house as she emerged from the shrubbery and looked eagerly around. No one was to be seen; and she was about to return, when the splashing of the fountain in the centre of the lawn reminded her, that if she could carry some water with her, she might restore her father so as to enable him to walk home without help. Then she recollected a report she had heard in the village that morning—some people of Dr Fielding's household, a housekeeper and some other servants, had arrived, and were already setting the rooms in order. She looked along the line of windows, that glittered so clean and new in the sunlight, but saw no human being. She hastened round to the well-remembered servants-entrance, and quickened her step as she heard voices. Two young women sat by an open window on the ground-floor drinking tea; they ceased talking, and stared at her.

'Can you give me some hartshorn, and a jug to carry some water? A gentleman has fallen ill—fainted in the shrubbery.'

They both jumped up, as if willing to lend aid, but looked stupid.

'Give me that jug,' said Mary, pointing to one on the table. 'I will fetch some water from the fountain, and one of you can bring some hartshorn, if you have any. Is there a man in the house?'

'No; there's only us and Mrs Smith the housekeeper: she keeps doctor's stuff. I'll just run and tell her, and she'll come with the hartshorn, and bring the gentleman to.'

Mary hurried to the fountain, and was soon beside her father with the water: she found him in the same position. Her anxiety gave place to alarm, when she found that he did not stir when she sprinkled water on his face and chafed his hands. His appearance was corpse-like, and poor Mary trembled as she looked on that beloved face.

'Father, father!' she cried; 'open your eyes; give me one look!'

She heard footsteps behind her, and saw one of the damsels to whom she had just spoken carrying a basket, and accompanied by an older woman. 'Quick! quick!' she cried in a nervous whisper; 'he has been long insensible.'

'Don't be alarmed, my dear young lady,' said the housekeeper in a calm kind voice; 'I daresay he will be better presently. Ann, come and help me to lay him flat on the ground.' And she kneeled down, and put her hands on his shoulders. At this moment Mr Vaughan opened his eyes for an instant, and startled the housekeeper so much, that though upon all ordinary occasions she was the calmest and most mechanical creature in the world, she uttered a slight cry, and started back in considerable agitation.

'He do look terrible deathly, indeed, miss!' said Ann to Miss Vaughan in a frightened whisper, when they had assisted Mrs Smith to place him at full length on the ground. 'It's a'most like laying out a corpse.'

Mary shuddered; and, with the housekeeper's help, took her father's head upon her lap, and began to loosen his neckcloth and bathe his temples. In the meantime, good Mrs Smith took restoratives from her basket, and poured brandy down his throat, and applied hartshorn to his nostrils. In a minute or two the patient heaved a sigh.

'He's coming to, poor gentleman,' said Ann; 'but he'll never be able to walk this day. Does he live far off, miss?'

'We live at the other end of the village. Do you think my father will be able to walk so far?' inquired Mary, appealing to the elder of the two women, whose quiet decisive movements had already inspired her with respect.

'No; he cannot walk home. I will go and inquire for a carriage of some sort.'

'Is that you, Mary?' said Mr Vaughan faintly, opening his eyes and closing them once more. 'Where am I?—what has happened?'

'You are in the grounds of Fernley Hall, father. You have fainted, and I was obliged to go for assistance. Do you feel better now?'

'Yes, my dear. Who was that with you just now?'

'Only some kind women who happened to be at the Hall, and who came at once to help me. One of them is beside you now.'

Mr Vaughan opened his eyes, and after gazing at Ann vacantly for a moment, closed them again: 'Is no one else with you, my dear child?'

'Yes, an elderly person—Dr Fielding's housekeeper has been here. She has gone now to find a carriage to convey you home.'

'Has no one else been here—no one but strangers?'

'No, papa. You must ask no more questions now,' she added, as she saw him looking eagerly about as if in search of some one.

Ann presently produced a little more brandy, which she insisted on Mr Vaughan's swallowing. 'Mrs Smith had ordered her to give it, and she dare not disobey. Mrs Smith was so particular.' That done, Ann took up her position, basket in hand, beside the father and daughter, until some one came. Such having been her orders from the housekeeper.

Mr Vaughan still remained with closed eyes, resting his head on Mary's lap; Mary watched him in silence, and thought of many things—of the uncertainty of life; of her father's sadness, and his love for her; of her mother, who had died before she could remember, and who might have been the sunshine of his days had she lived. Then she thought of the old dwellers at Fernley Hall—the gay dashing colonel and his lovely daughter. They were exiled, and new people were come to fill their places. Then she thought of Grace Fernley's marriage—a marriage without love, that could not come to good. The recollection of all she had noted in childhood, and tried to forget for so many years, combined with her father's sudden indisposition when she had spoken of Miss Fernley and her marriage, to make her feel sure that it was a secret but strong love for that lady which had weighed so heavily on him all these years—which had kept him a curate in the old place, when he might have had good livings elsewhere. 'He will not leave Fernley, I know,' she said to herself; 'and he has told me the reason now. He expects that one day Grace Fernley will come back to the Hall, or, if not there, to the village—perhaps worn by sorrow and sickness, perhaps in want. Ah! I have never been able to make him forget her. I shall be worse than useless to him then. I had better think of the situation Dr Fielding offered me as governess to his daughters.'

Just then the sound of wheels was heard on the pathway, and presently a man appeared drawing an old garden-chair.

'Mrs Smith could not come back herself, but sent me with this to carry home the poor sick gentleman. Why, it's Mr Vaughan! Why didn't she tell me that, and I'd ha' come quicker.'

'Mrs Smith's like me,' said Ann, with a toss of her head; 'we come from London, where people don't know everybody's name they chance to meet.'

'Ah, to be sure, ye're all new to our place. Can he help himself at all, think ye, Miss Vaughan?'

'Yes, Barnes—thank you,' said Mr Vaughan feebly. 'If you will lend me your arm, I can get up; but I fear you must draw me home in that chair.'

Mary's support on one side, and Barnes's strong arm on the other, were sufficient to place Mr Vaughan in the little vehicle; and followed by Ann, who seemed to enjoy the adventure, they proceeded to the gate by which Mr Vaughan and Mary had entered the grounds of Fernley Hall. The latter dismissed Ann with thanks and a little money; and then walked home beside the chair, with a full heart and mind, and a clouded brow.

'What's come to you, too, Miss Mary?' asked their old servant, some time after they had returned. 'You look as if you had had an upset too. Where have ye been this evening?'

'Only into the grounds of the old Hall, Deborah.'

'Ha! it's ill walking on bad folks' land.'

'Do you call the Fernleys bad folks, Deborah?'

'Ay, that do I—chick and child. What's bad, if it's not bad to drink and swear, and let a goodly estate go to the dogs, and then take rent for it from a retired doctor? What's bad, if it's not bad for a young lady to break a good man's heart—to love one and marry another? But it's no use talking, child. What's done cannot be undone, and the least said the soonest mended. We're none of us too good, and had each best mind our own business. By the same token, I'll go and mind mine. Somebody's been tapping twice at the back-door.'

Mary lingered in the kitchen, with the intention of inciting Deborah to talk more freely about Miss Fernley, or rather Mrs Robertson; but hearing Deborah return along with some one, Miss Vaughan slipped away to her own room, being in no mood to listen to the grievances of some poor villager; and she had given orders to Deborah not to disturb her father unnecessarily that evening. He was lying on the sofa in his study, reading or musing, and had wished to be left alone.

The person who accompanied Deborah was Dr Fielding's new housekeeper, and Deborah treated her with the respect due to her office and respectable appearance.

'Thank you, ma'am; master's pretty tolerable again now. We are much obliged to you for your kindness. I should have done just as you did; there's nothing like a little brandy in such cases. His pulse is too low; he reads and thinks too much; and he's very sad and melancholy, poor gentleman.'

'His daughter!'

'Oh, she's a very good daughter, but she isn't a wife; and he wants a wife—some one nearer his own age. Miss Mary is a lively girl, and living here, moping away all her days in this village where she has no companions, is spoiling her temper. She wants a change.'

'Dr Fielding has grown sons and daughters.'

'Well, that's good hearing; but they may not think a poor curate's daughter good enough company for them, especially if they are not real gentry.'

'But they are,' interrupted Mrs Smith, smiling a little. 'I have brought a note from Dr Fielding to Mr Vaughan: it only requires "Yes" or "No" in answer. I should be glad to have it to-night, if Mr Vaughan is well enough to read my master's note.'

'I will go and see,' replied Deborah graciously; for she liked Mrs Smith's appearance, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to be on good terms again with the housekeeper at the Hall.

'You may shew the housekeeper—Mrs Smith, is that her name?—in here,' said Mr Vaughan. 'I should like to thank her for her attention to me. Bring in some cake and wine presently, and candles. I can scarcely see to read this note.'

Mrs Smith still stood near the door of the little study after Deborah had closed it behind her. Mr Vaughan rose from the sofa, and said kindly: 'Take a seat, Mrs Smith; I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you for'——

He paused in surprise; for she stepped quickly across the room to him when she found they were alone, and took his hands in hers.

'You do not know me yet, old friend? Suffering has changed me more than you.'

There was something in her voice which awoke an echo in his heart. He trembled, and drew her towards the window, that he might see her face. The lingering twilight, as she removed her bonnet, shewed a face that still retained traces of beauty, but so completely mingled with those of time and sorrow, that the expression must have been greatly changed. A few marks of the small-pox, some faint lines on the brow, a pale complexion, mild yet firm eyes, hair sprinkled with gray and neatly braided under a widow's cap: such were the specialties of a portrait on which Mr Vaughan gazed with a bewildered look.

'You do not know me, I see,' she said, turning away; 'and if *you* do not know me, no one else here will.'

'Stay yet a moment—look at me once more.'

She looked him steadily in the face, with head erect, as in the days of old. Ah! he knows her now. His eye brightens, his cheek is flushed, and his voice is choked with emotion, as he speaks once more.

'It is—it is—Grace Fernley! Merciful Father! this is—this worn and sorrow-stricken woman is, indeed, that fairest child of thine!' He covered his face with his hands, and she saw the tears trickle through his thin fingers. She remained motionless, and watched him. Presently he looked up at her, and said gravely: 'Why have you come to me?'

'I came to ask forgiveness, Vaughan.'

'I *loved* you, Grace: there is no need to ask forgiveness of me.' The gentle tenderness of his tone was indescribable.

At these words her pride and strength broke down; she sank on the nearest chair, and burst into tears. He drew a seat beside her, and whispered words of consolation in her ear. After a time, she recovered, and looking hastily round the room, as if she feared intrusion, said: 'Do not let any one see me; I would not be known. But I must speak longer with you this night.'

'I will see to it.' And he left the room, and returned with some wine, having taken it from Deborah, and told her not to interrupt him, and to tell his daughter that he was engaged upon business of importance. When he was seated beside his visitor again, she began in a low broken voice, which grew steadier as she proceeded.

'You remember as well as I do the day of my ill-starred, wicked marriage; when I promised to love and honour a creature whom I despised, to gratify a vile pride of race.'

'And, as you thought then, to save your father from ruin, and preserve him in honourable condition for life?'

'True, I *did* think that; but I was blinded by ambition and a cold heart. I had no excuse; for were you not near to love and guide me—you, who were truly all a woman could desire in a husband? I married Glanville Robertson, and you have been well avenged. For seven years I bore the burden: at the end of that time, I escaped from him.'

'So I heard. You had no children?'

'No; God be thanked! I left him to his luxury and his infamy: he was in Paris. I fled to England—to Scotland, and strove to earn my bread.'

'Why did you not come to me—to Fernley?'

'I dared not; I was too wretched. Besides, I was still young, and you might have felt your old love revive. I was married—blighted—unfit for you and your child!'

'But why not go to your father?'

'Ah, you do not know that worst, cruelest affliction. I could not live with him. His house was no fitting home for any but women lost to all self-respect. I had tried my utmost before to win him from his vices; at that time he was at his worst—and I avoided him. I took the name I now bear, and got employment as governess—companion—housekeeper, in various families. My husband sought for me in vain. A year ago, he died. I heard that my father was in England searching for me—seeking for the pittance that fell to me after his debts were paid from my husband's estate. I saw him. I will not attempt to describe that interview; but you can imagine it, when you remember what my father was when angry, and that the wicked always feel contempt for each other when they have been unsuccessful. A few months later, he wrote to inform me that he had at length found a purchaser for Fernley Hall.'

'Is it sold?' asked Mr Vaughan.

'Yes, my friend,' she replied sadly; 'it is now Dr Fielding's property. It is a just punishment to me. I committed a crime to retain possession of the old place, and, by a strange but intelligible decree of Providence, I have come to serve in the house where I was formerly mistress. They are good people, these Fieldings, and will bring a blessing with them to the place. If it please God, I will work a while, and then die as I hoped to die—in Fernley, in the old Hall.'

'No; in this parsonage, Grace.'

'Hush, Frank Vaughan, that cannot be. My heart is swollen nigh to bursting now at your kindness, at my own unworthiness. Henceforth we must be strangers. Mary will not know in Mrs Smith the former Miss Fernley; no one in the place will know me. We shall meet in the church on Sundays, and you will pray for me.'

'And may we not meet elsewhere?'

'No. But there is a service, pressing and immediate, I would ask of you this night ere we part. My father lies dead in London: will you, for the sake of old times, go and see him laid decently in the earth? There is money, for he died penniless; and unless the body be claimed by his friends, it will be buried by the parish in which he died. He has no friends save myself and you.'

'I will go to-morrow. Give me the address.'

'It is written in the letter which you have not yet opened. All particulars are given there. Good-night; I must not stay.'

'Not stay! Who has a better right to stay in my house?'

'Your daughter. For her sake we must be as strangers.'

'But she may not always remain with me. She wearies of this dull household; she may marry.'

Mrs Smith took his hand, and said affectionately: 'It is a sore struggle, as you know, to do right sometimes. I would gladly pass the last years of life with you; but for Mary's sake, and for your own fame's sake, I will not come to you now. When she marries, or leaves you, I will come and be your housekeeper—your nurse—your wife—if you please; and I will then declare myself the last of the house of Fernley.'

* * * * *

Two years afterwards, the bells of Fernley church rang joyfully. Dr Fielding's eldest son married Mary, the handsome daughter of the curate. Mr Vaughan himself performed the ceremony; and after the bride and bridegroom had departed, and the wedding-guests had gone to the Hall to dance and make merry, he remained alone in his little study to compose his mind after the emotions of the day.

He had not been alone more than an hour, when 'Mrs Smith from the Hall' stepped into his apartment and said: 'Do not disturb yourself; Deborah knows all. I have come to fulfil my promise.'

The good curate smiled. 'Mary prepared me for this. She is most anxious that you should be known for what you are. Again there will be a marriage of old people—but when you smile and are happy, you don't look old, Grace—that shall not be unwise nor ridiculous. We will go to London together, and return man and wife. As Mary may one day be mistress of Fernley Hall, you may draw your last breath where you drew your first.'

'And my old age, thanks to your goodness, will be more blessed than my youth.'

WEIGHING THE EARTH.

The old mechanist wished for a fulcrum that he might move the earth—modern science rests contented with finding a balance in which to weigh it. This curious operation has been performed more than once—by Cavendish, in the last century; by Dr Maskelyne, who took a Scotch mountain for his counterpoise; and by Vietch, the German, in a Munich cellar; but with by far the greatest care and accuracy in a house in Tavistock Place, London, by the patient hands of Mr Bailly, the late president of the Astronomical Society. That gentleman was indeed picked out for the task from among the best scientific professors of England; and the cost of his experiments was partly defrayed by a grant of L.500 public money, specially appropriated for the purpose.

As the article to be weighed is a ball of four-and-twenty thousand miles, or thereabouts, in circumference, and so heavy as to keep the lady-moon playing round it like a stone in a sling—to say nothing of making a little disturbance, as we are credibly informed, among the far-off satellites of Jupiter—it may be worth our while to learn how its weight can be ascertained. The scales, also, in which that process is accomplished are likely to be novel and curious in their construction; for clearly you cannot weigh the earth as you would a pound of plums.

There are two or three ways of weighing anything. You may do it directly, by taking a lump of lead which you know beforehand to weigh a pound, and putting it into one scale counterbalance it with a quantity of other matter on the opposite side, which quantity, supposing your balance to be true, must weigh an exact pound too. Or you may do it indirectly, by marking the effect which the pound-lump produces in bending a spring, twisting a wire, &c.; and then trying how much greater or less effect of a like sort is produced by the substance whose weight you wish to ascertain. Of this second or *comparative* character, is the balance wherein the earth is weighed.

Weight, as we all know since the time of Newton, is merely attraction; every particle of matter attracts every other particle—that is, pulls it towards itself. This pull becomes stronger as the particles come nearer one another, 'in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance.' The more particles, again, there are in any body, the greater will be its attractive force. A cannon-ball is 'heavy' because it contains many particles, and also because the earth contains many, and they all pull towards each other; hold up the cannon-ball, and hang another globe between it and the earth, this globe will be pulled two ways—*down* by the earth, *up* by the cannon-ball. If, then, we can but discover how much the cannon-ball attracts the globe as compared with the earth, we shall have the means of computing how much the earth weighs as compared with the cannon-ball; the attraction of the cannon-ball is, consequently, what we want our balance to weigh. As the earth is actually some thousand billion times the heavier body, needs must that the balance be a delicate one.

Delicate, indeed, it is; and yet simple withal. You may make it yourself, if you please; as thus: Take a slender cane or rod of wood, fix two light balls, one at each end of the rod, and tie a hair or silk thread to its middle; fasten the other end of the thread—which is say three or four feet long—to a hook in the ceiling, and let the rod hang freely down, carefully balancing it, that it may rest in a horizontal position. Leave the apparatus to itself for a while, just to give it time to settle; then, if there is no draught of wind, or other disturbance, you will find the rod and balls hanging quite level and quiet; but the slightest touch or breath will set them vibrating and twisting, first one way, and then back again, until presently the rod goes to sleep once more exactly in its former position. The reason of this is, that the thread, being elastic, twists easily upon the slightest impulse, but returns again to the old condition when permitted. By making the rod longer, and using a slenderer thread, the apparatus becomes more sensitive, so that the rod vibrates by an impulse almost inappreciable in any other way; in fact, it becomes a balance of most extraordinary delicacy, with this further advantage, that, in obedience to a very complicated law of mechanical action, the amount of the twisting force can be very accurately computed by marking the *time* in which the vibrations, or twistings and untwistings, of the rod and thread are accomplished.

The earth-balance consists of just such a hanging rod, so fixed that two massive spheres can be brought nearly close to the balls at each end, but in such wise that each sphere attracts the ball next it in opposite directions. Both attractions, consequently, tend to twist the centre thread the same way. When these spheres are brought near the balls, accordingly the rod twists or vibrates; when they are removed, it goes back again. A few repetitions of the experiment enable us to learn the time occupied in each vibration; thence we compute the attractive force of the spheres; and thence, again, can calculate the weight of the earth.

This is the skeleton of the apparatus which Mr Bailly employed; but in practical working there were a multitude of things to be done or guarded against—of corrections to make, and sources of inaccuracy to trace and cure. A breath of air—a ray of light—the disturbance caused by a man's breathing—the emanations of animal heat from his body, and causes even more minute and unsuspected than these—sufficed to put the instrument out of tune, and render the results of the experiments wholly fallacious. The details which Mr Bailly has given of his various contrivances for avoiding all sources of error, exhibit a wonderful degree of acuteness and ingenuity, and, above all, of patience; at the same time, it curiously exemplifies the extreme delicacy of the problem which he had undertaken to solve.

Some years ago, half Paris was flocking to that Pantheon which is now a church, curiously anxious to *see* the earth turn round its axis. A monster pendulum was made by swinging a large gilt ball from the inside of the cupola; and as the pointer fixed below the huge 'bob' traced marks upon a ridge of sand, cunningly heaped upon the marble floor beneath the apparatus, and shewed how the vibrations crept round the circle, like the hour-hand of a clock; so, was it said, the earth turned upon its appointed centre. The scene was deliciously impressive: the lofty dome—the 'dim religious light'—the sculptured marbles—the monumental tablets, inscribed with the names of those 'Grands Hommes' of the Revolution, to whom their country had been so *reconnaisante*, as to undo all they had lived and died in doing—the crowd of spectators—the solemn hush that was maintained among them, wonderful to say, even though the crowd was Parisian—gave to the spectacle all the fitting accessories of an attractive melodrama. Then the apparatus itself: the long pendulum-wire, lost to sight in the darkness of the dome above; the glittering ball swinging, swinging, without added touch of mortal hand; and, finally, those mysterious tracings, recording upon the sand the progress of that eternal revolution by which the Divine ordinance is maintained, that 'day and night shall not cease.' Altogether, there was quite attraction enough to rival—as it did rival for a week or two—the *Seven Deadly Sins*, at the Porte St Martin Theatre, or Dejazet's slang and tobacco-smoking in the *Marquis de Leterière*. This 'Foucault experiment,' as it was named after its ingenious inventor, was for a season the great rage in Paris.

Mr Bailly was able, in like manner, to shew his visitors a great experiment with the earth, by letting them see how it was weighed. As his purpose, however, was to determine a scientific question, and not to open a scientific raree-show, his apparatus was constructed with no regard to dramatic effect; and visitors, especially those of merely curious propensities, were sternly discouraged. There was 'no admittance, except on business,' to the room in which the earth-balance was recording its indications. Even the operator himself entered the place cautiously and reverently—stealing round on the matted floor to his by-corner, whence, by curiously arranged rods and ropes, he performed all the required manipulations, and then 'read off' the results through a telescope. If he came nigh the instrument, his tread, his breath, the beatings of his pulse, the atmosphere of heat and agitation which he brought with him—all tended to disturb the tremulous index, and falsify the conclusions to be drawn from its motions.

By aid of the graphic and circumstantial details communicated by Mr Bailly to the Astronomical Society, and published in their Transactions, we can obtain admission to this chamber of mysteries, and witness what is doing therein, without fear that our presence should seem to increase or diminish the weight of the earth by a few million tons. It is in a house situated not far from the back-entrance to the British Museum, the edifice lies back from the thoroughfare, sheltered by a small garden, and a few yards of space, from the vibrations caused by hasty Hansoms, or lumbering coal-wagons. It is a modest, compact, self-contained residence, only one story high, and with walls of old-fashioned solidity. The Balance-Chamber is an apartment 17 feet long by 14½ broad, and 9 feet high. There is but one door to it, and one window looking north-north-west, quite away from the sun; nevertheless, this window is glazed with double sashes, to prevent *sudden* changes of temperature, Mr Bailly says—gradual and chronic changes being sufficiently provided for in other ways. Over the inside panes, a thick web of brown paper is pasted, to stop the direct rays of light or heat. No daylight is admitted, any more than other visitors, except on business; for which end a small spot on the glass is left unpapered, whence a pencil of light is allowed to fall upon the division-scale, where and when alone it is of importance to see what is passing. We may notice that the chimney is stopped up at the top, and the fireplace at the bottom. In one corner of the room stands an excellent clock by Molyneux, beating seconds very loudly. Across another corner runs a stout mahogany bar or rail, supporting telescopes for the observer who stands behind it, with the rod-handles and rope-ends placed within convenient reach, so that he can both regulate and consult the balance without quitting the bar. Against the wall, near him are placed a barometer and hygrometer, the cleverest of their respective species; and the whole room is garnished with thermometers, stuck upon every point likely to suffer from access of heat or cold.

The Balance occupies the middle of the chamber. Externally, it presents only a big eight-sided box, like a gigantic concertina-case, 8 feet across and 4 feet high, all shiny with gilt-paper, hung about with thermometers, and pierced with divers little windows covered with plate-glass. From the centre of the box a sort of chimney, only gilt instead of black, runs up to the ceiling, as if to carry off the smoke. All this, however, is but the outer case of the balance, built round it to keep off draughts of air and radiations of heat. Within, from the floor, there is erected a thick wooden pillar, twirling round like a ship's capstan, but so well supported by iron rings and brass spindles and sockets, as to play quite true and smoothly, without the least shake. Across the top of this pillar lies a strong wooden plank, nearly eight feet long, and helped by braces, and supports of different kinds, to sustain an enormous weight without bending in the slightest degree. At each end of this plank is a shallow saucer, intended to hold the massive leaden spheres, whose weight or attraction we intend to measure against that of the earth; these spheres are called 'Masses' by Mr Bailly when describing his experiments; or, as the manner of mathematicians is, 'M,' for shortness. The whole apparatus—pillar, cross-bar, spheres, and all—can be swung round easily by the ropes leading to 'Observer Corner;' but as the case required that the spheres should swing only through half a turn, there have been notches cut and stops fixed in such positions as to permit of just that amount of twirling, and no more. The spheres or masses are very respectable bullets, larger even than the *Arrow* could throw from its Lancaster-gun: they are of lead, 12$\frac{1}{10}$ inches in diameter, and weighing about 380½ pounds. Being most important elements in the future calculations, infinite pains have been taken to insure accuracy and symmetry in these spheres. It is no easy matter to give a *perfectly* spherical shape even to so small an article as an ivory billiard-ball, how much more, then, with lead globes of nearly 400 poundweights? Mr Bailly, accordingly, has had them made by the celebrated Bramah, the Pimlico engineer. They were cast in iron cylinders five feet high, into which the melted lead was forced up from below, to avoid air-bubbles; and the resulting leaden pillar was cut across into lengths, tested and examined in every way for flaws or hollow places, and being found sound, was roughly cut into balls. These were then turned and gauged in every direction in a huge lathe, and the accuracy of their shape scrutinised all over through a powerful microscope. Afterwards, they were taken to the Bullion Office in the Bank of England, and weighed as if they were gold, only far more carefully, in the accurate scale, made by Haggard, belonging to that establishment. Finally, the spheres were placed in the before-mentioned saucers, but not fixed to them. The apparatus was too firmly built to overset; and as the balls weighed nearly four hundredweights, it was not thought probable that any visitor would carry them away in his pocket.

All this part of the mechanism rose solidly from the floor—the rest is brought to meet it from a great distance. Above the ceiling of the room, a stout inflexible beam has been carried from wall to wall, having its ends firmly bolted, and screwed to and through the wall-plates, and every other available means taken to prevent vibration. From this beam, through the ceiling, and down into the exact centre of the concertina-case, comes the square wooden pipe which looks so like a chimney: it is designed merely to conduct and protect in its entire length the slender wire or thread, whose twistings are to measure the force of attraction. This is called the suspension-thread, several of which have been used by Mr Bailly made of wires of copper or iron; double or single, of different degrees of fineness; or of silken filaments; in order to vary the conditions of his experiments. Above, the threads were in all cases attached to a screw, which could be adjusted by a rod from Observer Corner; below, they were fastened to a well-balanced slender deal-rod, called the torsion-rod, hanging horizontally above the plank which carries the spheres. The deal-rod has its ends armed with two little balls, one at each, so adjusted as to have their centres precisely parallel, horizontally speaking, to those of the lead spheres, but on opposite sides; so the two—rod and plank—form a sort of letter X, in which the thin stroke represents the torsion-rod, and the thick one the capstan-bar carrying the spheres. The torsion-rod is made as light and slender as was compatible with stiffness; it weighs only 5 ounces, or, more precisely, 2370 grains. For the balls at each end, different substances and weights are employed; there is an ivory set and a glass set; a set of zinc—the lightest available metal; and of platinum—the heaviest. But the heaviest weighs only a few ounces; and all of them, hanging from so long an arm, suspended by so slender a thread, are thrown into vibration at the slightest conceivable impulse—by a breath of air, or, as was intended, by the attraction of the spheres so carefully brought into their neighbourhood. A long, broad, shallow mahogany-box, termed the Torsion-box, with glass ends, is built round the deal-rod, whose movements it shields from disturbance, while it permits the observer in his corner to note their extent and duration through his telescope.

As for the collateral adjustments and precautions: the measures taken to prevent errors from creeping in, or for estimating their effects if they do; the mirrors that reflect back certain marks into the observer's telescope if everything is right; the plumb-lines which 'kiss' the surfaces of the spheres when properly placed, and the microscopes which measure the displacement if they are not; the wires that conduct away all stray electricity into the cellar; the thermometers, barometers, and other weapons from the scientific armoury, which indicate at every point and moment the sources of disturbance and elements of correction that must be duly taken into account in our final computations—we need not puzzle the reader with a particular description. Enough to say, that no cause of discrepancy or error observed, suspected, or hypothecated, has been overlooked. Allowances are made for all, according to estimates framed by the most distressingly acute mathematical analysis; while every detail is carefully noted down and left on record, in order that future computers, with, if possible, sharper suspicions and acuter processes, may revise and amend the calculations.

Very regular and business-like are the operations which Mr Bailly is obliged to perform day after day, and month after month, before he can venture to announce that he has really weighed the earth. No merchant's clerk is called upon to display more minute punctuality, to keep more careful accounts, or to execute duties more systematic, or, if the truth must be told, more monotonous. But the idea of the grand result to be worked out, reconciles our philosopher to all his labours, however irksome; to perform a great experiment, as well as to achieve a great reputation, a man must consent 'to scorn delights and live laborious days.' On coming down to business every morning, Mr Bailly begins by making a round of examinations, and entering sundry items in his day-book: the state of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer; the direction and pressure of the air, and other meteorological queries are asked, just as if his apparatus was an old friend, whom he politely greeted every morning with, How do you find yourself to-day? Fine weather, isn't it? or the reverse, as the case might be: only that, in this case, the answers are really listened to and carefully jotted down. These out-of-doors matters settled, special attention is paid to the working-machinery within: minutely is it scrutinised at all points, to discover whether every screw is tight, every joint easy, every plumb-line perpendicular; whether all the divided scales are accurately placed to the zero-point, and every microscope true to its focus. The torsion-rod is then looked at, to see if it has gone askew during the night; if so, as is generally the case—the rod being prone to nocturnal dereliction—the adjusting screw is worked to bring it right again. As it is, however, impossible to keep the rod exactly in its right place, we are obliged to compromise the matter, by bringing it as near as we can conveniently, and thus making a note of the divergence. This will form a sort of petty cash-balance, either on the debit or credit side, to be duly allowed for during the day's transactions. After examining his mirrors, and peeping through his telescopes, Mr Bailly feels at last satisfied that everything is safe and honest about. Then begins the real work of the day: the spheres are swung round, and back again; the torsion-rod vibrates in obedience to their attractive influence; angles are measured, and seconds counted; and one result after another is noted down in the journal. If any serious change takes place in the atmosphere; if the thermometer rises, or the barometer sinks, to any noticeable extent, a black line is drawn across the book, and a fresh group of experiments begins, in which the new phenomena are duly estimated. Should any change still more violent take place, such as a thunder-storm or snow-storm, Mr Bailly shuts up his shop, and leaves off business for the day. While the air is disturbed, his experiments are worth nothing; so he makes holiday, and waits until the weather gets settled, either for rain or fair, frost or thaw.

The recorded process of every day's work left by Mr Bailly, testifies to a most praiseworthy amount of industry. Eighteen months passed, and 1300 experiments were tried, before the gold paper was put on. All this was labour in vain; but Mr Bailly, having conquered his difficulty, started afresh with unsubdued energies. Afterwards his progress was again interrupted for several weeks, by the consequences of a deplorable accident: the reckless driver of an omnibus in which he was a passenger, hurriedly whipped on his horses, as the manner of the tribe is, before Mr Bailly had taken his foot off the step in descending. He fell heavily upon the earth, whose density he had not yet ascertained, and was removed to the Charing Cross Hospital, near which excellent institution the catastrophe happened. There, and at home, he remained confined for a long period—at first considered in danger of his life, and subsequently recovering by slow degrees that measure of health and strength which he was ever permitted to regain. Happily this was sufficient to enable him to resume his laborious course of earth-weighing experiments. In Mr Bailly's journal, the accident, so nearly perilling his life, is very briefly recorded: on June 21, he relates, his trials 'were suspended on account of an accident' at the 964th experiment; and on August 7, they were resumed at the 965th. In the same journal are jotted down the nature and succession of the many groups and series of experiments which he compelled his apparatus to perform: there were so many with silk suspension-lines, and so many with wires; so many with a single, and so many with a double suspension; so many with a light torsion-rod, and so many with a heavy one; so many with platina-balls, so many with lead, and so many with zinc, glass, or ivory ditto. The best scientific and mechanical talent of the day was eagerly placed at his disposal, either to perform services or suggest expedients: his spheres were cast and turned in Bramah's foundry and lathes; his apparatus was built by Cubitt; his clocks furnished by Molyneux; the platina-balls which he wanted were lent from Greenwich Observatory; and the Greenwich astronomer-royal was always at hand, either to devise the mathematical formulæ, whereby the intricate problems incessantly demanding solution could be disentangled and computed, or to afford general advice as to the means by which the experiments could be varied, and the earth-balance still further tortured and tested, so as to wrest from it the very essence of truth.

Discarding all the preliminary experiments, as well as every other which from any cause seemed untrustworthy, the great mass of trials whose results were finally incorporated into the grand mean or average, occupied from 24th January in one year, to 8th May in the year following. They comprised 2158 single issues, grouped into 62 series, forming what Mr Bailly truly calls a 'long labour' of nearly four years' duration, reckoning the time occupied in preparations, imperfect essays, and still leaving no small amount of work to be performed, in the shape of reduction, correction, and computation.

The earth-balance, whose performances we have been describing, was compounded of contrivances invented at sundry times by divers clever men. Coulomb, many generations ago, used the twistings of a silk fibre to measure the delicate forces of electric or magnetic attraction. The application of the same principle to weigh the earth, was first suggested towards the close of the last century by the Rev. J. Mitchell, who, in dying, bequeathed the idea to the celebrated philosopher Wollaston; and he, again, after devising a fit apparatus for the purpose, transferred the proposition to Cavendish, by whom the instrument was actually constructed. His apparatus was built in a room closely shut and kept quiet, while the results were watched through a telescope, by an observer standing without. The experiments, with their computations and results, are detailed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1798, though completed some years before. More recently, M. Reitch constructed a similar instrument in a cellar at Friburg, where it could swing coolly and undisturbed; and read a report of his experiments therewith before the German Scientific Association, at their meeting in Prague in 1837. But Mr Bailly's experiments are far more carefully elaborated, and consequently more faithful, than either of his predecessors.

Some other methods, based on essentially different processes, have been employed for weighing the earth. Our own Newton suggested a means which depended upon the vibration of a pendulum swung at the top of a high mountain. This was tried under the auspices of the French Academy, with the elevated assistance of Chimborazo. Dr Maskelyne, as we have already mentioned, solved the problem in another way—by balancing the weight of a large mountain against that of the earth. After much search for a suitable mountain, he fixed upon Schiehallion, in Perthshire. His method of proceeding was highly ingenious; but it laboured under this disadvantage—that the doctor did not accurately know the weight of Schiehallion itself; he took it for granted that his mountain was all rock, and of the average density of rock—that is to say, two and a half times heavier than water. The earth's weight was computed from his tables, accordingly, by the mathematician Hutton, upon that understanding. Subsequently, however, Professor Playfair and Lord Webbe Seymour, having an opportunity of seeing further into the inside of the mountain, found that it weighed more than had been supposed, and recomputed the result, making the figures 45 of the original calculation into 50; and even this is now known to be too little. Altogether, the result given by Mr Bailly is the best and truest we can collect from any quarter. In time to come, indeed even his computation may be superseded by others still more accurate, as we learn that Professor Airy, the astronomer-royal, has planned a series of experiments, to be conducted in the profound abysses of some coal mine, from which a more faithful report of the earth's weight may in due course be transmitted to her surface.

And now, after all, what *does* the earth weigh? Mr Bailly states in big figures upon the last page of his book, that 'D. [meaning Density] = 5·6747, with a probable error not exceeding ·0038.' Translated into words, this formula implies that the earth, as she rolls, is on the average somewhat more than five and a half times heavier than she would be if composed entirely of water: being double the weight of the densest rocks found on the surface; not much less than that of the lighter metals zinc or tin; and about half the weight of lead. This calculation, also, we learn therefrom, may be relied upon for accuracy within four parts out of every thousand. If we want the weight set forth in tons avoirdupois, we find the following pretty row of figures :— 1,256,195,670,000,000,000,000,000 tons weight; or, in words—one quadrillion, two hundred and fifty-six thousand one hundred and ninety-five trillions, six hundred and seventy thousand billion tons avoirdupois.

All the noughts in this rank of figures must be left unfilled, seeing that we cannot pretend to compute the exact weight of the earth within the thousand billion tons or so; for letting alone Mr Bailly's 'probable errors,' as he himself admits, in the calculations, we cannot rely on our own means of precisely ascertaining even the small weights over which we have perfect control. For example, one great unit for estimating all other weights is the cubic foot of water: if in weighing this—and its weight is 62½ pounds—we make a mistake of only the *hundredth part of a grain*, the resulting difference in the earth's weight, as computed upon that basis, will be magnified into an error of 385 billion tons! Vain, then, are attempts to arrive at greater accuracy within this vast limit.

These are numbers which the imagination fails to grasp. We might twist and present them in a hundred ways: we might compute how many times heavier is the earth than St Peter's at Rome, the Menai Bridge, the Ghizeh Pyramids, or other of the human fabrics whose solidity is our boast; but, after all, we should get no better realisation of the mighty mass. The figures must stand as they are in all their nakedness; their number makes them an arithmetical marvel—that they have been computed at all, has been little short of a scientific miracle. But the human mind falls baffled and bewildered long before it can comprehend the immensity of the weight they represent. After weighing the earth, we cannot *realise* the enormity of its weight; and yet the earth itself is but an atom in the universe!

THE LITTLE FIREBRANDS.

As soon as it was announced that the Russians had crossed the Danube and entered the Dobrudscha, in Bulgaria, terror and consternation spread through the towns and villages along the coast, and the inhabitants prepared for flight. When the news reached Admiral Dundas, he despatched a small squadron, consisting of Her Majesty's steam-frigate *Firebrand*, and a few others, to cruise along the coast. The order was to 'sink, burn, or destroy everything Russian'—this crossing the Danube being considered a declaration of war. When the *Firebrand* reached Kustendji, the officers landed, and found the affrighted inhabitants about to desert their homes. One of the officers has described the scene to us as most curious and affecting. Each family having secured as much of its property as the hurry and confusion permitted, 'they were drawn up,' he tells us, 'in a long wavy line; and most strange and melancholy was the spectacle they presented. Animals of every kind, and vehicles of every description, were put into requisition. There was the aga, or Turkish governor, a venerable old man, with snowy beard and flowing robes, heading the cavalcade, in an almost European-looking phaeton; immediately after him, a pair of beautiful dromedaries, bending beneath their heavy loads, and surveying the scene around with their large, clear, intelligent eyes, the very pictures of patience; then came arabas drawn by oxen, and filled with little children; men on horseback, mules with panniers, camels, asses, cats, and dogs, in strange confusion. Among the objects not the least remarkable, and evidently the most cared for, were several beautiful Persian greyhounds, led carefully by the hand, and clothed in handsome body-clothes. They are in form as graceful as our own, and with long beautiful feathered tails; and are very valuable and difficult to procure. More varied than the animal creation were the strange specimens of humanity which accompanied them—black, brown, and white, Turks, Jews, and Christians. The beauties of the harem—for once careless of the Giaours' eyes—and rendered more beautiful by the contrast with their hideous thick-lipped Indian attendants, who were holding in their arms lovely Greek children, with coin-studded hair. In the train were daughters of Israel, some of beauty as peculiar as it was remarkable. The men, equally various, were all well armed.

Any one acquainted with Eastern warfare, would feel at once assured that no such scene could be without the omnipresent Bashi-Bazouk, the personification of the ancient Harpy. He always appears to the unfortunate a bird of evil omen: alike to him is friend or foe; and he is the dread of both, for he is cruel, cowardly, and sanguinary. Armed to the teeth in the most fantastic manner, and with the oddest weapons, he ranges about without a home, revelling in all the more horrid scenes of uncivilised war.' These irregular troops may be considered more as banditti than anything else; instead of being hailed as the protectors of such places as are left in their charge, they are abhorred and dreaded as thieves and assassins. Their system of warfare is mere murder and rapine. When their commander was expostulated with for having suffered them to parade the heads of the Russians they had killed on the point of their lances, he replied with perfect sang froid, that it was *the custom of the corps*, and that the Russians might do the same by any Bashi-Bazouks they might happen to take. Among the chiefs of that lawless band, Kara Gazel, an old Kurdish woman of seventy-four, mounted on a splendid charger, leads 400 Kurds; she is said to possess great wealth and indomitable courage. She uses her firearms with the utmost adroitness; her face is uncovered; and she ridicules her countrywomen for hiding themselves with veils—telling them they should throw them away, and attend their husbands to the wars. It is said to be in contemplation to organise and discipline those wild troops, and even to reform them by coercion if other means fail. Already, it is stated, an improvement is perceptible. Some of these men are described as of splendid appearance, admirably proportioned, and with finely set heads: such are of Caucasian origin: while others are hideous Nubian negroes and Arabs of sinister and malignant aspect. Among them are also Maraboots and fanatics from Mecca—3000, divided into five regiments, were encamped near Varna—presenting a wild and picturesque appearance. All these watched from a distance the melancholy cavalcade at Kustendji deserting their homes, and setting forth on their sad and weary journey of many days towards the south. The men were well armed; so they fancied themselves safe from the attacks of the cowardly Bazouks. An officer, who had gone on shore without arms, wandered away from his companions, and had a narrow escape. One of these ruffians rode up to him, and drawing out his pistol, prepared to fire, that he might appropriate to himself the gold chain the officer wore. The latter called out that he was English, and pointed to his ship, which was in the bay; whereupon the Bashi-Bazouk immediately galloped off, but soon returned with one who appeared to be his chief; and who, on hearing that the English officer wished to purchase poultry, made an offer of whatever was to be had as a free gift. As neither party intended that advantage should be taken of the handsome offer, nothing was accepted that was not instantly paid for. In about an hour, the vessel sailed. Some of the people still remained in the village.

The *Firebrand* returned two days after; and having put inshore, an appalling scene was beheld—dead and mutilated bodies were stretched along the beach; and in a caïque (boat) filled with poor people, who were escaping by water from the town, in preference to accompanying those who were going by land, all were wounded, and nearly dead from ill-treatment, hunger, and exhaustion. Measures were instantly taken for their relief; and five, who were the most desperately wounded, were carried on board the *Firebrand*, that they might have the advantage of medical care. The Bashi-Bazouks were the perpetrators of these horrors; for after the *Firebrand* sailed, the ruffians entered the town, broke into the spirit-stores, and then went about shooting men, women, and children indiscriminately.

Among the wounded brought into the ship were two little children, whose father and mother had been killed. Each wore a mother-of-pearl cross, which betokened that their parents had been of the Greek Church; one of the boys was four years old, the other two months. The elder had five slugs in his arm, and the flesh was actually scorched, from the closeness of the piece from which they had been fired. The infant had a ball through his tiny wrist; he had been at his mother's breast when she was killed; and the same ball which deprived her of life, wounded the little creature in her arms. He was so famished, that when he came on board, and saw the boy bringing up some pap, he stretched himself out so far over the cot, with his mouth open like a bird to receive its food, that he tumbled out, and would have fallen upon the deck if he had not been caught. A woman severely wounded in the breast, her husband, and a desperately wounded man, were landed, at their own request, at Varna; and, constrained by motives of humanity, although evidently unwilling to incur the responsibility, offered to take charge of the children. Captain Hyde Parker, however, who commanded the *Firebrand*—a man who was as remarkable for goodness of heart as for his dauntless and noble spirit—at once determined to adopt the little orphans himself; and from that moment they were domiciled in the ship. They were, in compliment to their new home, named after it—John and George Firebrand. They were attended with unremitting care by the medical officers. Poor Johnnie lay in his cot, suffering with a degree of patience which could not have been expected in one so young, only uttering occasionally an exclamation in Greek expressive of pain. Many weeks passed before he could be taken out of his cot; but he got better by degrees, and is gradually recovering the use of his arm. The infant's wound was more easily cured, his bones not being sufficiently formed to be so much injured. A goat was procured for Georgie's special use, and he did great credit to his nurse; for at the age of thirteen months he had a complete set of teeth, so efficient that he could crunch the hardest sea-biscuit with perfect ease. His case was considered by the medical men worthy of attention, more especially as the teeth had been cut without the usual pain of dentition. Whether there was any deposit in the nutriment of the goat likely to facilitate the formation of the teeth, would be a difficult question to determine. Georgie is now eighteen months old, a strong healthy child, walking alone, and beginning to speak. To the unremitting care of Mr M'Sauly, the assistant-surgeon, the successful rearing of this little creature is due: if he had been his own child, he could not have watched over him with more tenderness. It seems to be the nature of sailors to befriend all who are in need of assistance, and they are specially remarked for their tenderness to children. It may be supposed, therefore, that there was no lack of petting on board for Johnnie and Georgie. The officers might have been seen rummaging their chests for articles to be made up into dresses for the children.

In a few months after Captain Hyde Parker had taken charge of the little brothers, they lost their generous protector. He fell on the 7th of July, at the Sulina—honoured, loved, and lamented by all who knew him. Those who had served under him could not restrain their tears when he was consigned to his last resting-place; and not the least touching part of the scene was the presence of the children of his adoption, who were carried in the arms of the sailors to witness the last rites. Many were the dangers these children encountered while on board. They were several times under the enemy's fire, and on one occasion the infant had a very narrow escape. During an engagement, he had been taken to the top of the boiler, which, being tolerably protected from shot, was considered a place of safety; but a 68-pounder penetrated the deck, and struck the boiler close to the child.

Johnnie has a decidedly martial turn, not altogether unmixed, as it is feared, with Bashi-Bazouk tendencies; for, not content with one weapon, he tries to carry as many as he can collect, and does not think himself properly equipped without a musket, pistols, and a sword. Whatever chance bits of ribbon he picks up, he hangs about him in every direction, and then struts to and fro, fancying himself the beau-ideal of an efficient sentinel. He is a fine intelligent child, with an intellectual head, and is already making rapid progress in English. After the death of Captain Hyde Parker, there were others who would have adopted these interesting children, but the Queen signified her gracious intention of taking them under her own protection; and so far as children may be judged of, we may anticipate that she will find them deserving of her sympathy.

Johnnie is an apt pupil; for besides having learned to go through the musket and cutlass exercises with great precision, he can repeat various verses, and recites 'O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea' to the admiration of his auditors. This he has always ended with a hurrah! and three cheers for Miss Hansan. The young lady thus complimented, had taken a great interest in him when she saw him at Constantinople, and made him a present of several pretty dresses. When Her Majesty had signified her gracious intention, Johnnie was told that the three cheers must no longer be for Miss Hansan, but for the Queen; but Johnnie would not prove unfaithful to one who had been so kind; so, after three cheers for the Queen, he never would omit, 'and a cheer for Miss Hansan.'

The children took leave of their good friends; and left the *Firebrand* for England, accompanied by their attendant *Boy Silcox*, who volunteered to take charge of them to Her Majesty. The parting moment, we may be sure, was one of regret to the children, and to those who, in the kindness of their hearts, had made themselves their playmates. And have they not been missed by the fine-hearted sailors? The looks sent along the deck, as if in quest of something they were accustomed to meet, answer the question; and the officer, too, who stands by the gunwale—it was he who taught Johnnie many of his pretty verses—he misses the little boy he used to take upon his knee, while he repeated 'O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea;' and he is thinking of little Johnnie, and hoping all manner of good for him. Even since the above was written, they have arrived in England, and have been transferred by Colonel Phipps to the care of a nurse who lives in a cottage near Osborne. Life, therefore, looks bright for the little orphans; but in all its changes, we may be sure the strange events of their childhood will never be obliterated from their memory; and often, with those they love gathered about them, they will tell of the disastrous fate of their family, and of the welcome they found in the vessel sailing in the Black Sea. Yes, the young Firebrands will always love to speak of that gallant ship and its generous crew.

THOU ART GONE TO THE SHORES OF THE SERAPH'S LAND.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

A tribute to the virtues and genius of Benjamin Davis Winslow

Thou art gone to the shores of the seraph's land,
To the sacred place of the righteous band;
Thou hast fled afar, like some forest bird
When the leaves of her dwelling are rudely stirred;
Thy lyre has dust on its ruined string,
Thy bride is sad in her flowery spring,
Thy foot—unseen on the temple floor,
Thy voice—unheard at the poor man's door.

Young Soldier of Truth! thou didst raise thy shield,
With its blood-red Cross, on a stormy field;
Thou didst look unmoved on the banner'd throng,
When the friend was cold, and the foe was strong;
In the front of the battle we saw thee stand,
With a fearless heart, and a forward hand;
We did hope that the glories of coming years
Would cluster about thee—we thought not of tears.

But go: it was better to die thus young,
When thy praise was loud upon every tongue;
It was happier far than to linger on,
Till the bloom and freshness of life were gone:
Since the seal was set on thy noble brow,
Thou hast kept thy promise, and paid thy vow,
And, when suns and systems shall fade and fall,
Those works of thine shall outlive them all.

RING ON THE FOURTH FINGER.

The idea of wearing rings on the fourth finger of the left hand, because of a supposed artery there which went to the heart, was carried so far that, according to Levinus Lemnius, this finger was called Medicus; and the old physicians would stir up their medicaments and potions with it, because no venom could stick upon the very outmost part of it but it will offend a man and communicate itself to the heart. . . . . It is said by Swinburn and others, that therefore it became the wedding-finger. The priesthood kept up this idea by still keeping it as the wedding-finger; but it was got at through the use of the Trinity, for in the ancient ritual of English marriages, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words, 'In the name of the Father;' he then removed it to the forefinger, saying, 'In the name of the Son;' then to the middle finger, adding, 'And of the Holy Ghost;' finally, he left it, as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word 'Amen.' —*Edwards's History and Poetry of Finger-rings.*

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THE GHOST-LOVER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In the year 1810, General von Streiben, commander in the Würtemberg branch of the army of the Germanic Confederation, laid aside his jackboots, his epauletted coat, and his plumed cocked-hat, and subsided into private life. He had seen forty years of active service, and was now superannuated and pensioned. Having, besides the pension, a small private fortune of his own, he was enabled to take up his residence at Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemberg, and to live in a very comfortable and respectable style, surrounded and cherished by a large circle of military and civilian friends, who honoured the brave old soldier, and loved to hear his fine talk—for a service of forty years in an age of wars gives a man a great deal to talk about, and a grand style of talking too. The slightest reminiscences which issued from beneath his shaggy moustache were worth hearing. Nearly half a century of exciting and perilous work had imparted firmness and sharpness to his mind, and to his language rare force and vigour.

He had been married, but his wife did not long survive the birth of his only child. That only child, Clemenza von Streiben, was now the chief delight and solace of the widowed veteran. She was in her nineteenth year when the general threw aside his jackboots and cocked-hat; a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the pride of the old warrior's heart, and the toast of half the young officers and gentlemen in Stuttgart. But her love-lot was already cast. Of many suitors, one had been preferred and accepted—Konrad Povelski, a handsome and estimable young lieutenant in the service of the grand-duke—whose high character and promising talents bade fair to render him a distinguished ornament of the army.

Incessant warfare marked the first fifteen years of the century, and Konrad had already passed the fiery baptism of the battle-field, when he became the suitor of Clemenza. Napoleon was pursuing his great career; all the old monarchies of the continent were in a state of rout, terror, and dislocation. All the powers, save Russia, had been smitten and humbled; and Würtemberg itself was now even as a principality of France, Napoleon having procured the use of its army by a treaty of indemnity, and by securing to the duke an acquisition of territory and the rank of elector in the German Empire.

The general disturbance of affairs, and the frequent wars, entailed upon Konrad almost a continuity of absence from home; but as he always returned in honour and safety, and with increased hopes of preferment and distinction, his suit with the beautiful Clemenza still prospered; and next to her, none in the world loved the young soldier better than did the brave old general, who took great pains to initiate him into all the plans of the campaigns, all the movements and manœuvres of the great battles in which he himself had been engaged, giving him the benefit of his varied experiences and natural military talents—thus making a disciple of his future son-in-law.

So, with frequent interruptions, the courtship proceeded for two years, when Konrad gained promotion, and was made captain of a company. It was then arranged that the marriage should take place, and preparations were actually in progress for the happy event, when Captain Povelski was awakened from his dream by an order to put his company in marching-order immediately. The order was obeyed. As yet, Konrad knew not in what quarter he would be commanded to serve, but it was plain that some movements of importance were in contemplation; and as General von Streiben offered to lay any wager that Konrad would go, with the flower of the Würtemberg troops, to assist Napoleon against Russia, the marriage was deferred until things should have come round a little.

The general was right. The troop of Captain Povelski, together with all the best officers and soldiers that could be picked out of the little Würtemberg army of 16,000 men, were placed at the service of Napoleon, to take part in that unparalleled exhibition of audacity and calamity—the Russian campaign of 1812.

It was at the end of June that Konrad with his troop advanced to meet the French army. The young officer set out on this expedition with none of the ardour and vivacity which had characterised his behaviour on all previous occasions, when he had been proceeding to active service. To his own private disappointment, there was added an amount of despondency and sadness, which appeared doubly remarkable in one whose temperament was ordinarily so brave, firm, and equal. Clemenza was much distressed at this unwonted display of feeling, and, like a woman, began to think of omens, of impending misfortune, of bereavement. The general alone sustained his hearty good cheer. 'What wonder,' cried he, 'that our Konrad is a little out of sorts, seeing that he had made up his mind to be married? Where is the young man who would like to put off such an affair as that, to Heaven knows when!'

'But it is not that, dear father,' said poor Clemenza, blushing, and then turning pale. 'It is not mere annoyance that makes our Konrad appear so strange. There is something more serious and alarming in his behaviour, for he is silent and prepossessed, and regards the future with despondency, like a man whose doom already hovers over his head. Has he not said to me already three times, that our marriage is now an affair for the world that is to come?'

'Ah! bah! Clemenzlieb—there you see—it is *our marriage*. That is what vexes the boy so; and no wonder, I say. But still, if he is really timorous about the battle, and for the first time, after the pretty tolerable round he has been in for a young man, then, mark my words, it is a good sign.'

'Dear father, how can you think that?'

'A good sign, I tell thee, my dear. Ask any old captain or general in the army. They will tell thee that when a man goes to battle with songs and hurrahs, there's sure to be something in store for the other side of his mouth; but when he sets out with a steady step, a thoughtful head, and a beating heart, thinking of nothing but duty and death, he is like to come back safe and sound, and with flying-colours. 'Tis like an old woman's proverb amongst the soldiers.'

The evening before his departure, Konrad, after a day's hard work in forwarding the preparations of his troop, seized an hour for himself, and walked with Clemenza through the charming suburb of Esslingen, and the neighbourhood of the royal villa of Monrepos. He made great efforts to be gay, but without much success. Though it was delightful to find him cheerfully disposed, it was not pleasing to detect that the apparent disposition was assumed at the cost of sincerity. And such assumptions seldom pass far betwixt people who know each other thoroughly; so before long, Konrad was again gloomy and meditative, and there was in the tenderness of his behaviour towards his intended bride an excess of deep feeling and melancholy, that argued the strength with which some unhappy foreboding had taken possession of his mind. At length it broke forth in words, which, alas! could not be mistaken for assumption, either of gaiety or grief.

'My dearest, I go to-morrow,' said he; 'and something tells me I shall see you no more until I am in the spirit. Will you think of me then? Will you watch for me, should it be permitted that I may approach you from the Unknown Land?'

'Dear Konrad, I shall think of you ever and ever; and for those who possess our thoughts and affections, are we not always on the watch? But this sad humour does not become you: it is only some wandering fancy of the mind, and you must not entertain it with such serious homage. When has fortune failed my Konrad? and when has fortune failed the Emperor, in whose cause he is going to fight? Oh, you will come back to me with new honours and a lighter heart! Drive away those sombre fancies, I entreat, or I shall be unhappy all the time you are gone.'

'I have tried hard to do so these three days past, geliebte,' said Konrad, taking her hand with a mournful smile, 'and you see with what sad success. I know not why it is, but a foreboding, strong as a physical malady, has seized me; and do what I will, I cannot drive the thought from my head, that I shall never see our dear old Stuttgart or my darling Clemenza again. Will you pray for me when I am gone?'

'Day and night, dear Konrad.'

'And if anything happens, will you still remember me? And should it be permitted that I visit you from the grave, will you look at me and speak to me?'

Poor Clemenza could hardly answer for the tears that burst from her eyes; but again she remonstrated against these unreasonable and gloomy fancies. Konrad, however, with strange persistence, which still increased her grief and affright, declared that he could not withstand the prescience of instinct, and repeated his request. Clemenza promised; and now both fell into the same train of thought and conversation. When they parted that night, their adieus were almost like those of lovers who were torn from each other for ever.

The next day, Captain Povelski and his troop, together with the flower of the Würtemberg army, marched from Stuttgart, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and a general demonstration of popular regard. Wreaths and flowers were showered by fair hands from the windows, and the single flower that was thrown by the fairest in Stuttgart was caught by Captain Povelski.

After the departure of the troops, the constant, passionate craving of the public was for news, news. Large crowds gathered around the stadthaus, the embassies, the news-offices, the barracks, from morning till night. The *Zeitungsträger* and *Verkündiger* were eagerly awaited, purchased, and read. In quick succession, after the tidings that the Grand Army had crossed the Niemen—a mighty host of 355,000 infantry, 60,000 cavalry, with 1200 pieces of artillery—came those of the separation of the Russian corps of Prince Bagration and Barclay de Tolly by the masterly generalship of Napoleon; the seizure of Wilna; the proclamation of Poland as an independent nation; the retreat of the Russians upon the Dwina; their abandonment of the imperial head-quarters, and intrenched camp at Drissa; the victory of Marshal Davoust over Prince Bagration at Mohilow; the seizure of the great town of Smolensk; the victory of the French at Poltosk; till, on the 14th of September, Napoleon and his army entered Moscow. Then came the astounding news of the burning of the city by the Russians; and towards the end of October and in November, the heart-rending accounts of the disastrous and frightful retreat of the French from the dominions of the czar.

By none were the newspapers more eagerly scanned, and intelligence more anxiously sought, than by General von Streiben and his daughter; the former by reason of unconquerable *esprit de guerre*, and the latter from the solicitude of one whose heart and its dearest hopes were suspended upon the issue of events.

During the early weeks of the campaign, Konrad had written thrice, and in a tone of good cheer. Indeed, after each of the successive victories which marked the commencement of hostilities, the general had been rendered triumphant and hilarious, and the wistful Clemenza had been comforted, by receiving an account of it in Konrad's own handwriting.

But after the third letter, they heard from him no more; nor did they learn anything respecting him until the February of 1813, when a worn and ragged troop of men—the only remaining fragments of the fine little army which started from Stuttgart in the preceding summer—straggled back again. By one of these it was stated, that Captain Povelski had been shot in the head at Poltosk, and had been taken to the hospital established there by the French; that was before the proceedings at Moscow, and before the fatal retreat; therefore, argued the soldier, if nothing had been heard of him since, seeing that six months had passed, it must be supposed that he had died. The general and Clemenza, and all their friends, pursued their inquiries by every possible means; but only procured, without a single ray of hope, unanimous confirmation of the soldier's statement, that Povelski had been shot in the head during the engagement at Poltosk, and had been taken to the French hospital, where he had undoubtedly died.

Month after month passed away, until a whole year had elapsed since Konrad's departure. General von Streiben—knowing well what the hazards of a campaign were, and especially the perils of a war-hospital—had long since given up his much-beloved pupil and son-in-law for lost. Clemenza had also resigned herself to that belief; and both wore mourning for the sake of the fine and dear young fellow.

One evening in June, a twelvemonth after that June in which she and Konrad had taken their last evening-walk, Clemenza was sitting in the window of the salon, her hands occupied with a dainty morsel of needle-work, and her mind with many tristful recollections. The old general sat in his easy-chair, smoking his great silver-mounted pipe, alternately dozing and making strenuous attempts to read the *Zeitungsträger*. It was in the hearts of both of them that exactly a twelvemonth had passed since Konrad went to the wars.

'It is the twenty-third of June to-morrow,' said the general, by and by, looking round. 'We will not go out, my Clemenza, nor see company, darling.'

'No,' returned Clemenza.

'Never, as long as I live, shall I have the heart to be merry or pleased on the twenty-third of June.'

'Never,' echoed Clemenza.

'Never; unless it please God to restore our Konrad to us; and in that happy case, then should the twenty-third of June be the grand fête-day of the whole year.'

'Ah, yes, dear father; a fête-day, indeed.'

'And thou, my Clemenza, wouldst then dance and be gay.'

'Ah, do not speak of it; for have not the dispensations of Heaven prevented such happiness?'

'Who knows, my child?'

'But, father, have not you yourself entertained the assurance that our Konrad is lost to us?'

'I have, alas! been of that belief, Clemenzlieb; but still my fancy at times grows hopeful, and looks back upon the many marvellous chances witnessed in the old wars.'

'Have you, then, known a case in which an officer wounded—lost—and reported dead by all his own troop—has, after long lapse of time, returned?'

'Even such. There was Colonel Swienberg, who was never seen or heard of for seven years, and was believed to be dead all that time; and after the family had solemnised some score of masses for the repose of his soul, he walked into the midst of them one evening, strong and hearty!'

'And what had happened to him, and where had he been all that while?'

'Ah! it's a long story, geliebte. He had been made prisoner by the Turks, with whom we were at war in those days; had been wounded; had been put in hospital; had recovered; had been put in prison; had escaped; had been captured; had escaped again; been recaptured again; and this over and over. They didn't shoot him, however; and he managed to get off at last, and after many a strange adventure got home again.'

'Ah!' sighed Clemenza, 'it is wrong of us to cite such a hopeful precedent. Such a case is one of ten thousand.'

'True, my girl.'

'And Konrad, perhaps, was not of such sanguine and indomitable nature as Colonel Swienberg. Konrad was of a meditative and speculating turn.'

'But a good soldier, all the while.'

'Yes; and brave and generous, dear fellow.'

'Grieve not, my daughter; we are all in the hands of Providence, which giveth and taketh away.'

'The Heavenly Father have mercy on our weakness!'

'Amen, Clemenzlieb!—How fair the evening settles down'—the general had walked to the window—'and how sweetly the summer mist hangs round the trees and round the roof of Monrepos.'

'Ah!' sighed Clemenza, 'it was just such an evening twelve months ago.'

'Hark! it is already nine.'

'How murmuring and dreamy sound the old chimes.'

'And there, look you, over yonder tree, rises the moon, clear and bright.'

'Yes; how serene and refulgent.'

'There will be no darkness to-night; the luminaries shine over us in such quick succession. Shall we walk out, and look round a little, for to-morrow we do not mean to go forth?'

'I am tired, and would rather rest here, sir. It is pleasant to look out, while all is so sweet and quiet.'

'Ay, it is so, my love. It is the hour and the scene to make one dream over happy days. Many a time, when far—not from home, for the camp was my home for more than thirty years—but from my native land, and surrounded by the perils of a hard campaign, have I felt the sweetness of a summer night like this, filling the mind with pleasant thoughts, and with happy memories of the past.'

The old general seemed himself in a meditative mood. He made no further allusion to walking out, but returning to his great arm-chair, refilled his pipe, and leaning comfortably back, seemed to compose himself for a reverie.

This little conversation had deepened the relaxing influence of the beautiful summer night, and both father and daughter were disposed to an imaginative and romantic turn of mind.

'And Konrad bade thee adieu, as if he were never to see thee more?' asked the general after a long silence.

'Yes; he had sad forebodings,' returned Clemenza with a deep sigh.

'Ah! more's the pity. If things are to come to the worst, who is to help it? In my time, it was not the fashion to be downcast beforehand.'

'But Konrad was like none other, and we cannot help our natures,' said Clemenza, a little vexed.

'And he said, then, he had no hope of seeing thee again?'

'He said—poor, dear Konrad!—that if aught happened, he would visit me in the spirit!'

'Ah! that was not well. You must not dwell upon such a promise as that, darling. It was not well for thy peace that he should speak of such a thing. Never think of it, I entreat you, child.'

Clemenza was silent.

Evening had passed away, and it was night. Over houses and trees, the beautiful light of the warm summer moon threw a silvery sheen. And now all was still in the streets of Stuttgart. The patrol had gone its round, and the people were within doors. 'It is like a dream of another world,' murmured Clemenza. All was so divinely fair, the light so soft and tender, the forms and colours of objects so harmonised and mellowed by the thin mist. 'Would that my Konrad were here!—safe and well, and at home again!'

The wish had hardly been murmured, when a dull heavy sound of footsteps broke upon her ear. In the daytime, a noise so slight and muffled would barely have been noticed or heard; but now, amid the silence, it monopolised the attention. Clemenza leaned a little out to see who was coming; it was a soldier on horseback, advancing at a measured and solemn pace. There was something strangely spectral in the appearance of the night-wanderers. The horse was gaunt, bony, and lame, and seemed, from the muffled sound of its footsteps, to have lost the shoes off its hoofs. The horseman appeared to be in as bad case as his steed: his uniform was soiled and tattered, and hung in sad disorder upon his shrunken frame, as if it had once belonged to a stouter man. His helmet was slouched low down over his forehead, so as to conceal his face from any one looking down upon him; and the plume was diminished to a single feather, which drooped forlornly towards the earth. With halting, yet measured and steady progress, the strange apparition came on. Clemenza softly called to her father to come and see the unwonted sight; but the general had dozed into slumber, and did not hear. As the horse and rider gained the front of the general's house, they stopped in the middle of the street. Then, for the first time, the horseman looked up; and, in spite of ghastly emaciation, hollow cheeks, and wildly shining eyes, Clemenza recognised her Konrad! It seemed as if he had expected to see her there. He looked directly up to the very window at which she stood, and, with a gesture of infinite grief and despair, solemnly saluted, and then passed on and away through the silent streets.

'Why, what is the matter, child?' cried the general, starting from his nap. 'What could ail you, that you screamed out like that? Are you ill, darling? What is it?'

'It is Konrad!'

'You have been dreaming. Put off that scared look, I entreat, and compose yourself.'

'Let me go; he cannot be yet far off.'

'There—let me put more water on your forehead; you are not recovered; you have been dreaming, and have lost your senses. Smell this bottle—drink this brandy.'

'It is no dream. Konrad, wasted to a skeleton, has just passed down the street.'

'My poor child is delirious.'

'Oh, let us hasten out and overtake him.'

'You have been brooding over the unholy adieus.'

'I have neither slept nor dreamed. It is plain truth that he has just gone by; and if you will come with me down the street, you will see him, and then be satisfied that it is no dream—no delirium.'

So assured, so piteously beseeching was she, and, in spite of her agitation, so self-possessed, that the general gave up the contest, and with a baffled, incredulous air put on his hat and took up his pipe again. Clemenza threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and led him out in a great hurry. They then went down the street, and some distance along the Esslingen road, and scrutinised wistfully all the adjacent roads and streets; but the worn-out horse-soldier was nowhere to be seen. In deference to Clemenza's great anxiety, they roamed hither and thither for more than an hour; but nothing came of it. At last they returned home, the general much strengthened in his argument, insisting upon it that Clemenza had fallen asleep by the window while full of thought about Konrad, and had dreamed of him.

Poor Clemenza was half demented, and hardly knew what to think, even of her own actual experience—whether it was indeed a dream, or some terrible reality to which a clue was only to be found in the parting words and behests of Konrad. However, thus the matter rested for the present. The general was too well satisfied with his own hypothesis to make any inquiries as to whether other people had seen the lost one; and Clemenza, from a vexing sense of uncertainty, and from a fear of ridicule, was also silent upon the subject.

The next day, the 23d of June, so memorable to these two, and to many another warm heart in Stuttgart, they spent in seclusion, neither going forth nor receiving company. The evening was a fine one, like the preceding, and again Clemenza sat at the window, vaguely wondering whether the vision of last night would be repeated. Determined to suffer no delusion of the senses—determined that if anything happened it should not be said that she slept or dreamed—she kept a glass of water and her vinaigrette by her side, and at intervals sipped and smelt, sipped and smelt, in order to assure herself that she was certainly wide awake. But these precautions were taken in vain, for nothing whatever occurred. The summer night passed away without dream or apparition.

A month went by in the usual everyday style; no solution was afforded to the mystery. The general had forgotten it by this time, and Clemenza had almost begun to believe in the truth of the suppositions he had uttered whilst restoring her from her fainting-fit. Nevertheless, she did not fail to keep vigil—to 'mount guard,' as the general said—at the window every evening. After this month had elapsed, Clemenza was again excited by seeing a semblance of Konrad in the cathedral one Sunday morning. In the middle of the mass, when all eyes were engaged by the priest, and all ears by the music of the choir, a haggard spectral figure rose up by the side of a pillar, and looked fixedly at Clemenza, with a most heart-touching expression of anguish, despair, and resignation. Again, in spite of hollow cheeks and wildly shining eyes, Konrad was recognised, and Clemenza, with a stifled shriek, fell from her seat, to the great astonishment and affright of the general, who had not perceived the cause of agitation, and who now, assisted by a sacristan, bore his daughter out of the building, amidst the wondering congregation. All sorts of inquiries were made, with a view to discovering who the seeming Konrad could be, or where he was; but still without effect.

A week or two after, a precisely similar occurrence took place at the opera, whither the general had taken his daughter for the sake of amusement and exhilaration of mind. The same weird-face rose up before the heart-sore young lady; the sadly impassioned gaze was fixed upon her; and then the figure disappeared amidst the company. This time she did not faint, but hurriedly communicated to her father the cause of her agitation. The general, in spite of much inconvenience, went instantly to the part she indicated, and examined every one in the *loge*. Unfortunately, the nature of the occasion prevented him from asking any very searching questions; but he saw there was no Konrad, or semblance of Konrad, within view, for he could recognise every person as an inhabitant of Stuttgart or its vicinity.

Then General von Streiben, greatly afflicted, began to think that his daughter's mind was affected; that continual brooding upon her bereavement had preyed upon her intellect and disordered it. In this belief, he consulted a physician, and the physician advised change of air and scene. Upon this advice the general instantly acted, procured passports, and removed himself and household to Vienna. Clemenza was greatly adverse to the removal; but the general, set upon effecting her recovery, would hear of no opposition, and when his mind was made up, upon anything whatever, the old soldier was as firm as a rock.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

LATE INVENTIONS AND PROJECTS.

Favoured by a wide field of enterprise, and with inventive faculties sharpened by education and surrounding circumstances, the Americans—more particularly the New Englanders—display the most extraordinary boldness and ingenuity in their mechanical and other improvements. Speaking on this subject to a gentleman connected with a railway undertaking in one of the northern states, he declared that *discontent* was one of the noblest of all principles. 'No man,' said he, 'should rest satisfied till he has surpassed everybody he knows. Whatever any one does, another should try to do it better, giving himself no rest till he has done so; and he can do so, too, *if he likes*. If a shoemaker makes first-rate shoes, it is the duty of other shoemakers to make them double first-rate. The truth is, all things in this world can be made vastly better than they are at present. It is only your stupid, slow people who think we have reached perfection.' And so on he went, expatiating on the beauty of everlasting restlessness. This person was mayor of a city, and in his own conduct as a public man exemplified the mental energy and resources of the true American, with scarcely any other object in view but to 'go-ahead.'

A few recent instances of improvements in the arts in America may be acceptable. Methods of insuring greater safety as well as speed on railways, have received the attention of inventors. We see it mentioned in a late newspaper, that D. C. Grinnel, of New York, has suggested a means by which trains may be prevented from going off the track, and at the same time be run at a very high speed. His plan is, to give the track four rails, preserving the ordinary gauge. For each rail there is a wheel, so that the carriages are supported by four wheels in the breadth instead of two. This arrangement is to insure greater steadiness in running, and to render a speed of a hundred miles an hour practicable and safe. As rails of lesser weight than usual may be employed, the additional expense of fitting up a railway on this plan is not expected to be great. The scheme is worth considering.

Improvements in firearms have latterly received much attention. What an immense stride in advance, for example, from the old double-barrelled pistol to the Colt's revolver! It has been said that the late successes of the American army were due mainly to the revolver. The British government, slow to adopt improvements in military matters, have introduced, only after urgent pressure from without, the use of the revolver from America, and the Minié rifle from France. We may soon be called on to record an important improvement on the Minié. The Americans have for some time been considering how this instrument may be superseded by a new engine of destruction, as far in advance as was the revolver on the common pistol. According to recent intelligence, Mr Howe, of Milwaukie, in the state of Wisconsin, has invented a new kind of rifle, which, with the leading features of the Minié, possesses not only great power, but a means of rapid charging and firing. A correspondent of a Chicago newspaper thus speaks of this new rifle: 'It is not yet perfected in the cocking and capping arrangements, which will form part of a single movement—raising the lower end of the barrel to receive the cartridge. As it is, however, Howe's rifle, at forty yards' distance, drove a ball into a piece of solid pine *thirteen inches*. When the arrangement for capping is added, it can be loaded and fired at least twelve times in a minute, without any danger from expansion by heat, or of getting out of order by complicated machinery in the stock. It is loaded at the breech by raising from the stock the lower end of the barrel, with an arrangement consisting of four pieces, not complicated, and such that a soldier could take it all apart to clean, and put in order again, without any trouble. The great advantage of this gun is, that while it prevents danger from heat in rapid firing, or an escape of gas through crevices, it furthermore admits of the barrel being bored narrower at the top than at the bottom, and so may contain a ball larger than the aperture at the end, which being forced through, gives the same resistance as the Minié bullets, expanded by the iron wedge, which will carry as far and as true. It is proved by experiments, that this rifle will carry *a mile and a half with a true aim!*' The invention of guns of a similar construction to that mentioned, has lately been under discussion in England; and the present jotting may, accordingly, be worthy of notice among parties interested in the subject.

Ice, as is well known, has latterly become a considerable article of export from the northern states, where it is procured from lakes in winter, not a little ingenuity being employed in cutting it in masses and storing it for commercial purposes. This northern monopoly in the ice trade would seem to have suggested a scheme for manufacturing ice in the warmer regions of the south. If we are to credit the published statement on the subject, the plan has been perfectly successful; and now ice may be made, in any quantity, cheaper than it can be imported from New England. The ice-making machine is the invention of John Gorrie, M.D., of Florida, for whom it was constructed by Boeder at the Chelsea Ironworks, New York. The apparatus is, in reality, a kind of steam-engine, with some peculiarities in its structure and additional arrangements. The following is the account of the machine in the *New York Tribune* for 20th October:—

'The invention consists principally in the addition of an air-engine, so to speak, in which the compressed air may be worked off, instead of allowing it to escape idly into the atmosphere, and in the employment of a suitable liquid to "absorb the cold," and convey it to the freezing water. Dr Gorrie employs two cylinders of nearly equal size, each with a solid piston, and both connected to the same shaft. One of these serves as a forcing-pump for compressing the air, a jet of water being injected to cool down the rising temperature. By injecting a sufficient quantity of water, it is found practicable absolutely to prevent the air from becoming heated more than a very few degrees, the heat of compression being all absorbed by the water, which is allowed to flow away slightly heated. The air thus compressed is next admitted into the second cylinder, by means analogous to the valves of a steam-engine, where it expands itself to nearly its original volume. In this second cylinder, or air-engine, the cold is developed in a degree which would be extreme, and seriously prevent the expansion of the air, but for the injection of a fluid which must be nearly uncongealable, to absorb the cold. The liquid employed by Dr Gorrie, as the most convenient and economical, is salt water, or brine, the cylinder, piston, &c., being all of brass, to prevent corrosion. The brine being thus intimately mixed with the expanding air, attains a sufficiently low temperature, and is allowed to escape from the cylinder into a freezing tank, in which are partly immersed flaring copper vessels containing the fresh water to be frozen. The brine being, by the aid of a small pump, continually withdrawn from this tank, and passed through the expanding cylinder, is kept sufficiently cold to rapidly congeal the water in the thin copper vessels, which are alternately emptied of ice and refilled with pure water, while the power obtained from this expanding engine so nearly equals that consumed in the compressing cylinder, that a steam-engine of very moderate power suffices to keep the whole apparatus in motion, and manufacture ice in quantities sufficient to supply a city in the hottest climates, and in localities the furthest removed from navigable waters, or other convenient means of access, to the ice of our northern streams. Such is the theory of Dr Gorrie's ice-machine, and such, so far as yet experimented, have been the results in practice. The machine has produced ice at the rate of about two tons in twenty-four hours, although a fatal error in the construction—that of providing no escape for the water from the upper end of the cylinder—renders it practically equal only to a single-acting machine, beside endangering the destruction of the machine by the concussion. At the rate of eight tons of ice per day, worth some forty or fifty dollars per ton, and making every reasonable allowance for losses, there can be little reason to doubt that the production of ice mechanically may be made the means not only of cheapening and diffusing this luxury in the central cities and towns of our southern states and of the tropics, but also of opening an extremely lucrative branch of industry to the enterprising mechanics and capitalists who may engage in it.'

Machines for planing, sawing, and otherwise preparing timber, are now so numerous and so ingenious in their application in America, that it is somewhat surprising no English tradesmen import them for use. Among the latest inventions of this kind, are a machine for making mortise joints, and one for cutting barrel staves, not only with the proper bevel in the sides, but with the required bend; so that barrels of all sizes may now be made with a rapidity which sets hand-labour at defiance. But there is a still grander invention. It consists in the discovery of a method for bending trees of any thickness into shapes adapted for ship-building, and other purposes in which crooked timber is required. The process is commenced by planing off the bark, after which the log is placed in a great oven, and thoroughly steamed or softened. Next, removed to a machine, it is pressed endwise into the required shape; and such is the power of the apparatus, that in the short space of five minutes the strongest oak will be bent into the segment of a circle. The American newspapers speak of this as a 'splendid invention,' more particularly as crooked ship-timber is getting scarce in the States. At New York, a joint-stock company is formed to carry on the business of timber-bending. The extensive buildings of the concern are said to 'consist of a foundry, where will be manufactured all the castings and machinery for bending machines; a mill-house for four machines of the largest class, capable of bending ship-timber of all sizes and curves, for vessels and frigates from the smallest class up to the heaviest 120 gun-ship; and a workshop, where will be employed several bending-machines for furniture and carpenter work. On the first floor, the huge circular-saw, with its appliances, is erected. This saw will cut a tree of 24 inches diameter, and run through a space of 30 feet in 45 seconds. The steam-boxes for steaming 98 pieces of timber, 16 feet long by 12 and 14 inches square, will also be erected on the first floor. The arrangement is such that the tree or log is taken in at one door, carried by machinery to the saw-carriage, and when cut into the required sizes, is conveyed to the steam-box, thence to the bending-machine, where it is bent to the ship-builder's mould, and delivered ready to be put in its place without any further manipulation.' The force employed in these processes appears to be a sixty horse-power steam-engine.

The growing scarcity of rags for paper-making has latterly pressed on the American as well as the English publishing world; and in the States, as here, a variety of articles has been suggested to supply the deficiency. The most successful of these seems to have been the pulp made from shavings of the bass-wood. The bass is a comparatively valueless wood, having hitherto only furnished the thin strips of bass of which the common kind of mats are formed. The discoverer is Mr G. W. Beardslee, of Albany, state of New York, where a number of a newspaper, according to late accounts, was printed on paper made entirely from bass-wood. The pulp is said to be manufactured cheaply—a matter of the first importance, for the real difficulty in the way of such discoveries is the cost of preparation. The Albany *Evening Journal*, the newspaper employing bass-wood paper, speaks approvingly of Mr Beardslee's discovery, and appears to think that the question of a substitute for rags is at length practically set at rest. We venture to suggest that the adaptability of the hop-plant for paper-making, as formerly hinted in these pages, is still undetermined. Experiments, however, are now making on this material, and we hope soon to be able to shew that pulp made from the decayed stems of the hop-plant, now thrown aside as valueless, will answer the important purpose.

Although greatly behind in agricultural operations, the Americans have invented some useful and ingenious machines to be employed in rural labour. Their clever adaptation of the reaping-machine is worthy of all praise; and it may be said, that in some kinds of grinding machinery they are considerably in advance. A cheap kind of wind-mill for farmers is spoken of, we see, as exceedingly meritorious. Another late invention is that of an apparatus called Pratt's Patent Ditch-digger. 'By its aid, one man and two horses have frequently dug 150 rods of ditch, 3 feet deep, in one day; and from 50 to 150, according to the nature of the soil, is considered a fair day's work. The machine consists substantially of a scoop and a revolving-wheel, the scoop scraping, and the wheel carrying up the earth, until at a sufficient height it is tumbled out upon the sides at a little distance from the ditch. Several repetitions of the operation are required before the ditch is sunk to a sufficient depth.' This machine, which we need not further allude to, might possibly be of use in draining operations in England. The attention of agricultural societies is drawn to the subject. The inventor is Mr R. C. Pratt, Canandaigua, state of New York, who, we doubt not, will furnish all needful particulars.

I suppose it is pretty generally known, that a fire-engine wrought by steam-power has for some time been in operation in Cincinnati. It is observed from American newspapers, that engines of this kind are now manufactured in Cincinnati for other cities. One lately ordered for Boston is spoken of as having made a creditable display at Baltimore. It is drawn by four horses; steam can be raised in ten minutes, and it throws several copious streams of water, with great force, through the connecting-hose. The height to which a stream can be thrown, is said to be about ninety-five feet. When once set to work, the engine goes on uninterruptedly in propelling water on the fire—a great advantage over the ordinary class of engines, which depend on the manual labour and good-will of the by-standers. The maker of the machine is Miles Greenwood, of Cincinnati. Would such an apparatus not be valuable in London, and other large cities in Great Britain?

Electric-telegraphing, as formerly mentioned, has been carried to great perfection in the United States—a circumstance, perhaps, attributable in some degree to the imperfect system of letter and newspaper postage. An electric-telegraph, of one kind or other, is now established between all the large cities east of the Mississippi; and at present a project for carrying this means of communication across the great western deserts to California, is under public consideration. A still grander scheme, however, is on foot: it is that of forming an electric-telegraph to go round the world. The projector is Mr T. P. Shaffner, editor of the *American Telegraphic Magazine*, who has already made some arrangements with European governments on the subject. Mr Shaffner does not propose to take his telegraph across the Atlantic direct, the breadth of ocean offering serious practical difficulties to a plan of that kind. He designs to carry his line northwards on the American continent as far as Labrador, and thence across the sea to Greenland, a distance of 500 miles. From Greenland, the line is taken to Iceland; and thence it proceeds by the Faröe Islands to Bergen, in Norway. 'After landing in Norway,' says the New York *Evening Post*, 'it is intended to run the line to Christiania, the capital of Norway, and from thence branches to Copenhagen and Stockholm. The Danish government has bound itself to furnish proper connections with the governments on the continent and Great Britain. Consequently, it will not be necessary to run a cable from the Faröe Isles to the Shetlands, Orkneys, and to North Scotland. Treaties with the emperor of Russia contemplate the extension of the line from Stockholm, in Sweden, to St Petersburg, across or along the coast of Finland. By the construction of this section, America will be able to transmit intelligence direct to Russia, and thus establish most intimate relations between the subjects of the czar and the citizens of the United States. Leaving St Petersburg, Mr Shaffner proposes to run his line to Moscow, or connect at the latter place with the imperial lines already in operation; from thence to

Kazan, across the Ural Mountains, into Asia, passing through Orusk, Kolivan, Kausk, Oudinsk to Irkoutsk, near Lake Baikal. This is near the great tea-country in Chinese-Tatary, from whence the Russian tea is brought overland in wagons. The trade in this tea, which is said to be the best in the world, is very large, and the telegraph, it is supposed, will tend to increase it materially. From Irkoutsk it is intended to run the line to the Sea of Ochotsk, either north to Yokoutsk, or south with the Amour river; and thence along the coast of the Sea Ochotsk to Iamsk, and across the gulf to Cape Utkoloka, Kamtschatka; and thence along the Aleutian Isles to Aliaska Peninsula or Cooke's Inlet, in North America. From this point, the line will be run along the Pacific coast to Oregon, and south to San Francisco, California. This range is entirely south of the latitude of St Petersburg, and, in fact, the line can be carried around by the Behring Straits, and be south of the Arctic Circle. From San Francisco, Mr Shaffner proposes to run the line along the best route to the Salt Lake, and thence to the western boundary of Missouri, where it will intersect the existing section of the California line, laid by him a few years ago. Joining the great lines in America, the earth will be girdled with one continuous and unbroken flame of electric light. The consummation of this great enterprise will be productive of consequences which the human imagination strives in vain to realise. It will enable us to communicate daily with every civilised nation on the face of the globe, and many not so civilised; for as soon as possible after the completion of the main trunk, branch-lines will be extended to Japan, Pekin, Nankin, Canton, and other cities of China.' It might have been added, that the chief difficulty in the way of this gigantic undertaking, will be the raising of funds to carry it into execution. How this is to be done in the present financial state of affairs, is not mentioned. W. C.

'BY THE COURT.'

BEFORE THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION THAT IS TO BE.

Insolvent loquitur.—I decline to state my parentage. My father and mother both died while I was quite a child. There were two guardians appointed by my father's will; one of them is still alive. I have no friends to call such—yes, I had at one time, certainly; the real ones mostly I flung from me—the others, when the time came, flung me from them. I was sent to the public school of Weston. I was not a reading boy; if I had been, I should have learned nothing that could help me now. My belief is, that a knowledge of Latin verse would not assist me in my present profession. If I had been pretty clever, assiduous, and lucky, I might have got a scholarship at Weston, which would have kept me at the university—that is to say, if I had been 'on the foundation' there. I was not on the foundation. A scholarship leads to a fellowship, almost certainly. I do not know how many get thus provided for for life at Weston. At a guess, perhaps one in six. If I had been diligent without this good-fortune, I might still have earned my bread as an usher in a private school. I think I get more by my present occupation than I should have done in that case. I am a billiard-marker. (Sensation.) While I was at Weston, even in the lower forms, I had a name for giving breakfast-parties; not to the nicest boys, perhaps, but to the swells. I liked the young lords and rich people; but did not toady them, so far as I remember: it was not necessary, nor was I inclined to do so. In the fifth form we gave frequent 'hangs out,' or 'hang outs,' at the Bear. Lots of wine; lots of game; lots of cigars. Not all the fifth form, nor half of it, but the set to which I belonged, gave these entertainments. We had not much pocket-money—from L.1 to L.10 at a time, perhaps; but everybody ticked us in moderation. My guardian never spoke to me about money-matters until I went to college. I thought my fortune might probably be less than that of my companions. Perhaps I never thought about it at all. My school-bill was always over L.200 per annum, besides my tick. Weston was founded for poor boys. The number of these on the foundation is about one-eighth of the present school. These boys are certainly looked down upon by the other class. They are called by a contemptuous appellation. Both classes, as a general rule, are gentlemen's sons. My guardian wanted me to be on the foundation; I refused, for the before-mentioned reason. It is customary to join the school before becoming a gown-boy. The change in my time was very great; there were more hardships of every kind, and worse treatment. I should certainly not have been in the set I belonged to, if I had changed. I stayed at Weston about six years. I left it in the sixth form, and a tolerable scholar. I did not know French or German. I knew no mathematics. My school educational life could not have cost me less than L.1500.

One of my guardians died when I left Weston. There was some dispute about the management of my property then. I was afterwards told I had L.3000 at my own disposal, after all expenses had been deducted. I was persuaded to go to the university; I did not want much persuasion; my opinion now is, that I could not well have done worse. If I had intended to take holy orders, it would have been all right. In the same position, again, I would have got what interest I could for my L.3000, and obtained some small appointment through one of my influential friends. I know nothing of business matters whatever; I was eighteen years of age when I went to Cambridge as a Pensioner; the majority of Cambridge men are Pensioners. Noblemen and Fellow-commoners form the first grade, Pensioners the second, and Sizars the third. There is little difference between them as far as birth goes. The Sizars are, perhaps, better born, as a general rule, than the Fellow-commoners—the former are usually the sons of poor clergymen, the latter of rich traders. Sizarships cannot be obtained without some scholarship; they are worth about L.50 a year, I think—perhaps more. Sizars were somewhat looked down upon; I should say the authorities encouraged it: the Sizars dined after the rest had done, and they had steel forks instead of silver ones: I have heard their treatment in that, and other respects, called 'gratuitous insults' by very many; I call it myself a deuced shame.

Most of my companions belonged to the first of these classes; I could not get out of the Weston set; I did try, but unsuccessfully. I read very hard when I first went up to Cambridge; I paid L.7 a term each to classical and mathematical 'coaches;' they had nothing to do with the tutors of my college. There are three terms in the year. I paid twenty guineas for reading with a coach one long vacation; it was about four months long; and we spent it in the south of France. I don't remember the south of France being very inexpensive: it was exceedingly jolly. Rooms at college cost, upon the average, L.9 or L.10 a term. I did not like my remaining guardian, and his home was not pleasant to me. He seldom asked me there, and I went still more rarely. I had to keep myself, of course, all the year round. We are resident at the university about half the year; it makes all the difference if you have a home to go to or not; it cost me the first year about L.340. I don't think it could have been done much under. There were a good many men at Cambridge precisely in my situation: some of them are better off than I am now, some of them worse. One, to my certain knowledge, sweeps a crossing. A man that has a home to go to, living prudently, need not spend more than L.150 a year at college as a Pensioner. I never knew one who spent so little, but I believe it possible. I do not believe the men who write letters to the *Times* upon this subject; yes, I should think they were very like 'Black Swans.'

From my change of life, the second year I knew most sets of men. I went in for a scholarship, and did not succeed; my non-success partly prevented my going on reading, and there were a thousand temptations. I became a fast man. My great expenses were for cook's bills—over and above what I could procure from the college-kitchens—for horse-hire, for wine, and for cigars. The figure against me for cigars is L.260. I did not smoke half of them myself—not one-tenth part of them, I should imagine. I bought no jewellery. My card debts were not heavy; they were all paid ready-money. I did not lose much at betting, but I kept a horse to run at 'the Valley' races. I have seen roulette played in a man's rooms, but very rarely. Everybody bets upon the boat-races except the reading-men, and they bet upon the places in the wrangler's list. I was a good deal plagued to buy things I didn't want, and to subscribe to things I didn't care for. I always subscribed something; I didn't always buy. The man that was hardest on me at the smash was the most pressing that I should take his goods. I had an immense deal of fun for my money: the most expensive larks were certainly not the pleasantest.—[The Insolvent here grew discursive and rambling—called to mind a certain water-expedition to Ely and return by moonlight; also, some lazy ways he seemed to have had of lying on his back in a skiff, and drinking claret out of a pewter while his friends sang to him; also, a habit of listening, in the same position on the river-bank, with a cigar in his mouth, to King's College organ in the May terms; also, falling in love—— Here he was called to order by the Commissioner, and seemed to be more ashamed of his last admission than all the other evidence against him put together. Examination resumed.]—I don't remember doing anything good with my money all that time. I don't exactly know what you mean by 'good.' I subscribed to 'the Drag.' I don't know who was the senior wrangler in my year: I don't care. I know who won 'the sculls.' I began to be unhappy towards the end of my third year, with thinking what was to become of me when I had spent all. I had about spent all then, but I didn't know what I owed. I never borrowed money of the Jews: I tried. (Laughter.) I wrote to my guardian, and told him the whole truth. He said he washed his hands of me, and recommended me to become a light-porter. He is a clergyman of the Church of England. He is not a rich man, to the best of my belief.

I thought some of my noble friends would use their influence, and get me something to do; they might have done so without trouble: they did not. Some of them are in the House of Peers, and I am a billiard-marker. I think they are greater blackguards than I; I think I should have behaved differently had I been in their place and they in mine—Heaven knows.—[The Insolvent was again reminded that he was not to luxuriate in his private sensations before the court. He bowed; but for some time afterwards seemed much affected.]—More than one gave me small sums of money, with cold words enough, and no one twice. They had no suspicion of my position during any time of our intimacy; perhaps it was more companionship than intimacy, but it was very close companionship. I do not think I deserve my fate: I was a very great fool. I am now only three-and-twenty. I took an ordinary degree at the university. I read six weeks for it pretty hard: I read, because I heard to be a B.A. might help me to something. I consider now that the value of my B. A.-ship was L.4200 *minus*. I cannot tell what were the 'subjects' for my degree: one never can after 'cram.' I do not know so much as when I left Weston. I never learnt anywhere any useful knowledge of any kind whatever. I qualified myself at the university for my present post, that is true. I used to play pool there eight hours a day. 'Red on white, yellow 's your player,' never tired me as an amateur; but I get very weary of it now. Sometimes an old acquaintance stares at me as he comes into the pool-room, and says it's a wonderful likeness, or asks who the devil I am; I never tell them who I am. I sometimes conceal my play when I have a young hand to deal with, in order to get money on; I won't swear I never did so towards the end of my career as a gentleman. Yes, it is very hard to say where the gentleman ends and the billiard-marker begins. Deducting all extravagances, I think my nine years' educational life could not have cost less than L.2500. I swear that I have been rendered fit for nothing but a billiard-marker. (The committee adjourned at this point in some confusion.)

THE RADICAL MEMBER ON COMMISSARIAT SERVICE.*

MEN look through the *far-seeing* tube—that is, the *tele*scope—and observe, out in the immensity, numberless worlds scattered like sparkling seeds in the fields of space; they look through the *small-seeing* tube—that is, the *micro*scope—and perceive, in some film of stagnant water, myriads of living creatures, that are each so small they are invisible to the naked eye, and that are yet each perfect organisms in themselves, able to feed, to grow, and to reproduce their kind. The sage who observes these things, and the monad that lies in the stagnant film beneath his glance, unlike though they seem, are in truth near relatives. Man is merely a colony of monads. In his body, a multitude of living vesicles unite their forces and work for a common end. Some build up his bones, some string themselves into his muscles and nerves, and some compose the other organs that constitute the remaining portion of his frame. There is no nook anywhere in the human body, in which microscopic investigation does not detect traces of vesicular presence, and these vesicles are all, more or less, living ones; for new generations of them are continually coming into being, and old generations of them passing away.

But living bodies are always in a state of internal change, and hence require frequent supplies of food. As the worn-out substance of their organs is removed, new material is required to take its place. The monad vesicle that floats in stagnant water, draws from that water the nourishment it needs. It drinks in through its general surface nutritive matters that are suspended in the liquid. When, however, a multitude of vesicles are united together in a common mass, the same mode of supply cannot be any longer made available. Men would make a very bad hand of feeding themselves by their skins, even if they were always swimming, like the monad, in liquid nourishment. So soon as a complex living body is to be built up and organised, an especial commissariat service is planned for the management of its supplies. This commissariat service, in the human and in other high animal organisations, is performed by the circulating blood.

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* See *The Radical Member of Society* in No. 30.

When food is taken into the stomach, it is *digested*—that is, *dissolved;* converted into a liquid substance, which can be easily sucked up through the minute pores that are dotted all over the inner surface of the digestive organ. The liquefied nourishment that is drunk up, is conveyed away by a system of tubes laid down for the purpose, until it is finally poured into a hollow reservoir placed in a central position. This reservoir of nourishment then becomes the great 'core' of life—the source whence strength and spirit are issued to every crevice and fibre of the frame. Our Saxon forefathers called the strength or core of anything the *herz*. Like dutiful children, we follow in our forefathers' steps, and we term the source whence the life-blood is made to flow, the *heart*.

The heart is a hollow bag made of thick and strong fleshy walls, which are prolonged from its mouth into capacious flexible pipes, that run off in dividing and multiplying branches to all parts of the system, very much as the rootlets of luxuriant plants do in the ground. But of these pipes there are a double set—an issuing and a returning series. When the anatomists of olden time first pried into the secrets of the animal body, they observed that one set of these pipes was always empty after death; and hence, in their simplicity, they conceived that it must be their office to carry impalpable spirit, or air; and they accordingly named them *arteries*, from a Greek word which signifies receptacles of air: the other set they always found to be like hard and rigid cords, in consequence of their remaining filled with clotted blood; these they therefore designated *veins*, from a Greek word for fibre. The same observers noticed that both arteries and veins branched out more and more, until they became very small; and they tried hard to find out what became of their terminations at last. This, however, they failed to do, until, in 1661, Malpighi discovered what every one who possesses a microscope and can catch a frog may now see for himself. The arteries and veins end, at length, in a net-work of delicate vessels, each one four times smaller than the fibre of the finest wool. These vessels are so minute, that from 2000 to 4000 of them might be laid, side by side, on a flat surface, within the breadth of an inch; and they are so abundantly distributed throughout every part of the body, that the point of the sharpest needle cannot be inserted anywhere without wounding some of them, and letting out their crimson contents. They are termed hair-like, or capillary vessels (from *capilla*, the Latin word for a hair). If all the other structures were stripped away from the capillary vessels, the general form and outline of the body would still be maintained by their interlacing meshes; just as the form of a leaf is preserved by its skeleton of intermeshed fibres, after the skin and soft structures are removed.

When the transparent web that unites the toes of a frog is stretched tightly over a hole in a flat piece of wood, by means of a couple of needles thrust through the skin of the toes, and is examined by the aid of a microscope, it is seen to be filled with these interlacing capillary vessels. The terminal branch of an artery may be noticed coming down into the web, and then spreading out into a net-work of delicate tubes, that cross and open into each other in all directions, and at last get collected into another larger branch, that runs out from the web as a vein. The artery and the vein are at once distinguished in this case, for the motion of the blood can be plainly discerned in the vessels. Streams of it are seen pouring down the arterial branch, dividing themselves among the smaller capillary channels of the web, and then setting back out of the web through the vein. The capillary vessels connect the arteries with the veins. When the hollow heart contracts its cavity, the blood which it contains is squeezed and jetted out through the arterial trunks and branches, and through the meshed tubes of the capillary vessels that spread themselves out in every structure, just as they do in the web of the frog's foot. When the heart dilates after its contraction, the blood is returned into its cavity from the capillary vessels, passing through the branches and trunks of the veins. The heart of a man throws five or six table-spoonfuls of blood into the arteries at each stroke, and it pulsates somewhere about seventy times every minute. In this way, not less than thirteen poundweights of blood are distributed every minute from the heart, in supply of all the various wants of the system. At every heart-pulsation, blood flushes through the sluices of the body, suffusing each structure with its crimson streams, as the cheek is suffused with the blush.

Blood, which is formed out of digested food, for the nutrition of the body, and which is then pumped from the heart through the branching arteries into the widely distributed capillaries, is kept liquid by the influence of nature's great solvent—water; of which there are seventy-nine pounds in every hundred of blood. The blood, indeed, is water suspending in itself one-fifth of its own weight of other matters, that are, most of them, in themselves of a nutritious nature. Now, when this nutritive fluid is closely observed, as it flows on in its circulating course through the capillary vessels of a transparent membrane, such as the web of the frog's foot, it is seen, if the examination be made by a powerful microscope, to consist of two parts. The greater portion of it is made up of a thin transparent liquid, that moves on through the capillary tubes, like water in branching pipes. This fluid portion is so transparent, that its presence would not be detected by the eye, if there were not something mixed with it to make it visible. But it rolls along in its streams, a myriad of little round bodies, that are perfectly discernible, in consequence of being opaque instead of transparent. These have been termed the little bodies, or corpuscles of the blood, (from the Latin word *corpusculum*). The branching streams of the blood are entirely filled with them. Hundreds and thousands crowd on, through the delicate tubes, following each other with an unceasing flow. In some of the vessels, they run three or four abreast; in others, they move in single file, and often even elongate themselves, to be able to squeeze through the narrowing channels. Sometimes one may be noticed to stick for a little time, until pushed on from behind. The blood-corpuscles of frogs are about as wide across as the finest hairs in wool; some thousands of them may be laid along in a line within the length of an inch. But the corpuscles of the human blood are three times smaller than this, and those of one of the deer tribe, twelve times smaller. Fifty thousand human blood-corpuscles may be laid flat on the head of a small pin, and not less than three millions of them are contained in a drop that may be taken up on the point of the finest needle! Who, then, would undertake to say how many millions there are coursing along through the branching channels of a human body at any one given instant, the entire quantity of blood, in such a human body, being at least eighteen or twenty pints?

But these incalculable myriads of little bodies are bent on very important business, as they hurry on through the branching channels of the living frame.

They are all of them 'Radical Members' of the community—distinct organisms, belonging to the system, but doing detached service. They constitute, indeed, its commissariat department, so far as the mere active powers of animal life are concerned. Each little microscopic corpuscle of the circulating multitude is itself a living vesicle, formed of delicate membrane, and containing a peculiar fluid which it has selected from the liquid mass of the blood. The vesicle wears a very curious shape, which, small as the body is, is readily discerned when powerful microscopes are employed in the scrutiny. It is of circular outline, but is flattened in one direction, and has a little dimple or cup impressed on each of the flat sides. It looks very much like a pair of pigmy watch-glasses, placed with their edges together, and with the middle portion of each of the pair indented or battered in. If a little blood from a pricked finger is received in a drop of water, and is then placed between two pieces of glass, so that a very thin film of it may be examined, the flattened corpuscles will be discovered lying in the film by thousands—some with their broad round faces, and others with their thin edges, turned up towards the eye. The human blood-corpuscle is flattened to such an extent, that it is about three times as broad as it is deep.

What, however, is the liquid which these flattened vesicles of the blood contain? It is a very important and a very peculiar substance. There is nothing else like it anywhere in the body. It is, in the first place, of a deep red colour. The redness of the blood is entirely due to the contents of the corpuscles. The wall of the vesicle is transparent, so that the substance within comes clearly into sight. That substance, therefore, being red, and the vesicular corpuscles being very abundant, and crowded very closely together, the entire mass of the blood seems to possess the same colour. Neither the clear liquid in which the corpuscles float, nor the transparent walls of the corpuscles themselves, make any impression upon the eye; but the red contents of the corpuscles are everywhere seen shining through these. The red liquid is evidently the product of the life of the corpuscle. The living vesicle selects the materials for its composition out of the fluids of the blood in which the corpuscles float. The great office the corpuscles fulfil in the economy is, indeed, the preparation and conveyance of this rich red substance. But for what purpose do they prepare it, and whither do they convey it? They carry it to the muscles, and nerves, and brain—the grand instruments whereby all the higher faculties of animal life—those, namely, of motive-power, sensation, and thought—are rendered effective: they prepare it for the nutrition of those instruments. The membranous blood-corpuscles make the red liquid they contain, and carry it with them during their circulation through the branching channels of the system. But in the delicate capillary vessels that are meshed about the fibres of the muscles, and the tubes and vesicles of the nerves and brain, they give up their manufactured treasure. In these capillary vessels, the red product of the blood-corpuscles becomes transmuted into muscular and nervous substance, and so sustains the most important of the operations of life. So important is this influence, that whenever there is a great abundance of corpuscles in the blood, great muscular and nervous energy are present too; but whenever the blood-corpuscles are in deficient quantity, and the nutritive liquid is watery and pale, the animal is languid, weak, and unable to make any sustained effort. In this sense, then, it is that the blood-corpuscles must be viewed as performing the commissariat service of the system. They furnish the supplies that keep up the great forces, to which all the rest of the organisation is subservient, and for the production of which the entire organisation has been planned.

The blood-corpuscles exhaust themselves by their own efforts in the work of organisation. So long as muscular and nervous action is going on in any animal, millions of them are giving up their rich contents to the acting organs, and then dying and passing away; so that if fresh corpuscles were not formed in the same ratio, there would soon be a dearth of them in the circulating fluid, and the muscles and nerves would get starved. Myriads of successive generations of blood-corpuscles are produced in the blood of a living animal, just as myriads of successive generations of living animals are called into being on the earth. During the earliest stages of life, the blood-corpuscles are produced by the spontaneous division of corpuscular vesicles of like nature to themselves. But in the more advanced development of the frame, they seem to be made directly from some of the constituents of the food. They first appear in the midst of the dissolved nourishment, as it is on its way to the blood, in the form of colourless globular bodies; they then get coloured by slow degrees, and become flattened, and at length are changed, through some mysterious, and as yet imperfectly understood agency, into perfect blood-corpuscles. Only this much is certain regarding their formation—a generous diet leads to a very rapid augmentation of their numbers, and so also does the administration of chalybeate medicines. It is a remarkable fact, that the colouring principle of the red contents of the blood-corpuscles contains within itself as much as seven per cent. of iron.

The corpuscles of the blood float in a clear transparent liquid, which is called the blood-liquor, or blood-lymph (from *lympha*, the Latin word for water). This lymph constitutes the larger proportion of the blood. From eighty-five to ninety pounds in every hundred of blood are lymph, and the remaining ten or fifteen pounds are corpuscles. This lymph, however, is not pure water. The water, it will be remembered, only makes up seventy-nine pounds in every hundred; there is, therefore, from six to eleven pounds of something else in the eighty-five or ninety pounds of lymph. The blood-lymph is a somewhat thick and tenacious liquid, although freely movable. When small wounds are made into the blood-vessels, they soon get closed and glued up by means of something that is deposited out of the lymph as it flows through them; this they would never do if the escaping lymph were water alone. The thickening and adhesive ingredient is a peculiar principle, that is kept dissolved away in the lymph, so long as it remains circulating in the living vessels, but that separates itself from the thinner fluid so soon as it escapes from the body. When blood is allowed to flow from a vein into a vessel held to receive it, and is then left undisturbed, it rapidly loses the appearance of a rich red liquid, of uniform consistence. A dense clotted mass gradually collects on the surface, and floats above a thin whey-like liquid, which is then termed the *serum* of the blood (from *serum*, the Latin word for whey). The floating clot is red, and contains all the corpuscles; but these do not adhere together of their own accord—they are caught and entangled in a series of cobweb-like meshes, that have suddenly formed in the blood. These meshes are made of a buff-coloured substance, that has arranged itself in the form of delicate threads, crossing each other in all directions; and that, in fact, is the adhesive ingredient of the blood-lymph, separated from it in a more consolidated condition. On account of the thready form in which this ingredient arranges itself, when it is thus consolidated, on the coagulation of the blood, it is termed *fibrin*; the term being derived from the Latin word *fibra*, which means a thread.

Fibrin is the formative or nutritious portion of the digested food advanced into the final stage of preparation for organisation. It is nourishment placed in such a state that the slightest possible addition of inducement is sufficient to convert it from nourishment into structure. Its spontaneous coagulation into the thready meshes of the blood-clot is no doubt a species of rude fabrication. The red liquid contained in the corpuscle has higher capacities in itself than fibrin, for it makes muscle and nerve, which the fibrin cannot do; but it has at the same time less readiness, for it needs extraneous assistance to enable it to accomplish its task. It is carried by the living corpuscles, and worked up into structure by them, so to speak. The fibrin, on the other hand, seems to be able to effect the arrangement of its own molecules without foreign aid. It consolidates itself spontaneously, as has been seen, so soon as it is released from the channels of the circulation; but, while retained within those channels, it also suffers a like consolidation in certain positions. It builds up various structures, of the nature of tendon and gristle, which are designed for mechanical rather than vital services. These structures are endowed with so low a kind of life, that they need material for their renovation, which is prone, in the highest degree, to take upon itself the solid and organised state. The more highly vitalised muscles and nerves are able to appropriate and work up substance that has far less marked tendencies of a formative kind. Fibrin is the main *plasma* of the nutritive stream—its thickening, moulding, and gluing material. It mends accidental rents and gaps wherever they occur; it plasters itself round fabrics that require renovation and strengthening, but that have very little independent constructive force in themselves; and it sticks together webs and films that need to be rendered adherent. But at the same time that it does all this, it contributes to make the blood readily movable in its narrow channels, for it has been ascertained that slightly viscid liquids run much more easily in pipes than the purest water can. Whenever there is too small a proportion of fibrin in the blood, that liquid continues to flow for hours from the slightest wound, and often even escapes spontaneously through the minute undiscoverable pores of the capillary vessels. In all states of fever, properly so called, and not dependent upon any local mischief going on in some confined portion of the system, there is a deficiency of the fibrinous principle in the blood, and an accompanying slowness of capacity to effect the repair of any accidental injury or imperfection. In an opposite class of diseases, there is always too much fibrin in it, and the circulating fluid is then too thick, and too prone to stagnate and cause obstructions. This is the case in all rheumatisms and inflammations. In ordinary health, about two parts in every thousand of blood are pure fibrin; but in inflammation, the proportion rises to above five parts in every thousand. At one time, physiologists thought that the too great abundance of the adhesive fibrin in the blood caused inflammation, but they now know that it is the inflammatory condition that causes an increase in the quantity of fibrin, and that it is only certain of the secondary results of inflammation that can be said to be due to its augmented quantity. The fact, however, that in fevers there is always too little fibrin in the blood, and in rheumatism and inflammation too much, is of high practical importance, because it points to a certain broad feature in the management of these cases. In inflammations, only such food should be taken as will afford but a sparing supply of the elements out of which fibrin is formed; but in fevers, especially of a low and uninflammatory type, the object should rather be to use fibrinous food, and to elevate the formative powers of the blood. Often, however, in such fevers, fibrinous food is of no use even when it is admitted into the system, because the peculiar infectious poison that is then present in the blood, has the power of preventing the conversion of such food into the fibrinous liquid that can alone circulate through the vessels to any efficient reparative purpose. How the adhesive or fibrinous portion of the blood-lymph is formed, is not exactly known, but there are tribes of little colourless corpuscles mingled among the red ones, that seem to have something to do in the matter; for whenever the fibrin increases with undue rapidity, an augmented number of colourless corpuscles may also be observed. It is probable that these colourless vesicles select, from the other constituents of the blood, such elements as are essential to the formation of fibrin, and then burst and mingle their fibrinous contents with the general mass of the blood-lymph; that, in fact, they make the adhesive and formative principle of the blood, just as the coloured corpuscles make the especial food of the more highly vitalised muscles and nerves.

Blood consists, then, of a myriad of minute, microscopic living vesicles, floating in a clear lymph, possessed of singular adhesive properties, which are due to the presence of a fibrinous substance dissolved away in it. Both the crimson contents of the corpuscles, and the fibrin of the lymph, are formed in the blood out of some of its other constituents. There must be something in the blood which feeds the corpuscles and the fibrin, just as the corpuscles and fibrin feed the muscles, nerves, and other structures. The red liquid of the corpuscles, and the lymph of the fibrin, are the finished products of nutrition, quite ready to become living organisation. But there is also a crude material in the blood, out of which these finished products are manufactured. This crude material remains in the clear serum after the fibrin and corpuscles have separated themselves therefrom, by the process of spontaneous coagulation. If a quantity of clear serum be heated to the temperature of boiling water, the remaining nutritive principle will be seen to fall down to the bottom of the containing vessel, as a quantity of white flaky substance, that looks very much like white-of-egg mixed with water, and then caused to coagulate by heat. It has been found, indeed, that it is of a strictly identical nature with white-of-egg, and it has been thence called *albumen*, which is the Latin name for white-of-egg. About four pounds in every hundred of blood is this crude albuminous principle. Albumen is not made in the blood, like fibrin and the red liquid: it is introduced into it ready made. It is prepared in the vegetable that forms the food. It is, indeed, merely that food digested and rendered soluble.

But the serum contains, in addition to this dissolved albumen, certain mineral and saline matters, also held in complete solution in its water. About eleven ounces in every hundred pounds of blood are inorganic substances of this nature. They are all of them, also, rough materials, intended to be mingled in very small proportions with the various fabrics that are built up out of the blood; but there is this distinction between them and the albumen: each of them is designed for some separate office in the economy, while the albumen furnishes its own substance, either through the blood-corpuscles, or through the fibrin of the lymph, to every part of the frame. There is among them, lime, that is to go to harden the bones; potash, that has to help to form the flesh; phosphorus, that has to aid in making the nerves and brain; and soda, that has to assist in the fabrication of bile; to say nothing of sulphur, salt, and yet three or four other analogous bodies, that are essential, although of subordinate use. Blood, also, has in itself, besides the salts and albumen, that are the rough material of fabrication; the fibrin and red liquid, that are its more finished plasma; the living corpuscles, that are its operatives in the work of preparation; and the water, that serves for the transport of the whole—small quantities of an oily fuel, that is employed in the production of heat. The oily principles of the blood are formed out of the starch, sugar, and fat of the food, but they are constantly being burned off in a smouldering way beneath the air-blasts of respiration. They, therefore, never accumulate to any very great extent in the circulating liquid. They generally amount to about two parts in every thousand of blood. If at any time they accumulate in it beyond this proportion, they are drawn off and stored away as fat, that may again be drawn upon at any future need.

A COMMUNAL FÊTE.

POSTERS, like planets and other bodies that make a display aloft, exercise an attractive power in proportion to their magnitude. There are dirty little posters, from which you turn your head aside with the same disgust as if you had trodden on a reptile; there are others, covering the gable-end of a house, and blazing in letters of yellow, green, red, and blue, which absorb your faculties the moment you catch sight of them, and hold you in submissive admiration at their feet. Exactly such a magnificent extent of wall-bill fascinated my gaze on the first day of June last. It waylaid me at sundry corners; it was pictured on my brain when I shut my eyes; it promised sights I had never seen; it suggested sports I had never heard of; it reduced the price of railway-tickets, inviting you with a touching appeal to your pocket; and at last its siren voice prevailed. I yielded to the seductive poster, and followed its guidance, joining a pack of pleasure-hunters, who rushed full-cry after their fleeting quarry.

In fact, a two days' fête was in view; and even if, after an eight-and-forty hours' chase, real pleasure might be as far from us as ever, circumstances must be very untoward if we could not have a little fun by the way; so off we started, following the lead of the well-known 'Chemin de Fer du Nord.' On we went, over mead and marsh, past forest and hill, through a country growing ever richer and richer. Corn, cabbages, clover, and hops, became more and more luxuriant, till the evening-star began to shine so brightly that other objects were but indistinctly visible. The fiery-headed, many-jointed serpent, which people took for a railway-train, stopped, and disgorged a portion of its prey, and left me stranded in the town of Lille.

L'Ile—in olden time, The Island—as we might correctly write it, is a hard-working town, which for many centuries past has been equally divided between war and business. Perhaps I should say it has combined the two, and carried on both concerns at once. It is highly fortified, with a citadel of frightfully impregnable reputation, and it has also outworks of flax-spinneries and sugar-refineries, which earn back again in a peaceful way the money squandered on military machinery. It has useful canals and a noble Champ de Mars; a horrible arsenal, and an admirable museum. In one direction, its two industrious daughters, the towns of Roubaix and Tourcoing, do immense credit to the maternal example by their Jacquard-looms and appliances of other manufactures; and if you walk through the southern suburb of the town, the incalculable number of mills, all madly turning round the same way, are enough to give you the vertigo. You may see all this, and more, at a glance, by mounting the belfry of the Hôtel de Ville, from which it is the fashion for strangers to look down and speculate whether it leans on one side or not, and also whether it rocks during a hurricane; and then you ought to descend and visit the subterranean world in the Rue des Etaques and the quarter of St Sauveur, where 15,000 inhabitants dwell in cellars. But whether above ground, or whether beneath it, few folks at Lille lead an idle life: therefore have they the greater need of a holiday; and when such a treat does fall in their way, they take care to make it a complete one.

On Sunday morning, the 4th of June, I sallied forth from mine inn, after the wise precaution of putting myself on the right side of breakfast. The Grande Place was full of people, hemmed in by the whimsical old-fashioned houses. Almost every shop—of course, they were open—had its sign, pictorially representing the business when such was possible; but the confectioner, who had appropriately chosen 'Exquisite Tastes' as his escutcheon, would puzzle even Leech himself by giving him an order to illustrate it. 'Real Cheapness' would not be a much easier subject. 'Providence,' with a picture of the Deity, as the landmark to a draper's shop, rather goes against English ideas of reverence. 'The Badly-guarded Girl' is suggestive of a wood-cut, as it has already been of a nice little ballet. Signs and wonders must not delay us long, for religion and gaiety are the order of the day. It seems to me that the former, however, if not hurried over in double-quick time, must have been confined to a service of matins. The procession of St Sacrament was performed at an early hour, and is over, although the street-decorations along its passage—the arches, the temporary altars, the garlands, and the draperies—are not all yet entirely dismantled. The Host reposes upon the altar, and the white-robed virgins, communicating for the first time, have flitted to their respective homes. Even the clergy have made themselves scarce. Church-ceremonies being duly celebrated, secular pastimes now take their turn.

The Great Square—really the irregular oblong—is the place of meeting, the drawing-room in which Madame Lille receives her visitors. There every native and stranger assemble, to proceed processionally to the Champ de Mars, or esplanade. At the early hour of ten, the cannoneers of the National Guard, the sapper-pumpers or amateur firemen of the town, the detachments from the garrison, the companies of archers, cross-bow shooters (arbalétriers), and ball-players—these, the principal performers in the spectacle, have a little private preliminary talk in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville. They make their exit at beat of drum, and then passing through the crowd in the square, betake themselves in long, long file to the open space where the sports are prepared. Bands of music are not wanting, and almost every company had its own private drummer.

The drum—the national instrument of France—is what the harp is to the Emerald Isle, and the bagpipe to the Land o' Cakes. Funerals, auctions, martial exercises, weddings, puppet-shows, proclamations, insurrections, incendiary fires, cures performed by travelling-quacks, exhibitions of fat girls and learned pigs—not one of them takes place decorously without beat of drum. Where all the drummers came from who performed their fascinating solos that day at Lille, none but themselves can form the slightest guess.

The main article of costume is the blouse, girded or sashed in various style. And here let me observe, by the way, what a capital uniform is a simple blouse, or short slop-frock, with the trifling aid of a bit of ribbon, or a strap or two of shining leather. Trousers of the same specific colour complete a neat and convenient dress. Some companies wear the common *casquette*, or cap, especially decorated with a thread of gold-lace; others have the graceful slouch-hat of felt, with a black feather drooping on one side. Some few companies get themselves up, as gentlemen, in full suits of black, with tight white cravats. This does not answer at all, and would be snobbish, but for a few gold chains and medals, in addition to the weapon in hand, which barely saves them from looking like mutes in hired suits of mourning. Some have smart quivers strapped across their shoulders, and some simply carry in their hand the single arrow allowed them to shew their skill with. These companies and their drummers are by no means all French. Belgium is fairly represented in the archery-gathering; for the game of bowl especially, the foreign competitors are numerous. Altogether, the societies present amount to something like fifty in number. Few companies march without their officers, their drummer, and their silk or velvet flag, richly embroidered with threads of price. Add to all these public and common property gewgaws, the personal medal, the rosette, or the silver bird, hanging in front of the shooters' breast, in honourable testimony of their skill. And then the line is here and there broken by men bearing aloft on poles the various prizes that are to be shot for to-day; medals, and silver spoons and forks glitter on high, making many an archer's mouth water, if not for his dinner, certainly for the tools to eat it with. The interminable cortège, accompanied by a rabble of admiring friends, now moves in a slow and orderly manner along the streets, to find elbow-room and an open area on the esplanade of the Citadel.

What a strange feeling of gregariousness is that which impels you to follow in the wake of a multitude! As the stream of human beings flows away, you are drawn, by powerful animal magnetism, to add your own individual unit to the grand total which you perceive in motion. But stop a while; we have plenty of time. There is one notable sight which merits a visit before we quit the market-place. Observe that florid red-brick building, highly decorated with carving and scroll-work; that is the Bourse, or, as we should say, the Exchange. Within its central court and cloisters—for all the old Exchanges in Europe seem to have been built on the one original Spanish or Moorish plan—within that building (which you may have seen delineated in some of Watteau's pictures) a flower-show is to be held to-day and to-morrow. An exposition of plants, under the superintendence of the Horticultural Society, and aided by a money-grant from the municipal treasury, has been got up in the galleries of the Bourse. It is open on Sunday from ten in the morning till six in the evening, and does not close finally till three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday. Admission is gratuitous. There is no need to put your hand into your pocket; you have only to walk in at one door, and out at the other, as soon as you have stared your fill. The visitors are supposed to have already been to church, to have heard mass, and taken part in a Roman Catholic ceremony which is held to be an act of devotion. But, 'Nothing to pay!—no tickets!' cries a fair critic. 'What a dreadful mixture of company there must be! How low, how vulgar! *I* wouldn't go there for ever so much!' I will, pretty lady, for nothing at all. Come; take my arm for a couple of minutes. The streets have all been neatly swept this morning by the female sweepers, preceded by their attendant water-pourers. Be persuaded; it is only a step.

Well, now that the ice is broken, what could be politer than the bow with which the official, in smart cocked-hat and spruce moustaches, lifted the crimson curtain which serves for door, to allow your honourable daintiness to enter. Look round: this is not Chiswick, nor the Royal Botanic, but it *is* a fresh and lovely bouquet, garnished with a few curiosities. The anemone-flowered white rose, from China, is not common; that blazing clump of azaleas would be called good anywhere; the whip-cactus, trained peacock's-tail-wise, and displaying some hundred rosy blossoms, is not a common specimen; and the little white dish standing up in the corner, containing eight or nine different sorts of garden-radishes, really makes me long for a slice of bread and butter. The double-blossomed furze, grown as a standard in a pot, evidences the power of art when applied to homely and intractable subjects. Can anything be more beautiful and striking than its dense, golden, honey-scented head? And observe the power of novelty, as manifested by the throng collected around that miniature collection of succulents—the little *plantes grasses*, or fat-plants, as they call them, with which *we* are familiar in Covent-Garden, and elsewhere. Note, too, what attention is bestowed by the crowd on those flower-paintings, both in oil and water colours, which hang on an open space of wall. Listen: the people are talking about patterns for dresses and professional designers. I should not even wonder if the very becoming muslin which you wear to-day was a bright thought struck out by some gratuitous horticultural show. We now pass under another crimson curtain, and are no longer in the Bourse.

We are on the Champ de Mars, in the midst of the bustle. Bang! go the cannon, firing away at a *cible*, or target, placed half-way up a loose mound of earth that is piled against the fortification. Ah! my good fellows, look as sharp as you will, you cannot see the cannon-ball fly through the air, although the smoke, the report, and the scattered sand where it strikes, are plainly perceptible to the senses. Pop, pop, pop! go the muskets and rifles. Happy the man who hits the bull's-eye. His success is greeted with a waving flag, even more flattering than a silver fork and spoon. In the midst stands the butt of less noisy projectiles, the *perche*, a tall mast some hundred feet high, surmounted at the very tip-top with branching ironwork, each iron carrying a little wooden bird as big as a thrush, and altogether something like seventeen in number, to be shot at by the companies of archers. He surely must be a capital marksman who manages to dislodge from its metal-tree any one of those curious ornithological specimens. Or is it done more by good-luck than by skill? I almost think so. Each company enters the enclosure in a party by itself, and each man is allowed but one single shot. He plants himself at the foot of the mast, and shoots vertically upwards at the unflinching prey. Yes; take good aim, and bend your bow well. Whiz!—it is off. A laugh in the crowd; that *coup* would not do at all.

He shot at the steeple, and missed the parish. Patience! that accident is much more provoking—to have one's arrow hit the iron, and then glance sidewise away from the bird. The whole company have had their turn, and not one of them has touched a feather. Yet there is no want of vigour to be complained of, either in power of bow or muscle; the arrows cannot rise in the air to a less perpendicular height than 250 feet. And what energetic attitudes to display the beauty of a manly frame! Compare with this tension of soul and body, the elaborate twistings of a masculine opera-dancer: the only comment I can make on such a contrast as that, is a simple and idiomatic 'Bah!'

The cross-bow gentlemen seem to have a better chance, their wooden birds are as big as ducks, and the mast is not half so high as the other; but it is a less graceful and exciting sport, depending more on skill, coolness of aim, and, probably, on perfection of the weapon. To me, the contest is a dull affair. Let us turn, for a change, to that Merry-go-round, where fiery coursers and luxurious open carriages, all sheltered beneath a wide-spreading tent, are revolving to the music of a barrel-organ. It is delightful to watch the infantine glee with which full-grown persons, adult men and women enjoying the rights granted to them by the Civil Code, thrust their feet into their stirrups, settle themselves on their side-saddles, and so take a sou's-worth of twisting and turning.

The game of ball, on the other side of the water, is not the kind of thing we are used to at home. It might be a nine-pin ground; but large wooden birds, instead of pins, are still the favourite object to aim at. At one end of the enclosure, a horizontal wooden bar is stretched, some ten or twelve inches above the ground. Suppose it a spit before a kitchen-fire, which toasts, instead of roasting its joints. The spit is well garnished with plump wooden game, each tightly transfixed through the body by a cleft wooden pin, which, in fact, acts as a retaining spring. The object of the player is to hit the bird with his ball, and so knock it off the spit into the imaginary fire. But the cleft wood holds it on so firmly, that many and many a blow must be given, before the tempting fruit will fall from the branch. It is clear that the latest bowler has the best chance of success, by reaping the benefit of his predecessors' efforts. The last straw breaks the camel's back, the last drop of water makes the cup overflow, and the last touch displaces the bruised and battered bird, allotting the prize generally to the very player who really has done the least to deserve it. It is an unfair game, though true to the course of worldly things. One man uproots a forest of stumps; another comes and sows it with a crop of wheat. One man directs the public taste, and instils new ideas into the public mind; another, following far at a distance with the materialities, pockets all the profit, and sometimes all the honour.

But time glides swiftly away, while we are idly gazing at these heterogeneous shows. The afternoon is already advanced; let us march to another part of the town, and watch a less dignified mode of rivalry. We soon approach the Place de Réduit; but long before we enter it, we can hear uproarious shouts of laughter. The place is an oblong plot of open ground, close to the outer fortification of the town, and commanding a view of the wrong side of the façade of the pretentious, stuck-up Porte de Paris, from which you are able to judge of its merits, exactly as well as you would pronounce upon a picture by looking only at the back of it. The crowd is dense, but is also good-natured; and will allow us to penetrate to its very heart, if we push politely, and with a proper sprinkling of 'pardons.' Here we have a capital view of the fun. Before us rises a tall pole, or mast, which, under the name of Mât de Cocagne, is the popular idol of most French fêtes. Its head is garnished with an iron crown, to which are hung the material objects supposed most essential to human happiness. Nay, two iron circles are visible, with purses and gaudy articles of dress temptingly flaunting in the sunshine. Mark that brilliant silk handkerchief, that dark blue blouse, that smart pair of trousers. Mark, too, the tricolor flag at the summit of all, the trophy of him who shall reach the first prize. Do you feel your heart yearn after those gorgeous treasures? Well, the field of glory is open to you. You have only to disclose your wishes to the commissary of police; he is on the spot officially; and will immediately enrol you, and let you try your luck.

It will be wiser first to observe an experiment. In the first place, the pole is smeared with soft green soap, and then you have to mount it as well as you can. The candidates have stripped themselves as nudely as propriety permits, and with many an anxious look on high, strain every nerve to gain the prize. Solitary efforts are unavailing. One wiry fellow does contrive, by means best known to the tree-frog and the fly, to hug the pole tight, and to rise a few yards; but then a quivering tremor runs through his limbs, and he slides to the ground like a falling star. The authorities have considerately thrown down a bed of hay at the foot of the mast, to save amateurs from dangerous tumbles. It is also made use of by aspirants as a towel, to wipe off the superfluous soap that sticks to them on their descent. Here a solitary adventurer will never be monarch of all he surveys; so forces are combined in the form of brigades. A gang of gymnasts resolve to mount, by a common effort, or perish in the attempt. A light, little fellow starts the first; he is six or eight feet above the level of the ground. A second light fellow follows him: both wriggle and scriggle, and grasp the pole, till they have managed to rise another foot or two. Then comes a third; and then a fourth. But the one on the ground is out of breath, and his muscles have stood their utmost strain. He utters a cry of distress, and the Hercules of the brigade, understanding him, rushes to the post, and constitutes himself the base of this human column. They repose for a few minutes, with each man's feet on his inferior's shoulders, and then hard and fast to work again.

The remaining conspirators join the party. Little number one concentrates his energies; he mounts, he slips down, he mounts again; he surveys his prey with devouring eyes, makes a clutch with a bold right hand, and holds the iron circlet firm in his grasp. The feat is done. The supporting individual items, needed no longer, fall pell-mell and higgledy-piggledy upon the cushion of hay. The purse is soon between the victor's teeth; blouse and pantaloon float in mid-air; the flag is seized, and waved in a style that would not be unworthy of Austerlitz; and our hero, after descending with his booty, bears the banner before him, and followed by his brigade, with its own private drummer leading the way, walks off to the nearest public-house, to share the glory and the prizes amongst them. Some good things still remain upon the mast. The iron circlet is good-naturedly lowered, to give the brigade of 'little 'uns' a chance.

We won't stop to look at the races in sacks, because we can't get near enough to see them. All I can make out is, that that drunken old fool, sixty years of age, has tumbled down and broken his nose, and that the decided favourite upon the course is the conqueror of the Mât de Cocagne. We should have had a few additional broad grins from the water-jousting, in the dock of the Basse-Deale; but the temperature not being over-sultry, that sport is deferred till the approach of the dogdays.

The day's entertainments conclude with music. To-day and to-morrow, two grand concerts are given by the Musical Association; which concerts are greatly to be complained of, inasmuch as you cannot go to one without putting down your name for both. There is, certainly, no difficulty in obtaining admission, if you submit to these somewhat grinding terms. Still, it looks like a little bit of exclusiveness—misplaced on the occasion of a communal fête—and an enforcement of the due subordination of rank, which is nowhere better understood than on the continent. In the heart neither of bourgeois nor of noble has the principle of equality found a settlement. But never mind; we need not starve, although we cannot dine on turtle and turbot. A humbler bill of fare awaits us elsewhere. Let us hasten back to the beautiful promenade contiguous to the Champ de Mars. There, from the Napoleon Bridge—a Chinese structure, with a roof which acts as a sounding-board—we shall hear some excellent military music, performed by the bands belonging to two regiments. Polka, waltz, march, and overture, recompense us for the loss of scena and fantasia. The cool evening air by the side of the canal, under the canopy of meeting lime-trees, is probably not less pleasant than the atmosphere of the concert-room. What we lose in fashion, we gain in numbers. The more the merrier; though sometimes, it must be confessed, the fewer the better cheer. Thousands of well-dressed people surround us. The ladies' heads, adorned with caps instead of hats, produce the effect of a bed of the gaudiest flowers. That last morsel of harmony was admirable; but standing to hear it is rather fatiguing, after being on one's legs the whole day long. Come, let us do as they do at Lille. Behold here an empty table; beside it are some vacant chairs. Take the good the gods provide you; and—waiter, a bottle of the best white beer!

A WORD WITH MAJOR TRUEFITT.

BY A LADY.

WITH the exiled duke in *As You Like It*, I may well exclaim:

> Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress,
> Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
> That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Empty enough in other things besides civility, I have no doubt. It is pretty well known what majors generally are: there are few but have made some acquaintance with their leading peculiarities, in the character of that wigged, padded and stayed, worldly, but decidedly *respectable*, old counterfeit, Major Pendennis. Do you, Major Truefitt, indulge in the filthy practice of smoking cigars?—do you daily consume a certain quantity of wine, with sundry glasses of brandy and water?—and do you consider how those useless luxuries help to swell the amount of Christmas bills? Depend upon it, Major, the lady's wardrobe is not nearly as expensive as the gentleman's wine-cellar. Do you wear an all-round collar; an ungraceful chimney-pot-looking black abomination termed a hat; a long shapeless coat down to your heels; and, whether it rain or shine, a silk umbrella—the prevailing costume among the majority, whether majors or minors, of the fine gentlemen all of this modern time? Have you never fretted and fumed over a rumpled cravat; sighed as you incased yourself in a scantily-fitting waistcoat; and with military emphasis, blown up your unfortunate tailor when you saw a wrinkle in a cut-away coat? Do you know that I can buy half-a-dozen dresses at a less cost than you can purchase a suit of broad-cloth? Yet—shame upon you—you would grudge a poor woman the cap or bonnet she wears, not so much for her own gratification, as to make herself agreeable to your own ungrateful sex!

Make our own dresses! Have we not enough to do mending our brothers and husbands' socks and stockings, taking care of Master Tommy's hat and feather—mark that, major!—and Miss Janet's frocks, nursing young gentlemen with the measles and elderly ones with the gout? In your utter ignorance of political economy, you do not know that it is cheaper to employ a person to work for you, if your time is more valuable than that of the person so employed. Now, as you have given written-proofs that your time is utterly valueless, I would advise you to purchase needle, thimble, and congenial goose, then set to work, and make your own clothes. What a pitiful, helpless appearance you would make! for you know that you cannot even sew on a button, but must come to one of us 'victims,' as you truly term us, to do it for you.

I would wager my useful darning-needle against your worthless regulation-sword, that there is no Mrs Major Truefitt in existence. If there were, we would never have heard of your senseless tirade against Muslin Palaces. Are there no other palaces save and except Muslin and Gin Palaces? Where did you write that very paper that has raised the indignation of thousands of gentle maidens and tender wives? Was it not written in one of those destroyers of domestic happiness, termed a Club-house? Are there no plate-glass and gilding in those palaces of single selfishness? Yes, and other things besides—rich dishes, choice wines, luxurious arm-chairs! Yes, and packs of cards, and billiard-tables, and dice-boxes. Are not gentlemen tempted in those palaces to eat and drink more than they need—to play, bet, and call the main, whatever that may be? Are not more families ruined, more children beggared, more households broken up, more wives broken-hearted by the Club Palace than the Muslin Palace? You talk of 'Forbes Mackenzie Act:' are not the doors of your Club Palaces open every Sabbath, when the Muslin and Gin Palaces are strictly closed?

Major Truefitt! you are ignorant of the history of costume, or you would have known that, centuries ago, when the drapers' shops were not muslin palaces, but dingy, dirty, black holes, the ladies' dresses were ten times more extravagant, both as regards form and price, than they are now. In the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, written about 1350, the poet thus describes the ladies' dresses of the period: 'They wore scarlet robes, trimmed with rich furs, and embroidered with gold and precious stones. Their girdles were handsomely ornamented with gold and silver, and they wore small swords, commonly called daggers.' Think of the daggers, Major! and bless your stars that now the lady's only weapon is the pen.

There were no Muslin Palaces in Henry VIII.'s time—you have heard of him, I presume? he liked 'a good hearty persecution,' like yourself, Major—yet Hall the chronicler tells us, that he saw six ladies dressed at his court in the following manner:—'Two were apparelled in crimson and purple satin, embroidered with gold, with marvellous rich and strange tires on their heads. Other two ladies in crimson and purple, made like long slops, embroidered and fretted with gold after the antique fashion; and over the slop was a short garment of cloth of gold, scant to the knee, fashioned like a tabard all over with small double rolls, all of flat gold of damask fret, and fringed gold, and on their scarves, and wrappers of damask gold with flat pipes, that strange it was to behold. The other ladies were in kirtles of crimson and purple satin, embroidered with a vynet of pomegranates of gold, all the garments cut compass-wise, having demi-sleeves, and naked down from the elbows, and over their rochettes of pleasaunce rolled with crimson velvet and set with letters of gold-like characters. Their heads rolled in pleasaunce and tippets like the Egyptians, embroidered with gold; their faces, necks, arms, and hands, covered in fine pleasaunce black, some call in Lombardine, which is marvellous thin, so the same ladies seem to be negroes or black-a-moores.'

Look at the *Morning Post* or *Court Journal*, and you will find no such dresses worn at the present day. We have reformed our dresses. The wheel-farthingale, hoop, coat and waistcoat of blue camlet, trimmed with silver, the black patches on the face, and a variety of other 'bewilderments,' that you may read about in the *Spectator*, are now unknown. Look at Hogarth's pictures: there you will see the macaroni head-dress, where mountains of curls, powder, flowers, and feathers rise, 'alp above alp,' upon the foreheads of our stately grandmothers. All that has passed away. We are still subject to the sway of fashion, I admit; but who is our leader? Look at the lower, right-hand corner of your commission, and you will see the much-respected name—VICTORIA! The women of Britain are very well contented to follow the example of that virtuous, amiable, and illustrious lady. They will not wear black silk dresses with plain frills, cut, I presume, to military regulation, to please Major Truefitt, who then—for he is capable of anything—might term them the Black Guards. No! we are perfectly willing and ready to submit to marital, but never to martial law.

Do you know, Major, how many millions of your fellow-creatures earn their daily bread by making the 'gauzy, crapy, ribbony' articles you would so ruthlessly proscribe? What do you think would become of those poor, but industrious people, if your agitation should be successful? Are you prepared to stop the looms of Paisley and Spitalfields; the poor

Irish from embroidering muslin collars; and the men of Coventry—where you should be sent to—from making ribbons, by your Quixotic endeavours to shut up Muslin Palaces? If not, then shut up your own writing-desk, and leave the reform of the ladies' dresses to the ladies themselves, who understand the subject much better than all the majors in Her Majesty's service.

HOME YEARNINGS.

[This natural and touching effusion appears in a volume, entitled *Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems*, by Hew Ainslie: Redfield, New York, 1855. It represents the feelings of an elderly settler in America, regarding his native country and the recollections of earlier and happier days. This settler is the poet himself, a man whose name will be kept alive in Scotland. Upwards of thirty years ago, a short while before emigrating to the West, he published a volume, entitled a *Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*, full of fine description and warm poetic feeling, and containing many beautiful imitations of the old Scottish ballads. A native of the same county with Burns, his language occasionally reminds us of that of the illustrious Ploughman; but in all essential respects his compositions are original and racy in a high degree. The following verses are addressed to an old friend:—]

I 'VE green'd to see ance mair, John, longed
 Our brave auld countrie;
The stately towers, the bin'wood bowers,
 I haunt in memorie.
I haunt in memorie, John,
 As ghaists, auld minstrels say,
Will wander round the hallowed ground
 That kent their earthly day.

Lang thirty years are gane, John,
 Since in your wastlin sea,
Auld Scotia's hills sank down, John,
 Nae mair to rise on me;
Nae mair to rise on me, John,
 Though sadder sets I 've seen,
The set o' beaming eyes, John,
 That gilt this earthly scene.

But blessèd be that Power, John,
 That ga'e us power to raise
The dear departed dead, John,
 The joys o' ither days.
Ay, thoughts o' sunny hours, John,
 In days o' darkest hue,
Can make a rift in dimmest lift,
 An' let a star look through.

Thus in my midnight ponderings,
 In sleep or waking dream,
I range the glen by Hawthornden,
 Or sport by Girvan's stream;
Dear 'Girvan's fairy haunted stream,'
 Bargany's banks sae braw;
The auld ash-tree, that cosilie
 Leant owre my daddy's ha'.

The bleaching haugh, wi' fencing saugh, green willow
 The garden tosh and trig, trim—neat
Wi' divot edge, an' clippit hedge, turf
 Where linties love to bigg; linnets—build
Where linties love to bigg, John,
 An' merry sangsters meet;
Syne yoking tilt, wi' mony a lilt, song
 Made April mornings sweet.

Sic scenes are hoarded up, John,
 In memory's sacred ben;
This thriftless heart wi' a' may part,
 But them I maunna spen'.
O, them I daurna spen', John,
 Or what were left to me
But frostit crops o' early hopes,
 That sicken ane to see?

Dear sainted Eleanora!
 Sweet sister o' my heart,
It was thy gentle whisperings
 First made this spirit start;
First made me wondering see, John,
 The lovely things that lie
Around us, on the earth, John,
 Above us, in the sky.

Ay, bravely broke my dawing,
 A mild an' pleasant glow;
Now wintry winds are blawing,
 My day is wearing low.
But hush! I 've said an' sung, John,
 An' sing it yet again,
Howe'er the heart is wrung, John,
 The word is—Ne'er complain.

FAT MEN.

There is something cordial about a fat man. Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody. Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a bareboned race; a lank tribe they are, skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him; it fructifies on him; he swells nobly out; and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the earth, and the fulness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good-humour. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man, is, *per se*, a popular man, and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle, the fattest man will ever be the most ready to make room. Indeed, he seems to be half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is, for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes on his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. A fat man feels his position solid in the world; he knows that his being is cognisable; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extra pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. It does really take a deal of wrong to make one really hate a fat man; and if we are not always as cordial to a thin man as we should be, Christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his thinness. A fat man is nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relations to the material universe in every direction; a thin man has nothing but length; a thin man, in fact, is but the continuation of a point.—*Lectures of Henry Giles.*

COBBETT ON DRINKING AFTER DINNER.

A man that cannot pass an evening without drink, merits the name of a sot. Why should there be drink for the purpose of carrying on conversation? Women stand in need of no drink to stimulate them to converse; and I have a thousand times admired their patience, in sitting quietly at their work while their husbands are engaged, in the same room, with bottles and glasses before them, thinking nothing of the expense, and still less of the shame, which the distinction reflects upon them. We have to thank the women for many things, and particularly for their strictly sober habits. Men drive them from the table, as if they said to them: 'You have had enough; food is sufficient for you; but we must remain to fill ourselves with drink, and to talk in language which your ears ought not to endure.' When women are getting up to retire from the table, men rise *in honour* of them; but they take special care not to follow their excellent example.—*Cobbett.*

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POOR PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

SHE stopped to coax out of the gutter a small dirty urchin, struggling along with a still smaller and dirtier urchin in its arms. She certainly has the kindest and motherliest heart in the world, this matron-friend of mine. 'Oh,' she said, as we traversed the muggy and muddy London street, pausing often, as she was pitifully attracted by every form of infantile tribulation —'oh, what a life they lead, poor people's children! If we could only carry out the plan I was talking of, and set up in every parish of every large town a public nursery.'

Now the question of public nurseries happened to be the one uppermost in her benevolence at present—I was going with her to see an establishment of the kind. It attracted me as being one of the few charitable 'notions' which strike at the root of an evil, instead of lopping off a few of its topmost branches. For certainly, looking at the swarm of children one meets in such a walk as this, and speculating on the homes they spring up in, and the dangers they hourly encounter, it is wonderful how they contrive to struggle up, even to that early phase of infantine life when the children of the London poor appear on the surface of society—society which, from their very birth, seems set against them.

'Poor little wretches! How can they ever grow up to be men and women?'

'Probably not one-fourth of them do,' said Mrs ——, whom I will call, after the good old Baxterian fashion —Mrs Readyhand. 'In Manchester, not one-half of the children born survive to their second year. Think of all which that fact implies!—the multitude of tender lives fading out in suffering; the array of little coffins, and tiny soon-forgotten graves. And the mothers—one knows not which to pity most—the ever-recurring pang of the loss of a child, or the gradual callousness which ceases to feel such a loss at all.'

'Such a percentage of death; and in the first year!'

'Of course; larger in the first than any succeeding. You do not know what it is to rear a young baby—the constant attention required—the infinitesimally small ills which are positive ruin to the tender thing—and which motherly care, and motherly care only, can or will avert. Why, when I have left my babies snug in their warm nursery, and gone down to speak to our charwoman, and seen her sitting in the wash-house, suckling a poor little wizzened creature, fretful with pain, or drowsy with drugging—while standing by was the small seven-year-old nurse, or the worse nurse still, some dirty, drunken old crone, who was paid a few pence for keeping the infant, and bringing it to its mother for one natural meal in the day—my dear, when I have seen all this, I have wondered that all the mothers in England, well-to-do mothers, who can afford the leisure and luxury of saving their children's lives, do not rise up, and try to establish in every town where the women have to go out to work'——

'Public nurseries?'

'Exactly,' said Mrs Readyhand. She proceeded to inform me of a plan she had for the benefit of our particular district of the metropolis, a plan that would require at least a twenty-four matron-power in its working-out—the onus of which working-out lay, and would lie apparently, on her own single pair of already well-filled hands.

I felt a certain involuntary blush at the little *I* did—I and the rest of us who have to use our pens instead of our hands in daily bread-winning—for the helping of what pulpit-eloquence would call 'our poorer brethren'—or sisters. Especially those our sisters whom we sometimes shrink from acknowledging as such—hard-handed, stupid-headed, dull-hearted—living from infancy a life so coarse and rude, that womanly instincts become blunted, the womanly affections deadened—till the creature sinks down to an almost brutal level, the mere drudging, suffering, child-bearing feminine of man. Child-bearing! ay, that is what makes the ineffable sadness of the case. What is to become of the children of such mothers—mothers whom nothing can exempt from the daily duty of earning daily bread? Mothers who have to toil in factories; to stand all day at washing-tubs; to go out charing, or nursing, or slop-working, or any of the nameless outdoor avocations by which women in great towns contrive to keep their families a degree above starvation. Families, whom no Malthusian laws can hinder from following the higher natural law: 'Increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth.'

Replenish the earth! With what? With lives so frail, that their necessary and swift decadence is to death. Or escaping that—passing safely by the pitfalls that lie in wait for their poor little tottering feet every day of every week, every hour of every day —what do we attain? A puny, weak, unhealthy, deteriorated race. A race of which common sense and common feeling are oftentimes fain to believe that it would have been easier for itself and its successors had it laid its baby bones among the hundreds more that pile our church-yards with tiny mounds long forgotten—for it is only the 'upper classes' who can afford to grieve and to remember.

We went on our way. It was a bright winter-noon.

Our 'district' happened to be in the paroxysms of an election, more virulently contested than is frequent in the busy metropolis. There was a polling-booth in our High Street; and all our usually quiet semi-suburban streets were frescoed with posters equally laudatory and vituperative; while dashing violently past, or standing lazily at public-houses, were partisan-cabs, well pasted over, so as to constitute at any other than election-time a series of locomotive libels. All our grown-up world was in a state of convulsion, as to whether the noble churchman or ignoble Quaker, the peer or the tradesman, should represent us in parliament: it seemed quite ridiculous that my friend and I should be devoting our attention to such a very small subject as poor people's babies.

'I suppose the election will be decided by the time we return,' said Mrs Readyhand. 'I think, if we start our nursery, I shall be inclined to beg something from the successful candidate for my poor little babies.'

'But I thought the nurseries were self-supporting?'

'Partially so. In fact, they ought to be entirely, if there were a sufficient number of babies taken in. Though I believe the Paris "crèches," from which these two or three nurseries that we have in London are modelled, were altogether commenced as charities.'

'Who first started the idea of crèches?'

'One M. Marbeau, so far back as 1844. Being appointed to investigate the Paris "asylums" (which are equivalent to our Infant Schools), and where the working-mothers are in the habit of leaving for the day their children from two years old and upwards—the simple question struck him, What becomes of the said children *until* they have reached the prescribed two years? And on inquiries, he found the same course pursued, and the same terrible results, that we find in every large factory-town—the inevitable separation of mother and infant during working-hours; the employment of ignorant and brutal nurses at some trifle per day; and the enormous rate of infant mortality.'

'Of course, the child's best and only nurse is its mother. The mother, during her years of child-bearing and child-rearing, ought not to labour out of her own home.'

'My dear,' said Mrs Readyhand with her soft kind smile, 'how many "ought nots" shall we find in the present condition of society: stumbling-blocks that we cannot apparently, by any human possibility, overleap or remove! Our only chance is to creep round them. This is just what M. Marbeau did. Granting—what we must grant, I fear, at least for many years to come—that the separation of the working-mother and her child is absolutely inevitable, the next best thing to be done is to render that separation as little harmful as possible. To this end, it was clear that far safer than the hands of ill-paid, ignorant, accidental nurses, would be a public institution, on the plan of the asylums, open to inspection and direction from the better-informed class—having all the advantages and cheapness of combination. And so M. Marbeau conceived the idea of a crèche.'

'And started it?'

'Yes. At Chaillot first—one of the worst Parisian suburbs; fitting up a room in the commonest way with a few cradles and chairs; choosing two poor women out of work for nurses, who were to be paid some small sum—I believe about twopence a day—by the mothers; all the other expenses being defrayed by charity.'

'The plan answered?'

'Excellently. Within two years, there were nine crèches flourishing in the poorest quarters of Paris. This was 1846; since then they have still multiplied; their influence and opportunities of good increasing in the same ratio. From a single room, they have advanced to kitchens, wash-houses, work-rooms, gardens, and even to the distribution of soups, porridge, &c., to the poor mothers, when at stated times, generally twice a day, they come to suckle their children.'

'And for how many hours are the little creatures left there?'

'From 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., the regular work-hours of Paris—a long day, is it not? But to shew that this absence does not weaken the motherly love—very unlikely it could—I have heard it noted that on Sunday and holidays such a thing is hardly known as a baby being left at the crèche.'

'Poor mothers! how they must enjoy a day's nursing!'

'Yes; and of a healthy, merry brat, who has been all week well-warmed, well-washed, well-tended, and well-fed, instead of fretting and puling in filth, cold, and neglect; or lying stupid and sickly, dosed to death with sleeping-powders. My dear,' added Mrs Readyhand, after pausing once again to allay about the tenth case of infant wo which had caught her eyes or ears along these wretched streets in which we were now penetrating—'my dear, let political economists and philanthropists work away as much as they like among the labouring or non-labouring classes—there is room enough for us all. But for my part, I do wish something could be done for the little ones—the helpless, harmless creatures in whom lies the future of the community.

There was great truth in what she said. Sometimes, God knows, in portions of this generation, vice and misery seem so ingrafted, that one gets hopeless of cure on this side death, and can only give back the corrupted race into His hands, believing in His final healing. But with the new generation, there is always hope. Mrs Readyhand was not far wrong when she inclined to begin at the root of things—to take care of the babies.

'But you did not tell me,' I said, 'how and when the notion of the Parisian crèches was reproduced here in London?'

'Only in three or four instances, and that of late years, and by the exertions of private individuals. One lady kept hers afloat solely at her own expense for months, and went to inspect it daily; another, a clergyman's wife, did the same. The nursery we are going to visit to-day, is attached to a Ragged School and a dissenting chapel. But each, not being known publicly enough for self-support, and dependent only on the charity of its originators, has not prospered like the crèches of our neighbours. I think,' she added, 'that is the cause of failure, if failure has been, that the question has been made too much that of sect, instead of wide Christian benevolence, which it ought to be, you know.'

'Certainly. Half-a-dozen conflicting creeds could not do much harm to a little sucking-baby.'

'Still, my dear, we must take things as they are, and try to improve them.'

Here she stopped, for we had talked ourselves out of the bearings of our course, and got into a labyrinth of poor and dirty streets. Mrs Readyhand made various inquiries for the —— Public Nursery—which, however, seemed anything but public, for it was only with the aid of great patience and a friendly policeman that we lighted upon it at all.

My friend pointed to the entrance, over which was written: 'Public Nursery, Infant Ragged School, and Laundry.'

'What a combination of good things? Did you never see a Ragged School? Then we will take a peep in there first. This seems to be the door.'

Which door opening, disclosed a tolerably large and lofty room, rather dark and close it seemed to us, just passing out of the bright frosty air; and I, unused to schools, was sensible of a great oppression and confusion of little tongues, and an incessant commotion of little bodies, which only partially subsided when the mistress, blowing a warning-whistle—her voice would have been utterly useless—despatched them to a raised succession of benches, and came forward to speak to the visitors.

She was a decent, kindly-looking soul, with a care-worn, intelligent face, the mouth and chin of which indicated both the power and the habit of ruling even a Ragged School.

An Infant Ragged School! What pictures the name implies!—pictures of the very scum of babyhood, picked out of gutters, alleys, reeking cellars; wretched babyhood, from its very birth-hour entering on its only inheritance—want, brutality, and crime.

Yet here were goodly rows of small plants of humanity, ranged, height above height, in the usual fashion peculiar to Infant Schools and green-houses—tidy, clean, unragged children—wan and sharp-visaged, to be sure, but one finds that look in every poor London child. Nevertheless, these were a decent array, sprinkled with two or three faces, bright and pretty enough for any rank or class of tiny girlhood. There might have been boys likewise; but sex was quite undistinguishable.

At the opposite end, near the fire—fenced in a safe corner by a semicircle of forms, and guarded by one or two elder girls—was a den of much smaller fry, some not more than eight-months-old infants, squatting, or crawling, or sitting bolt upright against the wall, staring right before them with an air of solemn interest.

'These are very little scholars,' said Mrs Readyhand smiling, and taking up one in her arms.

'Bless you, ma'am, they do no harm! They are as quiet as mice, and as good as gold. The elder ones bring them, and look after them; it's a great relief to the mothers to have them safe here.'

'But would they not be better in the nursery up stairs?'

'Why, you see, I let them in free, and upstairs they would have to pay; and fourpence a day is a great deal to some folk. Besides'——

Here the schoolmistress hesitated, and looked as if she could say a little more, if she would, concerning 'upstairs.'

'But you think, were it not for the payment, working-mothers would take advantage of the nursery?'

'May be—yes, I know they would. They must get the children out of the way somehow. But poor people don't easily fall into new plans; and, besides, they take things coolly upstairs. They don't do as I do with my scholars—hunt them up out of lanes, and courts, and alleys, and make them come to school.'

'Ay, that is the secret.' And I fancy my friend and I both thought of the words: 'Go forth into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in.'

We had some more talk with the very sensible schoolmistress, who exhibited her charge with no small pride. Especially one—evidently her favourite—a well-grown girl of eleven or twelve, neat, fair-faced, with the brightest, most intelligent blue eyes.

'She is deaf and dumb, ladies. When she came, she knew nothing, and could not make a sound. Now, she is monitress, and can teach a class its letters.'

How this was managed, I could not understand; but the sweet-faced deaf-mute was as busy as possible, wand in hand, in the centre of a circle of small elves, who were making frantic struggles after the acquirement of a large pasteboard alphabet. And admirably she marshalled, round and round the room, the general vocal procession that followed, in which performance the deaf little maid was probably the one of the audience most to be envied.

There was another small damsel whom I could not help noticing—brown-skinned, dark-eyed, slender-limbed—of painfully precocious beauty and intelligence, the sort of creature to hang bangles on, and make an Indian princess of; or the kind of elf who, you might feel sure, appeared of nights out of a gigantic convolvulus, or a mammoth rose, under the admirable-arranged moonlight of Messrs Grieve and Telbin, in a Haymarket extravaganza.

'To this complexion she must come at last!' thought I, watching the agile grace of her descent from the semicircle, the glitter of some foreign-looking armlet on her delicate brown arm, and the evident consciousness of that, and of her own extreme prettiness, with which the poor child joined the troop of her companions, —a troop that irresistibly inclined one to parody Robert Browning's 'great-hearted gentlemen' as it went

> Marching along, *twenty*-score strong,
> Ragged-school children, singing this song—

a song which was meant to be explanatory of different trades, with imitative mechanical accompaniments, greatly satisfactory to the performers. Even the little babes in the den crept on all-fours to its outermost barrier, viewing, and clapping little dirty hands.

No—I beg pardon, excellent Ragged-School mistress! —they were *not* dirty. I never saw a cleaner, neater, wholesomer charity-school. When one thought of the horrible London alleys they came out of and went back to, their tidiness was really miraculous.

'I teach the bigger ones to mend their things,' said the mistress when we noticed this; 'and sometimes kind ladies send us parcels of old clothes, and we manage to alter and contrive. Generally, the children get decently clothed when they have been at school a little while. Besides, we give them some sort of a dinner, and it is often quite late before we send them home.'

'What homes some of these must be!'

'Likely enough. But we take all sorts; we ask no questions. You see, when they first come here, they are such little things. Nothing like beginning in time.'

'But you don't teach them all day over?'

'Bless you, no; I only let them amuse themselves, and keep them out of mischief—babies and all.'

'Ah, that reminds me we must go and see the babies upstairs,' said Mrs Readyhand, giving up the chubby boy whom she had had in her arms all this while, and who seemed very unwilling to be so relinquished.

'But would you like to question any of my children first? Here'—following my eye, and summoning (I am not sure that if you always do this it will be advisable, Mrs Schoolmistress) that prettiest and most intelligent brown-faced maiden. She came, accompanied by a smaller and plainer sister, and answered various inquiries mannerly enough, though with scarcely as many blushes as one likes to see in a child.

'My name is ——; my sister's ——. [I could not make out either.] We came from the West Indies. Father was a cook. [Oh, my Indian princess!] Father is dead. Mother makes soy; she sells it. She sells soy, and—— [Here a long list of sauces, &c., ran glibly off like a shop-advertisement.] That is how we live. We are very poor. Yes, we like coming to school very much. We shall learn to help mother in time.' And so on—and so on.

I am about to inquire and remonstrate concerning the shiny bracelet, which looks so odd and out of place in a Ragged School. But peering into the little girl's face, a certain shyness comes over me, as if I had no business to pull the mote out of the eye of the poor man's child. Besides, she elders it with such tender protection over the little sister—and there she is, turning to pat, and looking as if she greatly wanted to cuddle, that rolly-polly fellow, who is stretching out of the babies' den, and clutching at her frock. Who knows, Ragged-School influences may end in her growing up as some kind young mistress's pretty nursemaid, instead of the gauzy fairy of Haymarket footlights, with a future of—— God knows!

But Mrs Readyhand was longing after her public nursery, so we prepared to leave the good schoolmistress and her flock—the younger portion of which, my friend again observed, 'would be better upstairs.'

'Please don't say so, ma'am,' said the mistress earnestly; 'they do no harm. They are very good little things. Indeed, I couldn't bear to part with my little ones.'

'That is the right sort of woman,' said Mrs Readyhand, as we went upstairs.

It was a large room, scrupulously clean and neat. At the further end was a row of eight or ten iron swinging-cots, with mattresses and coverings. There was a coal-cellar and linen-closet, a large table, and several chairs—some for great, some for little people. The whole room was in perfect order—the boarded floor, without stain or dust. The atmosphere, rigidly sanitary and airy; in fact, rather *too* airy, for the fire was powerless to warm it beyond its immediate vicinity. There was a decently-carpeted hearth, a chair, a round stand, &c.; in which snug little encampment, with her tea-things laid, and her newspaper in her hand, sat—the nurse.

Now, my good nurse, I have no wish to malign you. You were a very decent, respectable, fat, motherly body, with an apron as spotless as your floor, and as smooth as your countenance. I have no doubt you know your duty, and do it, too, within its prescribed limits. But how *could* you sit sipping your tea, and reading your newspaper, over your cosie fire, while in the Arctic regions beyond—outside the verge of carpeting—three blue-nosed, red-fingered little nurse-maids were vainly trying to soothe or to keep in order five or six babies—from the small month-old lump of helplessness to the big unruly ten-months' brat, which is perilling its life—as every mother knows—by various ingenious exploits, about once in five minutes, all day long.

'Ladies—pray sit. *Our* ladies generally come of mornings. I am very glad when they do. I have a hard place here—— (Betsy, do keep that child off the carpet). They don't allow me help enough—nothing like enough, ma'am. Only these three chits from the Ragged School—— (Sally, can't you quiet that baby?). Indeed, ladies, you don't know what it is to look after poor people's children.'

There was a certain truth in this—a pitiful truth enough, though she did not put it so. No one, whose sole experience in the baby-line lies among the well-fed, well-clothed, well-tended offspring of the respectable classes, can see without pain the vast difference between them and 'poor people's babies.' Especially the London poor. Their pinched, wizzened faces; their thin flaccid limbs, shivering under the smallest possible covering of threadbare flannel and worn-out calico; their withered, old-like expression, so different from the round-eyed, apple-cheeked simplicity that well-to-do parents love—no wonder it was rather hard to keep in healthy satisfied quietness poor people's babies. Babies, too, who from morning till night seldom or never know what it is to cuddle in warmly to the natural nest—the mother's own bosom. Of course, nothing can supply the place of that; and, of course, it must be a hard position, my respectable old woman! to be nurse in a public nursery. But surely you need not have talked so much about it, or we should have sympathised with you a great deal more.

We began to investigate the condition of the six babies—small, sickly creatures most of them—sprawling quietly on the floor, or resting open-eyed in a sort of patient languor in any position the little nurse-girls chose to place them. There was one especially which kept up a pitiful wail—not a good hearty howl, but a low moaning, as if it had hardly strength to cry.

Mrs Readyhand paused in her statistical inquiries about the nursery, which, however, were fast verging into a mild recipience of the nurse's woes.

'Ladies, you see, I haven't help enough—such a set of ignorant young chits! Sally, can't you keep that child quiet? Ma'am, it's only fractious; not quite a month old—I don't like 'em so young, but then the mother has to go out charing.'

O ye happy mothers! languid and lovely, receiving in graceful négligée admiring female friends, who come to congratulate and sympathise, and 'see baby'—just think of this!

My friend took the matter in her kind hands. 'Sally, my girl—isn't your name Sally?—you hardly know how to hold so young an infant. Not upright—it has not strength yet; and its little feet are quite cold. There, not so near the fire—you would scorch its poor head. Give it to me, please. Now, Sally'—— And laying the child across her lap, she held its blue feet in her hands, supplying, in her own gentle way, various bits of information, verbal and practical, to the said Sally.

Nurse looked on with considerable dignity at first; but in answer to a hint about 'food,' and a commendation of the kind of infant nutriment supplied gratis by the nursery, she began busily to prepare some, and the kettle at once vacated in favour of the pap-saucepan.

Gradually, motherly experience did its work; the infant ceased crying.

'It'll begin again the minute you lay it down, ma'am. I daren't nurse the babies, else they'd never be out of my arms.'

'But they soon learn to crawl—my children do. I always let them, as soon as they can. Look, Betsy—didn't I hear nurse call you Betsy?—you have only to keep near, and watch it—see that it doesn't hurt itself, nor go too far away from the fire. This is bitter weather for little babies. And, Sally—yes, you are quite right to listen and notice; always do so when nurse or the lady-visitors talk to you, and you'll learn everything in time.'

'There's much need on't,' grumbled the head-functionary; but her subordinates heard not. They made quite a little group round Mrs Readyhand, each laden with her small charge, whom she handled very much as she would a doll or a kitten. Meanwhile, the eldest baby devoted its tender attention to me, crawling about my skirts, and taking hold of my shoe, looking up all the while—ugly, little, thin elf as it was—with that soft infantine smile which I defy any woman to resist. One could not well help giving it a toss and a dandle, and laughing when it laughed—even to the missing of many things Mrs Readyhand was saying. Not in any formal way—she abhorred all cant. I did not hear her use one of those irreverently familiar Scripture phrases which abounded rather unpleasantly on the nurse's lips, and on the walls of the school below stairs—where, I fear, their large-lettered literalness—such as, 'the blood which cleanseth from all sin,' and 'the eyes that are over all'—must have proved extremely perplexing to infant minds. But this is a question the judiciousness of which cannot well be discussed here.

And when, on our departure, she brought her kindly admonitions to a climax, by hinting that if the little damsels improved very much, she, or other ladies she knew, might possibly come and choose their next under-nursemaid out of this very Ragged-School nursery, it was really pleasant to see the blushing brightness which ran over every one of the three faces, common as they were, either prematurely sharp or hopelessly dull. But the dullest smiled, and the sharpest listened with a modest shyness, while thus talked to. It was the involuntary confirmation of Mrs Readyhand's doctrine—the only reformatory hope of the universe—the doctrine of Love.

We talked much as we went home—she and I—about this scheme; its wide possibilities of good, and the defects—where will you not find defects in all schemes?—of its working-out.

'I object,' said I, 'to one great fact in this public nursery—the nurse. Her heart is not in the matter. She is a fine contrast to the capital Ragged-School mistress. If I were a lady-visitor, I'd bundle her off immediately.'

'My dear, you are too summary. You might not readily get a better. Her situation is a very difficult one to fill properly. Think what it requires. All the common sense and firmness of an experienced nurse—all the patience and tenderness of a mother: a perfect nurse would be perfect indeed.'

'*She* isn't.'

'Perhaps she only wants looking after. Most hired servants do. She needs us, who habitually think more deeply and act more wisely than is common with her class, to take an interest in her duties, and thus shew her that they are ours likewise. If this were but possible! If one could but seek out the rich idlers of our rank of life, and make their dreary, useless lives cheerful by being useful!'

'Useful to the lower rank of workers?'

'Exactly. Think of all the women whom we know, and what numbers that we don't know, who, having passed their first youth, are absolutely withering away for want of something to do. "Something to do"—that grand cry, spoken or silent, of all unmarried and unlikely-to-be-married womanhood; "Oh, if I had but something to do!"'

It was very true; I could have confirmed my friend's remark by half-a-dozen instances under my own knowledge.

'And the grand difficulty is, how to answer it. What are they to do?'

'Surely no lack of that, Mrs Readyhand. Never was there a wider harvest, nor fewer labourers.'

'Because, my dear, they don't know how to fall to work. They can't find it out for themselves, and in most cases there is nobody to shew them. So they sit moping and miserable; either scattering their money in indiscriminate lazy charity'——

'Or living dependent on fathers and brothers, with abundance of time, and little enough of money.'

'And ignorant,' pursued Mrs Readyhand smiling, 'that the best beneficence is often not money at all, but time. Plenty of people have money to spend; few have wit, judgment, and practical experience enough to spend it properly.'

'I understand. You want not merely seed, but sowers.'

'Yes; busy, active sowers. I would like to hunt them up, far and wide, and give them work to do. Work that would fill up the blanks in any home-duties they might have, yet not interfere with one; work that would prevent their feeling—as I know scores of them do—that they have somehow missed their part and place in the grand ever-moving procession of life, and have no resource but to lounge idle, or lie torpid, by the wayside, till death overtakes them.'

'That is true. You talk as if you had been "an old young lady" yourself.'

'Perhaps so—once; and my little daughters may be. Nobody knows. Now, what think you? If we could only give to all the "old young ladies," as you call them, one simple task and duty—the looking after poor people's children. Setting aside all that is done, or is found impossible to do, for the grown-up generation, and beginning with the new; beginning from the very first; in short with'——

'With a public nursery? Well, they might do worse. Many a middle-aged lady keeping house in some dull parental home, or tormented by a brood of lively juvenile sisters, might find very considerable peace of mind and loving-kindness from an occasional hour spent in looking after poor people's babies. Then, not ending with them as babies. Following them up to childhood—planning public play-grounds and public working-grounds: I like those a great deal better than even Infant Schools. Teaching them especially—what ought to be the chief aim of all eleemosynary aid—how to help themselves. Would not this be one good way of silencing the lazy outcry about "elevating the race?" Better, perhaps, than—this sort of thing.'

She pointed to an election-cab, crammed inside and out with worthy and independent voters, glorious in shirt-sleeves and drink, shouting at the top of their voices for the successful candidate.

'Lord —— has won, you see. Well, I am glad. He is an excellent young man, they say. Perhaps he may be got to take an interest in our plans. But, after all, those whom I chiefly look to for aid, are what Mrs Ellis calls the Daughters of England.'

One daughter of England—type of many more—could not help regarding with mingled compunction and respect a certain matron of England, who, she knew, taught and reared half-a-dozen children of her own, and yet managed to find time for all these plans and doings in behalf of other folks' children. And while thus talking, we passed through the heavy-atmosphered dirty streets, with their evening loungers collecting, and their evening shop-lamps beginning to flare; it was impossible not to think sadly of the great amount of evil and misery to be battled with, and the comparative helplessness of even the strongest hand; of the infinite deal to be done, and the few who can by any possibility—without contravening the great just law, that charity begins at home—find opportunities of doing it.

'Still, my dear,' said Mrs Readyhand gently, 'there is a wise saying: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." I know how little you can by any possibility do in this way; but there is one thing you *can* do—you can write an article.'

'I will. That some wiser head and freer hand may put into practice all these things we have been looking at and talking over. I have simply to relate facts, as they were brought under our notice.'

'That is all. And who knows what good might come of it?' said my friend smiling as we reached her door.

'Then, most certainly I will write my article.'

I have written it.

THE GHOST-LOVER.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

In Vienna, General Von Streiben, with a view to diverting his daughter's mind, took her frequently to public places, to the theatres, the Opera; received as much company at home as his means would allow; and went out often into society. In fact, in comparison with their quiet life at Stuttgart, their residence at Vienna, was a continual round of pleasure-taking. The old soldier being a man of good capacity, and a thorough citizen of the world, played this public part admirably well; and even poor Clemenza seemed to be gathering health and spirits, and to be finding out that it was not the wisest plan to pass life in seclusion and sadness.

But shortly a new turn was given to affairs, by the fact of a young gentleman, Moritz Jaelmann, the son of a banker, one of the partners of a very opulent establishment, conceiving suddenly a violent passion for Clemenza, and seeking every honourable means of ingratiating himself in her favour. He contrived that his relatives should become acquainted with her, that they might sanction his wishes; and Clemenza, being really a very charming and estimable young lady, and her father being of high—one might almost say of

European—reputation, this proved to be no such difficult matter. The general and his daughter were invited hither and thither constantly, and the enthusiastic young banker was invited to meet them. The affair was at length ripe. The young man applied in form to the father; and he had not a single objection in the world, having heard generally an excellent account of the young gentleman's disposition, talents, and prospects: he must leave it, however, entirely to his dear daughter, who had suffered much, and was still suffering from a sad bereavement, which had already cost her a husband. The young banker's relatives were pleased to find his attentions engaged by an object so worthy; and being anxious to see him married and settled, did all they could to encourage the suit. As for Moritz himself, his daily life became a fervid dream—such was the depth and strength of his passion. But another person was interested in the question as well as he—namely, Fräulein Clemenza von Streiben herself. What did she say? What did she do? Alas! she shrunk back in affright, as from an unholy compact. As yet, her heart was wholly Konrad's, whether living or dead.

Now, if Konrad had been living, or if there had been any rational hope of his being so, Moritz would undoubtedly, as a man of honour, have withdrawn his suit instantly; but under actual circumstances, neither pride nor despair could induce him to do so. He would not allow his honest love and his whole life's happiness to be sacrificed to a sentimental passion for one who was, in all human probability, long ago in his grave. To his earnest remonstrances, however, Clemenza would not listen. She would not believe in Konrad's death. She cited many remarkable incidents she had heard her father relate; and declared that it would be a sin to take it for granted that he was no more, since they knew what the chances of war were, and how many a lost one had returned, even after the lapse of years. Her faithful heart was not to be won. Moritz heard, saw, admired, and despaired. This touching fidelity, this calm, immovable constancy, turned love into adoration; and in the height of his enthusiasm, he made a most romantic and generous proposal. He offered to spend a year in search of Konrad, and during the whole time, to spare no effort to find him; to go all over Würtemberg; to visit every scene of the war; to trace the course of the great retreat; to ascertain the number and names of the Russian prisoners of war; and, in short, to omit nothing which could help to discover whether his rival were living or dead. 'He cared not what he went through,' said this enthusiastic young lover, 'if he could only resolve uncertainty into certainty.' If he found Konrad, then he should have the satisfaction of having done a good deed; but if, on the other hand, he found him not, or discovered that he was indeed dead, then, at least, Fräulein von Streiben could not but consider herself released from her engagement. He was a fine, sanguine-spirited young fellow, and Clemenza was deeply touched by this extraordinary proof of devotion. She solemnly accepted the agreement, however, in the exact spirit in which it was proposed. As for the old general, he smoked his pipe over the compact, and thought the days of knight-errantry were coming back again.

With as little delay as possible, Moritz Jaelmann set forth, going first to Stuttgart, which place he meant to make the point of departure for his expedition of discovery. Once within the old city, of course curiosity and love took him directly to the now deserted residence of General von Streiben. All the blinds were shut, and it wore a most forlorn and forsaken aspect. The general's old porter still remained, however, occupying the rooms on the ground-floor, and taking care of the house. To this person, Moritz presented himself, and having delivered a message with which he had been charged by the general, asked permission to look over the mansion. Fritz took the great bunch of keys, and opened the salons and chambers on this side and that. Like a man in a dream, half of sorrow, half of delight, Moritz moved over the enchanted ground. Here she had slept; here she had sat to work, or write, or draw; here were her plants; here was the piano, which was so happy as to offer music for her fingers; on every side was some precious memento, some spot sanctified by association. His self-allotted task demanding that he should make inquiries in Stuttgart which would occupy some two or three days, Moritz, in conformity with an offer made to him by the general, took up his quarters in the house. He now virtually commenced his search for Captain Povelski; he visited all the army offices and barracks, obtained interviews with the superior officers, and with many of the men of the captain's regiment. The answers to his questions were all so similar in purport, that he began to doubt whether it would be worth while to carry out his original intentions. Captain Povelski was dead—that was the belief of the whole Würtemberg army. A score of officers and soldiers declared that they had actually seen him as he was being carried dying off the field, having received a musket-ball in the head. Not one of them believed for a moment that he could have been saved after such injury, and under the dreadful conditions of the Russian campaign; and had the miracle occurred, they would unquestionably have heard of it. Moritz doubted whether it would be worth while to go on, after such testimony as this; it seemed like incurring twelve months' arduous labour for nothing. However, his chivalrous spirit was not to be quenched by the first check. There was doubt still: since no one had seen him actually dead, and no one knew what had become of him after he was carried to Poltosk. There was something to find out before one could be certain, after all. He would either procure satisfactory assurances of Captain Povelski's death, or discover the person of Captain Povelski himself: his whole life's happiness depended upon the one result or the other.

Full of resolves as to what he would do, and of deliberation as to how he should do it, Moritz sat smoking his pipe in Clemenza's old window-seat on the night of his second day in Stuttgart. Although early spring, it was very warm; and the young lover found his place so exceedingly pleasant, and his ruminations so interesting, that he remained there for some hours. When, by and by, he recalled his thoughts from their wanderings, it would have been quite dark, but for the unsteady glimmer of the old oil-lamps suspended across the street at distant intervals. All was still. The thoroughfares were deserted. It seemed as if the people of Stuttgart were all gone home to bed.

'Ah,' sighed Moritz, 'how often, at this self-same window, has Clemenza followed in reverie the fortunes of that lover to whom she has been so constant! Oh, Konrad! I would I had some tidings of thee! On behalf of the sweetest lady in Germany, I ask if thou art living or'——

A movement of something in the street arrested his muttered soliloquy. It was the slow waving of a thin white hand, only indistinctly visible in the dim light. Moritz looked hard to see what this could possibly mean. A tall figure was standing in the middle of the road, looking up towards the window at which he sat. Throughout his life, Moritz remembered the strange look of the upturned face, so thin, so pale, so ghastly. The figure waved its hand thrice, and passed slowly down the street. There was something curious in the movements and appearance of the night-wanderer; but Moritz was no amateur of the supernatural, so he merely supposed that it was some poor friend of the porter, who believed he saw Fritz himself at the window. Moritz thought it strange, however, that the person, whoever he might be, uttered no sound. However, all his thoughts speedily returned to Clemenza, whose spirit he could fancy to be hovering about the old house; and as it was growing late, he went down to Fritz—whom he found in an incipient state of intoxication—procured a candle, and betook himself to bed. His dreams were all of Clemenza; of General von Streiben, whom he had so lately left; and of a Konrad Povelski, whom he had never seen. By and by, they became of a disagreeable character—something resembling the nightmare. Weird-voices, unnatural sounds, smote his ears; and his bed was tossed up and down, and from side to side. In the perturbation of distracting fancies, he groaned aloud. Now he was tossing upon a stormy sea, his bed rolling perilously upon the billows; now he was being borne rapidly through subterranean caverns, where a single hissing voice pursued him. At length, with a start and a cry, he awoke.

His bed was, in reality, being roughly shaken; and though it was pitch-dark, he could tell that there was a breathing-presence in the room. He rubbed his eyes—ran his fingers through his hair. Some one had been endeavouring to awake him then. Perhaps there was something the matter.

'Ha! is it you, friend Fritz? And is the house on fire?'

'I am not Fritz,' answered a deep and solemn voice.

'Not Fritz? Then, I suppose, you are the watchman or the fireman. To think of a drunken porter perilling the house in this way! But the smoke is not very strong; I suppose the stairs are all safe as yet.'

'There is no smoke, because there is no fire,' returned the voice, with most irritating deliberation; 'and I am neither constable nor fireman.'

'Indeed!' cried Moritz, sliding out of bed, and grasping a pistol which he had placed on the table overnight, though with little thought that he should have occasion to use it. 'Who are you, and what do you want, then? My pistol here has a couple of barrels, and there is a ball in each—do you wish anything in that way?'

A mocking laugh was the only response to this formidable inquiry.

Moritz shuddered at the unearthly sound, and began to think he had innocently become the occupant of a haunted-chamber.

'My senses,' said he, 'are tolerably sharp; I can hear where you are. Leave the room this instant, or I will fire!'

'I am beyond the power of earthly weapons,' returned the voice calmly; 'had you fifty pistols, and fifty barrels to each, you could not harm me!'

'Begone, or I will put it to the proof.'

'If it will give you any satisfaction, do so. Fire!'

'Prepare.'

'I am here.'

'You are moving—come not near me. Man or spirit, my conscience is good, my heart is firm, my hand is true; it will be dangerous to sport with me.'

'I have not moved, and will not. Again I say, Fire!'

'As you will not heed my caution—take'——

Moritz fired. In the momentary flash, he descried a tall dark figure standing on the other side of the room. The large old-fashioned pistol exploded with a loud report, and the bullet shattered the wainscot, and sent a shower of splinters into the room.

Then there was a deep silence.

The terrible suspense of these silent moments was intolerable. The nerves of the young man, wrought up to the most painful tension by his dreams, and by the presence of what seemed like a supernatural visitant, began to fail him, and he felt ready to faint beneath the influence of a species of terror he had never before experienced since boyhood. His limbs shook; although he desired to speak, he dreaded to hear the sound of his own voice; and his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

At length there was a deep sigh from the other side of the bed. The silence was broken by the voice.

'Are you satisfied?' it demanded.

'There is another bullet,' gasped Moritz; 'begone, or I fire again.'

'If you must, do so quickly,' rejoined the voice; 'and then, perhaps, you will be content. I have something to say, and I cannot remain here long.'

'Something to say? Say on, then, whoever or whatever thou art!' exclaimed Moritz, lowering his pistol, now totally subdued and awe-stricken by the immovable calmness of his mysterious visitant.

'Be not afraid; I will not harm thee,' said the voice. 'Light your lamp, and you will see that there is nothing to fear.'

Moritz hesitated. By this time, imagination had had large scope, and had invested the visitant with a thousand spectral terrors. He dreaded to produce a light, lest his eyes should encounter some revelation—perchance so awful as to ruin memory and reason for ever.

'Light the lamp, I say, and you will see that there is no ground either for terror or anger.'

Moritz fancied there was some abatement in the awful solemnity of the tone now—something human and persuasive in the voice.

'I am a poor and broken soul—more worthy of your ruth than of your wrath,' it added.

'But why do you visit me thus?'

'I wish to ask a question.'

'Ask, in Heaven's name, and have quickly done with me!'

'At one time there was a beauteous presence in this house—glorious as an angel, and sweet as the spirit of love!—Have you seen her—Clemenza von Streiben?'

'Clemenza!' exclaimed Moritz in amazement. 'What would you with her?'

'Then you know her?'

'That do I.'

'Is she alive, and well?'

'She was so, four days ago.'

'So lately! Have you seen her so lately as four days ago?'

'Yes.'

'Where?'

'In Vienna.'

'Alas! what does she in Vienna?'

'She was ailing, and her father took her thither for change of air and scene, thank Heaven! or I should never have beheld her.'

'Do you love her, then?'

'Ay, that do I—love her as never mortal loved before.'

The voice was silent, but there was a deep, long-drawn sigh.

'Love her!' exclaimed Moritz again; 'what would I not go through to prove I love her? Even now I am bound upon a long and difficult enterprise on her behalf.'

'Ha! what may that be?'

'Before the war, she was betrothed to a captain in the army of Würtemberg, who has never returned, and whose fate has never been ascertained. To his memory Clemenza is still constant; and till she is assured of his death, will listen to no other suitor. I go to seek him—Konrad Povelski.'

'Alas! vain enterprise. Povelski is no more!'

'How know you that?'

'By reason of evidence stronger than any the world can furnish. I tell thee again—thy journey will be taken for nought; Povelski is no more.'

'Oh, let me hear! How do you know that? What evidence can you give me?—what incontrovertible assurance? Let me hear—let me hear!' exclaimed Moritz, greatly agitated. 'If he has fallen in the war, let me know where lie his bones.'

'In the cemetery of Poltosk they whiten, for poor Konrad is no more!' answered the voice, in accents of such choking pathos that Moritz was touched to the heart.

'There is some mystery here that, come what may, I will endeavour to unravel,' he exclaimed.

Putting down the pistol, he strove to kindle a light. There were no commodious lucifers or congreves in those days, and fire was commonly produced with the clumsy machinery of flint and steel. With trembling fingers, Moritz smote the steel against the stone until the tinder in the box was ignited. A minute after, the lamp was lit, and shed its soft light over the chamber.

An exclamation of amazement broke from the young man as he beheld the form and features of his visitant. It was the same personage he had seen standing and waving his hand in the street. He had moved from the spot he occupied at the time the pistol was fired, and was now nearer the door. Behind that spot there was a gaping hole in the wainscot, that proved the destructive power of the weapon. The figure was clothed in dark habiliments; was dreadfully haggard, thin, and pale; and the eyes blazed with a light like that of insanity.

'Why, here is no ghost, at anyrate!' cried Moritz, his alarm changed to wonder. 'Come here, my poor fellow. Thank God, I did not kill thee.'

'My errand is done,' said the visitant. 'I have told thee Povelski is no more, and haply saved thee a toilsome journey and fruitless quest. In return, bid Clemenza von Streiben to remember the promise she made to her Konrad on the eve of his departure for the war.'

The figure turned, and solemnly performed a military salute.

'Go not yet. Oh, my God, he is wounded!' cried Moritz, as now, upon the stranger turning, he observed blood trickling down his right cheek. 'I have killed him! Come here this instant, and let me see how thou art hurt.'

But before the words were well uttered, the figure was gone.

Moritz hastily put on a portion of his clothes, took the lamp, and hurried down stairs. The porter, overcome by the deep potations of the evening—consequent, perhaps, upon Moritz's generosity—was sitting asleep in the passage by the concièrge, the front-door being unsecured, and on the latch. Moritz went out, but could see no one in any direction; nor could the watchman, whom he awakened from a sleep as sound as Fritz's, afford any information. He then went back, and strove to discover whether there were any traces of blood on the ground. Finding none, however, and being completely off the scent, he could do nothing but address himself to the task of cultivating patience until the morning.

As soon as daylight had returned, and people of business were astir, he caused a description of his visitant, not forgetting the wound on his right cheek, to be circulated throughout the city, offering a reward to whomsoever should produce the person described, or give any information respecting him.

An old widow woman came to him in the course of the day, with one of his proclamations in her hand. For the last seven or eight months, she said, a person whose name she did not know, but who answered exactly to the description in the bills, with the exception of the wound in the face, had been living at her house, which was in a somewhat sequestered spot about two miles from Stuttgart. He had left home the preceding evening, she said, and had not returned all night. After further inquiries, Moritz went with the widow to her house, when she had done her marketing in the city. She said the stranger had come there last summer, looking half-starved and broken-down, and asked her to let him stay there a day or two, paying her handsomely. She was too old to be afraid of scandal, and having a whole house to herself, she consented, and gave the stranger an apartment, which he had occupied ever since. The stranger was on horseback when he came to her, but the horse was dreadfully out of condition; and though she got it placed in a paddock, it did not improve. He possessed an old suit of uniform, like that of a Würtemberg captain, which, however, she had only seen him put on two or three times. He was exceedingly taciturn, and never afforded her the least insight into his history; and as for friends, he did not seem to have one in the world. She had fancied his mind was affected: indeed, she had no doubt that such was the case; but as he was always harmless and civil, and paid her regularly, she did not take any notice of that.

Great was the widow's astonishment and alarm to find that her mysterious lodger had left her house apparently for ever, as for several days he never returned. Moritz, after much difficulty, persuaded her to allow him to examine the stranger's apartment. Therein, among sundry valueless articles of clothing, he found a small Bible, and on the fly-leaf was the name 'Konrad Povelski.' Moritz was almost at his wits' end with excitement, curiosity, and embarrassment as to the means by which he might unravel this strange mystery. He took up his abode for the present at the widow's house, expecting daily the reappearance of the late lodger, and meanwhile wrote to Vienna an account of what had befallen him.

In answer to his letter, came a very brief one from General von Streiben, congratulating him upon not having proceeded further than Stuttgart, and entreating him to return without delay, as Captain Povelski had been found! Astonished beyond measure, Moritz returned to his native city. Almost immediately after his arrival, he repaired to the house of the general, and there and then *again* beheld Konrad Povelski—for in the person of the long-lost captain he recognised his mysterious night-visitant.

The story of Konrad's wound in the retreat from Moscow was correct: he had been actually shot in the head, and carried to Poltosk, as the soldiers had stated. The wound, however, was not mortal; the shot had been extracted, but it had produced an effect upon the brain which had deranged the intellect of the sufferer. Under the influence of a hallucination, he had escaped from the hospital, after lying there many months, believing himself to be dead, and that he was permitted to move about the world in the spirit. In that belief, he had wandered back to Stuttgart, and presented himself before Clemenza as related. When she left the place for Vienna, he had been stricken with despair, but still passed the house occasionally; and when he saw Moritz at the window, he had, under the influence, it is conjectured, of jealousy and curiosity, returned in the night, procured entrance into the house through the negligence of the porter, and roamed through the chambers until he found the one in which Moritz was sleeping. He then learned whither Clemenza was gone, and on leaving the house, set forth straightway for Vienna. He discovered where the general lived; and on presenting himself, was recognised and secured by the veteran himself—he and his daughter discovering, to their great grief, that their poor friend's mind was in ruins.

The wound from Moritz's pistol, though merely a graze of the flesh, had become inflamed through not being attended to, and Konrad was seized with fever, which prostrated him for some weeks; but, remarkable to relate, the effect of that wound was in the end the restoration of his intellects, for when he arose from his sick-bed, his mind was again as sound as ever. How far this was due to the nursing of his faithful Clemenza, may be a question; but certain it is, that he awoke as one does from a morning-dream, turning away from its shadows, that leave no trace upon the memory, to rejoice in the rays of a new day. Some months later, the sufferer, being perfectly restored, resumed his position in the Würtemberg army; and when the general returned to Stuttgart, Konrad and Clemenza were married.

And Moritz Jaelmann? We do not undertake to say that his feelings were absolutely tranquil during the earlier period of the convalescence; but his remorse at having himself fired the dangerous shot, and, subsequently, the interesting spectacle of the mind of the wounded man struggling through the shadows that had so long obscured it, served to divert his thoughts in some measure from the channel in which they had been too long accustomed to flow. His convalescence, in fact, kept pace with that of his fortunate rival; and eventually the married pair had no truer friend in the world than the chivalrous and romantic Moritz Jaelmann.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ALARMING RELIEF FROM TAXATION.

The newspapers of the United Kingdom have lately received a dreadful shock, in being informed that they could no longer be subjected to the penny-tax upon each sheet! As soon as they in some degree recovered from the first stun produced by the intelligence, they sent deputations of their number to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to represent to him the ruinous effects of his proposed measure, and entreat that they might continue to be taxed as heretofore, rather more as less; but it was all in vain. The chancellor plainly told them, that however willing to oblige them, he really must relieve them of the tax, as several important public interests depended on its removal.

For a time, a stand was made upon the idea that what he called a tax was no tax at all, but only a charge for mail-carriage—he was evidently proceeding upon an error. 'Very well, gentlemen,' said he, 'I will continue to charge a penny, as heretofore, on such sheets as you wish to be transmitted; but you will not hinder me from *not* charging for those sheets which are *not* to be transmitted.'. It was most unkind. Well he knew that this was equivalent to untaxing them altogether. It was evident that this ruthless fiscal-minister had resolved on having nothing more to do with them, but was to leave them henceforth simply in the hands of the postmaster.

Deprived of the protection of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, what is now to become of the newspaper press? It is very much to be feared that news-sheets will, in future, be published in such forms and numbers as will have a primary reference, not to the interests of their makers, but to the conveniency and good of that thankless monster—the public. Instead of a huge sheet at fivepence, which must be posted and re-posted amongst a club of readers, in order that the expense may be lessened to each, there will be handy sheets at a penny and twopence, which each person may have for himself, and keep and read at his leisure. Instead of being obliged to take your news once, or at the most twice a week, you will get them every morning at your breakfast. Merchants, instead of having to walk out of their way to a reading-room, and there spend half an hour of their precious time in trying to get a glimpse of an expanded sheet through a forest of readers three-deep, will have the whole affair over in three minutes, at home, while sipping their coffee. You will be able to afford a newspaper at home, on your journeys, every where, morning, noon, and night. Small towns will now have little journals, diffusing their own special local intelligence. Bigger towns, which have hitherto had a few weekly sheets, will henceforth have their two dailies. The ludicrous contrast between Britain, with fifteen daily papers in all, and America with *three hundred and fifty*, will be at an end; and the impulse thus given to thought—the educational effect—will be enormous, and such as in time must render all minor restrictions on the advance of the national intelligence of little avail. But meanwhile as to the interests of the existing newspapers——

Alas, alas for human consistency and disinterestedness! Eight or nine years ago, we saw a proposal brought forward for liberating the bread of the body from restrictions, and a great class standing up against the scheme, because they thought they had an interest in maintaining things as they were. The newspapers, fully seeing the force of the national as against the sectional claim, fought the battle of this bread of the body most nobly; and the consequence is, that all have full food, while the sectional interest, so far from suffering, was never so prosperous. Now comes on the exactly analogous fight of the bread of the mind, and, sad to say, the same newspapers which stood for the general against the sectional in the former instance, are now using all the exploded sectionary arguments in their own behalf. They will, however, be untaxed against their will; and in a few years they will, like our once purblind agriculturists, wonder at the happy consequences of non-restriction even to themselves.

A CURIOUS MODE OF TREATING DEAFNESS.

A short time ago—January 6—we called attention to an ingenious method of treating deafness, by the use of an artificial membrana tympani, consisting of a thin disk of India-rubber or gutta-percha, the discoverer of the process being Mr Joseph Toynbee, who, as a medical practitioner, continues to apply it with success. Since perusing Mr Toynbee's treatise on the subject, a little work, purporting to be a reprint of certain articles in *The Lancet* for 1848, on *A New Mode of Treating Deafness*,* by Mr James Yearsley, has fallen into our hands, and seems not unworthy of consideration. Between the treatment of Mr Toynbee and that of Mr Yearsley there seems to be a general resemblance. In both, the restoration of hearing is obtained by a mechanical appliance; but as to which was the first thought of, we make no inquiry, neither do we seek to judge of their respective merits, for that properly belongs to professional experience. All we aim at, is a short popular notice of what appears a very simple method of restoring hearing in certain cases of deafness.

Mr Yearsley, who is a surgeon in London, mentions that, in 1841, a gentleman who had been long deaf, from disorganisation of the drum of the ear, came to consult him. This person stated that he could produce 'a degree of hearing in the left ear sufficient for all ordinary purposes;' his plan consisting of 'the insertion of a spill of paper, previously moistened at its extremity with saliva, which he introduced to the bottom of the passage.' This interesting fact suggested to Mr Yearsley a method of treatment, which, after many trials and failures, was at length successful. It consisted of inserting a small pellet of moistened cotton-wool into the ear, so as to reach a particular point in the imperfect membrane. Unless the wool was in contact with the proper spot, the hearing was not at all benefited; on the contrary, the wool increased the deafness. He says: 'It is essential to find the spot on which to place the wool, and so adjust it as to produce the best degree of hearing of which the case may happen to be susceptible. This, of course, differs according to the variety and extent of the disorganisation.' We are told, that 'a very small quantity of wool is sufficient; and that it must be moistened in some fluid without any compression, and gently pushed down the passage with the point of a probe.' The wool requires to be changed daily; and we learn that persons may acquire the art of applying the cotton themselves, by means of instruments invented for the purpose. Such is the whole of this simple expedient, which is adapted to a variety of cases wherein the natural tympanic membrane has been destroyed by disease or other causes. Mr Yearsley narrates a number of interesting cases in which deafness was alleviated; but for these, and some disquisitions on this remarkable remedy, we refer to the little book whence we have drawn our information. As all medical practitioners must now be acquainted with the inventions both of Yearsley and Toynbee, it is unnecessary for us to enter further into the subject. We would only add, that no person should attempt to apply the remedy without being properly instructed by his medical attendant.

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* London: J. Churchill, 1853.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

After an agreeable voyage of fourteen days in the steamer *California* from San Francisco, in the early part of March last, we entered the large bay which leads to the city of Panama. It was necessary to pass up between islands of various sizes, yet all possessing the same character—steep hills covered with a thin brownish vegetation, fringed round their bases with cocoa-nut palms, these beautiful trees extending from highwater-mark up some precipitous ravine, till the line was broken or terminated by some intervening ridge. One of these islands at the entrance of the bay is notorious for its water-snakes; indeed, we saw two or three in the water as we steamed by. The *California* came to anchor about two miles from Panama, the water being too shallow to admit large vessels nearer. It was stated that the railway company had purchased a small island near our anchorage for a very large sum, and intended running out their road over piles to it, in order to make it their Pacific terminus.

Having engaged one of a swarm of boats which came off for the passengers, we had to strive hard against a head-wind and rough water for more than an hour. Instead of our difficulties, however, being over when we stepped ashore, we discovered many more lying in wait for us that we had not at all anticipated. As soon as the boat struck the beach, twenty black fellows surrounded us, every one seizing and carrying off portions of our luggage amidst a din of yells: it was a scene that would serve for a finish to Milton's Pandemonium. An Irish lady who accompanied us, after trying broken Spanish, beginning with 'Valgame Dios,' and ending with 'Carambo!' found the only means of relieving her mind was by scolding lustily in English; and if the niggers did not understand her language, they soon did her looks. With the greatest exertion, we collected our scattered baggage into a heap, on which I left my wife armed with a revolver, sitting back to back with our Irish friend, whilst I ran up town to see what next could be done. It had been a busy day for Panama. Two steamers had landed their passengers from San Francisco, and two had arrived on the Atlantic side from New York with many passengers; the streets were full of travellers, and I began to despair of getting mules, or other means of conveyance, at any price. Succeeding at last, I hastened with a bevy of Indian porters to relieve the sentinels on the beach, who, I found, had valiantly maintained their position.

The next source of anxiety was our lodgings for the night. Every hotel was full to overflowing: the floors, the tables, and even the passages, were all taken. We wandered about for two hours, houseless and friendless; night was drawing his dusky mantle over the town, and the only accommodation we could hear of was at a roadside house two miles out. As we stood, undecided and hungry, at a corner of the street, whom should we meet but our Prussian friend Jacobi; he had been equally unsuccessful in obtaining a place to lay his head in; and proposed, as a last resource, that we should try to find out a German acquaintance of his, who had attended him as his physician some twelve years before in New Orleans. Little as there was in this for hope to cling to, we set out on the search. A German chemist gave us the doctor's address: he was really in existence, then, and actually in Panama. We entered the court of a large house, ascended a broad old-fashioned staircase, and were shewn into a large but comfortable room. Our situation was soon understood; and in less time than I can write it, we were rescued from our homeless and almost alarming position by the disinterested kindness of the doctor, whose name I much regret having forgotten, and his lady. Mrs —— was about setting out for a ball; but before doing so, she saw that every arrangement was made for our comfort. It appeared that Madame Pfeiffer had, a short time before, partaken of their hospitality. We had to rise at four, to be in readiness to start by daylight; and notwithstanding Mrs —— had been in bed but two hours, she was up and had breakfast ready for us. I appreciate such attentions more highly than any other: they are the very essence of kindness. They are to be compared neither with the empty phrases of society, with which so many cloak their cold-heartedness, nor with what is little better—a welcome given only when you make no calls on the personal attentions of your friends, and put them to no domestic inconvenience.

As we hastened before daylight to the mule-rendezvous, gangs of these animals clattered past us over the pavement, having just returned from a journey to Gorgona. They were to be again packed off on a similar journey, some fed and some fasting: no matter, two journeys repaid the first cost of the mule, and if he broke down or died on the road, the traveller had to get on as well as he could without him. The shabby creatures I had selected for myself and wife are the best of a group of forty or fifty; cost 26 dollars each for the ride; and, in addition to this, I had to pay 15 cents (8d.) a pound for the transmission of our luggage. It was daylight when we emerged from the walled town through one of its gates, mounted on high-peaked saddles, the riders much more anxious to get on than the ridden. Panama has a singularly antique appearance for a city in the New World, being made up of tall houses and narrow streets, the balconies of the upper stories approaching so close from the two sides of the way as almost to shut out the sky. Here you may see the women lounging over the railing, and enjoying a little chat with their neighbours. Those I saw were decidedly remarkable for the absence of anything like good looks. There is an antiquated air about many of the Spanish-American towns, the result not only of the absence of modern improvements, but of the ruinous condition of many of the buildings; and the inhabitants appeared to have caught the ancient look, as some insects take their colour from the spot they live in. The suburbs of Panama consist of thatched cottages, and extend along the road for a mile, with pine-apple or agave-hedges, and gardens of oranges and cocoa-nuts or other palms. As we rode on, we saw women at almost every door lustily pounding their breakfasts in large wooden mortars, the material being 'guessed' by a fellow-traveller to be 'mighty hard.' Most of these people were very dark, and many evidently a cross between the Indian and negro. Escaping at last from human habitations, we exchanged a wide and level road for one tortuous and hilly, often contracting so much that only one mule could pass at once; the tall trees frequently arched across the way, and beautiful tropical plants clothed the banks in endless variety. As we trotted on in single-file, a rider would often, from a sudden turn in the road, become completely isolated from the rest, and might have been knocked down and dragged aside by robbers without being seen by his companions. The large stones with which the road had in many places been originally paved had worked out, and it presented even now, in the dry season, a surface as little easy to describe as it was to travel. Many of the steep ravines passing between clefts in the rocks, had been worn by mules' feet into a sort of winding staircase with hollow steps.

We now first met the van of those emigrants on their way to California, who had arrived at Aspinwall a day or two before from New York; the majority of these were females, almost all sitting astride on the saddle—a far easier mode of travelling for indifferent riders than on the common side-saddle. All kinds of 'fixings' were worn by these temporary Amazons; but the most fashionable kind of head-dress was a broad-brimmed straw-hat, with the front tied down over the nose with a string. For three or four hours we were meeting a continuous stream of people, with the invariable inquiry: 'How far is it to Panama?' Many were obliged by poverty to walk, and we more than once passed a lone woman with a heavy child in her arms, and with probably all her worldly goods tied up in a handkerchief. At one place we found a woman, with four children, lying on a bank: she had missed her husband, and for fear of being too late for the steamer, had managed to walk with these young creatures—having set out on the previous morning—more than seventy-five miles, with no more food or shelter than what had been charitably afforded her by travellers at the roadside-huts. These houses of entertainment—merely thatched roofs stuck upon poles—are met with every five or six miles; and the airy style of their architecture is probably suggested by the warmth of the climate. A huge calico sign, however, informed you that they were nothing less than 'hotels;' and I must say that the best glass of London stout I ever relished, was drank at the Union. Excepting these places, there are no vestiges of human habitation or of cultivation to be seen. Seldom do you obtain from the road a peep at the country at all; and then all that is visible consists of mountains thickly covered with forests. We by this time began to experience the greatest nuisance on the whole journey—baggage-trains of mules, driven from behind, trotting on with large and heavy boxes overhanging their saddles, and in narrow parts of the road dashing against everything before them. I was twice knocked over by these packages; and a lady we met, carried in a palanquin, had just had her leg broken by them A very pretty accident was shortly afterwards avoided, through the trappings of my mule chancing to be worn out. I had just entered a ravine, so narrow that it was necessary to keep one's legs well under the mule's belly, to prevent their hitching in the rocks, when I was suddenly confronted by a well-mounted lady. We both pulled back lustily; but the mules, having no mouths, probably thought it meant *go on;* and on they did go, till legs and saddles came into collision, and things became thoroughly desperate—when snap went my girth, and I quietly slid, saddle and all, over the mule's tail. I looked round for the fair champion who had thus overthrown me, and had the gratification to see her make me a smiling adieu as she disappeared behind a mass of rock.

At last we caught sight of some smoke in a distant valley, and soon the note of the steam-whistle cheered our drooping spirits. After several ups and downs over a track just cleared through the woods, and some plunges through stagnant water in the valleys, we reached the railway terminus near Gorgona. Forget, ladies and gentlemen, for one moment, all such places as the Great Western, North Western, or any other terminus, and picture to yourselves the following items:—A large open space, covered with tired travellers and worn-out mules; a long train of carriages or cars, extending along the single rail, partly filled with passengers; and a long wooden-shed, the hotel, into which we were delighted to have the privilege of entering. The gratification we experienced on at last reaching an advanced post of civilisation was intense. It was past three o'clock, and having eaten nothing since the morning, we were anticipating a hearty dinner—when already, before accomplishing the demolition of some vermicelli-soup, the railway-bell called us away. The train started well; and we were told that two hours would take us to Aspinwall, where the steamer *George Law* awaited us. We soon had a view of the Chagres river, up which deadly stream all passengers had to boat it till the railway was thus far completed. There lay the wreck of a small steamer and a broken barge; and a little further on, some railway-cars bottom upwards. The accident indicated by the latter was a very trivial one, we were told: it occurred yesterday, and only a few persons were killed. We now ran over a piled roadway, with the swamp some twenty feet below us on each side. It is said that the number of labourers, principally Irish, who have perished in making this part of the road, is so great, that the cars might, like that of Juggernaut, pass the whole distance over their bodies. But the course of American railways seldom does run smooth; and with us, after a series of bumps, which knocked the passengers together, the train came to a stand-still. We had run off the line; but had fortunately pulled up in time to avoid a repetition of yesterday's little accident. It grew dark, yet we had to sit, hour after hour, waiting for relief from Aspinwall, with nothing to quench our thirst but the swamp water below, which we dared not touch. One passenger 'wished himself home with his poor old mother, with only a corn-cake to eat;' and another amused us with a relation of his smart dealings in crossing the Isthmus. It appears, that instead of giving up his hired mule at the end of his journey, he had relet her to a passenger proceeding back to Panama, and had not only paid his expenses, but gained a few dollars by the smart transaction. As soon as it was dark, the wild beasts began to entertain us with their cries: one big fellow, probably a puma, occasionally roared so as to make the car-sashes rattle; and this was kept up within a few feet of us, until the relief-engine came up with its joyful note. Our roaring acquaintance, on hearing the steam-whistle, evidently thought this second lion a bore, for we heard him rush away through the jungle, with doubtless his tail between his legs. After sundry delays, we were glad to reach Aspinwall at midnight, and to recruit our weariness in a large and handsome hotel.

In concluding this rough account of a rough day's journey, when it is remembered that we had, as travellers, everything in our favour—the healthy dry season, fine cool weather, and more than half the distance across (some fifty-five miles) in railway-cars—how pitiable must have been the condition of those who crossed the Isthmus in the wet and sickly season, when the passage took three days! How many have I seen in California laid low by the Panama fever, who were shovelled out of the crowded ships to die, with the implied, if not expressed remark, the sooner the better! Unfortunately, almost all who arrived at San Francisco were penniless, and most of those who had any strength attempted, therefore, to push on to the Diggings; and it was wonderful to look on the determination and indomitable energy of men—haggard and shaking with fever and ague—who had nothing to trust to but the charitable kindness of the doctor and the generosity of the hotel-keeper. The Panama Railway is a great undertaking; and although thousands of lives have already been sacrificed to it, the results of the enterprise, when completed, will be greater, when contrasted with the previous mode of travelling, than those of any other railway in the world.

We reached New York after a delightful voyage of nine days—touching at Jamaica—in the *George Law*. Both the ship and its captain deserve the highest commendation.

DEPOSIT-BANKS.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Bank! What is a bank? In Bailey's old dictionary, a bank is defined to be a place where there is a great sum of money taken in, and let out to use, returned by exchange, or otherwise disposed of for profit. When we hear of the Bank, what are the ideas the word conjures up? Images of Milner's patent safes, Chubbs's patent locks, doors incased in iron, and all the ingenious implements which thieves have invented to render such precautions useless; folding-doors swing slowly and heavily before our eyes; and pale phantoms clerk it gravely behind mahogany counters; while visionary heaps of gold and silver, and copper scoops to dig into the precious store, and piles of precious notes, dazzle our imagination. But all this gives the idea of a bank that has received its highest development; let me inquire what have been its antecedents.

Who has not seen the little imitation-house—to be bought in any toyshop for a penny—with 'Savings-Bank,' like a large sign-board, over its front, and a slit cunningly contrived at the back to receive the superfluous pence of the owner? Once on a day—in the days of bare legs and short frocks—was I myself the mistress of such a depository for my unemployed wealth; and having put my first penny therein, I thought of a surety I had laid the foundation of an inexhaustible mine. Then did I place the pasteboard edifice on the mantle-piece, resolving to eschew bulls-eyes, sugar-candy, lollipop, and every other possible attraction, in order to increase the hoard to an extent so vast and visionary that I am afraid to mention it. And then, alas! did my resolution fail me; and before the day arrived for the payment of my second weekly penny, after vainly shaking the edifice that I might withdraw my first deposit, I accomplished my purpose by ruthlessly breaking my first bank.

Time fled, and the gifts of friends were no longer in copper: shillings and half-crowns found their way into my purse, and on one or two grand occasions I remember having been blest with the possession of a whole sovereign! These were treasures too vast to remain in my own keeping. I must have a banker as well as a bank. 'Mamma' was elected to the office by unanimous consent, and I gave my capital into her hands to keep for me. And well did mamma discharge her trust: she, in fact, keeps the fund to this day—at least, I never set eyes again upon my precious gold.

One of my old school-fellows boasts that she has money 'in the bank;' but says so with so mysterious a laugh, that I thought fit to seek an explanation a few days ago. It seems she heard, when a child, her father talk of his banking transactions; so she also placed her superfluous pelf in a very secure place—so very secure, indeed, that she has never found it again. It was literally in a bank, however, and a very sweet one too; for in spring-time it was green with the dark leaves of the violet, and perfumed with its flowers; it was carpeted with moss, and had wild rose-bushes for a wall, ready set with prickles to wound those who might approach too near the treasure. This was the only bank she knew anything about; and there, with perfect faith in her talent for business, she buried her money, where it still remains at her credit.

I have read that the soil of India is a bank of deposit on a larger scale. An immense quantity of gold flows into the country, but not an ounce flows out; and as even the national fondness for trinkets is insufficient to account for the circumstance, it is supposed that the persons who bank their treasure in the earth—another custom of the country—in very numerous instances die, and make no sign.

We have all read and heard of such ordinary concerns as oaken-chests, secret-drawers, hidden recesses, and cellars with wonderful doors, fastened by cunningly concealed springs, which occasionally have taken in the owner of the gold himself, to keep in deposit till the universal winding-up. We have all heard, too, of thrifty housewives who make a bank of the toe of one of their husband's yarn hose. It was only last week I read of a miserly lady, who used an old boot for the like purpose.

Old maids are proverbially particular about their banks. An acquaintance of mine, who died a good many years ago, was of this class. Everybody knew she had a large store of cash, but nobody knew where her bank was situated, or what was the name of her banker. It chanced that the house in which she lived was pulled down, to make room for a more substantial modern building; so the lady removed, with all her goods and chattels, to the residence of a farmer in the neighbourhood. Among other queer matters, an old box containing bits of iron, and various trumpery odds and ends, was transported to the temporary dwelling of the lady. At the owner's request, it was placed, unlocked, as it was, in one of the outhouses; and there it remained unheeded until the new house was completed. Then the old box, with its worthless contents, was also removed, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who laughed in their sleeves at the spinster's eccentric fancy for old iron. Only a few months after she died, however, beneath the worthless rubbish at the top of the box were found three thousand guineas. This box was the old lady's bank. I have always thought she had some logic in her soul.

A few years ago, I chanced to be on board a steamboat, where was also a remarkably ragged Irishman. Some of the passengers, pitying his apparent destitution, bestowed alms on him; and one, whose delicacy was shocked by the condition of Paddy's nether-garments, or what might once perhaps have been entitled to the name, unlocked his valise, and gave him a decent pair of trousers. Our ragged friend was soon denuded of the 'thing of shreds and patches' that hung about him, and inducted into the improved habiliments. Loud were his exclamations of gratitude for the gift, and many the blessings he showered on the head of the donor. These demonstrations, however, were suddenly cut short; for one of the sailors, raising the cast-off rags very gingerly between his finger and thumb, flung them suddenly overboard. At this sight, Paddy's thanks and blessings were turned into a yell of agony, so wild and unearthly, that a boat was lowered, and the fragmentary article, dripping with brine, was restored to the owner. No wonder he was unwilling to part with it: the rags contained fifteen pounds, the produce of his harvesting in England, and were, in short, his bank.

An old aunt of mine had a curious way of securing her ready money. She would put a number of guineas—for she lived in the days of guineas—or even notes, together, and use them to wind cotton or worsted upon. I often volunteered to use the said cotton or yarn for her benefit, provided I might retain the reels as wages. Her bank, you will see, was her work-basket.

As another instance, I may mention the bank chosen by the wife of a naval officer, also an acquaintance of mine. During her husband's absence at sea, she had managed, by dint of absolute parsimony, to save, unknown to her lord and master, L.500 out of her allowance. Anxious for the safety of her hoard, she wished to place it in the bank; but she was afraid to do this, lest her husband should by any means discover her wealth. But then, to keep so large a sum in the house, in any ordinary place of deposit, was dangerous; and she therefore ripped open her mattress, and made a bank of that. Secretly and carefully she managed this little transaction; the feather-bed was replaced on the top, and for a time all went well.

The husband returned to dwell on shore, and the pair reposed on the valuable mattress, one of them little dreaming of what it contained. But the secret was not to be kept long. The lady fell sick; no hope was entertained of her recovery; death seemed close at hand; and she revealed the secret of her bank to her husband, allowing him to draw the whole balance. Bitterly, however, did she repent her haste; for a favourable crisis occurred, and she began to get better. The husband was by no means inclined to allow the mattress to be stuffed anew with such costly materials. He had till now been everything to her a husband could be, and was not a little provoked at his wife's want of confidence. She had the mortification to see the money she had accumulated by denying herself almost common necessaries dissipated in folly, and of feeling, besides, that she had lost her husband's trust for ever.

It is needless to add to the list the pot of olives in the *Arabian Nights*, or the score of other deposit-banks of the kind, ancient and modern: all I wanted was to shew those mighty establishments, calling themselves, *par excellence*, Banks—places I have neither courage nor occasion to enter—the original sources of so grand a development. I never pass one of those palaces of Mammon without thinking to myself—see what a brown earthenware money-pig has grown into!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF AN ARMY.

This may seem a strange phrase; but it has more meaning in it than at first sight appears. An army is a sort of family, meeting at a particular time, in a particular place, and for a particular purpose; and most important is it that all this family should look up to the one leader, the *paterfamilias*, for guidance and support—else would it, indeed, be an embodiment of a 'house divided against itself.' The particular purpose for which the members of this family meet is, of course, war—grim war, either defensive or offensive; and the skill, the courage, the swords, the bullets, are mainly directed to this end. But it must be remembered that the hours of actual fighting are few in comparison with those which intervene between the acts of hostility; and the members of this seriously large family require anxious attention to see that they are provided for, both in the peaceful and the warlike hours. So little is generally known on this matter, that we think it may prove interesting to cull a few bits from a military pamphlet, by Sir R. J. Routh—a commissary-general—not likely to fall in the way of general readers.

It appears, then, from the sketch given by Sir Randolph Routh, that when one of our generals commands a British army on foreign service, there are certain heads or chiefs of departments placed under his command, and are always present where he is. These heads of departments constitute the *Staff*, and the place where they attend upon the commander is called *Head-quarters*. Each has a separate branch of duty; each corresponds directly with the commander; and each issues the commander's orders to the various sections of the army: they all have daily audience with him, and other interviews as frequent as the exigencies of the service may require. The staff is divisible into three classes—*Personal*, *Military*, and *Civil*—having marked characteristics worthy of notice.

Personal Staff.—This consists chiefly of the Aids-de-camp and the Military Secretary. The former are always at the commander's elbow, to gallop off to any particular spot, or to deliver some special orders. The military secretary, whose duties are in great part financial or commercial, carries on the chief correspondence between the commander and the commissary-general, relating to the money, the food, and the daily outgoings of the army.

Military Staff.—The chief of these are the Adjutant-general and the Quartermaster-general. The former of these two is intrusted generally with the discipline of the army, its numerical or effective force, and the promulgation of the orders of the day, or general orders, by which all the military movements are governed. The quartermaster-general is expected to be acquainted with the localities of the country which is or may become the scene of military operations. All march-routes, details of movements, and everything relating to the cantonment of the army, are under his superintendence. All reports connected with the clothing of the troops; all requisitions for permanent transport to be attached to regiments, and for their necessary field-equipment, are forwarded through him; and the orders of the commander on these subjects are communicated by the quartermaster-general to the army. Besides these two members of the military staff, the commander is attended at head-quarters by the senior officers of artillery and engineers; the one to consult with his superior on all matters relating to the disposition and force of the cannon, and the other to give advice, and receive orders, concerning the movements of the sappers and miners, and also of the pontoon train. Both officers are likely to have their services called into frequent requisition on occasion of a siege, or of intrenchments, or of the passage of rivers, or of the destruction or the reparation of bridges.

Civil Staff.—This comprises the Inspector-general of Hospitals and the Commissary-general. The former of these is charged with the care of the health of the army, the organisation of hospitals, the choice of their location, prompt assistance in the field of battle, the supply of drugs and medicines, the attendance of surgeons and nurses, the supply of ambulances and sick-convoys—all these matters are, or ought to be, under the care of the inspector-general of hospitals. As to the commissary-general, his duties are of still more vital importance, for the daily sustenance of the soldiers depends upon his exertions. He is responsible, in all its extensive meaning, for the supply of the army. He has to provide the money; he has to pay the troops; he has to victual them; and he has to furnish the means of transport. The materials for besieging, the heavy guns, the various stores, the ammunition, the field-equipment, the provisions for the men, the forage for the horses, the removal of the sick, the clothing and other necessaries to the regiments—all have to be moved from place to place by means of transport, which the commissary-general must provide. He is the only member of the army, except the commander, who may correspond directly with the home government, or with the authorities of the country occupied by the army. It is one of the anomalies of the English system that the commissary-general is a civil officer—a department, as it were, of the Treasury, very little under the control of the commander of the army. The reader will scarcely need to be reminded, that one of the consequences of the ferment raised in the autumn of 1854, concerning the state of the army in the Crimea, was the transfer of the commissariat from the Treasury to the Ministry of War; but the new state of things has hardly yet been brought into working-order.

Such are the officers of the staff—the great people, the drawing-room members of the military family, the occupants of head-quarters. The army itself, in the field, is composed of *corps*, *divisions*, and *brigades;* two or more brigades form a division, and two or more divisions constitute a corps. If the army be small, it may comprise only one corps, composed of divisions and brigades, or sometimes only of brigades and regiments. In a mountainous or thinly-peopled country, an army may sometimes virtually consist of little more than a regiment, subdivided into wings, which are placed under separate commands.

In moving from one town to another, we are told, an officer of the quartermaster-general's department precedes the march, accompanied usually by an officer of the commander's personal staff, and the brigade quartermasters, who, with the assistance of the magistrates, allot the billets or quarters to the staff; and districts of the town are given over to the several brigades and regiments, to be subdivided among themselves under the authority of the proper officers. The quarters of the staff are fixed with reference not to rank alone, but with a view to the convenience of the duties to be discharged. The quarters of the commissariat are chosen in a situation where the carts and other vehicles attached to it can be accommodated, and where the deliveries of food to the troops may occasion the least possible obstruction. The guns and carriages of the artillery are posted in some open place, having free access to the road; an officer of artillery goes in advance to take up this ground. A guard-room is marked out in a central situation, and alarm-posts assigned to the several corps. The quartermaster-general's department places the outposts, the pickets, and védettes. The same department, during a march, sees that the column is well formed, and the several corps, the artillery, the baggage, &c., are in their proper places, and not separated by too wide intervals. The quartermaster-general is provided with guides and an interpreter, who, when permanently employed, receive a fixed rate of pay. The following gives us a queer notion of what it must be to have officers billeted in one's house:—'The owner of the billet or quarter is expected to provide a bed and one or more rooms, according to the rank of the officer, as well as salt, fire, and water. Foreign officers usually join the domestic circle of the families where they are lodged; and this practice, by associating the army with the inhabitants, is said to induce a reciprocity of good feeling.'

The use of camp-equipage depends on a variety of circumstances. Unless the stay in a particular locality is to be of long continuance, little is required except an hospital marquee and a few small bell-tents for the senior officers of the staff. If there is any house in the vicinity, the commander generally places himself under a roof. During one part of the Peninsular campaign, the troops carried tents with them; while in the campaign in Alemtejo and Estremadura, no tents whatever were used—the troops bivouacking for the most part in woods within easy access of water.

Whenever, instead of moving merely from one town to another, an army has to penetrate into or occupy a district of country, the quartermaster-general's officers have to busy themselves; they must gallop about, and obtain all sorts of particulars concerning the hills, plains, woods, rivers, lakes, canals, fords, marshes, roads, passes, posts, positions, population, resources, and accommodation.

Sir R. J. Routh gives a sketch of the plan usually marked out for a British army, when landing on a hostile coast. The landing is effected in the boats belonging to the navy which brought the army to the spot. On the day of disembarkation, every man is furnished with three days' provisions cooked; and the boats, with the troops on board, with their arms and ammunition, move forward at a given signal. On approaching the coast, as soon as there is about two feet of water, or at such moment as the officer in command may see fit, the men leap from the boats at the sound of the bugle, and, advancing rapidly, form on the beach. The boats then return for reinforcements. As soon as the troops have made good their landing, the commissary-general makes his arrangements for disembarking the stores, and selecting the most convenient magazines for their custody. A large depôt is formed at the point of disembarkation, or at some convenient post in its vicinity, so as to maintain a ready and secure communication with the sea. This depôt consists chiefly of the articles supplied from home for the outfit and provisioning of the army. The nearest town becomes the receptacle of the heavy baggage and regimental depôts; and a healthy and commodious site is selected for the establishment of an hospital. The pontoons and camp-equipage are placed under the charge of an officer of ordnance. Then begins the anxious labours of the commissary; he has supplied the troops with three days' provisions on landing, but he must be prepared with new stores before these are exhausted, and he has to discover how to make the newly-invaded country feed the army. It does not fall within our purpose here to trace the commissary in his daily labours, nor to say a word concerning the fighting which may be in store for the soldiers; it is the organisation of the red-coated family alone that here engages us.

The subdivisions by which the domestic economy of this family is carried out are numerous, both as to bodies of men and officers to command them. There are divisions and brigades, squadrons and companies, regiments and battalions; there are heavy dragoons and light dragoons, lancers and hussars, horse-guards and life-guards, heavy infantry and light infantry, grenadiers, fusileers, Coldstreamers, regiments of the line, sappers and miners, horse-artillery, foot-artillery, and so forth—all adapted for particular exigencies and duties on the field of battle. But it is not of our whole military establishment, in its completeness, that we are here speaking, but of the daily routine of that compact body which may form an army on active service at any given time. Take the bivouac as one of the most singular items in this domestic economy; for it is indeed domestic, since it is a hasty preparation of open-air bedrooms for many thousand men. This term, it appears, derived from a German word implying watchfulness, was originally applied to the strong parties of cavalry which were posted beyond the lines of intrenchment, in order to watch the motions of the enemy, and prevent any attempt to approach the army by surprise; and because the soldiers thus employed passed the night in the open air, the term was subsequently used to denote the condition of any body of troops when in the field, and not regularly encamped under tents. Until the French Revolution, bivouacking an army was very little known; the troops either quartered themselves in the towns and villages, or carried tents under which they might sleep. Napoleon, however, accustomed his soldiers to move so rapidly from place to place, that tents would have encumbered them; hence the men became accustomed to bivouac; and hence many of Napoleon's victories, from the celerity of his movements compared with those of other generals. When the men halt for the night to bivouac, they keep up blazing fires of wood from the neighbouring forests, if forests be near; they pile their arms, and the troops place themselves in groups, each around its own proper fire. The men sit or lie upon straw, if it can be procured, and endeavour to shelter themselves from wind or rain by boughs or boards, or anything that comes nearest to hand. It is in these handy little appliances that the French are said to excel all other soldiers. If the army remain on the spot several days, the men may perhaps be able to construct something like rude huts for their better shelter; and if they can bivouac in the streets or gardens of a town in inclement weather, it is a little less severe than in the open country. If an army is making a hasty retreat, the bivouac is of the most wretched kind; the poor fellows snatch perhaps an hour or two's sleep, as they have to snatch their food from any and every source that may offer. During the Peninsular war, the British troops frequently, in fine weather, bivouacked under the magnificent cork-trees of that country, presenting picturesque bits of scenes in the midst of the glorious old trunks and rich foliage.

That very important item in domestic economy, the larder, is of course a difficult matter to manage in respect to an army far from home. This we shall notice on an early occasion.

THE MAN-MONKEY OF BRAZIL.

The captain of the French schooner *Andrienne*, who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, Brazil, gives us the following sketch of a tame monkey:—

A short time ago, I dined at a Brazilian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well-tutored chimpanzee of Mr Vanneck, a creole gentleman, whose slave had brought him the monkey, which he had caught in the wood. Every one praised the accomplished animal, giving accounts of its talents so wonderful, that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled, saying that I was not the first who would not believe in these results of animal education until he had seen it with his own eyes. He, therefore, proposed to me to call with him on Mr Vanneck. I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palm-trees, and at length observed the charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance, and took us to the parlour, hastening to tell his master of our visit. The first object which caught our attention was the Monkey, seated on a stool, and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened, and Mr Vanneck, reclining on an easy-chair, was wheeled in. Though his legs are paralysed, he seemed bright and cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on sewing with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming: 'How wonderful!' for the manner and processes of the animal were those of a practised tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which shewed that they were intended for himself.

A negro now appeared, announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr Vanneck introduced as his neighbour. Madame Jasmin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years; who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his lips, twisted it with his left paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr Vanneck then turned to him, and speaking in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us: 'Jack, put your work aside, and sweep the floor.'

Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came back without delay, a broom in his paw, and swept and dusted like a clever housemaid. I could now perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, not on his four hands. He was about three feet in height, but stooped a little. He was clad in linen pantaloons, a coloured shirt, a jacket, and a red neckerchief. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her daughter, then to us, precisely like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me from it, putting it back on the tray. Mr Vanneck took out his watch, and shewed it to the monkey: it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept it in mind that it was then his master required his luncheon. If the watch was shewn to him at any other hour, he did not go to fetch the broth; while if three o'clock was past without the luncheon being called for, he got fidgety, and at last ran and brought it: in this case, he was always rewarded with some sugar-plums.

You have no notion, said Mr Vanneck, how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience, I have bestowed on the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to his clothes: he used to take off his pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me, he wears a straw-hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is, on the whole, very cleanly.

'Jack,' exclaimed Mr Vanneck, pointing to me, 'this gentleman wants his handkerchief.' The monkey drew it from my pocket, and handed it to me.

'Now, shew your room to my guests,' continued his master; and Jack opened a door, at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a mattress, a table, some chairs, drawers, and various toys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack went, and reappeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile, I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder-flask and the shot-bag, and in the whole process of loading acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim, and discharged the gun without being in the least startled by the report. He then went through sword-exercises with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr Vanneck told us about his method of education and training; the above facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talent for tuition. We stayed supper, to which there came some more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man-servant. Going home, my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had regaled the monkey with almonds. Jack had managed to steal it from the pocket; and on being afterwards convicted of the theft, he was severely punished by his master.

TRUE SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It is said, that amongst the middle-class of this country, 'the life of a man who leaves no property or family provision, of his own acquiring, at his death, is felt to have been *a failure*.' There are many modes in which the life of an industrious, provident, and able man may have been far other than 'a failure,' even in a commercial point of view, when he leaves his family with no greater money-inheritance than that with which he began the world himself. He may have preserved his family, during the years in which he has lived amongst them, in the highest point of efficiency for future production. He may have consumed to the full extent of his income, producing but accumulating no money-capital for reproductive consumption; and indirectly, but not less certainly, he may have accumulated whilst he has consumed, so as to enable others to consume profitably. If he have had sons, whom he has trained to manhood, bestowing upon them a liberal education, and causing them to be diligently instructed in some calling which requires skill and experience, he is an accumulator. If he have had daughters, whom he has brought up in habits of order and frugality, apt for all domestic employments, instructed themselves, and capable of carrying forward the duties of instruction, he has reared those who, in the honourable capacity of wife, mother, and mistress of a family, influence the industrial powers of the more direct labourers in no small degree; and being the promoters of all social dignity and happiness, create a noble and virtuous nation. By the capital thus spent in enabling his children to be valuable members of society, he has accumulated a fund out of his consumption which may be productive at a future day. He has postponed his money-contribution to the general stock, but he has not withheld it altogether. He has not been the 'wicked and slothful servant.' On the other hand, many a man, whose life, according to the mere capitalist doctrine, has not been 'a failure,' and who has taught his family to attach only a money-value to every object of creation, bequeaths to the world successors whose rapacity, ignorance, unskilfulness, and improvidence, will be so many charges upon the capital of the nation. He that has been weak enough, according to this 'middle-class' doctrine, not to believe that the whole business of man is to make a 'muck-hill,' may have spent existence in labours, public or private, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; but his life is 'a failure!' The greater part of the clergy, of the bar, of the medical profession, of the men of science and literature, of the defenders of their country, of the resident gentry, of the aristocracy, devote their minds to high duties, and some to heroic exertions, without being inordinately anxious to guard themselves against such 'a failure.' It would, perhaps, be well if some of those who believe that all virtue is to be solved into pounds sterling, were to consider that society demands from 'the money-making classes' a more than ordinary contribution, not to indiscriminate benevolence, but to those public instruments of production —educational institutions, improved sanitary arrangements —which are best calculated to diminish the interval between the very rich and the very poor.—*Charles Knight's Knowledge is Power.*

THE ENRICHED WOODMAN.

For some short time past, a circumstance that appeared strange has attracted my attention. I daresay you remember my speaking to you of a house covered with thatch, of the thatch covered with moss, of the ridge of the roof crowned with iris, which was to be seen from a certain point in my garden. Well, for several days I perceived the house was shut up, and I asked my servant: 'Does not the woodman live up yonder now?' 'No, sir; he has been gone nearly two months. He is become rich; he has inherited a property of 600 livres a year; and he is gone to live in town.' He is become rich! that is to say, that with his 600 livres a year he is gone to live in a little apartment in the city; without air and without sun, where he can neither see the heavens, nor the trees, nor the verdure, where he will breathe unwholesome air, where his prospect will be confined to a paper of dirty yellow, embellished with chocolate arabesques. He is become rich! He is become rich! that is to say, he is not allowed to keep his dog which he had so long, because it annoyed the other lodgers of the house. He lodges in a sort of square box; he has people on the right hand and on the left, above him and below him. He has left his beautiful cottage and his beautiful trees, and his sun and his grass carpet so green, and the song of the birds and the odour of the oaks. He is become rich! He is become rich! Poor man!—*A Tour Round my Garden.*

THE DEAD CZAR.

Lay him beneath his snows,
The great Norse-giant, who in these last days
Troubled the nations. Gather decently
His emperor's robes about him. 'Tis but man—
This demi-god. Or rather it *was* man.
It is—a little dust; that will corrupt
As fast as any nameless dust that lies
'Neath Alma's grass or Balaklava's vines.

No vineyard grave for him! No quiet bones
By river-margin laid, where o'er far seas
Do children's prayers and women's memories come,
Like angels, and sit by the sepulchre,
Saying: 'All these were men who knew to count,
Front-faced, the cost of Honour, nor did shrink
From its full payment; knowing how to die
They died—as men.'
But this man?—Ah! for him
Pale solemn state, church chantings, funerals grand,
The stony-wombed sarcophagus, and then
Oblivion.
No—oblivion were renown
To that fierce howl which rolls from land to land
Exulting: 'Art thou fallen, Lucifer,
Son of the Morning?' Or condemning: 'Thus
Perish the wicked.' Or blaspheming: 'Here
Lies our Belshazzar, our Sennacherib,
Our Pharaoh—he whose heart God hardened,
So that he would not let the people go.'

Self-glorifying sinners! Why, this man
Was but as other men; you, Levite small,
Who shut your sainted ears and prate of hell,
When, outside church-doors, congregations poor
Praise Heaven in their own way; you, Autocrat
Of all the hamlet, who add field to field,
And house to house, whose slavish children cower
Before your tyrant footstep; or you, fierce
Fanatic, and ambitious egotist,
Who think God stoops from His great universe
To lay His finger on your puny head,
And crown it, that you henceforth loud parade
Your maggotship through all the wondering world,
'I am the Lord's anointed!'
Fools and blind!
This Czar—this Emperor—this disthronèd corpse,
Lying so straightly in an icy calm
Grander than sovereignty, was but as ye;
No better, and no worse—Heaven mend us all!

Carry him forth and bury him—Death's peace
Be on his memory! Mercy by his bier
Sits silent; or says only in meek words:
'Let him who is without sin 'mongst you all,
Cast the first stone.'

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THE UNACKNOWLEDGED NECESSARY OF LIFE.

'MEAT, clothes, and fire,' is Pope's formula of the acknowledged necessaries of life. There is another of these requisites, which our ancestors enjoyed in perhaps greater measure than ourselves, but which they never thought of ranking with the other indispensables, or even of naming. We, while abating its use, have learned what it is, and come to distinguish it by the name of Excitement.

How often do we hear a merry song from the servants-hall, while there is dulness among the fine folk in the drawing-room! How often do we remark the gravity, approaching solemnity, of great people driving about in their carriages! Passing lately along one of the finest of the aristocratic streets of our own city, we observed two ragged boys playing at pitch-and-toss on the pavement in a state of such intense glee, as we believe is never attained *within* the houses in that quarter. One could not admire either the condition or the employment of the happy varlets; but they supply our desired illustration nevertheless. They never had heard of Excitement; but they had it, and were blest. Now and then, by giving a large party, or attending one, by making a tour, or going to a concert or a ball, the fine people make an approach to the degree of excitement which gives happiness; but the general strain of life in that grade is unfavourable to such enjoyments. They cannot condescend to the instincts which lead this way; they will not, in the Vicar of Wakefield's language, 'allow themselves to be happy.'

It is curious to see that that ampleness of means which mercantile men in general are struggling for is almost sure, as the world is now constituted, to diminish their supply of this needful element. The ultimatum of a successful man in one of our large industrious cities is, to live in good style in a well-furnished house in one of the suburban districts. He goes there to dine, and spend the evening with his wife and children. Very moral, very amiable, but very dull. Public amusements, there are none: the old ones have been left in the thick of the town, to sink down to the level of the commonalty who haunt there, and no succedaneum has yet arisen for the refined people of the suburbs. There is reading, and such music as the ladies of the family can give; but these are not enough to enliven the hours. Well, you may invite a dinner-party, or go out to one. Yes, now and then. The costliness, not to speak of the diplomacy, makes this only a temporary relief. The result is, that a large proportion of the successful man's time is spent in a far lower tone of enjoyment than was his fate in his earlier and more struggling days. His rise in society has virtually cut him off from society. He may have some pleasure in conscious importance; but respectability imposes its restraints, and under restraint the 'unacknowledged necessary' cannot be obtained.

Luxury without excitement, as this kind of life may be called, has even its peculiar diseases. The digestive power fails. The men become irritable, the women nervous. Leamington, and the water-cure doctors, thrive on this class of patients. Some of the more largely endowed roam continually over the continent, in search of that health which, under a merry mediocrity of circumstances at home, they would never have lost.

Though the pains are great, few of the victims are fully aware of what ails them, or of what they want to make them well. There is, in these our days, such a horror of poverty, and of the intemperance, squalor, and diseases connected with it, that to get out into wealth, pure air, luxury, and temperate refinement, gives most of us the idea of having attained the great ends of life. We have not yet so far got over the self-gratulations at being safe from the grosser difficulties and sufferings which beset the toiling, as to be sensible of the disadvantages of our new position. Disgust at the vices of those we keep at a distance, creates in us an ascetic or puritanic spirit, which blinds us to our own many wants, or enables us to put up with them. With some, there are religious asceticisms besides. They martyr their own cravings, as a rebuke to the slacknesses and excesses of their fellow-creatures. They can endure any amount of dull life—the kindly disposed, because they hope it may be an example to induce others to withdraw from evil; the egotistic, because it shews that they are not as others are. Others, less able to control their natural dispositions, take to artificial stimulants physically and morally injurious, by way of a succedaneum—a wrong cure applied to a misunderstood disease. One way and another, the starvation of healthful excitement is a broad form of evil in modern society, and multitudes pine and perish under it, without ever clearly knowing their ail.

Continental society, as contrasted with our own, supplies an illustration which there is no mistaking. There are fewer wealthy there, and the disposition to withdraw to elegant but dull firesides, or to separate bodily and wholly from less fortunate classes of society, scarcely exists. There is less refinement amongst continental people, but a great deal more of the appearance of an enjoyment of life. Their enjoyments, we believe, are really greater than ours; and simply because they have not yet, by the pride of wealth, or indulgence in over-refinements, exclusivenesses, and asceticisms, cut themselves off from a due supply of the 'unacknowledged necessary.' They can still 'allow themselves to be happy.'

It is not, we fear, a part of the reforming spirit of our age, to acknowledge excitement as a needful pabulum of life: it is too would-be moral for that. But we take it upon us, nevertheless, to say, that without this being acknowledged and duly legislated for, all efforts at a general improvement will be vain. It would not be difficult to shew how important an end it serves in prompting and sustaining that activity which seems to be almost the first condition of our having a place on the earth. No matter for its final cause. We should take human nature as we find it, and try to co-ordinate its strangely varied features into one moral whole, if we would come to any satisfactory result.

We should, but we will not. The swing which educated society has got towards a life of insufficient excitement, has not reached its maximum. It will in time; and then there will be a reaction, like that of the reign of Charles II. against the previous age of Puritanism.

When things have come to an equilibrium, it will be seen that we are rough beings, placed in a rough world, and that it is of no use to ignore any of the great instincts which our Maker, for his own wise purposes, has planted in us. Social converse, lively bodily exercise (even in the form of dancing), innocent jocularities and surprises, comic and poetic fictions, novelties to look at and partake of, changes of scene and habit at judicious intervals, will be contemplated in their true character, as required for the gratification of this great need, and for the maintenance of a healthful tone in the system. There will be new books of sports—not as parts of a political controversy, but as an effort to work out some of the problems suggested by the part which humanity has to play in the world.

COWSLIP-GATHERING.

'And where have *you* been, Miss Minnie?' said my uncle to his pretty young daughter, as she made her rather late appearance at the breakfast-table. 'Not lingering in bed, I see, for lazy people have not such rosy cheeks, though they may perchance have neater hair,' he added, as he playfully lifted one of Minnie's long golden curls, which seemed to have had a game of play with some early and giddy young zephyr.

'Oh no, not in bed, papa. Please to excuse my hair: it was so lovely in the fields, that I went a little too far, and I have had such a run to get home in time. I am so sorry! I meant to have been in before prayers; but when the bell rang, I was a long way off.'

'But not alone, darling, I hope?' said my aunt.

'Oh no, mamma. Johnnie went with me; he is such a capital little fellow, always ready for a run, and so good-natured. Only look here!' she exclaimed; and she drew from beneath her little shawl, which she had not taken time to throw aside, a lovely bunch of golden cowslips, each fragrant bell with 'a dew-drop in its ear,' glittering like a diamond. 'And now, papa,' said she as, placing her spring-treasures before her mother, she seated herself at the table, 'we must have our long-promised holiday, and our cowsliping-party. Do let it be this very day.'

'Well, Minnow, I don't care,' said my uncle; 'but what says La Madre?' and all looked appealingly to her. But La Madre smiled consent; and as not one dissentient voice was raised against the plan, it was settled that the cowslip-party should take place that afternoon.

'But where, father—where shall we go?' said Phyllis, my eldest cousin, a rather sedate and very lovely girl of twenty.

'Oh, Corfe!' 'Let it be to Corfe!' was echoed from voice to voice. 'There are no such cowslips in the world as by the brook at Corfe.'

'Nor such orchises, and anemones, and all sorts of flowers,' said little Flora. Well named was she, for such a flower-lover as she had been from a baby I never knew.

'And, perhaps,' exclaimed Ralph, a fine lad of fourteen, 'I shall get some wood-pigeons' eggs.'

'Oh, Ralph, you would not take the pretty pigeons' nests,' said Flora; 'you cruel boy!'

'Nonsense, Flo—what stuff you girls do talk! I should never get a collection if I were to listen to you chits. Oh, don't take the pretty pigeons' nests. Oh, I shall cry if you do;' and Ralph, who, boy-like, delighted in teasing the girls, whined in such a comical voice that the laugh was general.

'Mind you, sir,' said his father sternly, 'I will have no bird-nesting; 'tis a cruel and dastardly sport, and I hope no son of mine will ever amuse himself with it.'

'Oh no, father,' said Ralph, 'I would not on any account take the nests. If I find one, I should only take an egg or two, leaving the bird a nest-egg; and then, you know, she would lay more, and never miss them.'

'Then, why tease your sister, my boy? There is nothing more unkind and unmanly than to do so.'

'Well, then, father,' said Edward, a fine young Guardsman, at home on a short leave of absence, 'suppose Phyl and I ride over to Blagdon, and ask the Calthorpes to join us?'

'Do, my dear,' said my aunt; 'but, then, I do really think we had better fix to-morrow instead of to-day; there will be no cream bespoken, or anything ready.'

'Ay, and what is a country-tea without cream?' replied my uncle. 'Let Ned and Phyl ride over to-day, and bespeak the "goodies" and the guests, and we will all of us dine early, and be off for a long afternoon to-morrow.' And thus it was decided; and as soon as might be after breakfast, the brother and sister were on their ponies, and away. 'Phyl—Ned!' shouted my uncle, just as they reached the gate; and back came Phyl and Ned to hear his parting words. 'Don't let us ask these Calthorpes; they'll bring that Graf with them—that long-legged, whiskered Graf, who rides over the country like the wild huntsmen. I have not a doubt that he is a lineal descendant of the demon of the Harz, and his horrible head-cracking German. Oh, don't ask them!'

'Oh, father,' said Edward, 'I should like to ask them;' whilst Phyl looked like disappointment personified.

'Oh, papa,' cried Minnie, 'they would like to come.'

'You be quiet, Minnow; there is a great fish among them that would snap you up at a mouthful: I can see that with a glance of my eye. Be thankful, child, that you've some one to keep you out of mischief.'

A perfect panic prevailed for a few moments; but glancing towards my aunt, I saw a gleam of fun in her eye, that shewed me at once that the opposition was not likely to end in the downfall of the young people's hopes.

'Will not they think it unfriendly,' ventured Phyllis, 'to be so near, and not ask them to join us?'

'Well, well,' said my uncle; 'anything for a quiet life. Have them, if you will; only if that Graf eats up all the cream, do not say you were not forewarned;' and off they rode. 'Ned—Phyl!' again called my uncle, just as they reached the gate; and again they returned. 'Have you your directions what cream, et cetera, to order?'

'Yes, papa; mamma has calculated what we shall want, and told us.'

'Then order exactly double what she has said of both cream and butter—— For the Graf, my dear,' he said to my aunt apologetically—'those Germans eat such lots of oil, and butter, and stuff, you know.' And at last the party set out, and without recall contrived to get fairly off. But my uncle had not yet filled up the measure of his jest.

'Perhaps they will have Frank Calthorpe's young lady with them,' he said gravely to my aunt. 'Have you heard whether she is there, Minnow?' said he, turning sharp on Minnie, who blushed, and looked startled, but did not answer.

'Has Frank an *affiancée*, my dear?' asked his wife. 'I did not know that—who is it?'

'I am sure I don't know,' replied my uncle pawkily. 'Has he, Minnow? I daresay *you* know, you and Frank are such friends.' But Minnie turned and fled, uttering a clear ringing laugh as she went, which as much as said: 'If I do, I shall not tell.'

All went smoothly; the Calthorpes were delighted with the scheme, and promised to be at the trysting-place by three o'clock; Graf Von Riefel and all the family, young and old, hoping to be of the party.

One of the many superiorities of country diversions over town gaieties is, that not only the elder young gentlemen and the introduced young ladies can share in them, but all, from the prattler of four years old, to the hoary-headed grand-parent, can almost equally enjoy them. On this occasion, our party included a pretty large and diversified family group. There was grandmamma, with her silver hair and clear blue eye, as blithe as if she had not been, as she was, verging on fourscore; my uncle, as frolicsome as a boy; and my aunt, merry as a girl of sixteen, as she bustled about the house, seeing to the packing of no end of good and useful things for the tea-table. Besides these, there were no less than ten young ones, all alive with anticipation—only ten, for Ned had thought it advisable to walk over to the Calthorpes in the heat of the day—my uncle suggesting that it was with a view to shew himself *warm* in the service—and Wynnie, the youngest was voted too young. Some of the party were to ride donkeys, others to walk; whilst we elders were to pack into the double phaeton which the ponies were to draw, and the little ones were to be wedged into odd corners among us. How bright my aunt looked as she tied the broad blue ribbons of little frisky Guerdalen's hat, and placed her with her curly-headed twin-brother Herbert between papa and grandmamma; and then she stepped into the back-seat, stowed away little gentle Flora between herself and me, pushed the last basket inside, and gave my uncle the signal for departure. How merry were we all, and how exquisitely lovely was the country; the little river Tone glittering in the sunshine, the rich foliage in every hedgerow quivering beneath the light spring-breezes, and the hawthorn loading the air with perfume, and scattering its white petals on us as we drove gently along the narrow and rugged lanes which led to our destination.

Does my reader know the Valley of Taunton Dean? If he does, he will, I am sure, allow that for richness of soil and verdure it is an unrivalled spot. Such elms, such oaks, as decorate that valley can seldom be seen, and its wealth of wild-flowers is indeed surpassing; such fields of the 'dancing daffodil as greet spring's earliest breathing;' such tufts of the pure white snowdrops as cluster by the side of the swollen brook! Not very easy to get at though; for the soft showers, which loosen the soil around them, and make them start up in all their fancy-like beauties almost in a night, is rather apt to render that same rich alluvial soil somewhat adhesive to the feet, and to cause the garments of the snowdrop-hunters to exhibit marks of warfare; but it is worth while to run the risk of a soiled dress for the pleasure of gathering a handful of these delicate 'harbingers of spring.' Then,

When spring's first gale
Comes forth to shew us where the violets lie,

what rich abundance of both blue and white, and of the sweet-scented kind does that gale discover! There they lie on many a bank and in many a hedgerow in this valley, more profusely than you can imagine, half hidden by the long green mosses; and every here and there beautifully contrasting their rich purple or pure white tints with the scarlet of the red fungus (*Peziza coccinea*), and the creamy sulphur tint of the primrose, or the curious yellowish fertile spike of the field horsetail (*Equisetum arvense.*)

But here we are at Corfe, and we shall see what flowers a later season affords; and now we pass by the beautiful little Gothic church, and up that most picturesque street with the brook coursing down on one side, and the rich fields and gardens, interspersed with houses, on the other, and crossing the sparkling stream, we arrive at the farmhouse where we are to have our head-quarters for the day; and there, in the brilliantly green meadow behind it, are all our allies from all quarters assembled.

There are Colonel and Mrs Calthorpe, keeping guard over their pretty girls and merry little ones to the number of eight. Frances and Gertrude Calthorpe, in their broad-brimmed brown straw-hats, standing by the side of the rustling brook laughing at Minnie, who has thrown hers aside, and with a perfect halo of glittering golden curls around her head, is laving her brow in the stream, and splashing the water over her young companions in frolic sport. Certainly there never was anything so pretty as my cousin Minnie's hair, more especially when it is a little ruffled, and the separate shining hairs are curling in a maze on her carmine cheek and ivory throat. She is a sweet creature, and as guileless and pure in mind as she is lovely in person; and yet, with all her beauty, and at the mature age of nineteen, I doubt whether Miss Minnie has ever heard those mystic words, 'Will you be mine?' addressed to her; for she is so girlish and young in spirit, and keeps herself so wholly with the children, that most people think she is one of them; and although I sometimes suspect, with my uncle, that there is a 'big fish' who would fain make the little 'Minnow' his prey, I almost doubt whether that merry little fish herself entertains much thought on the subject. However, perhaps we shall see by and by, for there is nothing like a country tea-drinking for making that clear which has before been dark in such matters.

And now the gentlemen espy us, and Colonel Calthorpe and the Graf Von Riefel come to help the young ladies to dismount from their donkeys and the elders from the carriage, and we all join company by the side of the brook.

But I mistook: all the party were not there. 'Where is Edward?' I asked; 'and Ida? I hope she is coming?' A saucy nod from Minnie directed my attention to the other end of the field, where stood Ida, with two or three of the younger ones, looking up into the boughs of a huge oak, from which Edward was throwing branch after branch, and twig after twig, for which the party below were scrambling. I was not long in joining the merry party, whose joyous shouts and laughter were most inviting; and was soon as busy as any one in gathering up the ruby and gold-tinted oak-apples, and branches of the yellow oak catkins, which Edward so abundantly scattered around him. Such quantities of this pretty blight I had never before seen; nor had I an idea how very brilliant an addition they form to a country bouquet, set, as they always are, in the midst of the soft emerald green leaves, then in their tenderest and most delicate verdure. Laden like horses with our prey, to which we added huge branches of the lovely wild-apple blossom, we returned to our party, and surrendering our spoils to the little ones, who were going to build a bower with branches, we set out afresh to seek a romantic little ravine, which separates Pickeridge Hill from the village of Corfe—all of us being intent on a thorough exploration. We were not aware that we had been almost close to its edge when we were at the oak-tree; for although the dell or ravine is of considerable width, and lies far below the level of the fields, so richly is it wooded on either side, that, until close to it, you would not know that any other division than a mere belt of wood lay between you and the hill. Over two meadows we pass, and then reach the little bridge that crosses the cleft at its narrowest part, and bears you over a rushing brook, which, after turning the village mill, runs through the fields, and descending by one or two sudden leaps, in which the waters form the most picturesque little cascades, wanders on through this most beautiful little glen, clothing it with the richest carpeting of mosses and wild-flowers that ever graced the haunts of Titania. But, oh, the flowers that we saw and gathered in our way! Such profusion and such luxuriance of growth I never saw. Cowslips as thick as daisies all over the grass, and with them the rich purple early meadow orchises (*Orchis mascula*), with their dark-green leaves broadly splashed with black; and the smaller and more violet-tinted species, the green meadow orchis (*Orchis morio*), distinguished from its neighbours by its green-ribbed calyx and lower growth, both kinds very lovely, and contrasting gorgeously with the golden tint of the cowslips. Then, along the banks of the brook which skirts the fields on two sides, rose splendid tufts of that most graceful plant, the great pendulous carex (*Carex pendula*), its three-cornered leafy stalks growing four or five feet high, and each bearing six or seven long yellow fertile catkins, in close proximity to the grave brown barren ones which adorn the same stalk, and with its many drooping grass-like leaves, forming a most lovely fringe along the side of every more retired part of the brook. Above, overhanging the water, such numbers of wild apple-trees as I never saw elsewhere, their bloom as much more beautiful than that of any cultivated species as the fruit of the cultivated is preferable to that of the wild.

But as we near the dell, we are made aware that the wealth we have passed is poverty to what is to come. There—in the shadow of the fine old oaks and elegant mountain-ashes, the sycamores and elms, which, interspersed with stately old hawthorns, and a fine undergrowth of woodbine and roses, and other shrubs not yet in bloom, shelter the rich herbage beneath—lie such gigantic cowslips and oxlips, such blue hyacinths and sulphur-coloured primroses, as are never seen save in some such sheltered and sequestered spot. There, too, are hosts of that curious and fanciful plant which children and villagers call 'lords and ladies,' 'cows and calves,' 'cuckoo-pint' (*Arum maculatum*), the straight tall purple, or pale-green spike, under a canopy, suggesting the idea of a lady in a canopied chair or throne, or a general in the doorway of his tent. There they stand, amongst their clusters of halberd-shaped and spotted leaves,

> Like an army retired in its tents to rest,
> On the brink of the ocean's tumultuous breast.

But amongst all the other flowers, there is one delicate star-like blossom, which, see it where you will, challenges attention; and here it is in the richest abundance, and of magnificent size. It is the delicate white-wood anemone (*A. nemorosa*). Its stalks here are about a foot or more high, curving at the summit, on which is placed a star of from four to seven white petals, richly tinted on the outside with lilac, and with an involucre of either three or five cleft leaves encircling the stalk, at about a quarter of its length from the blossom; the centre of the corolla being formed like that of the ranunculus, to which natural order it belongs.

By the time we reached this new store of flowers, we had all gathered so many, that all hands and baskets were full, and the girls were obliged to turn their hats into receptacles for the immense collection we had amassed; so when we fell in with a most alluring shady bank, within sound of the ripple of the waterfall, we all seated ourselves on the ground, and the young men cut us good thick hazel-sticks, which they split about a third of their length at each end, and laying our gatherings by handfuls, the heads first one way and then the other between the clefts, we made great flowery bunches that might have served a Whitsuntide club walk, and so set our hands free for fresh collections; and then on we went, gathering in very wantonness, for what could we want of such quantities of flowers? However, I believe even the money-gatherer is not so covetous as the wild-flower collector; and truly the fields and hedges, and banks and trees, were so prodigally decked with these beauteous gems, that for every one we picked we left ten thousand; and what we took, abundant as was our supply, left no visible deficiency, and would never be missed by the fairies when they came to dance amongst them at night. But much as we had done, we had not wandered more than a couple of fields from home, and now came a little band of human beings, prettier than all the fairies in Christendom, to call us to tea; and helter-skelter, flowers, children, dogs—for we had several with us—and grown people, we hastened to the back of the house, where, under favour of the big walnut-tree, we were to find shelter from the still hot sun, and a delicious 'thee-mahl,' as the Graf called it, all prepared, and most welcome. And a fine feast we had—such great loaves of the sweetest and purest home-baked brown bread; such great bowls of yellow cream, so thick that you might have stuck a spoon upright in it; and then such fragrant tea, with its attendant rich raw cream—which means that which has not been scalded, as the clotted cream is—and such fine supplies of new milk for the little ones. Oh, it was a feast indeed! and needed not any additions of sweet-cakes or town-made biscuits, which, although they had been abundantly provided by my good aunt, were quite at discount; as were the baker's nice little loaves of white bread, every one preferring the brown. After the meal was nearly over, came a noble gift of junket from good Mrs Harris, our landlady, served up in a splendid old china-bowl that might have suited the great Che-Kiang himself, and ladled out with a richly embossed silver punch-ladle, with a golden guinea set in the bottom—an heirloom for centuries in worthy Mr Harris's family. And now the junket, with its rich coating of cream and sweet spices fairly discussed, and the bowl and ladle having been duly admired, we set forth for a ramble to the top of Pickeridge; all in a body at first—that is, all who meant to go, for many of the younger ones, and all the children, were too busy with their arbour-building, to care for distant rambles—but as we advanced, such sweet dingly dells and bosky bowers opened here and there, that some turned one way and some another, and by the time my uncle, Colonel Calthorpe, and I had reached the platform on the top of the hill, we found that all the rest had left us, and we three stood there alone.

We now began our descent, wandering gently down over the short soft turf; now stopping to watch the sheep and lambs, then culling some sprigs of heath, which but just begun to shew its purple colours between the close green leaves; now stooping to watch over insects, and then startled and delighted by the sudden and rapid transit of a hare or rabbit springing up from beneath our very feet, and scudding away to what it might esteem safer quarters; when, turning abruptly round a corner—pop—we came on Ralph, Gertrude, and Frances Calthorpe sitting on the turf, and chatting in merry mood.

'Do you know what's become of the Graf?' asked the colonel.

'Or of Phyllis and Minnie?' inquired my uncle.

'I don't know anything about Minnie, father,' said Ralph; 'but if elysium lies anywhere about here, and you know where to look for it, you'll be sure to find Phyllis and the count there. We left them half an hour ago to have a run down the hill; for they were so exalted in their sublimity, so high up in the air, that Gatty was getting as moped as a church-mouse, and Frances as dull as a great thaw; so I lured them away, just to save their wits,' added the merry boy.

'I daresay they are deep in German mythology in some nook or other,' said Frances laughing; and on we went, leaving the young ones where we found them, and presently turning into a pretty little secluded dell, we descried two of the missing ones, Phyllis and the count, intent on trying a bit of divination with a fine blossom of the great ox-eye (*Chrysanthemum leucánthemum*), after the fashion so touchingly employed by Margaret in the *Faust*. It is curious that both the English and Germans should have selected this flower for a sort of incantation. We use it less elegantly than the Germans, our aim being to discover in what position in life the diviner's future husband will be found, by repeating the words: 'Gentleman—apothecary—ploughboy—thief,' as she pulls out one of the snowy petals to each word, and repeats them over and over again until all the petals are gone—the word which falls on the last being indicative of the standing of the lady's *future*. The German mode is to say alternately: 'Loves me'—'Loves me not;' whichever word falls to the share of the last petal, is definitive as to the love of the person concerning whom the charm is tried.

Well, on the latter plan were the pair divining; and so intent were they on their work, that they neither heard nor saw us as we approached, nor perceived that my uncle slipped aside, and ensconced himself behind the very tree beneath which they sat. 'Loves me, loves me not—loves me, loves me not,' repeated Phyllis, radiant with blushes as she drew near the end of the magic circle, and saw how the spell would end; and then pulling out the last petal, she said triumphantly: 'Loves me!' when suddenly out stepped my uncle with the startling question: 'Who loves you, Phyl?'

If Comus and his train had suddenly appeared in their satyr forms, poor Phyllis could scarcely have been more startled. But the count! No, not he; he was not one bit put out. Certainly these Germans have abundance of sang froid. If he had known that Mr Stanley would appear at that very moment, and would ask that very question, he could not have been more composed, or more ready with his answer, except that perhaps he would in that case have been prepared with his English, whereas his reply was in German:

'Ich bin es! Ach Herr Stanley, ich liebe sie! Wir lieben einander!' and then came forth such a flood of impassioned eloquence, in what my poor uncle called the 'head-cracking German,' that, pathetic as was its import, I could not help laughing at his face of utter dismay.

'Why, can't you speak English, count?' said he at last. 'You know I don't understand one word you have been saying. Why, I thought you had come to England on purpose to master our language, and here you are without a word to help you at a pinch!'

'Ah, yes,' replied the poor Graf. 'I am been enough long in in this islandt to speak English pretty gut; but your daughter, she speaks Deutch so gut, I quite forgot.'

But seeing poor Phyllis blushing, and turning away her head, and having myself enough of German to have gathered the meaning of Herr Von Riefel's speech, I drew the child's arm within my own, and leaving the two gentlemen together, I led her away to her mother.

What a funny scene awaited us at the farm! The children had elected little Flora Queen of the Vegetable, and Stella Calthorpe Queen of the Animal, Kingdom; and the pretty little sovereigns, being enthroned beneath a canopy erected on a flowery lay down near the brook, had commanded their subjects to celebrate a treaty of friendly alliance between them, by crowning every animal that crossed their way with flowers. Good Farmer Harris and his children had abundantly enjoyed the fun, and lent them his aid in catching the lambs, sheep, &c., and investing them with their finery. All our oak-branches and oak-apples, our apple-blossoms and wild-flowers of every denomination, had been enlisted in the service; all Mrs Harris's hoards had been ransacked for string; and the whole party—which had been swollen in size by the addition of two pretty little girls and two fine lads, friends of the Calthorpes, who lived in the village—had been intensely occupied in weaving garlands and tying up bouquets for their brute allies. There were seven or eight sheep and lambs with garlands round their necks; each dog had a collar of blossoms; a rough, shaggy donkey, and her foal, were saddled with great dock-leaves, and hung round with festoons of flowers; the very cows being decked with wreaths, and tied to each horn of each cow was a splendid bunch of flowers and leaves, surmounted by a plume three feet or more in height of the beautiful pendulous cerex, which I have described, ornaments in themselves most elegant, but imparting to the poor 'milky mothers,' as they walked about and grazed, a most grotesque appearance. There were two fine calves also with wreaths round their necks; and every child, girl, and boy, had its cincture of bright flowers. Grandmamma's head was crowned with a garland, and my aunt was a perfect heap of leaves and blossoms. The fun, and songs, and shouts of laughter which accompanied all this were most infectious and exhilarating; and soon was I in the midst of it, leaving poor Phyllis to her own happy thoughts. But where was my favourite Minnie? No one knew; but presently I caught the flutter of a white garment at some little distance, and saw her passing towards the house. Alas, poor Minnie! she was sad and tearful, fluttered and troubled. 'What is it, darling? What is the matter?' said I, joining her; and then she hid her face on my shoulder, and told me that *those words* had been spoken to her, and that she, taken by surprise, had said: 'O no, no!' when her heart said 'O yes, yes!' and so Frank had started off in despair; and Minnie, silly little thing, had sat weeping under a tree, and wishing she had not been so stupid as to answer 'No' when she meant 'Yes.'

'Minnow, Minnow!' said her father, for I had beckoned him to join us, 'did not I warn you of that great fish that I knew would want to snap you up for his supper. Don't you remember the fable of the little trout that left his mother so wilfully, and became a prey to the angler?' But Minnie could not jest; she was in despair, and heart-sore, for she thought she had thrown away her happiness for ever; and so, drawing her to his heart, her loving father whispered that he would soon set matters right. They must wait a little bit; but if she really loved Frank, she should have him, for 'he's a good boy, my Minnow; he's a good son, and so will be a good husband, I doubt not. Never fear, he is not the least likely to take such a "No" as you have given him without trying to turn it into "Yes." And now we must homeward, my child,' said he; and gathering together the young ones, we set out.

How it happened, I cannot say, but somehow or other

Frank turned up just at the starting; and a word from me sent him to Minnie's side, which he did not find it necessary to leave until he had seen her fairly inside her own door; and though a little pestered by the clusters of boys and girls, who would keep on playing all kinds of gambols round them, they seemed to have had a tolerably pleasant walk. Of course, the count was Frank's companion home on his return to Blagdon, having been permitted by my uncle to escort Phyllis to her home, and obtained leave to come the next day, and every day, until he took the fair girl as his bride to his stately German home. As to Edward, he and his Ida—for he had long been engaged to her—went quietly back to Blagdon together, where Edward was to sleep.

And so ended the Somersetshire cowslip-party, and may all country frolics end as pleasantly!

LIFE IN TURKEY.

Every one knows what Turks look like—grave, dignified personages, with large turbans and long pipes; but few know anything about their everyday-life—where they sleep, where they dine, what they do; whether those round turbans grow on their heads, and whether they ever come off, or get out of shape; whether those grave faces ever relax into a smile, or that solemn step ever quickens into a run—whether the Turks are ever boys, and what they are like in that stage of development—and, most interesting question of all, what are Turkish girls?

I have passed some time in their sunny land, and ought to be able to tell you something about it: the only difficulty is where to begin. They are, as a people, in their dress, language, manners, movements, and accessories, so thoroughly picturesque, that it seems impossible to think of them in any other way than as animated paintings; whether you picture the men as gravely transacting business in those wonderful old bazaars, just as they did in the days of the Arabian Nights, or the women busily employed in getting through their aimless existence behind their latticed windows. I spent some time in the interior of Asia Minor, and, consequently, could study the natives in their natural colours with great ease. We from the first placed the most perfect confidence in them, and never found cause to regret having done so; we used to ride about fearlessly—the first English who had done so without servants and pistols—and the country-people always welcomed us with the greatest delight. Many an old Turk would give me a nod and a few friendly sounding words as we passed; and many times have I been called to stand under an upper window by some Turkish woman, who was anxious to testify the interest she felt in the unbelieving girl. She appeared with a cloth thrown over her head, holding the sides together in her mouth to save her face from my father's unhallowed gaze, and her hands were full of fruit, generally quinces or unripe plums torn hastily down, which she poured into my lap, thus greatly interfering with the management of my horse, although I always carried the kindly gift home.

Those pleasant rides, how well I remember them! setting out in the gray light of early morning, our way leading through luxuriant vineyards laden with fruit, every here and there a curious little rustic hut on a raised platform for the lonely watchers of the vines. These are so much exposed to the depredations of men and wild animals, that as the fruit grows ripe it is guarded day and night. Then we got into less cultivated districts, wandering through pine-clad ravines, eternally shaded from the noonday sun, with the dim roar of water sounding far below; and at length leaving these dark defiles, we emerged on a lovely riant landscape, a very paradise of wild luxuriant vegetation. On these occasions, I passed the time in a state of sudden transition from ecstacies of delight at the prospect, to extremes of terror at any unfamiliar sound; for little black bears often came down from the mountains to eat grapes, neither were wolves uncommon; and we constantly heard the jackals' unearthly cries close to the house at night. We used to hear alarming stories, too, of deserters from the army, who scrupled not to fire on any stranger who approached their hiding-place; but most dreadful of all were the narratives of wild-dogs, that would spring out of the bushes, and attack the solitary horseman. Notwithstanding all these dangers, however, we always made our appearance at home in time for breakfast; and so relieved the minds of those members of our party who valued their necks too highly to trust themselves on the little unbroken country-horses.

We must often have presented a very picturesque group, when dismounting at the quaint little porch at the middle of our long low dwelling-house, where stood, ready to take the horses, our stolid Arab servant Ibrahim, my father's especial body-guard. A most faithful fellow was Ibrahim, with a frame of Herculean strength, and a mind, as in duty bound, full of pious hatred of everything Turkish. He waited at table, and looked after the saddling of our horses, which could not be intrusted to untidy Turkish fingers; but this was the only grooming he would condescend to. He and a stalwart Turk, who usually supplied us with horses, were deadly enemies, and watched each other's shortcomings with eagle eyes.

Our household was a somewhat incongruous one—consisting of the aforesaid Arab; a Maltese, who, with the assistance of a Greek, performed all our cooking operations; and a black Portuguese woman, my own maid, who contrived to get through the small amount of indoor work we required. The arrangement of our place of abode was equally curious. On entering the porch, you found yourself just facing a mysterious sanctum, which I never explored, where Antonio and his assistant were all day long occupied in secret preparations, the results of which appeared on our dinner-table; and it was a curious instance of the power of adaptation to circumstances these southern nations possess, that this man Antonio had been engaged as our courier, and yet was willing and able to turn into a very decent cook when occasion required. Turning to the left, you entered a long room, the whole length of the house, which served the triple purpose of drawing and dining room and hall; one end was slightly raised, as a place of honour, with cushions laid on each side, and tastefully decorated with our saddles and bridles; the walls were all whitewashed, with some wonderful strokes of paint on them, like embryo medallions. The only furniture was a deal-table, some chairs, and two large brown jars for water. On one side was a small compartment, with the front entirely open to the air, meant for a smoking-room, into which a pomegranate-tree flung its boughs most luxuriantly, laying its glowing fruit against your cheek as you sat reading or meditating. The sleeping-rooms all opened into the hall. Their fittings-up were equally simple, the bedsteads in many instances consisting of two trestles and three planks, with sheets laid on the top, and a large white muslin mosquito-curtain, hanging from a rope attached to the ceiling, and covering the bed in such a way that it required some science to get in without bringing down the whole affair by the run. A large basin and jar of brown clay formed the toilet-apparatus—it is wonderful how few of our civilised necessities are really necessary.

Our house stood on the brow of a hill, looking down a steep declivity covered with wood, and over a long plain; every night the grasshoppers chirped so loud in the wood, as to drown every other voice; and a little green frog here has a pretty singing-note. The tops of fig and other trees would come poking their heads through every crevice in window or wall. It is a pity to cast a dark shade over this pleasant picture; but, alas! where vegetation flourishes so well, animal life of the lower kind does so too, and the walls of our rooms presented to the curious observer many studies of the natural history of creatures, whose lives in England are passed in seclusion. I had to establish a nightly inspection round my room, and expel a variety of singular-looking intruders, before I could hope for any chance of rest. The whole of one side of our house was occupied by the bath-house, which consisted of two rooms—the first, used as a cooling-room, had a small bath in it fit for one person; while the other room, with a very high-arched roof, had a large round marble bath, sunk in the middle about five or six feet deep, with steps all round. This was kept full of water from a natural hot spring: the water came rushing in through a marble basin at one side, and flowed out at the other, with great noise, leaving the whole place full of eddying clouds of steam. There were many hot springs of different kinds in the neighbourhood, and ours was called the 'silver spring,' from the whiteness of its water. We used, at certain hours, to permit the women of the neighbourhood to use the bath, and many of them would have been content to stay there all day: they all, even the very babies, swam like ducks. They had an ingenious method of wrapping a sort of dark-coloured scarf round them, so that it never became unfastened. When a party of nymphs were disporting themselves in the boiling element—the temperature was never under a hundred—they would scream and laugh, yell and sing, at the full stretch of their lungs, making the vaulted roof ring again with the echoes of most discordant music and most musical laughter. They presented to the astonished spectator, when her eyes got accustomed to the blinding steam, and her ears to the deafening noise of voices and water—a scene, especially at night, most weird and *uncanny*. My English frame could not stand the suffocating air for any length of time, and a quarter of an hour in the bath was sufficient to send me away almost in a fainting state; but these women would play for a whole hour in the hot fluid, then go into the cooling room, lie down and sleep for a short time, and then rush back with unabated zeal to their beloved pastime, and they never appeared the least enervated by it. One day, hearing an infantine voice in the bath-room, I went to see who it was, and found a little creature about six years old, the daughter of a Greek neighbour, all alone in the large bath, bobbing about like a cork, and, as usual, screaming out a sort of tune as loud as possible. My presence, however, alarmed her so much, that I was obliged to run away, lest the little wretch should drown herself in her efforts to hide from me under the water.

Our hall-door always stood open, and countrywomen often stole quietly in to look at us: they would stand at first near the door, timid and awe-struck; then seeing us motionless, they would gently approach, and gaze long and earnestly on the new and strange specimens of humanity before them. They took no notice of work to which they were probably accustomed; but reading elicited the most uncontrollable curiosity and the profoundest respect. They walked round, looked at the book before and behind; but finding the mystery quite incomprehensible, for we could explain nothing in their language, they had to take their leave wondering and perplexed.

One morning we set out on a long-arranged expedition, to see a place in the neighbourhood belonging to a Turkish gentleman with an unpronounceable name, who farmed his own land. He possessed an immense tract, more like a county than an estate. Our road led through great part of the territory, consisting chiefly of fine fat land, crying earnestly for cultivation. On our way, we heard some particulars of the young man we were about to see. He had very recently, at his father's death, come into possession of the estate. During the old man's lifetime, the son had been guided with a somewhat tight hand, so naturally his first use of freedom was to hurry down to Constantinople, to see a little of town-life. The lesson had probably been rather an expensive one, for the young student of fashion got himself into some scrape, which led to the paternal acres being heavily fined; and he himself received from the authorities a decided hint to remain for a while in country-quarters. He was smarting then under the indignity, which might account in some degree for the melancholy aspect of everything around, so much had been carried away to meet their owner's pressing exigency. As we approached the house, this became more apparent—half, at least, of the farm-cattle and people being wanting. The house itself was a large, rambling affair, consisting of only one floor, with the outhouses and women's apartments at some distance. The whole concern looked as if deserted; but the noise of our horses' hoofs aroused the indignation of the never-failing dogs, and their barkings brought out some attendants, who took charge of the steeds, while we prepared to enter, which we did perfectly unannounced, and with all the nonchalance of old acquaintances.

It was a wonderful style of visiting; but I, of course, had nothing to do but follow the example of those better informed than myself. We advanced from the outer door into a large hall, the general sitting-room, and always the pleasantest part of a Turkish house. The only attempts at furniture were a fountain and a few cushions; the sleeping-rooms, as usual, opened into the hall. No human being appeared; and we wandered, apparently unmarked, through these deserted halls, two or three smaller apartments being ranged round the large one. Entering one of these, we came upon another fountain, with some melons cooling in it, and the master of the house himself reclining on a divan, smoking a pipe, and seemingly wrapped in that Turkish elysium—a perfect oblivion of all mundane affairs. He was a thin, tall man, with a pale, delicate face, that looked as if it could express interest in no possible thing. He shewed the very essence of good-breeding, however, according to his own notions, by never lifting his eyes from the ground while the ladies remained in the room, though of course our appearance must have astonished him greatly. We ladies committed an unpardonable solecism, by presenting ourselves before him unveiled; and the only course left to him was to behave as though we were not. This tacit reproof on the part of Mussulmans often made me feel quite uncomfortable, and as if I had really been guilty of a breach of decorum. Two or three motionless attendants stood round, looking as listless and apathetic as their master. There was nothing to see in the rooms; they were all dirty and dusty, and in desperate want of painting and repairs. The dreary desolation stamped on everything round quite depressed one's spirits. Presently, a very ancient and withered specimen of womankind appeared, and in the most voluble manner requested our presence in her portion of the place. The ladies of the party accordingly followed her; but our path unfortunately led through the farmyard, where numbers of buffaloes—all the heavy work falls to their share—were reposing in various singular attitudes; gigantic black animals, with most ferocious horns, and looking altogether so uncouth and strange, that I, who have a lingering dread even of our quiet English cattle, made a precipitate retreat, but was instantly pounced upon and made prisoner by our vivacious guide, who, with much gesticulation, dragged me triumphantly through all dangers.

I had, ere this, seen enough of Turkish houses not to feel disappointed at the miserable discrepancy between the popular descriptions of a harem and the reality which usually presents itself. The present, however, was rather a bad specimen, for the same hopeless air of stagnation brooded over this as well as the master's house. We were presented first to his mother, a stout, comely dame, very good-tempered, and delighted with visitors; then to his only wife, a pale, fragile girl, who might have been pretty had she not looked so sickly and helpless. She was dressed in the usual loose trousers, with a short tunic, and a cloth jacket lined with fur, her hair hanging down quite loose, and on her head the everlasting fez cap, with a coloured muslin handkerchief twisted round it. The attendants were all attired in those gay-coloured English prints, which are universally adopted here in place of the pretty silks of the country. They were dressed in much the same style as their mistress, excepting that some had long scanty tunics, cut up at the sides as far as the hips, leaving three narrow strips, about a yard long, trailing on the dusty floor. When moving about much, these trains are carried over the arm, or pinned in festoons to the side. Had we given due notice of our visit, they would have all been in *grande tenue* to receive us. As it was, we found them in the rough. The conversation was rather languid, consisting of short questions and answers. The only time they became excited, was when asked if they suffered much from the country fever and ague—a question which was emphatically denied by the whole party; one woman, jumping up and catching hold of both my hands, repeated the word 'Yok—yok!'—'No—no!' most impressively. I do not know why they were so anxious to deny this fact, for one only needed to look on the pale face of the young mistress to see a contradiction of all their words; for you read there a long course of suffering from that blighting disease, the bane of this country. Coffee was being prepared by a slave-girl in the usual manner. A little tripod stood in a corner, with lighted charcoal on it, and the coffee in a very rusty and battered metal vessel. It is made very thick, about the consistence of honey, and served up, without milk or sugar, in little tiny cups, placed in small filigree silver-stands, something like egg-cups. Beginners never can like this coffee, but old hands at it cannot bear to drink any other kind. The aroma is certainly delightful, but I must confess that my utmost exertion of good manners scarcely sufficed to make me swallow the nauseous mouthful, which may not be refused without giving the direst offence. After the coffee comes some sweatmeat—usually preserved cherries, but sometimes conserve of roses or other delicacy—with an array of curious little silver spoons and tumblers of water; each person takes a spoonful of sweatmeat, and some water, and then you may rise to go.

We performed our homeward journey not in the least in love with a harem-life, and in a few days our apathetic host came to return our call, handsomely dressed, and mounted on a superb horse. Unfortunately, none of the gentlemen were at home; and of course he totally ignored the existence of us, the ladies of the establishment, though we watched his advent and departure with great curiosity.

Every plant and tree here seems to grow and flower with a reckless profusion, a rank luxuriance, that is perfectly marvellous. The Turks throw melon-seeds into the ground, and a splendid crop appears in due season, so that you may buy as many melons as you can carry away for a few pence; but these improvident people never make the least provision for winter, and, consequently, half the cattle die, and the rest struggle through a wretched existence for some months of the year. Many Franks, lured by the cheapness of land, and the glorious vegetation, try to take farms here, but rarely succeed. I remember witnessing a melancholy instance of this kind. There was word brought to us one morning, that the wife of a poor Frenchman, who had embarked in a speculation of the sort, was in the greatest possible distress; her husband was absent, and her child dying. We rode over next day, to see what could be done for her; and I shall never forget the hopeless, helpless look of depression stamped on everything around—the wretched, tumbling-down outhouses, and the dreary, dirty farmyard, deserted by every living thing save a few geese, that were marching about at their own freewill. We knocked at the door, but there was no one either to welcome or forbid our entrance to that squalid, poverty-stricken dwelling; so we walked in, disturbing dust and echoes that seemed to have slept in peace for many days, and found the poor mother alone with her sick baby, a lean, shrunken little creature, who might have been about four years old, with a withered face that looked a hundred. It screamed when laid down, and kept up a continual strange low whining as it leaned against its mother's breast, with its long, diminutive limbs hanging down quite powerless, and its wild, dark, elfin eyes glaring round with a fiendish expression. Nothing the least human or childlike was in that face—it looked as if under the influence of some malignant spell, and I could have believed it to be a fairy changeling. The poor woman, with national politeness, tried to find seats for us all, and brightened up under the cheering power of familiar words and friendly faces. She did not know where her husband was—he had left home, despairing of success, to try and better his fortunes elsewhere.

'But he had written to her, and sent a remittance, had he not?'

'Yes, madame.'

'How much had he sent?'

'Five piastres'—about one shilling.

Some of our party mentally cried shame; but he had left home almost penniless, and who knows from what pinching poverty that pittance had been wrung. She did not know what was the matter with her child—it had gradually pined away; but a glance at the low, swampy ground on which the house stood, a very hotbed of fever, was answer enough.

'Had she no one to assist her?'

'No; they had all gone.' Yesterday, she had got two women to help her to shell some maize; but they had stolen more than half of it. Between these disjointed scraps of information, she returned to the constant position of soothing that poor fading child. Not a farthing in the house—not a creature near to advise or assist her! Never was there so desolate, forsaken a position more cheerfully borne than by this brave little woman, trying to put the bright face of her country on everything. We, the visitors, after a short consultation, as there was really nothing else to purchase in the place, determined on being seized with a passion for geese; and forthwith bought up all the brethren of that race we found stalking about the premises. Our cackling purchases were marched off home, and confined in two separate bodies for the night; much to our cost, for the wretches screamed out a history of their wrongs to each other till the morning, when, by general request, they were reunited. It was impossible to do much for our poor Frenchwoman; the child could not be moved, and it was utterly impracticable to procure any kind of maid. It was easy to discover next morning that the market-price of geese had risen, and to send a few extra piastres; and a great hulking Slavonian man, who, most picturesquely attired, sometimes accompanied our riding-parties, was despatched with them. He, good fellow, swept her rooms, lighted her fires, and performed other kind offices, for which I always afterwards looked on his gay green jacket, and its yellow lace trimmings, with a favourable eye. A day or two afterwards, news was brought that the unfortunate baby had passed away, and an arabah[*] was sent to bring the sorrowing mother and her dead child into the town, where she received all the comfort that was possible. I never heard anything further about the family.

THE FEEDING OF AN ARMY.

We all seem to be very learned just now about the Commissariat and Transport, and Medical Stores and Wagon-trains, and Storekeepers and Ambulances; and so forth. That is, we have so much on these subjects driven into us by the newspapers, that we are fain to believe we understand them. Nevertheless, the sum and substance of popular knowledge on such matters is really very limited. Who knows, for instance, how an army is fed? Which of us can tell by what machinery the daily wants of 40,000 or 50,000 men are supplied?—men who are impelled hither and thither by the stern word of command, without a roof over them, and with no knowledge of what the morrow may bring forth. A little information on such a subject will be new to many of our readers; and we have, accordingly, dipped into a frightful blue-book, a folio of 1400 pages, to pick out just so much as will tell us what the Commissariat is, and how it works. This may give us a sort of sequel to the article on the 'Domestic Economy of an Army.'

The officials of an army called the Commissariat move with the troops, and supply them with their daily rations; and there is a sort of standard rule, that each commissary should have with him, or within his reach, from three days' to a week's supply for the force to which he is attached. Each day he forwards to the commissary-general a statement of these supplies, which is laid before the general commanding, whose movements depend on this information. The troops also receive from the division-commissary all money-payments due to them. The commissary-general supplies means of transport, and forage for the transport-horses, to the Ordnance field-commissary in charge of the ammunition. To the commissary-general, also, is intrusted all the means of transport required by the army; this demands an intimate acquaintance with the resources of the country in which the army is located, and a frequent communication with civil and other authorities. The commissary-general has to see that he has a supply of money for his wants, and then to apply that money to the purchase of food and forage; and he has to negotiate bills from the home authorities, or manage the complicated commercial machinery by which paper-money or securities may be converted into specie.

It seems odd that, while the Commissariat has the management of the food, transport, and money of a moving army, the *purchasing* of the food itself was passed over to the Ordnance a few years ago. Even now we may see advertisements in the daily papers, announcing that the Ordnance are ready to receive tenders for such and such stores. In fact, for many years there has been a sort of battledoor-and-shuttlecock game between these two departments, each wishing to be very independent of the other; each jealous if its dignity be touched; and each perplexing the Treasury to determine which is the most efficient mode of classifying the respective duties. Very often, in foreign wars, supplies are obtained by foraging-parties, who roam over the country, purchasing or purloining, as the case may be. The English government has the credit of always paying for the supplies thus obtained; but the past history of war affords too many instances in which foreign armies have added to the miseries of a campaign, by taking forcible possession, without payment, of what food or fodder the poor peasantry might happen to possess. The endeavour of the English Commissariat is, to obtain a supply of everything by *contract* before it is actually wanted, so as to leave as little as possible to be effected by foraging-parties. One of the many complexities in this subject is, that while the Commissariat feed the soldiers abroad, the Ordnance feed them at home. This is the result of a change made in 1835. Before that time, the Ordnance fed only the artillery and engineers' corps, while the Commissariat attended to the wants of the army generally. The Commissariat officers have frequently insisted that the Ordnance, although competent to issue guns, balls, and powder, ought to have nought to do with the issuing of beef, pork, and bread.

While the army is progressing, bread is usually issued in towns or villages where there are means of grinding and baking; the commissary endeavours to obtain the good-will of the inhabitants by just and judicious payments for everything he receives, and this good-will enables him to obtain the services of lads, women, mills, and ovens, for preparing the bread. A certain number of bakers are usually attached to the head-quarters of each division, to make and bake bread and biscuits as frequently as opportunities offer. In most of our wars, we have entered continental countries as allies of the inhabitants of those countries, and hence have not had to contend against the hostility of the peasantry and towns-people. One consequence of this has been, that the army has been supplied with bread or biscuit by contract with the nearest port, or with the surrounding district. The French, however, who have more frequently entered foreign countries as enemies, usually take ovens and stores with them, that they may not be too much at the mercy of circumstances. Where these appliances have been wanting, the French have sometimes suffered severely. Massena's army in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, during the Peninsular War, were compelled to beat their corn between two stones into a kind of imperfect meal, which was made up into thin cakes; these cakes, toasted before the bivouac-fires, were their only food. The soldiers had neither mills nor ovens; and their only supplies just at that time consisted of raw corn. When Marmont was engaged in one of his campaigns, he carried with him corn-mills, each capable of being worked by one man, who could grind thirty pounds of corn into meal in an hour. The soldiers dug their ovens in the ground—employing four hours to make an oven, and two to bake the bread. The commissary in an English army generally endeavours to drive on a few live-cattle with the troops, to maintain a supply of butchers' meat. The cattle are among the supplies which fail soonest; and a heavy item in the commissary's duties, is to search for cattle about the neighbourhood. As the English pay well, there are generally persons who come forward with provisions for sale; but they are frequently slippery dealers, and the commissary has to be wary in his transactions with them. In respect to the feeding of the horses, as hay, straw, and grass are too bulky to be carried by the animals which are to eat them, foraging-parties have to be despatched hither and thither, to find out the hay-fields and meadows, to make purchases, to cut down, and to bring these acquisitions to a convenient spot.

If the commissary cannot take food with him, and if the inhabitants cannot or will not sell, he has to change his tone, and say, 'You *must!*' Alas, for the poor inhabitants! 'If you are in an enemy's country, and living chiefly, if not altogether, upon requisition,' says Commissary Sir R. Routh, 'it is usual to send your demands accompanied by military force, unless you are in actual possession of the town. This show of force is necessary to the magistrate, as his plea before his own townsmen in the execution of the duty. The Commissariat officer is usually accompanied by a detachment of cavalry, who occupy the town until the supply has been furnished; but all resort to violence is to be deprecated; nor is it usually necessary. You will always be more successful by cultivating the good opinion of the inhabitants.'

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[*] A country carriage.

One of the most singular disclosures lately made public concerning the eventful proceedings in the East, is the offer made by a commercial house at Liverpool to *feed our entire army* in the Crimea by private contract. The tender was for 3s. 6d. per soldier per day. For this sum, the firm would have given the troops daily 1 pound bread, 1 pound cooked beef or pork, ¼ pound preserved potatoes, equal to 1 pound of raw potatoes; and a weekly allowance of 3 ounces tea, 3 ounces coffee, 1 pound sugar, 1 pound cheese, ½ gill pickles, 2 ounces salt, ½ ounce pepper, and ½ ounce mustard. To these were to be added 1 pint of ale and ½ gill of spirits daily. The daily quantities of solid and liquid food would be 56½ tons for 30,000 men. The firm would employ four steamers, of 1200 tons each, to be constantly employed running to and fro to convey this food. They would provide their own beasts of burden, and make their contract valid for any part of the Crimea—undertaking to supply every soldier every day, in whatever part of the Crimea the army might be. The meat would be served cold, but the potatoes would be cooked hot on the spot; they would have all the culinary arrangements for cooking the provisions daily; they would provide mules and carts for the land-transport; they would supply fresh meat by purchasing cattle in the countries bordering on the Black Sea. This remarkable tender—made by merchants who have been in the habit of victualling emigrant-ships largely—was not accepted by the government; and we will, therefore, return to our Commissariat.

Sir R. Routh, in his pamphlet relating to the Commissariat, makes a statement which seems, as it stands, to place the British soldier on a lower level than the French in regard to prudence. He is treating of the supply of an army during its march. 'The Commissariat officer issues to the army three days' rations in advance; but it has not been found advantageous to distribute the whole of this supply to the men. One day's ration, therefore, is given to the men, and transport is furnished to the quarter-master, to convey the remaining two days' rations. Sometimes, on the eve of a battle—and this practice is general in the French army—rations for three days are distributed to the men, with orders to cook these provisions, and carry them on in their haversacks; and the practice is good, with this objection only, that it is a temptation to the improvident to consume their three days' rations in one. It is not unusual for a French soldier, when a long march is in contemplation, to carry fourteen days' biscuit, and to economise its consumption so that it shall actually last for that period; whereas you cannot always confide to the English soldier beyond the ration of the day. The Romans were in the habit of carrying on their persons a large supply of biscuit, and it was part of the discipline of the soldier; it is the custom also among most modern nations, when there is a great object in view.' Sir Randolph evidently implies, that it would be easier for the commissary to perform his duties if the men were supplied for three days at a time, but that the English soldier has not yet been so accustomed to the system as to use providently the humble fare intrusted to him.

Some years ago, Sir George Head wrote *Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-general*, in which he gave much amusing gossip concerning his own experience in that office. The wear and tear of an active commissary's life during actual war is graphically told. Sir George informs us that, when a young man, he accepted the office of commissariat-clerk during the Peninsular War. He had to locate himself in small rooms at Badajos, Coimbra, and other towns, writing all day long the necessary entries and documents connected with the supplies for Wellington's army. After a hard day's writing, he would dine on plain boiled ration-beef, and then luxuriate upon oranges purchased at twenty for a penny! When the French was about to invest Ciudad Rodrigo in 1810, Sir George was raised to the post of commissary of a brigade; and in this office, instead of quill-driving from morning till night, he had to scamper hither and thither in search of the necessary supplies for the brigade—now providing bullocks and vegetables to feed the men, and securing hay and corn to feed the horses; and now insuring a sufficient number of mules to carry the baggage and ammunition. Another lift awaited him: he became deputy-assistant commissary-general, and joined a portion of the army bound for the Alemtejo. While in one of the small towns in Portugal, Sir George tells us he was daily occupied from five in the morning till ten at night, incessantly engaged about mules, and food and fodder; and then at night, when he ought to have had sound sleep, 'the nuisance created by the vermin was really dreadful; like dogs, they galloped round the room, squeaking and fighting one with another; and not content with running over me as I lay in bed, at last absolutely used my person as a convenient landing-place to drop upon from the ceiling to the floor.'

When Sir George rose one step higher, and became assistant-commissary, he was attached to Sir Thomas Picton's division; and he then gives us some idea of his daily official life. It was a time of very early morning-marches. The commissary presented himself at head-quarters at three in the morning, and found the general dressed, booted, and spurred. The commissary was there and then informed of the town or village to which they were about to march; the head-quarters of the division; and as nearly as possible, the destinations of the respective brigades. Returning to his tent, he usually found a score or so of persons assembled, requiring interviews with him on various matters connected with the Commissariat. The commissary then told the brigade-commissaries what was to be the nature of the day's march, and all conferred as to the best mode of scouring the country in pursuit of the necessary supplies. 'Full often,' says our authority, 'have I risen in a morning, even while the clouds were pouring rain, and started on my way, without figure of speech or exaggeration, literally not knowing the precise direction whither I was about to go, to seek the identical wheat that before the sun set at night was to be converted into bread. Yet good-fortune, and the cordial co-operation of my brother-officers in the Commissariat, always enabled me in due time to furnish my 7000 rations; and thus pay, as it were, to the whole division at the close of each toilsome day the debt I owed. Even after the wheat was found, a great deal remained to be done—for instance, the banks of rivers to be explored in seeking mills; mules appointed to work between these and the division; a spot determined on for a store to receive the flour when ground; and, lastly, the municipal authorities to be summoned, the ovens in the town or village put in requisition, and women appointed to bake the flour into bread.' Sir George states, in a note, that these rations comprised 10,500 pounds of bread, or 7000 pounds of biscuit; 7000 pounds of meat; 7000 pints of wine, or 2333⅓ pints of spirits. And these quantities had to be provided every day, on the responsibility of the commissary, be the difficulties what they might. After he had settled his morning conferences and interviews, he, 'mounting a fresh horse, traversed the adjacent country to see what fortune might throw in my way. While the army was moving, I returned from these daily excursions to the camp generally after nightfall; I never threw myself in my clothes to rest on my mattress before midnight; and always at three o'clock in the morning, as I have stated before, stood in the presence of the general. The above is no more than a reasonable sketch of the daily routine of a commissariat-officer in the field, in charge of a division of the army.'

How far the calamities in the Crimea are to be attributed to Commissariat imperfections, it does not fall within the province of this sheet to determine. But the reader will have seen sufficient to assure him, that a proper organisation of the Commissariat must be a matter of vast importance to an army; and that our politicians are well justified in attempting to determine the best mode of giving precision and efficacy to the system. When the Duke of Wellington was fighting, year after year, in the Peninsula, he was sorely perplexed by shortcomings in the Commissariat on many occasions; and his dispatches make frequent mention of the shifts to which he was often driven on this matter. Without touching on the province of a newspaper—a specialty which seems to be on the eve of removal—we may simply advert to the fact, that enormous stores of every kind of provisions were sent out to the Crimea during the autumn and winter, sufficient to feed well every soldier in the army; and yet we see what miseries have resulted from any dislocation of the machinery whereby the stores were distributed! Cruel as it is to see a fine army wasted away, when ample supplies were within reasonable distance, it would be little less cruel to hastily lay the fault to individual officials of departments, until we know whether, and to what extent, they were tied by precedent and official shackles. Truly, the domestic economy and feeding of an army is a delicate affair!

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

A FEW MORE ITEMS ABOUT COLOUR.

COLOUR, as has been said, is the plague-spot in the constitution of America. How to get rid of it, nobody knows; what is to be the upshot, no one can foretell. So far as an outsider is able to judge, few are satisfied with the present state of things. The more intelligent and reflective part of the nation seem to be getting more alive to the danger, or at least to the social degradation involved in the permanence of slavery. Not a little of this increasing sensibility is, doubtless, owing to the recent and unexpected acts of Congress establishing Kansas and Nebraska, without guaranteeing, in accordance with an existing statute, that slavery shall not be introduced into these western territories. Offended with this loose legislation, and possibly apprehensive of the spread of the institution over the broad continent, even to the shores of the Pacific, many persons hitherto inclined to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, are now apparently disposed to adopt every means of defeating its operation; or, at all events, remaining neutral in moody discontent, they lend no assistance to slave-owners in reclaiming their vagrant property. In short, it may be inferred, from recent demonstrations, that the question of confining slavery to its older and more congenial region, and of modifying other social restrictions in regard to colour, is gaining ground, and that next Congress will not pass away without something being done on this vexing subject. The following are a few items illustrative of matters as they stand:—

A FORTUNATE 'COW-HIDING.'—A case was not long since in the courts of New York, involving an important question in law. The question was, whether slaves who had been involuntarily brought into the state, could be legally carried back into servitude by their master. The result of this litigation has not fallen under my notice; but I observe that in Ohio the law on the point has been established. About a year ago, a Mr and Mrs Williams, from New Orleans, visited Circleville, in Ohio, bringing with them a female slave, twelve years of age. One day Mrs Williams thought proper to give the girl a 'cow-hiding,' whereupon she decamped, and took refuge among some of the coloured population. By them the girl was informed, that having been *brought by her proprietor* into the free state of Ohio, she could not be legally reclaimed or taken back to slavery. Not aware of this state of the law, Williams tried to recover the girl, but found that the authorities could not assist him, and that if he attempted violence, he would subject himself to a prosecution for kidnapping. He and his wife, accordingly, returned to New Orleans without their slave, who remained with her coloured friends, and was put to school.

A BISHOP SLAVEHOLDER.—A correspondent of the *New York Express*, lately furnished a fascinating account of the manner in which slaves are treated on a plantation in Louisiana belonging to Bishop Polk. We give it as a curiosity in its way. 'The plantation presents a favourable, but by no means a peculiar picture of southern homes and hearts. I allude to the sugar-estate of Bishop Polk, on the Bayou Lafourche, and in possession of one of the happiest and most intelligent families one sees anywhere. There are 340 slaves, 90 of whom are children under ten years of age, and 170 working-hands. Eighteen children had been born upon the plantation in less than a year. The children are trained religiously as soon as their young minds can be made to comprehend the idea of God and of religious duty. Many of the grown slaves can both read and write; and those who can do so, are not slow to teach others. Probably, the world over, there could not be found three or four hundred beings together happier or better cared for than the slaves on this plantation. Though a sugar-plantation, the slaves are not worked on Sunday; and Bishop Polk has demonstrated that it is both practical and economical, even in the grinding-season, to suspend all sorts of labour on Sunday. A planter, who had tried the experiment, concluded to recommend the stopping of labour on the Sabbath; acknowledged that the change worked well; and that he was making more and better sugar than ever before. The children have their nurseries, where the very old take care of the very young while the mothers and fathers are at work. Those from ten years to ten months old, live and play together; and it is not until they reach fourteen, that regular day-service is put upon them. On a plantation like this, the majority of those of mature years are regular members of the church; and here are ninety communicants. "If northern divines, however anti-slavery they may be, will come here to save souls," said Bishop Polk, "I will welcome them when they come. I will not ask whence they came, or what their faith. They shall see slavery precisely as it is. They shall visit every plantation in the Louisiana diocese, and I will only exact of them, that they preach the gospel as it is proclaimed in the Word of God!"'

NEGRO DOGS.—Without calling in question the kindly treatment of slaves by such pious worthies as Bishop Polk, it is certain that negroes—ungrateful wretches!—are continually making their escape from the pleasures of servitude. Unfortunately, good masters do not live for ever; neither are they always exempted from pecuniary misfortunes, or from a wish to change their professional pursuits; and, consequently, their servants, along with other chattels, run a continual risk—there lies the pinch—of being suddenly brought to the hammer. When negroes take flight, the best plan for securing them, we are told, is at once to employ a professional slave-catcher, who goes to work in a methodical way, with dogs trained for the purpose of scenting fugitives. During last year, a runaway slave was thus traced to Washington, and there scented by a dog in a place of hiding, not half a mile from the Capitol, where Congress was at the time in session. The *New York Tribune* contains the following advertisement of a professional slave-catcher, quoted from a newspaper in a western slave-state:—'Negro Dogs.—I would inform the citizens of Holmes County that I still have my Negro Dogs, and that they are in good training, and ready to attend to all calls of hunting and catching Runaway Negroes, at the following rates: For hunting per day, five dollars; or if I have to travel any distance, every day will be charged for, in going and returning, as for hunting, and at the same rates. Not less than five dollars will be charged in any case, where the Negroes come in before I reach the place. From fifteen to twenty-five dollars will be charged for catching, according to the trouble; if the Negro has weapons, the charge will be made according to the difficulty had in taking him, or in case he kills some of the dogs, the charge will not be governed by the above rates. I am explicit, to prevent any misunderstanding. The owner of the slave to pay all expenses in all cases. I venture to suggest to any person having a slave-runaway, that the better plan is to send for the dogs forthwith when the Negro goes off, if they intend sending at all, and let no other person go in the direction, if they know which way the runaway went; as many persons having other Negroes to hunt over the track, and failing of success, send for the dogs, and then perhaps fail in consequence to catch their Negro, and thus causelessly fault the dogs. Terms, cash. If the money is not paid at the time the Negro hunted for is caught, he will be held bound for the money. I can be found at home at all times, five and a half miles east of Lexington, except when hunting with the dogs. John Long. *Feb.* 14, 1855.'

A Cool Proposal.—The troublesome foible that runaway slaves have of getting into Canada, has given considerable annoyance to persons who make a profession of catching them. In some instances, they have tried to follow them across the boundary, but not with good results; as, according to British law, all human beings are free, and the forcible seizure of anybody, no matter what be his colour, is kidnapping, and subject to punishment. In circumstances so disagreeable to slave-catchers, a member of this respectable fraternity—to wit, Mr John H. Pope—hailing from the town of Frederick, in Maryland, and dating the 1st of January, sends a letter to the 'chief of police, Montreal, Canada,' in which he makes what the newspapers describe as a 'cool proposal.' In justice to Mr Pope, we copy his letter entire: 'Dear Sir—Though the laws of your province preclude slavery, and you may deem it improper that I should address you relative to that question, which has created so great sectional animosity at home, and elicited such disapproval abroad—still, believing that a sense of justice influences every right-thinking man in the formation of his judgment and the mode of his conduct, I have taken the liberty, which, if it meets not with views alike to mine, will be pardoned. Vast numbers of slaves, escaping from their masters or owners, succeed in reaching your provinces, and are, therefore, without the pale of the Fugitive Slave Law, and can only be restored by cunning, together with skill. Large rewards are offered, and will be paid for their return; and could I find an efficient person to act with me, a great deal of money could be made, as I would equally divide. Many are willing to come after writing to that effect. The only apprehension we have in approaching too far into Canada, is the fear of being arrested; and had I a good assistant in your city, who would induce the negroes to the frontier, I would be there to pay the cash. On your answer, I can furnish names and descriptions of negroes, which will fully reward the trouble. Answer either to accept or decline. Yours, John H. Pope, *Police-officer and Constable*.'—On this letter, the *Montreal Gazette* of January 13 offers some pointed remarks, and concludes in a strain to which our readers may possibly respond: 'We have no desire to counsel violence towards any man, but such a proposition as that we have just read in this negro-hunter's letter, rouses a spirit of indignation which prevents all half reflection. If ever the taking of the law into one's own hands were justifiable, it would be in such a case as this. We will not trust ourselves to write more about it to-day, but can only cry shame on the man who would so degrade himself as to make such a proposition! Triple shame on the people whose laws sanction his conduct! And we may thank God once more, and rejoice, that their country is not ours—that we have no share or participation in their sin.'

Miss Gibson.—In the *New York Tribune* of January 30, there appears an account of a runaway affair. It begins with a quotation from the *Detroit Tribune* of the 15th of the same month, to the effect that a Miss Gibson, from Maysville, in Kentucky, had just crossed the river St Clair to the Canadian shore, having arrived in safety by the underground railway from Toledo. 'What makes this case of unusual interest,' proceeds the Detroit paper, 'is the fact that Miss Gibson is as white as any of our lady-readers who will con this paragraph. Unless informed of the fact, no one would have the remotest suspicion that she had a drop of negro blood running in her veins. Her eyes are blue, her hair brown, her complexion fair and clear. She is very intelligent, and her appearance really prepossessing.' Now for Greeley's characteristic commentary: 'The superb chivalry which would keep such a fair chattel should be known, but in default of such knowledge, let us imagine a public dinner, and the company, with that chivalrous man present, and the proceedings at Toast No. 13: *Woman!* [Nine cheers.]

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, &c.

[Immense applause, the whole company rising and using their glasses, some breaking them.] The gallant Colonel Fitz Specimen, of Kentucky, being called upon to respond to this toast, rises and speaks as follows:—"Mr Chairman and Gentlemen—It is a time-honoured custom to toast woman at public dinners; and, what is more, to reserve the toast till the close of the feast, when our hearts are warmest, and, under the inspiration of jolly Bacchus, our feelings mellowest. [Cheers and laughter.] Woman! what shall not be said in her favour? When too young to know love or gratitude, we are nurtured at her breast, and her tenderness glows in the ratio of our helplessness and infant sorrows. When a little older, the first beam of divine feeling comes from the rainbow of undefined passion which overarches our existence, even in the dawn of youth. [Applause and disorder.] Then in our days of ripened passion, what makes the stars shine, the floweret perfume, the grove vocal—what makes life worth the toil of existence, but the love of woman? Oh, how poor, how mean is our boasted ambition, our public honours, our private labours, without her smile! [Applause considerable.] But how doubly, triply, quadruply blest, are we in this land of liberty, where alone woman is respected and protected by the law? Look at Europe, and you find her ever and everywhere doomed to the coarsest toils. War's greatest martyrs, and the shame of peace! She ploughs, digs, delves, carries loads, plays scavenger, descends into coal-pits, is habitually prostituted—the centre of civilisation, Paris even, shewing one lost daughter to every three that are born. [Shame! shame! and groans.] But in our own country, the land of the free and the home of the brave, woman first finds a place due her honour, nobility, and tenderness. Here she is respected. Free as virtue can render her—respected, beloved, venerated—this is her paradise. [Extravagant cheering.] Go where you will in the thirty-one states, and a halo of idolatry encircles her fair brow! [A gentleman mutters: 'All except niggers.'] The gentleman need not correct me —I said *fair* brow. [Great cheering and laughter.] Woman, Mr Chairman and Gentlemen, now and for ever —God bless her!" Need we add that, beyond a doubt, the gallant colonel sat down amid loud applause, long continued, and that—in spite of his speech, Miss Gibson found it necessary to run away from his proprietorship.'

DARING ACT OF A COLOURED WOMAN.—Along certain thoroughfares in New York there run railway-cars, drawn by horses, and plying as street-omnibuses for miscellaneous passengers. One Sunday, a coloured lady, named Elizabeth Jennings, who is a teacher in a public school, and acts as organist in one of the city churches, presumed to get upon the outer platform of one of these cars for the purpose of riding to church. The conductor, very much astonished at her presumption, tried, says the account of the affair in the *Tribune*, 'to get her off, first alleging the car was full; and when that was shewn to be false, he pretended the other passengers were displeased at her presence; but as she saw nothing of that, and insisted on her rights, he took hold of her by force to expel her. She resisted; they got her down on the platform, jammed her bonnet, soiled her dress, and injured her person. Quite a crowd gathered around, but she effectually resisted, and they were not able to get her off. Finally, after the car had gone on further, they got the aid of a policeman, and succeeded in expelling her from the car. She instructed her attorneys to prosecute the company, also the driver and conductor. The two latter interposed no defence; the company took issue; and the cause was brought to trial. Judge Rockwell gave a very clear and able charge, instructing the jury that the company were liable for the acts of their agents, whether committed carelessly and negligently, or wilfully and maliciously; that they were common carriers, and as such bound to carry all respectable persons; *that coloured persons, if sober, well-behaved, and free from disease*, had the same rights as others, and could neither be excluded by *any rules of the company, nor by force or violence;* and in case of such expulsion or exclusion, the company was liable. The plaintiff claimed 500 dollars in her complaint, and a majority of the jury were for giving her the full amount; but others maintained some peculiar notions as to coloured people's rights, and they finally agreed on 225 dollars, on which the court added ten per cent., besides the costs. Railways, steam-boats, omnibuses, and ferry-boats,' observes our authority in conclusion, 'will be admonished from this as to the rights of respectable coloured people. It is high time the rights of this class of citizens were ascertained, and that it should be known whether they are to be thrust from our public conveyances, while German or Irish women, with a quarter of mutton or a load of cod-fish, can be admitted.'

A COLOURED DIFFICULTY.—On the 7th of February, in the present year, a female teacher in one of the district schools of Cincinnati, wrote a note to the 'Board of Trustees,' intimating that certain members of the Board had introduced into her school-room a coloured boy, with directions to instruct him as a pupil among the children of white citizens—a proceeding, she remarks, 'wholly illegal,' and she therefore begs that the boy may be immediately removed to the school for coloured children. This appeal led to a meeting of the trustees, at which, amidst a warm discussion, various resolutions and amendments were put on the subject. There was a difficulty in the case. The boy was more white than black, and under this favourable feature, it was argued by some of the members present, that he was eligible as a pupil in a white school. Accordingly, one of the party moved the admission of the boy, on the ground that 'the supreme court of Ohio had decided, that a person nearer white than a mulatto or half-blood, is entitled to the privileges of white,' and 'that children of more than half-white blood, are entitled to the benefit of the school fund.' This, like other resolutions favourable to the boy, was lost; and, finally, his expulsion from the school was carried by fifteen to ten. Two of the trustees forthwith resigned. One wonders with what face the people of the northern states can reproach the south, on the subject of slavery, while they themselves are chargeable with subjecting the coloured population to such indignities. How southern planters must laugh at incidents like that just related! W. C.

FIRE-ANNIHILATION.

IT is an important question, whether any other agent than water is chemically fitted to extinguish fire quickly and effectually? Several years ago, Captain Manby—favourably known for his praiseworthy exertions to contrive apparatus for saving the lives of shipwrecked persons—published a small pamphlet, in which, among other suggestions for extinguishing fires, he proposes that the water employed should contain a certain quantity of potash. He says: 'When a small quantity of simple water is cast on materials in a state of violent combustion, the heat from the burnt surface soon causes it to evaporate into steam; and the materials thus extinguished, again becoming dry from the radiation of the surrounding heat, readily ignite; but that if pearl-ash or potash be added to the water, when the water evaporates a solid incrustation of the pearl-ash is left on the surface, which, by defending it from the influence of the air, prevents it from burning, and from communicating flame to the contiguous parts.' This potash-theory seems to have maintained some hold on the mind of Captain Manby; for he further proposed the use of portable cylindrical vessels filled with water containing potash—his object being to prevent the rapid spread of a fire before the arrival of the engines, by having at hand vessels capable of being managed by all persons, and provided with the means of forcing potash-water in a narrow stream with considerable force against the burning substances.

Whether Captain Manby's plan was ever put in practice, we do not know; but there has been invented and patented, within the last few years, an apparatus which may be said to choke or stifle a fire by means of a dense smoke or gas. The contrivance is called Phillips's Fire-annihilator. The gas produced will not support combustion; and the theory is, that the fire must die out if the enveloping gas prevents the approach of the oxygen of the air. The apparatus is certainly very small, considering the important service which it is intended to render: it is, in fact, nothing more than a chemical vessel, in which a particular gas may be generated. There is an upright perforated cylinder, contained within a second perforated cylinder; this is contained within an air-tight cylinder, and a fourth cylinder or casing encloses the whole—a regular nest of boxes, one within another. The ingredients for generating the gas are numerous—charcoal, gypsum, nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash, sugar, water, sulphuric acid. These substances are made up into a single charge, which is placed in the inner cylinder, and connected with a fuse projecting from the top of the apparatus. When the fuse is ignited, the charge instantly takes fire, converting some water that has been introduced into the outer cylinder into steam; and the combined steam from the water and carbonic acid gas of the charge rushes forth with great violence from a funnel near the top, after which the jet may be directed against the fire it is intended to stifle.

This apparatus has been used in extinguishing many purposely kindled fires: let one example suffice. The Exhibition Jury of Class X., on 6th September 1851, witnessed one of Mr Phillips's experiments at Battersea. The jury were Sir John Herschel, Professor Collodon, Mr Glaisher of Greenwich Observatory, and Mr Bazerbank, and they report as follows:—'A rough wooden-house, two stories high, filled with planks of wood, shavings, &c., was set on fire, and the doors and windows fast closed; previously to which, a quantity of spirits of turpentine had been poured over the combustibles in the interior, from which, in the course of a few minutes, the flames were seen issuing from the windows, and on the door being burst open, presented an unbroken sheet of flame. The Fire-annihilator was then brought forward, and the vapour directed into the doorway. The effect was almost instantaneous. The great mass of flame was at once extinguished, and at the same moment dense volumes of smoke were seen issuing from the same place.'

The practical question remains—Can dependence be placed upon this apparatus, that it will always be serviceable when an accidental fire occurs? We are enabled to give one piece of evidence on this subject, the force of which will depend much on the faith placed in the disinterestedness of our motives in bringing it forward. It is simply to this effect, that in our own printing-office, not long ago, a beam connected with a flue took fire, during the breakfast-hour, and was producing a conflagration of a sufficiently alarming character, when one of the examples of the apparatus which we keep upon the premises, was brought and put in action, and in a surprisingly brief space of time the burning was wholly extinguished.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The past month, though not particularly fertile in respect of science, nor fraught with startling discoveries, has been one of steady advance in a variety of matters more or less important. Some have passed almost unnoticed, amid the excitement and talk about stagnation in the Crimea, disasters at Scutari, an imperial visit from the other side of the Channel, and the change in the law concerning newspapers. Nevertheless, our *savans* have not been idle. They are all rather in good spirits just at present, feeling the appointment of Professor Graham to the post of Master of the Mint, vacated by Sir John Herschel, to be a compliment paid to science. And so it is, but not more than science deserves; and we are truly glad that Lord Palmerston, looking beyond mere parliamentary influence—that bugbear of prime-ministers—has chosen a fit man for a fit place. Professor Graham is a chemist of first-rate reputation, known throughout Europe; and his successor in the chair of University College must be no smatterer. We hear from Oxford, that Dr Daubeny has given notice of his intention to resign his chair in that university; to be succeeded by one of our ablest chemists—the son of a well-known baronet—if Oxford will waive the signing of the Thirty-nine Articles; a point which, it is said, the venerable *mater* is not indisposed to concede. Changes of another kind have taken place on the continent. The death of Gauss, at the age of seventy-eight, has deprived Göttingen of its most distinguished professor—the foremost mathematician of Europe. The veteran was so devoted to his studies, so little of a traveller, that he had never seen a railway or a locomotive till within a year or two of his decease. Paris, too, has to lament the loss of Duvernoy, Cuvier's successor.

Among the more important subjects, Mr Grove's experiments deserve attention, for they demonstrate the convertibility of galvanic and frictional electricity, and accompanied by extraordinary phenomena. No sooner is the apparatus properly connected, and the machine in action, than a torrent of sparks is seen to pass with a continuous roar, too loud to be agreeable. A new fact, and no unimportant one, is hereby added to electrical science; and also to popular science, for the managers of the Panopticon are exhibiting it to admiring spectators.

The Society of Arts are keeping up their reputation for usefulness, as shewn by the interesting papers read at their weekly meetings. One on a new system of drawing, which leads the student on from simple to compound geometric lines, and enables him to produce ornament on definite rules. The system, though containing valuable points, is said not to be new, and to be better adapted for artisans than artists. Another was on that great question, the Sewage of London: Mr Lawes treated it in a manner at once philosophical and practical, and gave reasons for modifying the notions entertained for some time past as to the great value of the sewer discharge. He estimates the egesta of the whole population of the metropolis, when deprived of moisture, at about 51,000 tons annually—sufficient to manure 400,000 acres of corn-growing land; to produce 600,000 quarters of wheat; and worth L.774,525. But the cost of collecting and drying would be too great to admit of its application to a farm with profit, after paying carriage. If distributed in a liquid form, the most valuable part of the fertilising substance is lost by the dilution; the laying down of pipes to a long distance involves too great an outlay; and only on grass-lands near London would it pay to distribute liquid manure. Such is a very brief summary of the views entertained by Mr Lawes. In the discussion that followed, it was shewn that Mr Wicksteed's plans for economising and distributing the sewage of Leicester do leave a profit; that the conversion of the fæcal matter into a dry form has never yet been properly attempted in this country; and that the experience of Scotch farmers in the use of the article does not agree with that of English farmers. Mr Mechi thinks the annual value of the London sewage to be L.18,000,000 sterling. The difference of opinion is great; and careful experiment will be needed to settle the question. Meanwhile, we are sending half round the globe for a fertiliser, which, if we did but sufficiently recognise the law of compensations, would be found available in every parish.

Mr Wilson's paper on the iron manufacture of the United States is a suggestive one for British manufacturers. The Americans make 200,000 tons of iron in the year, and import 500,000 tons from England—an important item in the trade between the two countries, and one likely to increase. In some respects, Jonathan is ahead of us: he uses certain of the gases, and the slag which we waste; and he has discovered a process for making iron direct from the ore. The latter is to be adopted at the ironworks in South Wales. We make here, in Britain, 3,000,000 tons of iron a year, and to each ton there are two tons of slag-refuse, which the masters pay to get rid of. But Dr Smith of Philadelphia shews slag to be a valuable material, of manifold uses, convertible into glazed bricks and tiles, vases, chimney-pieces, table-tops, and pavements; and instead of wasting it, as at present, manufacturers might realise from it L.500,000 a year. Experiments made at Dowlais go far to verify these conclusions.

At the last meeting of the Geographical Society, a detailed account was read of Dr Livingston's remarkable exploration of the interior of Africa; and such was the impression produced, that the adventurous traveller will no doubt find himself rewarded, when next he hears from England, by the award of the

Society's gold medal. Having already mentioned the principal facts of the doctor's travels, we shall now only add, that he has left Loanda, on the western coast, hoping to cross to Quilimane, the Portuguese settlement on the eastern coast. A rumour has reached us from Australia, that Mr Benjamin Boyd, who was supposed to have perished by shipwreck on the Solomon Isles, is now thought to be alive, as his name has been seen carved on the tree stems on one of the group. A small vessel was being fitted out to ascertain the nature of the rumour when the advices came away. The return of Captain Collinson, with the Arctic exploring-ship *Enterprise*, is now expected with some anxiety, as when the vessel sailed from Hong-Kong in November last, most, if not all, the officers were under arrest. Her arrival will be a relief in many quarters. Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Maclure have each written a narrative—the one, of his expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; the other, of his arduous discovery of the North-west Passage. Both works are to be published immediately.

Colonel Sykes states, in a report to the Statistical Society on Nice and its characteristics, that to seek a cure of diseases of the lungs in that pleasant territory, or in Piedmont, is 'a dangerous error;' for the prevailing winds are northerly, the changes of temperature frequent and sudden, and diseases of the respiratory organs more numerous and fatal in proportion than in London. He makes out his case by such an array of facts as will probably induce invalids to prefer Devonshire or Cornwall to the Mediterranean. There is, however, another sea-margin worthy of consideration. The Rev. Dr Lloyd, of Trinity College, Dublin, suggests, in a report on the meteorology of Ireland, to the Royal Irish Academy, that the coast of Kerry offers an equable temperature, a genial climate, and magnificent scenery.

Visitors to the Polytechnic Institution have now the pleasure of hearing a concert played by invisible performers—a cleverly managed contrivance. Four harps are seen standing on the floor of the lecture-room; and though no one strikes the strings, the harmony of a quartett is distinctly heard, and under such control, that the lecturer, by a slight movement of each harp, cuts off or restores the sound instantaneously. It is a case of telephony. The performers sit somewhere in the basement of the building, and the sound of the instruments is conveyed through long pine-rods to the sounding-board of the harps; and the spectators find themselves under the joint influence of wonder and curiosity. The method was first contrived by Mr Wheatstone, some thirty years ago; and for some time afterwards, it was shewn at a public exhibition in the Strand. Mr Faraday made it the subject of a lecture at the Royal Institution in 1831; and now the managers of the Polytechnic have revived it, to delight the present generation. Nothing so new as that which is old and forgotten.

M. Soyer has demonstrated to the authorities of Greenwich Hospital, that to do the cooking of the establishment by gas would effect a double economy: improved quality of viands, and saving of expense. Should the process be adopted, we may hope that many other establishments, private as well as public, will follow the example. The demand for paper from material other than rags, has been answered by the production of paper from a mixture of wood-shavings and bran. And Dr Hoskins, of Guernsey, thinks he may claim the L.1000 offered by the *Times*, as he has succeeded in making a good paper from a plant which grows abundantly in the Channel Islands and in most parts of England. A highly important contribution to the general question has just been made by Dr Royle's volume on *The Fibrous Plants of India*, &c., in which the vegetable resources of our Indian Empire for the manufacture of cordage and cloths, as well as paper, are ably discussed. The Earl of Derby made a speech on the subject, illustrated by specimens, in the House of Lords.

Certain of the learned men of Cambridge, chiefly of St John's College, have established an Adams' Prize, value about L.130, for the promotion and encouragement of astronomical science; and they announce 'The Motions of Saturn's Rings' as the subject on which they desire to receive papers: the best, of course, to win the prize. Time enough is allowed for treating the investigation with the care and attention it so eminently deserves, as the papers are not to be sent in before 1857. An attempt has been made by Mr Burr to illustrate the precession of the equinoxes—a profound mystery to thousands—and make it apparent to the eye, by a mechanical contrivance. He exhibited an ingenious instrument for the purpose at a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society, and they are shortly to make known their opinion as to its capabilities.

Edinburgh, long celebrated for her school of painting, is now to have an opportunity of distinguishing herself in another way; for government has purchased land on which to establish an Industrial Museum. When completed, working-men, and indeed persons of all classes, will be able to get some practical knowledge of what is meant by the application of science to art; and we shall hope to see the institution not less useful and flourishing than in other towns. The Institute of British Architects have held discussions of late concerning the early Christian monuments of Constantinople, keeping practical objects in view; and not unmindful of the present, they have appointed a committee to watch the progress of the Health of Towns' Bill through parliament. Baths and wash-houses thrive so well in the different metropolitan districts, that a movement is now being made for their introduction into the city. The corporation are urged to take the matter up by their sanitary officer. Bristol is bestirring itself in favour of model lodging-houses; and Cambridge has actually pulled down a miserable assemblage of tenements, and erected a building in their place, which, if not a model, is an improved dwelling for the working-classes. The question is one that cannot long be evaded, either in seats of learning or in seats of commerce. Mr Ewart has obtained leave to bring in a bill to extend the benefit of free public libraries to the smaller towns in England, and to apply it to Ireland; so that the poet's wish to 'make knowledge circle with the winds,' is more and more likely to be realised. Sir Charles Eastlake is appointed director of the National Gallery; and henceforward, if anticipations are well founded, we shall hear no more complaints of the way in which our pictures are kept, or of mistakes made in the purchase. Mr Westmacott, R.A., pronounces emphatically against the colouring of statues; and there is no doubt that nine-tenths of those able to form an opinion on the question, agree with him. Germany is about to erect a monument in honour of Winckelmann, who, the son of a poor shoemaker, became one of her most famous writers on art and antiquities. A statue of Berzelius, to be erected at Stockholm, and one of Washington, have just been cast at the great foundry at Munich. Accounts received from the Levant, report the discovery of a sarcophagus in the neighbourhood of Sidon, which, being thickly covered with inscriptions, will, it is believed, throw additional light on the ancient Phœnician language. Students of Eastern history will rejoice should the report be confirmed. The East India Company have just published a Glossary of Judicial and Revenue Terms, and Useful Words in a dozen of the languages required in the civil service in India—another endeavour, and praiseworthy withal, towards efficient administration. And Bombay has started a Quarterly Review! The first number contains ably written papers, principally on local subjects, by men who know what they are writing about; and if these are an earnest of what is to follow, the periodical will do good service in the work of amelioration.

French palæontologists are in a little excitement about the leg-bone of a huge bird recently dug up from the clay near Paris. Some think it identical with the remains brought from New Zealand. M. St Hilaire has laid before the Académie another of the gigantic eggs from Madagascar. This new specimen is more than thirty-nine inches circumference, and contains about three gallons! M. Deville, the producer of aluminum, has been admitted into the Légion d'Honneur, and placed by the emperor at the head of a new laboratory in the Normal School at Paris, where mineral chemistry will be the chief object of research. Samples of the wonderful metal are to have a place in the forthcoming Exposition, and an idea is entertained of making cuirasses of aluminum for some of the French troops.

The Rev. J. Barlow's lecture at the Royal Institution was rather appropriate to the present time, the subject being the chemical means of preserving food. He had specimens of all kinds of preserved meats, and explained the processes by which they are kept for months and years in an eatable condition. He shewed the biscuit supplied to the Russian army; the meat and soup packed in canisters for the French troops, and some of the compressed vegetables prepared for the French marine—the latter an article to which we called attention a year ago. A cauliflower, which, in the compressed state was about the bulk of six pennypieces piled together, was boiled and turned out in portly dimensions before the audience, and with its flavour unimpaired. With such a resource at command, we ought to hear no more about the scurvy. Our army in the Crimea are, at all events, to get bread if not vegetables; the *Bruiser* has been fitted up as a flour-mill, to grind from 700 to 800 bushels per day; and the *Abundance*, as a bakery, to bake a daily supply of 20,000 pounds of bread. Both vessels are now on their way to the Black Sea. And for destruction: the *Horatian* steam-frigate takes two of Nasmyth's guns, each 10 feet 6 inches long, 13 inches bore, weighing 23 tons, and capable of throwing a ball of 302 pounds with a charge of 30 pounds of powder.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.

In the *Country Gentleman*—a paper published at Albany, state of New York—is an account of a curiosity in natural history. 'We take the following,' says the editor, 'from the *Boston Traveller*, and may add that we are cognizant of a case in which a mouse was heard to imitate the singing of a bird with the most surprising accuracy. A friend residing in New York, in whose house this phenomenon occurred, assures us that this little mocking-mouse was seen by several members of the family in the very action of singing; that this took place frequently for several months; when, finally, he disappeared, or "lost his voice" as suddenly as he found it:—"Last evening, when all was still in my room, my attention was attracted by a sound within the walls exactly resembling the chirp of a young canary. This awoke my canary, which answered it from his perch. The chirp was repeated, and the bird replied. A regular bird-conversation followed, each answering in tune, the unseen singer increasing in his loudness and clearness till the canary was fairly thrown into song, and imitating him in his trills and warbling, just about as closely as a young canary would imitate an old one. At this moment, a regiment of rats, which seemed to have been collected round the spot, made a stampede, and the invisible singer was silenced for the night. My first thought was to refer this intramural singing to a canary heard through the walls; but inquiring at the next door, and finding no canary was kept there, and hardly supposing that one could exist between the walls, I was obliged to yield to the opinion of a lady present, that it was a musical mouse; she citing an instance of the kind which had come to her knowledge in the family of a physician of this city, in which, after many attempts, the *mus musicus* was captured. Only one other supposition could be indulged, and the improbable one, that the rats had carried off a live canary, and kept him in confinement to enjoy his song."'

THE PATRIOT'S WIDOW.

The enemy was nearing,
His banner proud uprearing;
Our last hope disappearing,
  Our bravest, best, laid low;
Of *all* it might bereave me,
And *he* could not deceive me,
'Twas death to him to leave me—
  I *loved*, and bade him go.

In vain! repulsed, retreating,
E'en to our walls; sad greeting!—
One last and anguished meeting
  We gave that hapless band.
I heard the victors crying,
I saw the dead and dying,
I saw our leaders flying;
  I *loved*, and bade him stand.

He stood where swords were flashing,
Where the fierce shell was crashing,
Where the gored steeds were dashing,
  He stood beneath mine eye;
I marked his blood fast flowing,
His arm more heavy growing,
His eye more faintly glowing;
  I *loved*, and saw him die.

Time passed, and there came round me
Those who in sorrow found me,
With love that would have bound me
  Once more in wedded chain;
And friends were there entreating,
And every hour repeating
That grief and youth were fleeting;
  I *loved*—but not again.

And now there's none to cheer me,
Hardly are any near me;
My last fair child, I fear me,
  Dies also ere her prime;
The world is dark before me,
And few would now deplore me:
But HEAVEN!—that brightens o'er me!
  I *love*—and bide my time.

SOPHIA ISELIN.

DEATHS OF SCOTCHMEN AND SCOTCHWOMEN.

Scotchmen die in greater numbers than Scotchwomen, or they leave the women of Scotland at home when they cross the Tweed, as well as when they emigrate, and do not marry, or marry English wives; so that to 100 men at the ages, 20–40, 40–60, 60–80, 80–100, the enumerators of 1851 found respectively 112, 117, 135, and 159 women in Scotland. This great disparity of the sexes, which pervades so many counties of Scotland, well deserves careful investigation in connection with the law of marriage, the household manners, and the occupations of the people.—*Census of* 1851.

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THE ENGLISH THUGS.

There is a class of Thugs in India who get into friendly conversation with travellers, sit down with them at the meal-hour by the roadside, slip poison into their rice, and when they are dead, bury them under ground, and make off with their property. Our Thugs manage differently. They converse with their men with the shop-counter between; plunder them of a trifling sum by mixing with the goods they wish to purchase something that is both worthless and deleterious; and then take leave of their victims with a bow and a smirk, indifferent as to whether they live or die.

The labours of the analytical sanitary commission of *The Lancet* journal are probably fresh in the minds of our readers. We had occasion to refer to them when they first commenced, and when the public mind was moved with mingled horror and gratitude at their revelations. Their results are now issued by Dr Hassall in a collective form, the bulk of which is a significant commentary on the morality of the 'nation of shopkeepers.' *The Lancet* has cut boldly to the core of a great social disease; and although we may wince at its disclosures, we are bound to confess that the operation has been salutary and opportune. Science never entered on a more beneficent work, than that which the villainous ingenuity of those who cater to our daily necessities has prepared and forced upon her; the adulteration of the necessaries of life by those through whose hands they pass from nature's great laboratory to the consumer's table, is a crime for which it is difficult, in our opinion, to find language strong enough or punishment too signal. Here are we with a plenipotentiary and costly Excise, stringent laws and summary jurisdiction at every police-court, and yet there has grown up amongst us to gigantic proportions this infamous abuse—a poison to the public health, a fraud upon the public purse, a robbery of the public revenue, and a scandal to our character as a nation. Public exposure is the first remedial measure for the evil; and the courage of the commission of *The Lancet* in publishing the names and addresses of the delinquents, together with the particulars of their guilt, cannot be too highly praised. Of the superiority of the microscope to the test-tube for general purposes of detection, there can now be no question. Chemistry was well known to be inadequate to the exact examination of the majority of solids used as food in powder or bulk—unable, for example, to determine with which of half-a-dozen farinas of similar properties a particular article might be sophisticated: and it is therefore no little satisfaction to find a means so simple, efficient, and reliable for that purpose; available at no very great expense; and, thanks to Dr Hassall's explanations and illustrations, requiring but little care or experience. Of the effect of the exposures on the dishonest tradesmen, there are no means of judging; but, on the other hand, the result of the honourable mention of the fair dealers has been most marked and beneficial, and must have pretty cogently proved to them, and the knaves too, that, on the ground of expediency as well as morality, honesty is, after all, the best and best-paying policy.

Adulteration seems to be of two kinds—quantitative and qualitative: one, the addition to any article of consumption of inferior and cheaper substances, often prepared expressly, in order to increase the weight and bulk; the other, the use of substances improper, unnecessary, and deleterious, to impart colour, flavour, or odour. By the former, our purse suffers, and sometimes our health; by the latter, our health always, and our purse frequently. The articles subjected to this admixture and defilement comprise nearly every necessary and luxury of our common food. Bread, butter, sugar, coffee, tea, milk, pepper, mustard, cocoa, sauces, confectionary, porter, arrow-root; in short, to use the phraseology of Professor Johnston, all 'the beverages we infuse, the sweets we extract, the liquors we ferment, and the narcotics we indulge in,' are subjected, in their transit from the producer to the defrauded consumers, to one form or other of adulteration by the middleman, to his infamous profit and our loss. Almost the only consolation we have left, is in the genuineness of our leg of mutton, and in our unsophisticated potato and kail-brose.

Here is bread—the staff of weak humanity, which we confidingly take to be confect of wheat-flour and water, leavened with the froth of wort—discovered to be, in every one of fifty-three samples examined, poisoned with alum. Here is sugar, the sweetener of our bitter cups, the softener of our fruit-puddings, revealed in its brown or moist development, to be in thirty-three cases out of thirty-six, not only swarming with a disgusting kind of *acarus* or louse, full of grit, fungus, fragments of cane, but frequently adulterated with potato-flour. Here is coffee, which inaugurates with the incense of its aroma the morning-meal, and closes our late dinner with the same grateful fragrance, shewn to be, as sold roasted and ground, adulterated wholesale with chicory, and the chicory with roasted peas, beans, carrots, and *mahogany saw-dust*. Here is tea, the comfort of single ladies, the solace of invalids, the preventer of waste and repairer of tissue in the animal economy, found frequently to be merely a *rifacimento* of exhausted leaves, coloured with black-lead for souchongs and congoes, and with Prussian-blue, turmeric, and white powder for hysons and gunpowder. In like manner, forty-six out of fifty-six samples of cocoa contained nearly 50 per cent. of potato-flour, sago-meal, and sugar. Nearly half the arrow-root we buy is inferior or impure —a compound of sago, potato, and tapioca meals. Pure mustard, it would seem, is not to be had at any price— the whole of forty-two samples being adulterated in bulk with wheaten-flour, and in colour with turmeric powder, in atrocious proportions. Cayenne pepper is poisoned with red-lead and vermilion; and mixed for sale with ground-rice, brick-dust, turmeric, and mustard husk. Sulphuric acid is employed to whet the keen edge of vinegar, and fasten its corrosive tooth in the coats of the stomach. Green pickles owe their bright colour to the presence of copper; while the seductive splendours of bon-bons and lollipops are due to mineral poisons of varying malignity, covering a vile compound of sugar, flour, and plaster of Paris. For isinglass, we too often buy gelatine, and that at the highest price of the pure article. Sago-meal, potato-flour, and ground-rice swell the bulk of ground-ginger; while its enfeebled pungency is restored by Cayenne pepper, turmeric, and mustard husk.—Turmeric, the frequent means of adulteration, appears to be itself unadulterated, probably on account of its cheapness and freedom from duty. Cinnamon, in sticks, is often represented by cassia, an inferior spice; and in powder is seldom anything else except when potato, sago, and wheat-flour assist the fraud. Curry-powder, beneath the lens, reveals red-lead, ground-rice, salt, and turmeric-powder, amongst other unconstitutional ingredients. With regard to sauces, treacle and salt form so effectual a substitute for the extract of *dolichos soya*, as to save the pickle-makers of the metropolis an immensity of trouble in the manufacture of soy. Tomato sauce and essence of anchovies owe their generally unnatural colour to bole-armenian, which is present to such an extent in many samples, that they might, with the addition of a little turpentine, be used for the red priming applied to wood-work previous to its first coat of paint. Lard is extensively subject to the curious adulteration of potato-flour, apparently with the object of rendering it absorbent of water, and thereby increasing its weight. Water is also very generally mixed, or, we should rather say, amalgamated with butter for the same fraudulent purpose.

To the iniquity of the adulteration, moreover, there is often added the implication of a more serious crime. The drugs with which many substances used as food, or indulged in as luxuries, are sophisticated, in order to give them some unnatural quality of colour or flavour, are injurious to human life; and those who employ them, know the fact. Copper, which is used to intensify the green of pickles, is most deleterious, and has been found *in poisonous amount* in several specimens of these preserves. Cases of paralysis and dangerous illness from the use of snuff adulterated, as it frequently is, with lead, are not unfrequent; and the devotee of Cayenne pepper is exposed to the same risk. Children have often suffered severely, and some have even died, from eating the gaily-coloured productions of the confectioner's art. The alum used in the manufacture of bread is unquestionably very unwholesome; and its introduction more unpardonable, that the baker reaps no advantage from it except the equivocal one of colour. Crime is also brought home to the fraudulent trader in another and rather curious way by Dr Hassall: 'An infant has been given an over-dose of Godfrey's Cordial [no improbable or unfrequent occurrence], and the proper remedy is a strong infusion of coffee. The coffee already in the house, as being the most readily obtained, is used, or it is bought ready ground to save time, and consists nearly or entirely of chicory. *The child dies.* Who is morally responsible in this case?' Considerations like these place the question of the adulteration of food in a far more serious light than that of simple fraud, and should not be lost sight of in taking measures for its suppression.

Public opinion or imagination appears, however, to have in some cases outstripped the reality, at least so far as the late examinations shew. Milk is often said to be adulterated with chalk, plaster of Paris, emulsion of sheep's brains, and the like filth. It is only due to the maligned dairymen of the metropolis to say, that their knavery seems to seek in general no aid beyond that of the iron cow, with whose limpid stream they dilute pretty freely the richer secretion of the Alderneys and Guernseys. Coffee has been suspected of adulteration with burnt blood, and similar abominations; nothing worse than chicory or roasted beans was discovered by *The Lancet*. Cheap tea is often supposed to consist of all kinds of leaves of British plants. No instance of this fraud came under notice, although seizures have recently been made by the Excise of large quantities of spurious teas; and although, in a midland town not long ago, an old gentleman of our acquaintance, after long suspicion of the quality of his congo, being somewhat of a botanist, made a *hortus siccus* of the contents of his tea-pot upon blotting-paper one morning, when five different sorts of British foliage appeared upon the tell-tale sheet: whereupon, we may add, the detected tradesman informed him that 'no gentleman would have done such a thing.' Bread—London bread—to country ears, denotes a compound of alum, potatoes, horse-chestnuts, bone-dust, chalk, and plaster of Paris. Alum alone of these desirable ingredients revealed its iniquitous presence in the metropolitan loaf. Cocculus indicus, capsicum, grains of paradise, copperas, liquorice, quassia, and salt, are considered to form at least some of the ingredients in London stout; yet only the last substance, qualified occasionally with a little treacle, was detected. Finally, the specimens of cigars examined were found, except one, which was a mere sham, to consist altogether of tobacco, though frequently of an inferior sort. In the majority of articles, however, we need scarcely say that the suspicions of the public have not been unwarranted, and that a system of fraud has been revealed, which the strong arm of the legislature should be put forth to extirpate.

One excuse the retailers occasionally have—besides some absurd or dishonest ones they set up for themselves—is that of ignorance. No doubt, the manufacturer is frequently the real, and sometimes the only culprit. This has been made evident in one or two articles, of which we may specify mustard, as affording a shameful example of adulteration, on the largest scale, habitually practised by wholesale dealers, whose position as British merchants one would have expected to warrant them against the bare suspicion of such a thing. But this only shews to what an extent the thirst for gain has undermined the mercantile character which was once our national boast.

There is another collateral and conjoint abuse that Dr Hassall's book exposes, and to our very great satisfaction. It is the detestable system of puffery, which seems to have completely beridden our trade and manufacture, and which is, we are bold to say, an ill omen for its future. A puff is an organised lie, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a cloak for deliberate fraud. That is our experience, and we appeal to the public for its confirmation. Now, let any one consider the number of these vaunting falsehoods that disfigure the modern retail-trade, and say whether their effect is likely to be so harmless as the framers of them would assert. We not long ago heard a fine old patriarchal metropolitan preacher declare from the pulpit, that he believed the system of lying advertisements to be one of the crying sins of this age; and we quite agree with him. Advertising is one thing, lying is another. It *is* lawful for a man to court publicity either in the newspapers, or at railway-stations, or on dead-walls, and to have his name shouted down the street, as Ruskin says, by gold letters two feet high, if he likes; but it is *not* lawful, and a heinous crime for him, to entice customers by inflated falsehoods and a fulsome parade of honesty and low prices, that he may swindle them with the greater success. Accordingly, we are not sorry or surprised to find that the articles and compounds of food most outrageously puffed have generally presented the most remarkable adulteration; and, as Dr Hassall observes, their venders are doubly guilty—first, of the fraud; and, secondly, of a lie to recommend it.

And now comes the question—What are we to do in the face of all this knavery? This is a dreadful book of Dr Hassall's: it has destroyed our faith in eatables. We don't know what to believe in or to trust. Our palate will fear to endorse anything for the confiding acceptance of the stomach, without a microscopic warranty from the eyes. We shall not dare to use brown sugar, for fear of founding an internal population of acari, or laying the ineradicable seeds of fungoid atrophy; we must forswear Cayenne pepper to our deviled kidney, from dread of paralysis; we must consign the contents of our pickle-jar to the dust-heap; and every morning, after breakfast, shall be experiencing the 'general heaviness, and indisposition to bodily and mental exertion, which are consequent on potations of chicory;' or anticipating the more alarming results of the ferro-cyanide of iron we have imbibed with our green tea. In short, we shall be in the same agreeable state of nervous apprehension as an Italian territorial magnate who has had a difference with his family, and finds his cook in correspondence with the heir-apparent. However, there are remedies to a certain extent for our difficulties. We can use white sugar instead of brown; we can buy our coffee whole, and grind it—although actually the fictitious berry is said to be machine-cut by wholesale out of all sorts of substances, with a *vraisemblance* and ingenuity worthy of the 'cute Yankee, who palmed hickory hams and mahogany nutmegs on the wide-awake public of the States. We can make and bake our bread at home; we can wash our green tea in a little cold water before using it; we can pickle our own French beans and gherkins, and forbid the cook to boil half-pence with them, as *Raffeld's English Housekeeper* directs; or to concoct, with verdigris, alum, vinegar, and salt, the salutiferous 'greening' recommended in *Modern Cookery*. We can buy our pepper and our mustard entire, like our coffee, and grind them ourselves; or procure them, with our arrow-root, and other condiments and spices, in a state of nature from Apothecaries' Hall. We can stop the consumption of painted lollipops and bon-bons, —most objectionable even in their purest state—by our children. We can filter our water, eschew public-house stout, and stick to Bass and Allsopp's bitter ale. Finally, if we are in the country, we can get pure milk; if condemned to the city, we can thank Heaven the adulteration of our meagre 'sky-blue' is nothing worse than *aqua pumpaginis* in any respectable neighbourhood. But what is the poor man to do, to whom these remedies, simple as they are, would present themselves in the dreary light of impracticableness? He cannot afford to buy hand-mills, or wait while the coffee is ground for his scant and hurried breakfast; his wife has no time to spare from her four or five children to bake or make preserves, and her house has no appliances for the purpose. He is, as usual, the greatest sufferer by the social evil. To a certain extent he is in the power of the tradesman, and all he can do is to avoid the unscrupulous and fraudulent; to shun cheap provisions as he values health and economy; to beware of all shops which resort to puffing, and especially such as profess to sell 'the cheapest and the best' things—for the two qualities are incompatible; and to trust that the bold and circumstantial exposure of the system of adulteration by the press will check the progress of an abuse under which all classes of the community suffer, and teach the dishonest manufacturers and dealers that their cunning arts of fraud, though eluding occasionally the subtile tests of chemistry, lie bare and guilty beneath the keen bright eye of the microscope and in the righteous vision of God.

It is perfectly clear, however, that ulterior and authoritative measures must be put in force, if we are to attempt the suppression of the evil with any likelihood of success. The crime being ascertained, and its perpetrators identified, it is for the legislature to step in and punish; 'an eligible opportunity now offers' for a Home Minister to acquire popularity. Medical and chemical science has no constitutional function, although it is obvious that many of its branches might either be advantageously engaged in the service of the state, or should be encouraged by governmental aid. Now, in what more important work could it be employed than in investigating throughout the kingdom the condition of articles of consumption, and enabling the state to protect the poor from the dishonest, and to punish a class of offenders who have hitherto escaped justice? The extent to which the crime of adulteration is carried, invests the question with national magnitude; and we have no doubt that a sound and efficient scheme for the purpose would receive the cordial sanction of the legislature. The outline of such a scheme is laid down by Dr Hassall, and comprehends a central board, or commission, with examining inspectors at all the more considerable import and export towns, and in all the large inland towns.

To bring this into operation, it would be only necessary to remodel the detective department of the existing Excise establishment, and to invest it with rather more summary authority than it at present possesses. The expense and working-cost of the new system would, therefore, be next to nothing. The only point that seems to us questionable is, whether the centralisation of the authority would be so desirable as its division among local boards or commissions. The jurisdiction and punishment to be prompt, as it undoubtedly should be, must be local, and the examination and conviction should be local too. In this there would be no difficulty. The inspector would deliver his suspected samples to a local board, instead of a distant central one; he himself would be more under control, and have a readier resort for instructions in any case requiring them. Local boards of health act well enough, and their relation to the central office in London would be imitated by the local boards of analysation. With the lucid directions of Dr Hassall, so moderate is the amount of experience and application requisite for the effective use of the microscope, that any medical man might soon qualify himself for the membership of a local analytical commission; while in cases of intricacy, requiring more elaborate investigation and greater experience, the articles might be forwarded to the central board, which would of course be composed of the first scientific men.

At all events, whether this system or that be adopted, something must speedily be done, if we do not mean to deserve the appellation of a nation of thugs, as well as that of a nation of shopkeepers.

THE SERF MARRIAGE.

A GROUP of girls were collected round the door of an isba, or log-hut, in the village of Gorky, belonging to General Petrovioff. They were all dressed in the national costume of the government of Toula, consisting of a long white gown, over which they wore a plaid worsted tunic, short and narrow, while a low bodice, with narrow shoulder-straps, confined a loose puffed white muslin chemise. Their hair was combed off the face in one long plait, from which hung a profusion of ribbons of all colours down their backs; a quantity of bright-coloured glass-beads hung on each side of their faces, and round their necks: these formed the more ornamental items of their dress, which was otherwise only completed by a very thick and serviceable pair of leathern shoes.

By the earnestness of their gestures, and the apparent interest of their conversation, it was easy to see something unpleasant had lately occurred. After a little time, they all dispersed except two, who remained at the door of the hut spinning, between whom the following conversation took place:—

'Nadegda, dost thou really believe the master will oblige one of us girls to marry that ugly, ill-tempered fellow, Kit? What possible inducement is there? He possesses neither horse nor cow; his isba is in the worst condition of any in the village; and beside his own devilish propensities—that are only safely to be encountered when one makes the holy sign and prays to St Sergius—he has his old witch of a grandmother, and his bedridden mother, for his wife to work and care for. No; most certainly not one of us girls will consent to have him.'

'As to that, Katinka, thou sayest true; but from what I heard my father say yesterday, the master is determined none of the strong, hard-working lads are to be sent as soldiers; and, as thou well knowest, while single they are all liable to be taken as recruits.'

'Tell me again,' said the first speaker, 'what said thy father. Unfortunately this news comes from good authority; who should know better than the sarosta* what is doing in the village?'

'I 'll gladly tell thee all I know,' replied the sarosta's daughter. 'Last night, when my father came home, he told us that Borisoff, the land-steward, had received letters from our master, telling him that all the family are coming here immediately to spend a year. Owing to some severe losses sustained at cards, his excellency comes down to live quiet and economise. Several of the free servants have been discharged; and for fear any of the good hands should be taken by the recruiting-party, he has sent orders they shall all marry. Now, Peter the blacksmith is betrothed to Nadine, and they will be glad enough to get the wedding over. Paul has received the same orders; and I know more than one girl who would not refuse him. Eh, Katinka, why blushest thou?'

'Hold thy nonsense, Nadegda, and finish thy story: this is no joking matter.'

'Well, the end is this, dusha mia (my soul). As to the other lads, they are well enough off to buy themselves wives from the crown-villages; but who Kit will find I know not, for his reputation of casting the Evil Eye is well known hereabouts, and, besides, dreadful things are told of his family.'

'For Heaven's sake, do not talk more about him,' said Katinka, turning towards the church, and signing herself devoutly; 'I shall dread going to sleep to-night for fear of bad dreams. But thou, happy Nadegda, thou hast no fear of being forced to marry against thy will: thy father, being the sarosta, will be able to screen thee; but what say I? Perhaps thou also lovest one of the lads now about to marry. Confess—art thou also betrothed?'

'Oh, Katinka, think not of it: it would be no worse for me to marry Kit than any other lad in the village. I love—yes; but not one in my own station—a free man. Dost thou remember Vladimir, the master's handsome Moscow coachman? Well he, God bless him! has promised to buy my freedom, and marry me.' Before Nadegda had well done speaking, her companion burst into a fit of laughter.

'And art thou fool enough to believe him? Why did he not marry thee at once, instead of putting it off?'

'Because my master asked a high price for my freedom, more than Vladimir then possessed,' answered Nadegda; 'and also because my father could not then give me the dowry Vladimir required, for, remember, when I am his wife I shall no longer wear the village-dress. I am to have a fur cloak, two silk dresses, besides a feather-bed and linen. Father has saved up three hundred roubles in money for us;' and as the young girl spoke, she drew herself up with all the pride of a serf about to become free.

They had scarcely resumed their spinning-wheels, when the sound of post-bells in the distance reached their ears. Moujiks were seen running in all directions, crying, 'Here comes the master!' and as the carriages approached nearer, they all uncovered their heads, and assisted to push the heavy equipages up the steep hill leading to the house; several girls standing near also bowed their heads to the ground, saying: 'Welcome, father and master. Welcome, my mistresses, among your own people. May the Lord bless your high nobility!'

As the general descended, he bowed to all around, and extended his hand for those nearest him to kiss. The ladies stopped also to speak kindly to some of the women and children, and their hands were also covered with kisses. As they passed into the house, the peasants separated to their respective homes. Nadegda alone remained loitering about until late, but she had a companion who stopped to talk with her as he passed and repassed; nay, more, once was he actually seen to kiss her. Yes, the serf-girl was happy: Vladimir was true.

That evening Borisoff was closeted for some hours with the general; and when he left him, the expression of his face was somewhat discomposed and ruffled. The subject of their conference will be learned in the sequel.

Early the next morning, Borisoff sent for the sarosta, Nadegda's father, and after giving him orders for the day's work, addressed him thus: 'Sarosta, hast thou attended to the orders I gave thee respecting the young men's marriages, those named on his excellency's list? If not, see to it without loss of time, for thy master has had great losses, and needs all the good workmen; and, what is more, his temper is not improved under the circumstances, and the lads will be worked all the harder, I promise thee.'

'Your honour will be pleased to hear,' replied the old man, 'that I have arranged that matter as well as possible. All the lads will be mated this week, except that surly fellow Kit, who, as your honour knows, is no favourite in the village, and not one of the wenches will consent to have him. Indeed, I pity the poor thing who would have to wait upon his old folks, who are no better than they should be, if all is true that one hears.'

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* The sarosta is an old peasant, of a somewhat superior station, put over the others to drive them to their work, and see the orders of the land-steward punctually carried out.

'As to that, sarosta, thou must arrange it as best thou canst; it is as much as my place is worth to tell the general his commands have not been obeyed. Remember, thou hast now received the order, and it rests entirely with thee. Hast thou held out any reward to the girls? Or, if that does not have the desired effect, hast thou promised them a flogging all round? See what that would do.'

'I fear, your honour,' resumed the sarosta, 'it would be of no avail; for it is the belief of them all that Kit throws the Evil Eye, and even the little children run and hide from him as he comes up the village. However, I will certainly do my best.'

On their return from work, the sarosta assembled all the girls, and tried in vain the powers of persuasions and threatenings. Kit was supposed to have something devilish about him; and as the sarosta himself shared in the superstition, he determined to lay the case before his master, although not without fear of the consequences.

The next morning, as the general sat in his elegantly furnished study, smoking a troupkat, the sarosta was announced. General Petrovioff ordered him to be admitted immediately. The old man entered; and first turning to the picture hanging in the room, crossed himself devoutly, then bowed low to his master. The general returned the salutation, and then bade him make known his business.

'Your high nobility deigned to order, a day or two ago, that certain of your peasants were to marry, on account of the recruits being taken this summer. Your excellency's commands have been obeyed in all respects save one, for which I humbly beg pardon. Kit, as your excellency doubtless remembers, was always a strange surly fellow.'

'But a good and steady workman,' interrupted the master.

The sarosta proceeded: 'None of the wenches relish the idea of being his wife; and, indeed, to be plain with your high nobility, they one and all refuse to have anything to do with him. Perhaps your excellency would be pleased to countermand the order, and let him join the recruiting-party. The whole village would rejoice to be rid of him.'

'Old fool!' exclaimed the general. 'dost thou think I am going to part with one of my best hands because you ignorant dogs think he is bewitched? Since when have the sluts dared to have a will of their own? It is high time, indeed, I come among you, to teach you your master's authority! Go, old dog; I'll see he gets a wife. The she-devils shall draw lots for him, and thy daughter into the bargain, to punish thee for thy disobedience; and think thyself well off that I send not for a bundle of rods for thee. Begone, dog, or I will strike thee to the earth!' So raved the general in his anger at being thwarted; the old sarosta, trembling and silent, bowed and left the room.

Borisoff, the land-steward, was next sent for, and ordered to collect the next morning all the girls above the age of eighteen. 'And mind,' added the general, 'they are all forthcoming—the more the merrier. It will be quite an event in the village, drawing lots for a husband.'

At the hour specified next day, all the maidens were to be seen slowly making their way to the house. The sarosta had hard work to make them advançe, for they were all more or less terrified at the idea of Kit falling to their share. But none of them looked so pale as poor Nadegda; only the night before, everything had been settled for the purchase of her freedom. She really loved Vladimir, and was beloved by him. Occasionally, she raised her eyes to see if she could catch sight of him; but he, poor fellow, was not there; although free himself, he dared not dispute the rights of the slaveholder.

In vain did the sarosta expostulate, and try to console the poor girl, by telling her how many chances there were in her favour; but Nadegda seemed to be weighed down by a presentiment of evil, and cried bitterly: 'Oh! why was I born? Oh! why did I not die before this hour of misery?'

As they approached, the general stepped out upon the balcony, followed by the wretched and unpopular Kit. No sooner did they perceive the latter, than the girls began calling him every horrid name they could think of; all but Nadegda—she had fainted. They were placed in rows in front of the balcony, and Borisoff presented the general with a hat containing the fifty pieces of paper, amongst which was the one with the fatal cross marked on it. The general stood on the steps of the balcony, and, desiring that none should open her paper until the hat was emptied, the ceremony began. One by one, the trembling girls made the sign of the cross, then thrust in her hand and drew out a paper. All were taken, one only remained, and Nadegda alone was left to take it; she approached, faintly and feebly, supported by her father. But while in the act of extending her hand to draw the lot, her father began to speak.

'Silence!' thundered the general. 'Unfold your papers.'

As they did so, they screamed with delight: 'It is not I!' 'It is not I!' and threw themselves with their faces on the ground, to thank the saints for their protection. In the midst of this general rejoicing, a piercing shriek was heard which made them all shudder: it came from the unfortunate Nadegda. She had drawn the fatal cross—a cross which must be borne, as such was the will of her earthly master.

She threw herself at the general's feet, and in the most imploring accents besought him. 'Father, have mercy upon me! Master, do with me what thou wilt; make me work night and day; put me in the meanest office, and I will not complain; but I cannot marry him!'—and she pointed to Kit. 'Beat me, master; kill me, if you will, and I would thank you on my knees; but think of what you are doing. Remember, I am'—— Betrothed, she would have added; but the general roared out with rage:

'Take her away! take her away!' And turning to the sarosta: 'Teach your daughter to behave herself in future, and not to have such high-flown ideas. Mind, I will have the wedding over by to-night.' So saying, he turned away: the old man lifted up his fair daughter in his arms, and carried her away, without a word; he dared not remonstrate or revolt.

The same evening, Nadegda—heretofore the pride and beauty of the village, but now pale, cold, and automaton-like—was married to Kit, the general himself witnessing the ceremony. When it was over, he turned to the husband. 'Well, my lad, if the girls would not have thee of their own freewill, thou mayest at least thank thy master for the prettiest lass in the whole village.'

There was no merry-making at that wedding; the peasants returned to their homes with heavy and resentful hearts; but not one slept that night until they had implored the blessings of the saints on the unfortunate Nadegda.

That day-week, the general took a drive through his domains. The driver, as usual, was Vladimir, the Moscow coachman, a man so skilful in his business, so careful, so conscientious, that when the reins were in his hands such a thing as an accident was unknown. On that day, the disappointed bridegroom, it may be supposed, was not exactly as happy as when talking to poor Nadegda about their marriage. At anyrate, it was noticed that he was deathly pale, and that his features had a hard, rigid, stony look: but perhaps this was fancy. It may be that his feelings were not the more agreeable from the sight of Kit's isba as he drove past, and from the pale woebegone face in the interior that at the view flitted across his imagination like a spectre. Whether this spectre continued to haunt him during the drive, and to glide and float before the horses' heads so as to dazzle and mislead his vision, no man knows. The only thing that is certain is, that the carriage was upset, and the general, with some difficulty extricated from the shattered vehicle, mortally hurt. He survived only a few hours, and then he died in great agony.

Just before he breathed his last, he murmured: 'He has cast the Evil Eye on me:' but no one understood what he meant.*

THE FENS OF ENGLAND—THEIR DRAINAGE AND RECLAMATION.

It is difficult to say at what phase of its history the Fen District was first trodden by human foot. All probabilities, and the small circumstantial evidence that exists, seem, however, to indicate that it was not until the last geological change had passed over the country. During the forest era, wild animals alone appear to have tenanted its solitudes. Their bones have been found in considerable quantities, preserved in the antiseptic peat that, when living, was their covert—in its decay, their grave. But it is remarkable that they are unaccompanied by any human remains. Had the glades of the forest been inhabited by a wild race of hunters, it is scarcely possible but that some must have perished together with the savage objects of their chase, in the sudden inundation that attended the last subsidence. But not a mortal relic exists in evidence. Several canoes, of very primitive structure, have been exhumed, which seem rather to lead to the conclusion, that our painted ancestors must have found the district a country of lakes and swamps, rather than one of wood; and have paddled into its great wastes out of curiosity, or in search of fowl and fish, rather than have made them a place of abode. Hither, however, they fled in great numbers, before the invading soldiers of Rome, who encircled the entire district with a chain of forts and stations, many of whose foundations remain unto this day; raised the firm rampart of clay, which long defended the whole eastern coast of the Fen Country from submersion by the sea; and, doubtless, had they continued long enough in Britain to make it worth their while, would have left comparatively little for subsequent generations to do in its drainage and reclamation. However, there is no evidence to prove that the Romans attempted that work at all. Even the great bank is considered to have been rather intended to keep the Coritani in, than to keep the sea out. It is a fine sturdy piece of earthwork; and it is curious to mark, by its winding course, how little the outline of the sea-board has altered since Roman times. It has been somewhat prolific in Roman remains—weapons, vases, coins, &c.—and many of them are in the museum at Wisbeach, which is well worth a visit. Portions of the Roman roads or causeys across the Fen, yet remain practicable for traffic. They were constructed—as has been seen by cutting away the fen at their edge—by laying first the trunks of trees side by side on the peat, then on these a stratum of rough stone, and on that, clay and gravel alternately. The Great Northern Railway Company, after hopelessly endeavouring to get a foundation for their line between Whittlesea and Peterborough, by sinking tons of ballast and rubbish in the bog, were finally, it is said, compelled to adopt the same principle of construction.

The first written mention of the Fen District occurs in the old Saxon Chronicles and charters; the monks having been its first colonisers, and much of it being assigned by kings of Mercia to the religious foundations of Peterborough, Croyland, Ely, Ramsey, and others for their support, more particularly in the articles of fish and fowl. The legends of the foundation of these slough-girt abbeys by the old hermits, in the hideous solitudes of the Fen, and the ghastly terrors that St Guthlake and other holy men faced in the execution of that godly work, are described in a very lively and quaint manner by the Saxon writers, and have been partly incorporated by Dugdale in his *History of Imbankyng and Drayning*. From their accounts, the district, at 600 years after the evacuation of Britain by the Romans, was 'a hideous fen of a huge bigness, clouded with moist and dark vapours, having within it divers islands and woods, as also crooked and winding rivers.' The monks did little towards the drainage of the Fen, contenting themselves with colonising and cultivating the high lands, and constructing causeys across the morass* from one religious house to another. As they had, however, carefully monopolised the habitable oases of the district, the lay population, who speedily followed in the wake of the church, were obliged to reclaim before they could inhabit. Works of defence against the water, and rude strokes of drainage, environing isolated estates and plots, began to checker the boggy wastes; so that, in the year 1256, a great improvement in the condition of parts of the Fens was perceptible.

But it soon became apparent that, without some comprehensive plan of action, these local improvements would be anything but a comprehensive blessing to the Fen District. The erection of banks in one place caused floods in another, and lawsuits for destruction of crops and stock followed. The cutting of drains, and leams, and lodes, was violently resented by the Fen peasantry—'a rude and almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly people'—on account of its spoiling the free fisheries and fowleries whereby they lived, and checking the growth of the coarse grass and sedge which sprang up abundantly in the summer after the winter floodings, and served them for fodder, bedding, litter, and thatch for their huts; so that, even where the right thing was wished to be done and taken in hand, the chances of its being brought to a successful issue, or of its being suffered to effect the good it might be capable of, were very small.

But apart from their ignorance of what was primarily required for the proper drainage of an immense district like the Great Level—the variety of old vested interests secured by charters under the monks centuries back—the jealousy of the common people at any interference with the rights of fishery, and turbary, and free-warren, and a hundred other quaint privileges they enjoyed, and their lawless disposition, interposed greater difficulties than kings in those early days cared to encounter for a merely peaceful object. Thus it was that the reclamation of the Fens—a work, under the best circumstances, of great magnitude and difficulty—became, year by year, more encumbered with obstacles, just in the same proportion as it grew more imperatively necessary.

The district was traversed by six sluggish, slimy old rivers, which, unrestrained by embankments, and nearly on a level with their fenny margins, expanded at every bend into wide meres, and pulks, and swamps, keeping the surrounding low lands in a constantly moist and spongy state, and drowning them outright during the winter and wet season. This chronic inundation, it need scarcely be said, allowed of no agriculture or useful wild growth of any sort, save abundance of reeds and the coarse grass called 'lid,' which the summer solstice occasionally permitted to be made into hay. The Fen-rivers, moreover, were peculiarly liable to the tendency of all tidal rivers—to obstruction at their outfalls. In every estuary, a large quantity of mud and sand is stirred up by the flood-tides, and borne like an invading force up the channel of the river. At the full, this burden of sediment is to a great extent deposited along the entire distance for which the tidal influence is felt. If the fresh-water has not, therefore, sufficient strength at the ebb to beat back the sea, and sweep away the tidal deposit, the outfall becomes in time utterly choked by shoals and sand-banks. The result is, that the inland suffers. The stream, dammed up, as it were, at its outlet, expands laterally, and overflows the country; not only doing incalculable and daily increasing harm in its normal state, but opening the way for a hundredfold multiplication of it at every flood from the uplands.

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* This narrative is stated by the writer to be true in every particular.

* The nature of the country at that time may be gathered from a curious record, in an old chronicle of Ely Cathedral in the British Museum, of the demise of Staney Fen by the monks to one Esouen, 'for the rent of *two thousand eels*.'

This was the wretched state of the rivers of the Level, by the choking of the common outfall at Wisbeach; a growing evil, to which, and to its consequences, the Fenmen were not blind, but were in seeming ignorance how to combat or avoid it. They attempted to avert from their own particular estates, as far as they could, by isolated exertions of banking and draining, the destruction with which the entire country was threatened; but they made no united effort, they took no common council for preservation from the impending ruin. The cure for the whole mischief would have been, to confine the entire waters of the rivers between embankments—straightening their course where practicable—and thus force to the outfall a volume and strength of fresh-water sufficient to scour away the shoals and mud-banks, and to keep the sea at its proper distance. Ignorance, or an injurious economy, however, fatally clogged the pluck of the unhappy Fenmen. The spirit of enterprise was fairly washed out of them. The sea, meeting daily less and less resistance, filled up the channel more hopelessly with shoals and sand-banks; at every tempest blowing up the barrier-banks of the Marshland, and devastating it with awful floods. In fact, the condition of the Fens, though detached oases of reclamation looked fair enough, was growing daily more alarming.

In 1630, under Charles I., may be said to have actually commenced the general drainage of the Fens. Some preliminaries were, however, effected in previous reigns, to which we should briefly advert. Mention has been already made of the interest taken in the drainage by the first monarchs of England, after William I. King James I., with a canny eye to the improvement of the crown-estates therein, upon his accession expressed a personal interest in the drainage of the Fens, and a determination to rescue them from the dominion of the water. By letters to the Commissioners of Sewers for the Isle of Ely, Cambridge, &c.—of whom Oliver Cromwell was one—he urged a design for the general drainage of all the district south of the river Welland. A bill was therefore drawn up for the sanction of parliament, under which the Commissioners, or Adventurers, or Undertakers, as they were called, were to drain the district (being 307,242 acres) in ten years, and to receive 112,000 acres of the land, chiefly common, as their recompense. There were other good provisions in the bill, which was a sound measure, and deserving of success; but the Fenmen, scared by the price which the improvements were to cost them, petitioned so clamorously against it in parliament, that it was lost. The subject began to attract public attention, and a host of pamphlets issued from the press, some taking the part of the Fenmen and their fancied grievances, some supporting the adventurers and the drainage. Turbulent suits at law were brought by divers perverse-spirited people against the commissioners and those they employed, who were also further held up to public animadversion by 'libellous songs.'

These expressions of popular prejudice put a stop for five years to all progress with the great work. The state of the country, in the meantime, grew worse and worse. During the drought of summer, so choked were the rivers with shoals and sand, that there was not in many places sufficient water for navigation; while, in the wet months, 'the haling-horses of the barges, and the boys that drove them, were forced to go to their middles in mud and water,' and were frequently drowned in the sloughs and ditches that had to be passed. The green droves that in dry weather formed the Fen-roads were then impassable morasses; and the raised causeys alongside them, built for this emergency, were dilapidated and insecure. At certain times of winter, things were even worse; for 'when the ice is strong enough to hinder the passage of boats,' writes a contemporary witness, 'and yet not able to bear a man, the inhabitants upon the hards and the banks within the Fens, can have no help of food nor comfort for body or soul; no woman aid in her travail; no means to baptise a child, or partake of the communion; nor supply of any necessity, save what those poor desolate places do afford. And what expectation of health can there be to the bodies of men, where there is no one element good? the air being for the most part cloudy, gross, and full of rotten harrs; the water putrid and muddy, yea, full of loathsome vermin; the earth spungy and boggy, and the fire noisome by the stink of smoky hassocks.'

Such was the deplorable state of the Great Level of the Fens, when Francis, Earl of Bedford, the owner of 20,000 acres in the district, 'condescended' to undertake, with thirteen gentlemen participants or adventurers, under warrant of Charles I., subsequently confirmed by a charter of incorporation, the drainage of the Fens south of the river Welland. It was hence that the distinction of that portion of the Fens by the title of 'the Bedford Level' arose. Of the 310,000 acres it contained, the adventurers required 95,000 to defray the cost and maintenance of the drainage-works, and for their recompense—12,000 of these going as royalty to the king. In about three years, the corporation completed, at an expense of L.100,000, the cutting of the Old Bedford River—a great straight canal between Earith and Denver Sluice, two points on a circumbendibus of the Ouse, 21 miles long and 70 feet wide, and a number of lesser drains and embankments; which for a time were considered to have effected the drainage of the Level. The succeeding winter, however, grievously undeceived the sanguine adventurers; and in the following April, the earl's undertaking was adjudged defective, and he to have failed in his contract, and but 40,000 of the 83,000 acres were assigned to him. Hereupon his majesty 'of blessed memory, taking this great business into his princely consideration,' became the undertaker himself; and appears to have entered on the work in very right earnest, laying it out on a large comprehensive plan, which included the building of an important central town at Manea, in the heart of the Level, and other projects equally great and useful. Unfortunately, he had barely commenced, when 'those fatal clouds'—as Dugdale calls them—began to arise, which presently eclipsed him altogether. The drainage then lay in abeyance for some years, until the Commonwealth being established, William, Earl of Bedford, son and heir of the first adventurer, now deceased, got the charter of the Bedford Level Corporation restored by Cromwell's parliament, and took the task in hand with other participants, repairing, like Solomon, the breaches in his father's works, and executing others of great magnitude and use. Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, a Dutch drainage-engineer of note, was engaged to superintend the operations; and it was with him that the division of the Bedford Level into North, Middle, and South, mentioned in the former article, originated. Under his advice and direction, a second large cut, called the

New Bedford River, 100 feet wide, was made parallel with and close to the Old Bedford River, between the same points on the Ouse. This was banked only on its *outer* side, and the *inner* bank of the Old Bedford River levelled; so that the waters of both were prevented from flooding the surrounding Fen, but were free to overflow the strip of land enclosed between them. A reservoir, or 'wash,' for the pressure of sudden freshes—a kind of diluvial scapegoat—was thus formed, and doubtless saved the Middle Level many a drowning. This ingenious device of Vermuyden's was applied to other cases, and was good enough in its way; but had the outlets, the estuaries of the rivers, been attended to instead, as ought to have been the case, the construction of washes would have been unnecessary, the failure of his plans avoided, and much subsequent expense and loss saved to succeeding generations. However, on the 25th March 1653, the Bedford Level was adjudged to be drained, and the total 95,000 acres awarded to the undertakers.

Vermuyden's works answered for a time their imperfect purpose very well. They led the Fen-waters by a more direct course across the Level to a given point; but that point was short of the sea. Skilled engineer as he was, Vermuyden committed an irretrievable error in not attending to the outfalls. Moreover, owing to the more effectual drainage of the low-lying fens into the rivers, the spungy peat presently dried and shrunk down several feet; 'so that the relative levels of land and sea,' and even of ditch-bed and river-bed, 'became altered;' and the drains being unable to discharge their waters into the rivers as at first, stagnated, became choked, and flooded the country anew. The rivers, losing their access of drain-water, were unable, with the upland strength of stream alone, to grind out the gathering sands at their embouchures, and at high tides deluged the Fen and Marshland. Denver sluice, on the Ouse, where the Bedford rivers joined the old channel, was burst by a flood. Vermuyden's banks, made necessarily of soft materials, began to yield to the wear of the currents, and were further injured by the rats and swine. A spirit of despondency seemed to have seized the Fenmen, and they neglected to repair damages in the adventurers' works. In short, the Level was rapidly reverting to its old miserable condition, and the prospect of relief grew more remote than ever.

About this time, the system of 'poldering' and mill-drainage commenced. The Fenmen, despairing of a general 'exsiccation,' began to do the best they could, each man for himself. With this view, they raised embankments, or 'polders,' round their several properties, to protect them against floods; and endeavoured to dry the enclosures by erecting windmill-pumps, and water-wheels with dipping buckets, worked by sails, which lifted the water out and threw it over the embankments, with perfect indifference whether it went into a neighbour's property or a drain. After a good many quarrels and lawsuits had arisen out of this independent mode of action, the system became adopted in districts at the joint expense of several proprietors—a common drain being provided, and emptied into a river by a large windmill. Still, the outfalls of the rivers being overlooked, things grew no better, but rather worse. Disastrous floods broke the banks, levelled the polder-works, destroyed the mills, and involved crops, stock, and homestead in a common ruin. Vast tracts of land, once reclaimed, became again standing-pools, white with countless flocks of cranes, wild-geese, and herons, and margined with a dense jungle of reeds. 'Three years ago,' says a contemporary mourner, 'five quarters of corn an acre; now, sedge and rushes, frogs and bitterns.' Thousands of acres, once bright with ripening grain, lay beneath 'an uninterrupted and boundless extent of restless roaring waves.' The poorer inhabitants, reverting, not without satisfaction, to their rude independence, waded over the marshes on stilts again in their high boots and leather-breeches; punted over the broad meres in summer, and skimmed them on swift skates in the frost; trapped wild-ducks in their decoys, and sent immense quantities of them to the neighbouring markets; netted the great pike and bream, or wandered with angling rod and gun by the sides of the lakes. A man kept a boat instead of a horse tethered to his door-post. The cattle, says one of that time, 'loosed out of their hovels, would swim across a river with nothing but their faces and horns above water, and then take footing at midrib-deep or less, *but not one spot of dry land*; and then forage till weary, and return to their hovels in the like swimming position.' In some parts, there were 'not two houses communicable for whole winters round, and sometimes scarcely in summer.' This state of things lasted through the eighteenth century.

But at this worst time help came. A tremendous deluge in the spring of 1808 damaged the Bedford Level 'to the amount of at least one million!' The country was at last aroused. Previously to this, Mr Rennie had been engaged in draining the Witham Fens in Lincolnshire under a special act of parliament, and had been very successful. He was now ordered to survey and report upon the best plan for the general drainage of the whole Level. This he did with great ability. He found that all the fens were higher than the sea at *low-water* mark, and were therefore perfectly capable of natural drainage. The scheme he proposed was grand and simple, and its efficiency could not be doubted: but the estimated expense of a million of money was a fatal objection to the Fenmen. However, the work he most insisted on—namely, a cut 2½ miles in length, from Eau-Brink to Lynn, across the last and most injurious bend of the Ouse next the sea, which had been urged during the last century by two engineers of great talent (the Kinderleys, father and son), and the act for it even obtained but never carried into execution—was commenced in 1818 by him and Charles Telford, and opened in 1821. Its effect was most beneficial. Subsequently, it was enlarged, the sills of the floodgates at Denver laid lower, and all the rivers of the Middle Level widened and deepened. And now, the right method being at last perceived, other improvements speedily followed. The waters of the river Welland were conducted by a similar straight channel into the Wash by Spalding; its old bed, and a great tract of green marshland and estuary sands, enclosed. The outfall of the river Nene, which had been partially improved in 1775, by a cut through the marshes 1½ mile long, planned by Charles Kinderley, was especially noticed by Mr Rennie in his report, and an extension of the cut to low-water in the Wash recommended. But it was not until 1827, after great opposition in parliament, that the act was obtained, and the extension, 6 miles long, 300 feet wide between the tops of the banks, and 24 feet deep—a noble canal—commenced. It was completed under Mr Rennie—now Sir John—and Mr Fulton, at immense cost, but with more than proportionate benefit to the Level.

The *North* and *Middle Levels* may now be said to be effectually drained. Several important works have been executed within the last few years in the latter, under Messrs Walker & Co., the engineers, an interesting account of which has been published. In the *South Level*, though much has been done, there is yet room for improvement. The water still occasionally reasserts its power. In 1852, the Brandon River burst its banks near Littleport, and flooded 30,000 acres. But there is no procrastination now, no despair, no rude and stupid opposition to science, no violence to its executive. The farmers have seen their land increased tenfold in value—nay, even in some places commanding as yearly rental the sum that was their purchase-money before the drainage; and that is mighty convincing logic to the agricultural mind. They know that the right system has been apprehended at last; and the taxes of the Bedford Level Corporation for construction or maintenance of works are paid, if not without grumbling, at least with resignation. Cultivation is daily claiming, acre by acre, rushy moor and new-dried pleck and plash; and the paring-plough cleaves across them a warm bed for the golden corn. Whittlesea, Ramsey, and Ugg Meres have long been steam-drained, and their once oozy beds are wheat-land and fat pasture. Wide marshes, laboratories of ague and fever, whose reedy shores once resounded to the clanking call of moorhens, and the garrulous chatter of coots, gulls, wild-duck, and all kinds of water-fowl, are now fair homesteads, and echo the tamer sounds of the farmyard and the stable. Clover and bending rye wave fragrantly over the site of broad lakes, the immemorial lairs of giant pike and stews of eels and frogs; and the rich scent of the bean-field is borne upon the June wind from many an acre, that once stank to heaven with burning hassocks and peat-stacks. The rivers now lead their waters from the uplands between high ramparts and by straight ways across the Level, whose *drainage*, gathered by innumerable capillaries into great arterial cuts, is lifted into them by steam-pumps here and there, or joins them as, by channels wide and deep—the work of man—they pour through the shallows of the Wash, driving the restless sand before them like dust-clouds before the chasing wind. The Fenman needs not his stilts upon the firm, level roads; his mere-punt has become a ferry-boat upon some new forty-foot or twenty-foot river; barns and cattle-sheds have taken the place of his decoys (save one or two); he gets good wages and fat bacon; and except a grip or two of rheumatism in the winter, lives as healthily as any of his class in England.

Neither is this all. Having beaten back his foe, the water, and remaining master of the field, the Fenman is carrying the war into the enemy's country, and taking spoil from him. Thousands of broad acres have been rescued within the last few years from the dominion of the Wash, and securely retained by barrier-banks. The old Roman sea-wall is now, on many parts of the coast, half a mile inland; and as the work of reclamation and enclosure goes on, we see in the bright present, and still brighter future that has dawned at last on the Great Level of the Fens, one more evidence of that Anglo-Saxon energy, which, once aroused, be the prick chivalry or gain, will be stayed by nothing in its right onward course, save the bounds which Almighty Wisdom has set to the enterprise of man.

THE PEACE-MAN AT PORTSMOUTH.

I am a member of the Peace Society; I confess it at once. Perhaps I am un-English; perhaps I am pusillanimous; perhaps I am fanatical; perhaps I am disloyal; perhaps I am not. I am quite aware that I am unpopular; deeper than a member of the Jockey Club; more useless than one of the diplomatic corps; more despised than any of the late government. I know what you think of me; and because when I have said a disagreeable thing I like to repeat it, I say again, I am a member of the Peace Society.

I came down to Portsmouth instead of tarrying, as is my usual custom, at the Olive Branch, near Sandgate, for two reasons: first, because my periodical, *The White Flag*, informed me (falsely) that this was the cheaper market for sea-air; and, secondly, because I wished to give my son Joseph some idea, from actual observation, at any risk of harrowing details, of the horror and atrocity, and uncommercial character of war. He was an infant of sixteen when I brought him down here three days ago, but he already seems immensely aged. We came down in the train from Dovesnest with a militia recruiting-sergeant, his cap ornamented with coloured ribbons, reminding me of the ensnaring Fly-catcher; a couple of sailors about to join their ship, the *Vindictive;* and a very respectable tailor, about four feet five inches high.

I saw the soldier's eye settle upon Joe like a basilisk's; he would have liked to have dragged that fine-grown youth into his net, and make him a child of Tophet like himself off-hand. I would allow my son no conversation with such a person, but permitted him to talk with the others, glancing at him occasionally over the sheets of *The White Flag*. Upon observing Joseph's cheek to be distended, and inquiring the cause, I found they had given him a nauseous weed to suck in token of amity; he was horribly sick, and hung his head out of the window during the remainder of the journey, protesting to the last that it was not the quid, but the circumstance of sitting with his back to the engine, that caused the misadventure. These people, except the tailor, recommended me with one voice to lodge upon 'the Hard,' at Portsmouth; so, upon inquiring where that was situated, when we arrived at the terminus I took the omnibus in the opposite direction: we arrived late in the evening upon Southsea Common.

I was awakened at the dawn of day by gun-fire—a hideous rolling noise, accompanied by flame and effluvia of sulphur; every morning, to paraphrase the words of a great destroyer of his species, 'I hear, I see, I smell it.' Sneering sounds, produced by brazen instruments, harassed me during breakfast-time. Involuntarily looking forth, I perceived hosts of men in invisible green—such as is manufactured in Kendal—taking advantage of every stock and stone, and levelling their muskets at the harmless passers-by; from these secure positions they fired, volley after volley, throughout the whole of the forenoon. The sharp unpleasant taste of gunpowder impregnated my bread and butter, as pepper flavours sandwiches. I did not permit Joseph to expose himself to danger by going forth, but confined him to the less hazard of flattening his nose against the Venetian blinds. When these marksmen at length withdrew, he ventured out; the roll of the drums from the barrack-yards at once broke harshly on my ears, and, column after column, I marked the organised brute forces of the state, or battalions of that corrupted class which is termed militia, sweep by us in savage pomp; strains of intoxicating and sensual music burst forth from the various bands, to drown their better feelings; educated men on horseback led them on, and exercised them in their fruitless duties. It was but too clear, by the perfection and regularity of their manœuvres, that the independence and personal responsibility of each man had been shaken to their foundations: the ring of their muskets, as they grounded their arms; the hoarse words of despotic command; their monotonous tread, and the clash of their fixing bayonets, were appalling to the last degree. In beautiful relief to this maddening scene, small bands of convicts, in their modest garb, linked to the loaded wain, or draining the sluggish marsh, noiselessly executed their allotted tasks. This last reminded me of the Georgics, and I turned to Joseph for a quotation; to my great surprise, I observed him following a company of the Marine Artillery to Cumberland Fort; their quiet uniform, doubtless, excited the dear boy's disgust less vividly than the others' blood-red garments; his face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with the fire of virtuous indignation.

On our way into the town, I pointed out to him the elaborate artifices by which it was defended; explained to him the amount of labour thrown away in the construction of the fosse and rampart, and the probable price of draw-bridges per dozen at the present rate of iron. Flags of the costliest material fluttered all around us; the wary and unnecessary sentinel paced everywhere to and fro, or stood upright in his box for change. The streets were thronged with listless soldiery, or with sailors happier than they should have been. The little tailor of the day before, we recognised through his shop-window: it was bright with uniforms, and blazing with epaulets. On my way to the Hard, I was insulted by a mariner in drink, who inquired, with mock respect, whether 'that ere young kid of mine (meaning Joe) was going for a middy.' Passing through the dockyard-gate, I was interrogated by the official as to whether I—Elihu Goodwillcum—was a member of either of the Services. I proudly replied, that I was a member of the Peace Society; whereupon, with a malicious smile, he gave us into custody of a policeman, who never left us till we were out of the gates again.* He shewed us, however, over all the premises, where there was much that was good and useful and interesting, were it not for the purposes to which such ingenuity was applied. After inspecting an excellent rope-warehouse, I was shocked by being carried into the Ambulance Depôt—a machine invented to bear off the wounded from the battle-field. Moreover, in every dock and basin stood some enormous vessel—that might have been wafted to New South Wales with cotton, or to Caffreland with tracts—grinning with dreadful jaws like a fell dog of war. As my eyes roved over the vast harbour, they fell not upon a single trader; by the jetties were moored mighty three-deckers or two-deckers, taking in their final stores before joining the armada at Spithead. Here were embarking, in a splendid steam-ship—hired by government at twice the necessary cost—whole regiments for the Crimea; with thoughtless levity, and to a licentious tune, these soldiers left their fatherland, where the price of labour is greatly rising, so that they might have earned twice their present pay. There, again, were being lifted from the transport some wounded warriors from Sebastopol, sick, in pain, and dying. This was the sad lesson I wanted Joe to learn, and we accompanied them on their way to hospital. I gave a sovereign to the local fund—which it was not good principle to do, and I don't wish to have it known—and waited outside the gates an hour while Joe went in.

'Well, my boy, what do they say?' said I, as he came out. 'They're glad enough to come back again, eh? Ain't likely again to be caught with recruiting-chaff, I suppose?'

'They were very glad to be back again,' they said, father,' he replied; 'they think they shall be able to get well faster here, and be sooner ready to go out to join their comrades.'

'Now, Joe,' said I, 'you ain't such a precious fool as to believe that, are you?'

'I do believe it, father,' said he.

So I changed the conversation at once, and took him to the Gun-wharf. This enormous space was paved with engines of destruction: in one spot, thousands of cannon from the various ships in dock or harbour were arranged with symmetrical exactness; in another, howitzers of enormous calibre, Lancasters of prodigious range, were lying about like mammoth creatures of another creation—man's and the devil's; in a third, were piled myriads of shot and shell: a single one of many of these last Joe and myself together were not able to lift from the ground, and which, falling upon us from a foot high, would have ground us to powder. Fancy, then, their stomachs filled with iron (force-meat) balls, and the whole mass propelled at a hundred miles an hour from the mortar's mouth, lighting upon a tea-party—a Peace tea-party—in Sebastopol, and bursting as it fell! Bunches of painted grape, of a vintage peculiar to this country, were stored in well-kept outhouses; bullets of all shapes—round, triangular, and pyramidical—were carefully arranged on lockers. Far more interesting to me than these, were the rusted cannon and broken gun-carriages, swung up by dozens in all times from sunken ships; never more to be used in destruction, but remaining as trophies of scientific skill. Together with these, alas! were mighty guns that breathed forth death not three months back; despite their massive strength, all shattered at the mouths or shoulders by our cannon-shot—the spoils of Bomarsund! The Armoury—whatever stabs my heart might suffer, I was determined Joe should see it all—the storehouse of small-arms, was a dreadful sight; 20,000 stand of arms, ready for instant service, stood upon wooden racks; thousands of pistols, sabres, and lances bedecked the lofty walls; the forget-me-not, and other emblems of Peace, were positively displayed, over the several departments, in bayonets and Colt's revolvers; musketoons of the reign of Queen Anne, firelocks of the Low Countries, German small-arms of the seventeenth century, Burmah pikes, Otaheitan javelins, and Minié-rifles of the latest bore; all had their allotted place. I seemed to read, inscribed in dreadful characters, a melancholy history of the foul passions of mankind in every clime and age of the universe.

Besides that, the uprising and down-setting of the sun itself are notified by the discharge of cannon upon land and sea: there is not an hour in the day here free from the like waste in practice, signals, or salutes. I am credibly informed, that the small field-piece cannot be fired even with damaged powder at less than 1s. 4d., not taking into account the cost of the fusée and the wear and tear. These horrible sights and sounds of warfare, and the contemplation of such hideous extravagance, had determined me to leave Portsmouth for the back of the Isle of Wight. There, said I, with my face to the boundless ocean, and my rear to Spithead, I shall forget these mad excitements, and peruse *The White Flag* in tranquillity. I confess, too, that my disgust at our military establishments was wearing off almost insensibly, and I perceived with a shudder that Joseph regarded them already with some liking; I set sail, therefore, yesterday noon. Now, what should the ordinary packet that plies to and fro from Ryde do on that identical day, but take us right away from her course amongst the anchored fleet; now approaching the shining sides of the *Duke of Wellington*, that monstrous floating-battery, with tier on tier of heavy-metalled guns, and more than a thousand armed men; and now loitering by the speedy *Driver*, that sword-fish of the deep, to scan her perfected equipment and trained ferocity. One vessel—it was explained to us with cruel detail—was the fastest paddle war-steamer; another was the speediest screw; a third, the newest of the gun-boats, with an unprecedented weight of metal. The screw-ships to eastward formed the Flying Squadron, to sail that very day as van-guard of the Baltic Fleet, which our steamer—the steamer of Elihu Goodwillcum—was chartered to accompany to the Nab! Yes, I had been unwittingly in an excursion-ship—at five shillings a head—to see these seven monsters of the deep start on their bloody errand. I would not have had it told at Manchester for five hundred pounds.

I was startled from these reflections by the combined discharge of a hundred cannon, all pointed, as I believe, at our unhappy vessel. Perfect darkness, deafness, and a bitter taste in my mouth, succeeded. When I opened my eyes again, the smoke had rolled away; but although the sight was really beautiful, I thought it right to reshut them, putting only such questions to my son Joseph as I thought consistent with my principles. He, therefore, shall describe the circumstances in his own words.

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* We must here remark, that Mr Goodwillcum only submitted, as every other civilian must, to official guidance: it was not that, as a member of the Peace Society, he was singled out for insult. —Ed.

'The Queen is coming—the Queen, father! They are manning yards; up the men go in hundreds, just like squirrels, to the tops; they cling from rope and spar, as spiders cling, and all the rigging swarms with them, and one has climbed upon each mast to the very top of all.' (I looked through my fingers here, and it was certainly a wondrous sight; they seemed to hang 'twixt heaven and earth on nothing; and, like monkeys in a child's toy, a man was leaning on each masthead.) 'Look at the *Fairy*, father, the Queen's beautiful steam-yacht—look; with delicate apricot funnel, and raking'—(Where could the young dog have learned *that* ribaldry?)—'and raking snow-white masts! How charmingly she threads the maze of the great ships; and hear, father, hear the cheers that come booming on the wind.' (And surely there was a faint and far-off music, inexpressibly pleasant, swelling ever louder over the purple sea.) 'I see the little glass-house at the stern now; but she is not sitting there, for a brilliant crowd is standing on the deck, and the men are without hats. That is she—that is she in the plain brown dress and the straw-bonnet. Cheer, father, cheer—hurrah!' And in the excitement of the moment, and quite forgetting the purpose of her coming, I believe I cheered as lustily as any. Having once done so, I thought I might as well go on with it; and, upon my life, I have not got my voice back yet. Moreover, I blushed slightly, and looked on to the end. Each of the seven great ships then weighed its anchors, and stood slowly out to sea; and on board of each a band was playing, and every tongue gave chorus to their grand 'God Save the Queen.' Particularly I noticed a great troop-ship filled with men for the Crimea, every inch of her deck crowded with brown great-coats and forage-caps, and all her crew above them on the rigging. As the *Fairy* passed, a great shout burst forth, as though from a single throat, and held on and continued for minutes, as long as she was within hearing. None of the squadron's sails were spread, for the wind was dead against them; and only by the smoke between their masts, and by the white waves that boiled about their sterns, could the power be told by which they were propelled. Like sea-birds in a long broken line, they sailed with the little *Fairy* and their Queen; so we went out past the *Warner*, and nearly to the Nab, and then up went the signals from the yacht: 'Success—Farewell!' Again, as she passed each vessel, did the cheers break forth afresh, and always was her slight form bent to acknowledge them, and ever did the Prince beside her bare his head. When we reached Portsmouth harbour, the flown Flying Squadron formed a mere speck on the horizon's verge. It seemed too late that night to reach the island, and we are at Portsmouth still.

CURIOSITIES OF CHINA.

Anything relating to China, in the way of curious or authentic information, is likely to have a measure of interest for the generality of English readers. To say nothing of our present political and commercial connections with that country, its customs and most ordinary characteristics are so peculiar, and in such striking contrast with the forms of Western civilisation, that they can hardly be contemplated, even in description, without affording us much both of instruction and entertainment. China is as yet but very imperfectly known to Europeans; and, indeed, a great deal of what has hitherto passed for knowledge can now be shewn to be a flagrant misconception. Few persons at any time have had opportunities of really seeing either the country or the people; the vague, purblind glimpses obtained of them from the wharfs and outskirts of Canton being, in fact, as little entitled to be considered representative of the varied social aspects of the empire as Wapping or Rotherhithe are to be taken as average specimens of town and country in the general United Kingdom. Thus, when we hear that the Chinese prepare dishes with castor-oil, and that some of their favourite dainties are fish-gizzards, peacocks' combs, and other similar delicacies, we must not accept the statement with an over-ready credulity, as it is certain that no such dishes have ever been met with by any one who had made acquaintance with Chinese cookery elsewhere than in the neighbourhood of the English factories at Canton; and that, even if they were ever met with there, the likelihood is that some of the Canton merchants had invented them expressly for the purpose of quizzing novices from Europe, who were more credulous than discriminating. All the vulgar errors of this description, as well as many others equally unfounded and more important, have been recently corrected by an ingenuous and accomplished Frenchman, whose lately published work on the Chinese Empire* is in the highest degree valuable and interesting. M. Huc, the author, spent no less than fourteen years of his life in various parts of China as a Roman Catholic missionary, and after passing some time in Tatary and Tibet—of which countries he formerly favoured us with an intelligent account—he returned to the Celestial Empire, and was conducted across the country under the immediate protection of the emperor—travelling in all the pomp of a high government functionary, attended by mandarins and a military escort, from the frontiers of Tibet to the city of Canton. During this journey, he was brought into constant and intimate relation with persons of the highest rank in the country; and having previously, while labouring in his vocation, been in habits of familiar intercourse with the poor, he enjoyed the opportunity of seeing and observing all the different phases and conditions of the social and domestic life of the Chinese people, and is able to report of the general character and peculiarities of their curious civilisation. The information he gives us concerning the institutions, religion, manners, and customs of this extraordinary country, have not been taken on hearsay from the accounts of others, but are gathered from his personal experience and observation; and his manner of communicating his knowledge is perhaps the pleasantest conceivable, there being nothing in the shape of formal dissertation, but everything of which he takes occasion to inform us being presented in the way of agreeable digression, at suitable intervals of the narrative of his journey, without materially interrupting its interest or connection. There are, doubtless, some incidents in his adventures which seem very strange to persons unacquainted with China; but the high character of the writer is so much above suspicion, and throughout the work he appears so earnest and straightforward, that whilst reading his most singular and unexpected revelations, we meet with nothing to raise a doubt of their substantial truth.

There is one characteristic of his book, which of itself is calculated to give us a favourable impression of its general reliability. Though an indefatigable apostle in the missionary enterprise, and as such no doubt desirous of giving the best possible account of his ministry, M. Huc confesses that Christianity in China has not been very successful. This he ascribes to the materialistic tendencies of the people, and to their total indifference to all religious considerations. His statement of the difficulties that attend the gaining over converts to the Christian faith, is pleasantly illustrated by a conversation he reports as having on one occasion taken place between himself and an intelligent individual of the literary order, who was professedly disposed to consider the matter favourably. 'In one of the principal towns of China,' says he, 'we were for some time in communication with a lettered Chinese, who appeared extremely well disposed to embrace Christianity. We had several conferences together, and we studied carefully the most important and difficult points of doctrine; and, finally, by way of complement to our oral instruction, we read some of the best books. Our dear catechumen admitted, without any exception, everything we advanced; the only difficulty was, he said, the learning by heart the prayers that every good Christian ought to know, in order to say them morning and evening. As he seemed, nevertheless, to desire putting off to some indefinite period the moment in which he should declare himself a Christian, every time he came to see us we urged him to do so, and made the most earnest representation of the duty of following the truth, now that he knew where it lay. "By and by," said he; "all in good time. One should never be precipitate." One day, however, he spoke out a little more. "Come," said he, "let us speak to-day only words conformable to reason. It is not good to be too enthusiastic. No doubt, the Christian religion is beautiful and sublime; its doctrine explains, with method and clearness, all that is necessary for man to know. Whoever has any sense must see that, and will adopt it in his heart in all sincerity; but, after all, one must not think too much of these things, and increase the cares of life. Now, just consider—we have a body; how many cares it demands! It must be clothed, fed, and sheltered from the injuries of the weather; its infirmities are great, and its maladies numerous. It is agreed on all hands, that health is our most precious good. This body that we see, that we touch, must be taken care of every day, and every moment of the day. Now, is not this enough, without troubling ourselves about a soul that we never do see? The life of man is short, and full of misery; it is made up of a succession of important concerns, that follow one another without interruption. Our hearts and our minds are scarcely sufficient for the solicitudes of the present life: is it wise, then, to torment one's self about the future one?"'

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* *The Chinese Empire*. By M. Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. 2 vols. Longman, London. 1855.

Our good missionary could only urge, that inasmuch as men's bodies are frail and perishable, it seemed conformable to reason that they should concern themselves about their souls, which are immortal; that the present life being a tissue of cares and dark anxieties, it was all the more rational to think of and prepare for that future life which will have no end. But he failed to convince the learned doctor of the possibility of providing for 'two lives at the same time;' and though he admits that the latter was really a worthy fellow enough, he was yet so thoroughly Chinese, as to be quite incapable of appreciating the doctrines of Christianity.

The Flowery People would seem, indeed, to be extremely unsusceptible of new ideas in relation to religion, even though they have for the most part ceased to attach any significance to the dogmas and practices of their national faith. They are observers of forms and ceremonies, with as little belief in their efficacy as some of our most enlightened Europeans. As an instance, let us quote a passage descriptive of the method whereby the Chinese seek to obtain rain in times of drought: 'When these droughts are prolonged, and occasion any fears for the harvest, it is customary for the mandarin of the district to make a proclamation, prescribing the most rigorous abstinence. Neither fermented liquors, meat of any kind, fish, eggs, nor animal food of any description, is allowable; nothing is to be eaten but vegetables. Every housekeeper has to fasten over his door strips of yellow paper, on which are printed some formulas of invocation, and the image of the Dragon of Rain. If Heaven is deaf to this kind of supplication, collections are made, and scaffolds erected, for the performance of superstitious dramas; and, as a last resource, they organise a burlesque and extravagant procession, in which an immense dragon, made of wood or paper, is carried about to the sound of infernal music. Sometimes it happens that, do what they will, the dragon is obstinate, and will not give rain, and then the prayers are changed into curses: he who was before surrounded with honours is insulted, reviled, and torn to pieces by his rebellious worshippers. It is related that under Kia-King, fifth emperor of the Mantchoo-Tatar dynasty, a long drought had desolated several provinces of the north; but as, notwithstanding numerous processions, the dragon persisted in not sending rain, the indignant emperor launched against him a thundering edict, and condemned him to perpetual exile on the borders of the river Ili, in the province of Torgot. The sentence was about to be executed, and the criminal was proceeding with touching resignation to cross the deserts of Tatary, and undergo his punishment on the frontiers of Turkestan, when the supreme courts of Pekin, touched with compassion, went in a body to throw themselves at the feet of the emperor, and ask pardon for the poor fiend. His imperial majesty then deigned to revoke the sentence, and a courier was sent off at full gallop to carry the news to the executors of the imperial decree. The dragon was reinstated in his functions, but only on condition that in future he would acquit himself of them a little better. Do the Chinese of our days, it will be asked, really put faith in such monstrous practices? Not the least in the world. All this is merely an external and completely lying demonstration. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire observe these ancient superstitions without at all believing in them. What was done in times past, they continue to do in the present day, but solely because their ancestors did so; and what their ancestors have established, they are always unwilling to change.'

It will thus be seen that the Chinese are as expert in the art of shamming as people known to us nearer home, who perhaps are not so much entitled to excuse. A similar disingenuousness pervades their habits of etiquette and politeness, abundant illustrations of which are presented in these volumes. Take as a sufficient sample the following description of a hospitable man:—'During the time when we were at our northern mission, we were witnesses of a most curious fact, which was wonderfully characteristic of the Chinese. It was one of our festival-days, and we were to celebrate the holy office at the house of the first catechist, where there was a tolerably large chapel, to which the Christians of the neighbouring villages were in the habit of coming in great numbers. After the ceremony, the master of the house posted himself in the middle of the court, and began to call to the Christians who were leaving the chapel: "Don't let anybody go away; to-day, I invite every one to eat rice in my house." And then he ran from one group to another, urging them to stay; but every one alleged some reason or other for going, and went. The courteous host appeared quite distressed; at last he spied a cousin of his, who had almost reached the door, and rushed towards him, saying: "What, cousin! are you going too? Impossible! this is a holiday, and you really must stop." "No," said the other; "do not press me, I have business at home that I must attend to." "Business! what, to-day—a day of rest! Absolutely you shall stop; I won't let you go." And he seized the cousin's robe, and tried to bring him back by main force, while the desired guest struggled as well as he could, and sought to prove that his business was too pressing to allow of his remaining. "Well," said the host at last, "since you positively cannot stay to eat rice, we must at least drink a few glasses of wine together. I should be quite ashamed if my cousin went away from my house without taking anything." "Well," replied the cousin, "it don't take much to drink a glass of wine;"

and he turned back. They re-entered the house, and sat down in the company-room. The master then called in a loud voice, though without appearing to address any one in particular: "Heat some wine, and fry two eggs."

'In the meantime, till the hot wine and fried eggs should arrive, the two lighted their pipes, and began to gossip; and then they lit and smoked again, but the wine and eggs did not make their appearance. The cousin, who most likely really had some business, at last ventured to inquire of his hospitable entertainer how long he thought it would be before the wine was ready. "Wine!" replied the host—"wine! Have we got any wine here? Don't you know very well that I never drink wine? It hurts my stomach." "In that case," said the cousin, "surely you might have let me go. Why did you press me to stay?" Hereupon the master of the mansion rose, and assumed an attitude of lofty indignation. "Upon my word," said he, "anybody might know what country you come from! What! I have the politeness to invite you to drink wine, and you have not even the politeness to refuse! Where, in the world, have you learned your rites? Among the Mongols, I should think." And the poor cousin, understanding that he had been guilty of a terrible solecism, stammered some words of apology, and, filling his pipe once more, departed. We were ourselves present at this delightful little scene; and as soon as the cousin was gone, the least we could do was to have a good laugh; but the master of the house did not laugh, he was indignant. He asked us whether we had ever seen such an ignorant, stupid, absurd man as his cousin; and he returned always to his grand principle—that is to say, that a well-bred man will always render politeness for politeness; and that one ought kindly to refuse what another kindly offers; "Otherwise," he cried, "what would become of us?"'

Our traveller was for some days laid up with a serious illness at Kuen-kiang-hien, in the province of Houpé, and on his recovery, was politely shewn the handsome coffin which the authorities had prepared for him in the event of his decease. The reader will most likely be surprised to learn, that a provision of this sort is an actual Chinese compliment! Let him read, and admit for once that there is a novelty under the sun.

'In no other country than China, perhaps, could men be heard exchanging compliments on the subject of a coffin. People are mostly shy of mentioning the lugubrious objects destined to contain the mortal remains of a relation or friend; and when death does enter the house, the coffin is got in in secrecy and silence, in order to spare the feelings of the mourning family. But it is quite otherwise in China; there, a coffin is simply an article of the first necessity to the dead, and of luxury and fancy to the living. In the great towns you see them displayed in the shops, with all sorts of tasteful decorations, painted and varnished, and polished and trimmed up to attract the eyes of passengers, and give them the fancy to buy themselves one. People in easy circumstances, who have money to spare for their pleasures, scarcely ever fail to provide themselves beforehand with a coffin to their own taste, and which they consider becoming; and until the moment arrives for lying down in it, it is kept in the house, not as an article of immediate necessity, but as one that cannot fail to be consoling and pleasant to the eye in a nicely furnished apartment.

'For well-brought-up children, it is a favourable method of expressing the fervour of their filial piety towards the authors of their being—a sweet and tender consolation for the heart of a son, to be able to purchase a beautiful coffin for an aged father or mother, and come in state to present the gift at the moment when they least expect such an agreeable surprise. If one is not sufficiently favoured by fortune to be able to afford the purchase of a coffin in advance, care is always taken that before "saluting the world," as the Chinese say, a sick person shall at least have the satisfaction of casting a glance at his last abode; and if he is surrounded by at all affectionate relations, they never fail to buy him a coffin, and place it by the side of his bed.

'In the country, this is not always so easy, for coffins are not kept quite ready, and, besides, peasants have not such luxurious habits as towns-people. The only way, then, is to send for the carpenter of the place, who takes measure of the sick person, not forgetting to observe to him that it must be made a little longer than would seem necessary, because one always stretches out a little when one's dead. A bargain is then made concerning the length and the breadth, and especially the cost; wood is brought, and the workmen set about their task in the yard close to the chamber of the dying person, who is entertained with the music of the saw and the other tools while death is at work within him, preparing him to occupy the snug abode when it is ready.

'All this is done with the most perfect coolness, and without the slightest emotion, real or affected. We have ourselves witnessed such scenes more than once, and it has always been one of the things that most surprised us in the manners of this extraordinary country. A short time after our arrival at the mission in the north, we were walking one day in the country with a Chinese seminarist, who had the patience to reply to all our long and tedious questions about the men and things of the Celestial Empire. Whilst we were keeping up the dialogue as well as we could in a mixture of Latin and Chinese, using a word of one or the other as we found occasion, we saw coming towards us a rather numerous crowd, who advanced in an orderly manner along a narrow path. It might have been called a procession. Our first impulse was to turn aside, and get into some safe corner behind a large hill; for not having as yet much experience in the manners and customs of the Chinese, we had some hesitation in producing ourselves, for fear of being recognised and thrown into prison—possibly, even condemned and strangled. Our seminarist, however, reassured us, and declared that we might continue our walk without any fear. The crowd had now come up with us, and we stood aside to let it pass. It was composed of a great number of villagers, who looked at us with smiling faces, and had the appearance of being uncommonly pleased. After them came a litter, on which was borne an empty coffin, and then another litter, upon which lay extended a dying man wrapped in blankets. His face was haggard and livid, and his expiring eyes were fixed upon the coffin that preceded him. When every one had passed, we hastened to ask the meaning of this strange procession. "It is some sick man," said the seminarist, "who has been taken ill in a neighbouring village, and whom they are bringing home to his family. The Chinese do not like to die away from their own house." "That is very natural; but what is the coffin for?" "For the sick man, who probably has not many days to live. They seem to have made everything ready for his funeral. I remarked by the side of the coffin a piece of white linen, that they mean to use for the mourning."

'These words threw us into the most profound astonishment, and we saw then that we had come into a new world—into the midst of a people whose ideas and feelings differed widely from those of Europeans. These men quietly setting about to prepare for the funeral of a still living friend and relation; this coffin placed purposely under the eyes of a dying man, doubtless with the purpose of doing what was agreeable to him: all this plunged us into a strange reverie, and the walk was continued in silence.'

Here we have certainly an instance of unexampled eccentricity; and many others might be quoted from these volumes which are nearly as extraordinary. The next quotation, which must be our last, may serve to illustrate the state of the mechanical arts in China as regards the regulation and measurement of time. Few Englishmen, who have never visited the country, are likely to have heard before of a cat being turned to account as a household clock—which seems, however, to be the case in China. 'One day,' says our author, 'when we went to pay a visit to some families of Chinese Christian peasants, we met, near a farm, a young lad who was taking a buffalo to graze along our path. We asked him carelessly, as we passed, whether it was yet noon. The child raised his head to look at the sun, but it was hidden behind thick clouds, and he could read no answer there. "The sky is so cloudy," said he, "but wait a moment;" and with these words he ran towards the farm, and came back a few minutes afterwards with a cat in his arms. "Look here," said he, "it is not noon yet;" and he shewed us the cat's eyes, by pushing up the lids with his hands. We looked at the child with surprise, but he was evidently in earnest: and the cat, though astonished, and not much pleased at the experiment made on her eyes, behaved with the most exemplary complaisance. "Very well," said we, "thank you;" and he then let go the cat, which made her escape pretty quickly, and we continued our route. To say the truth, we had not at all understood the proceeding; but we did not wish to question the little pagan, lest he should find out that we were Europeans by our ignorance. As soon as ever we reached the farm, however, we made haste to ask our Christians whether they could tell the clock by looking into a cat's eyes. They seemed surprised at the question; but as there was no danger in confessing to them our ignorance of the properties of the cat's eyes, we related what had just taken place. That was all that was necessary; our complaisant neophytes immediately gave chase to all the cats in the neighbourhood. They brought us three or four, and explained in what manner they might be made use of for watches. They pointed out that the pupil of their eyes went on constantly growing narrower until twelve o'clock, when they became like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye; and that after twelve, the dilatation recommenced. When we had attentively examined the eyes of all the cats at our disposal, we concluded that it was past noon, as all the eyes perfectly agreed upon the point. We have had some hesitation in speaking of this Chinese discovery, as it may doubtless tend to injure the interests of the clock-making trade, and interfere with the sale of watches; but all considerations must give way to the spirit of progress. All important discoveries tend, in the first instance, to injure private interests; and we hope, nevertheless, that watches will continue to be made, because, among the number of persons who may wish to know the hour, there will most likely be some who will not give themselves the trouble to run after the cat, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers.'

We have not attempted to give any outline of M. Huc's narrative, nor any analysis of the mass of interesting and curious information he has accumulated respecting the history, institutions, and present social circumstances of the empire, since, in our necessarily contracted space, we could not possibly convey any complete idea of the extent and value of his researches. Those who wish to learn how China is governed, what is the extent of its industrial resources, how education is provided for, and in what degree literature is honoured and rewarded; how the people in town and country live, act, and amuse themselves; and what, upon the whole, in regard to innumerable other matters the writer has learned, and can report from his observation and experience during his fourteen years' residence, must be referred to the book itself, which we can confidently commend for the fulness and clearness of its information, and the easy grace and sprightliness of its composition. Among books of travel, there are few known to us that can be considered equal to the present one in point of literary merit. Picturesque and animated in style, and abounding with pleasantry and a genial vein of humour, the work is one of quite singular attractions; and it has the further and more significant advantage, of being the highest authority on the subject that is now to be found in Europe.

FLAWS IN DIAMONDS.

It is sometimes instructive, and at all times interesting, to learn something of the eccentricities, failings, and foibles of remarkable persons. Such traits form the most attractive and salient points of biographical works; they may be called the colouring of literary portraiture, and, being endowed with an individual vitality, are found to linger longest in the memory of the general reader.

Having gathered together a number of these personal anecdotes, we propose to pass away a gossipping, and not wholly an unprofitable, half hour in relating them to our readers.

It is painful to reflect upon the inordinate vanity which characterises many illustrious lives. When Cæsar became bald, he constantly wore the laurel-wreath with which we see him represented on medals, in the hope of concealing the defect; and Cicero's egotism was so great, that he even composed a Latin hexameter in his own praise:

> Oh fortunatam natam me Consule Roman.
>
> (Oh fortunate Rome when I was born her consul!)—

a line which elicited the just sarcasms of Juvenal. Queen Elizabeth left 3000 different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and during many years of the latter part of her life, would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence, for fear that she should perceive the ravages of time upon her countenance. Mæcenas, the most egregious of classic exquisites, is said to have 'wielded the Roman Empire with rings on his fingers.' The vanity of Benvenuto Cellini is too well known to need repetition. Sir Walter Raleigh was, perhaps, the greatest beau on record. His shoes, on court-days, were so gorgeously adorned with precious stones, as to have exceeded 6000 guineas in value; and he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with jewelled sword and belt, the worth of which was almost incalculable. The great Descartes was very particular about his wigs, and always kept four in his dressing-closet; a piece of vanity wherein he was imitated by Sir Richard Steele, who never expended less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs. Mozart, whose light hair was of a fine quality, wore it very long and flowing down between his shoulders, with a tie of coloured ribbon confining it at the neck. Poor Goldsmith's innocent dandyisms, and the story of his peach-blossom coat, are almost proverbial. Pope's self-love was so great, that, according to Johnson, he 'had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life.' Allan Ramsay's egotism was excessive. On one occasion, he modestly took precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public: 'But haud [hold], proud czar,' he says, 'I wadna niffer [exchange] fame!' Napoleon was vain of his small foot. Salvator Rosa was once heard to compare himself with Raphael and Michael Angelo, calling the former dry, and the latter coarse; and Raphael, again, was jealous of the fame and skill of Michael Angelo. Hogarth's historical paintings—which were bad—equalled, in his own opinion, those of the old masters. Sir Peter Lely's vanity was so well known, that a mischievous wit, resolving to try what amount of flattery he would believe, told him one day that if the Author of Mankind could have had the benefit of his (Lely's) opinions upon beauty, we should all have been materially benefited in point of personal appearance; to which the painter emphatically replied: ''Fore Gott, sare, I believe you 're right!' Bojardo, the Italian poet, ascribed so high an importance to his poetry, that when he had invented a suitable name for one of his heroes, he set the bells ringing in the village. Kotzebue was so vain and envious, that he could endure nothing celebrated to be near him, though it were but a picture or a statue; and even Lamartine, the loftiest and finest of French poets, robs his charming pages of half their beauty by the inordinate self-praise of his commentaries. Rousseau has been called 'the self-torturing egotist;' and Lord Byron's life was one long piece of egotism from beginning to end. He was vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even of his vices; and he was particularly proud of his good riding and his handsome hands.

Penuriousness, unhappily, has been too commonly associated with learning and fame. Cato, the censor, on his return from Spain, was so parsimonious that he sold his field-horse, to save the expense of conveying the animal by sea to Italy. Attilius Regulus, at the period of his greatest glory in Africa, entreated permission to return home to the management of his estate, which consisted but of seven acres, alleging that his servants had been defrauding him of certain agricultural implements, and that he was anxious to look after his affairs. Lord Bacon is a melancholy instance of the dominion obtained by avarice over a great mind. Among artists, Nollekens and Northcote were proverbially penurious. Swift, in his old age, was avaricious, and had an absolute terror of visitors. 'When his friends of either sex came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision.' Of the great Duke of Marlborough, it is said by Macaulay, that 'his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind.'

We will now turn to the errors of self-indulgence. Socrates, Plato, Agathon, Aristophanes, and others of the most celebrated Greeks, drank wine to a surprising extent; and Plato says, in his *Symposium*, that Socrates kept sober longer than any. Tiberius was so much addicted to this vice, that he had frequently to be carried from the senate-house. Cato was fond of the bottle. Ben Jonson delighted in copious draughts of Canary wine, and even contrived to have a pipe of that liquor added to his yearly pension as poet-laureate. The fine intellect of Coleridge was clouded over by this unhappy propensity. Montaigne indulged in sherry. The otherwise unexceptionable morality of Addison was stained by this one error. Sir Richard Steele, Fielding, and Sterne shared the prevailing taste for hard drinking. Mozart was no exception to the rule. Churchill was a very intemperate man; and Hogarth gave a ludicrous immortality to the satirist's love of porter, by representing him in the character of a bear with a mug of that liquor in its paw. Tasso aggravated his mental irritability by the use of wines, despite the entreaties of his physicians. During his long imprisonment, he speaks gratefully in his letters of some sweetmeats with which he had been supplied; and after his release, he relates with delight the good things that were provided for him by his patron, the Duke of Mantua—'the bread and fruit, the fish and flesh, the wines, sharp and brisk, and the confections.' Pope, who was somewhat of an epicure, when staying at the house of his friend Lord Bolingbroke, would lie in bed for days together, unless he heard there were to be stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would forthwith arise, and make his appearance at table. Dr Johnson had a voracious liking for a leg of mutton. 'At my Aunt Ford's,' he said, 'I ate so much of a leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it.' A gentleman once treated him to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, of which he partook so enormously, that his entertainer was alarmed.

Quin, the famous actor, has been known to travel from London to Bath, for the mere sake of dining upon a John Dory. Dr Parr, in a private letter, confesses to his passionate love of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce. Shelley was for many years a vegetarian; and in the notes to his earliest edition of *Queen Mab*, speaks with enthusiasm of a dinner of 'greens, potatoes, and turnips.' Ariosto was excessively fond of turnips. He ate fast, and of whatever was nearest to him, often beginning with the bread upon the table before the other dishes came. Being visited one day by a stranger, he devoured all the dinner that was provided for both; and when afterwards censured for his unpoliteness, only observed that 'the gentleman should have taken care of himself.' Handel ate enormously; and Dr Kitchener relates of him, that whenever he dined at a tavern, he ordered dinner for three. On being told that all was ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: 'Den pring up de dinner *prestissimo*—I AM DE GOMBANY!' Lord Byron's favourite dish was eggs and bacon; and though he could never eat it without suffering from an attack of indigestion, he had not always sufficient firmness to resist the temptation. Lalande, the great French astronomer, would eat spiders as a relish. Linnæus delighted in chocolate; and it was he who bestowed upon it its generic name of *Theobroma*, or 'food of the gods.' Fontenelle deemed strawberries the most delicious eating in the world; and during his last illness, used to exclaim constantly: 'If I can but reach the season of strawberries!'

The amusements of remarkable persons have been various, and often eccentric. The great Bayle would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to places where mountebanks resorted: and this was his chief relaxation from the intensity of study. Spinoza delighted to set spiders fighting, and would laugh immoderately at beholding their insect-warfare. Cardinal Richelieu used to seek amusement in violent exercise, and was found by De Grammont jumping with his servant, to see which could leap the highest. The great logician, Samuel Clarke, was equally fond of such saltatory interludes to his hours of meditation, and has been discovered leaping over tables and chairs. Once, observing the approach of a pedant, he said: 'Now we must leave off, for a fool is coming in!' The learned Petavius used to twirl his chair round and round for five minutes, at the end of every two hours. Tycho Brahè diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles. Paley, the author of *Natural Theology*, was so much given to angling, that he had his portrait painted with a rod and line in his hand. Louis XVI., of sad memory, amused himself with lock-making. Salvator Rosa used to perform in extempore comedies, and take the character of a mountebank in the streets of Rome. Anthony Magliabecchi, the famous librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, took a great interest in the spiders which thronged his apartments; and while sitting amongst his mountains of books, would caution his visitors 'not to hurt the spiders!' Moses Mendelssohn, surnamed the Jewish Socrates, would sometimes seek relief from too much thought in standing at his window and counting the tiles upon his neighbour's roof. Thomas Warton, the poetical antiquary, used to associate with the schoolboys, while visiting his brother, Dr J. Warton. Campbell says: 'When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. Cowper kept hares, and made bird-cages. Dr Johnson was so fond of his cat, that he would even go out himself to buy oysters for Puss, because his servant was too proud to do so. Goethe kept a tame snake, but hated dogs Ariosto delighted in gardening; but he destroyed all he planted, by turning up the mould to see if the seeds were germinating. Thomson had his garden at Richmond, respecting which the old story of how he ate peaches off the trees with his hands in his pockets is related. Gibbon was a lazy man. Coleridge was content to sit from morning till night threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind. Gray said that he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux. Fenton the eminent scholar, died from sheer inactivity: he rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers. A woman who waited upon him in his lodgings said, that 'he would lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon.' Contrary examples to that of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote all his finest works before breakfast!

To return to the recreations of celebrated persons. Oliver Cromwell is said to have sometimes cast aside his Puritan gravity, and played at Blind-man's-buff with his daughters and attendants. Henri Quatre delighted to go about in disguise among the peasantry. Charles II.'s most innocent amusement consisted in feeding the ducks in St James's Park, and in rearing numbers of those beautiful spaniels that still bear his name. Beethoven would splash in cold water at all times of the day, till his chamber was swamped, and the water oozed through the flooring to the rooms beneath; he would also walk out in the dewy fields at night or morning without shoes or stockings. Shelley took an unaccountable delight in floating little paper-boats on any piece of water he chanced to be near. There is a pond on Hampstead-heath which has often borne his tiny fleets; and there is an anecdote related of him—rather too good, we fear, to be true—which says, that being one day beside the Serpentine, and having no other paper in his pocket wherewith to indulge his passion for ship-building, he actually folded a bank-bill for fifty pounds into the desired shape; launched the little craft upon its voyage; watched its steady progress with paternal anxiety; and, finally, went over and received it in safety at the opposite side.

This paper might be extended almost indefinitely; but there must be limits, even to an essay, and certainly to the good-nature of our readers.

IODINE.

Iodine derives its name from *iodos*, a Greek word signifying violet-coloured; but the transcendent beauty of the colour of its vapour requires further elucidation than simply saying that it has a violet hue. If a little iodine be placed on a hot tile, it rises into a magnificent dense vapour, fit for the last scene of a theatrical representation. This remarkable substance was discovered by accident about forty years ago. At that period chemical philosophy was in great repute, owing principally to the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy. So singular a substance as iodine was to Davy a source of infinite pleasure. He studied its nature and properties with the fondness and zeal of a child at a Puzzle-map. His great aim was to prove its compound nature; but in this he failed; and to this day it is believed to be one of the primitive elements of the world we live in. Iodine is found in almost every natural substance with which we are acquainted, although in very minute portions. The sea furnishes an inexhaustible supply of iodine; all the fish, the shells, the sponges, and weeds of the ocean, yield it in passing through the chemical sieve. Whatever be the food of sea-weeds, it is certain that iodine forms a portion of their daily banquet; and to these beautiful plants we turn when iodine is to be manufactured for commercial purposes. The weeds cast up by the boiling surf upon the desolate shores of the sea-islands, would at first sight appear among the most useless things in the world; but they are not; their mission is fulfilled; they have drawn the iodine from the briny wave, and are ready to yield it up for the benefit and happiness of man. The inhabitants of the Tyrol are subject to a very painful disease, called goitre or cretinism; for this malady iodine is a perfect cure. Go, and have your portrait painted as you are. Photography tells the whole truth without flattery; and the colours used in the process are only silver and iodine.—*Septimus Piesse.*

LABOUR IS PRAYER.

LABORARE est orare:
We, black-handed sons of toil,
From the coal-mine and the anvil,
And the delving of the soil—
From the loom, the wharf, the warehouse,
And the ever-whirling mill—
Out of grim and hungry silence
Lift a weak voice, small and still:
'Laborare est orare:'
Man, dost hear us?—God, He will!

We who strive to keep from starving
Wan-faced wives, not always mild,
Trying not to curse Heaven's givings
When it sends another child;
We who, worn-out, doze on Sundays
O'er the Book we vainly read,
Cannot understand the parson
In those words he calls the creed:
'Laborare est orare;'
Then—good sooth! we pray indeed.

We, poor women, feeble-hearted,
Large of love, in wisdom small,
Who the world's incessant battle
Cannot comprehend at all;
All the mysteries of the churches,
All the conflicts of the state;
When child-smiles teach—'God is loving,'
Or child-coffins—'God is great:'
'Laborare est orare;'
We, too, at His footstool wait.

Laborare est orare:
Hear it, ye of spirit poor
Who sit crouching at the threshold
While your brethren beat the door;
Ye whose ignorance stands wringing
Hands, dark-seamed with toil, nor dares
Lift so much as eyes to heaven—
Lo! all life this truth declares:
'Laborare est orare;'
And the whole earth rings with prayers.

VALUE OF LAND IN THE CITY.

Observing by a communication in a recent impression, that an endeavour has been made to throw some doubt on the accuracy of your statements on the above subject, I beg to inform you that a piece of land on the south side of Cornhill, having a frontage of 58 feet by a depth of 17 feet, has been within the last few days let on lease for a building term at a ground-rent of L.900 per annum. This, I think, will be found to be a higher rate per acre than any plot heretofore let. I may add, that the ground in question is the property of the parish of St Michael, Cornhill, and was let by public tender.—[Calculated at thirty years' purchase, the sum produced is at the rate of L.1,182,030 per acre!—ED.]—*Correspondent of the Builder.*

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THE COUP DE JARNAC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE barbarous custom of Trial by Combat, which prevailed throughout Europe during the feudal period, was ingrafted on the legal usages of France long before the kingdom so called was known by that name. Deriving its origin from the forests of Germany, the Judicial Duel, which substituted strength of body for justice of cause, was introduced into the eastern part of Gaul by the Burgundians as far back as the close of the fifth century. A law of the year 501, decreed by Gondeband, king of Burgundy, established this custom in full vigour, though it was strongly opposed by some ecclesiastics, particularly by Avitus, bishop of Vienne, and after him by Agobard, bishop of Lyon. It gained ground, nevertheless; and during the domination of the second race, penetrated into the other parts of Gaul, where, at the commencement of the third race, it was finally established.

As the tenets of the church became corrupted, and a worldly spirit took possession of those whose duty it was to uphold the law in its utmost purity, worldly means were resorted to by churchmen for guarding their acquisitions, and Trial by Combat, consecrated by their efforts, assumed the more imposing appellation of The Judgment of God. Amongst the earliest to claim the right of deciding disputes by judicial duels on the territories appertaining to religious foundations, were the monks of St Denis, near Paris. The diploma granting this concession, which was made by King Robert 'the Wise' in 1008, was as absurd in form as it was brief in text. 'We give,' it said, 'to God and to St Denis the law of the duel, commonly called *the field*.' The monks of St Germain-des-Près soon afterwards exercised the same right. In the year 1027, another diploma of the same king informs us that a certain Garin, called Pipinelle, being viscount of the villages of Anthony and Verrières, near Paris, oppressed the inhabitants by the exaction of heavy contributions; and the monks of St Germain-des-Près, who claimed all the dues, complained to the king, who ordered Garin to establish his right by fighting with the serfs of these villages. All was prepared for the conflict—*regali conflictu duelli erant resistere parati*—but Garin refused to appear; and he was, accordingly, deprived of his authority. In 1109, the canons of Notre Dame de Paris, jealous of these prerogatives, obtained from Louis VI. the privilege of making their serfs plead with weapons instead of oaths; and this ridiculous right was confirmed by Pope Pascal II. The custom, sanctioned by other royal and papal decrees, soon extended itself to all classes of the community. Old men, women, and rich beneficiaries, too feeble or too timid to risk their own persons, procured champions who, for a sum of money, consented to wage battle, accepting as a consequence, if they were defeated, the loss of a foot or hand, or death on the gibbet. Churchmen themselves did not hesitate to enter into the *champ clos;* and a duel between a monk and a canon, is cited amongst the events recorded of his own time by Geoffrey of Vendôme.

St Louis, whose aim was the administration of equal justice, prohibited judicial duels in an ordinance of the year 1260; and by doing so, drew down upon himself the hatred of the clergy and nobles, who loaded his name with reproaches. It was their interest to maintain these combats upon their own lands, for the fines which they exacted from the vanquished, in lieu of life or limb, were considerable. They amounted to sixty sous in the case of a person of low degree, and sixty livres if he were noble. The privileged classes, therefore, resisted the ordinance; and after a struggle of ten years, all the king was able to accomplish, was a modification of the custom, not its abolition. A very notable encounter of this kind, under the authority of the clergy, took place in 1386, within the walls of the Abbey of St Martin des Champs, outside of Paris, between Jacques Legris and Jean Carronges, in which the innocence of the vanquished, condemned by the issue of the Trial by Combat, was afterwards recognised by the confession of the victor. But the most remarkable judicial duel on record, was the last that ever took place in France; and the circumstances attending it were so singular, that a full description of the proceedings can scarcely fail to prove of interest.

The combatants in this affair were two noblemen—the Sires de la Chasteigneraye and De Jarnac—and the duel was fought under the immediate auspices of King Henry II.; but as the quarrel in which it originated occurred in the reign of Francis I., his predecessor, some preliminary account is necessary for the complete understanding of the case.

The Duchess d'Estampes and Diana of Poitiers were rivals alike in beauty and influence, and bore towards each other the most cordial hatred. Diana was always ready to protect the adversaries of Madame d'Estampes, and the latter eagerly welcomed the enemies of the dauphin's mistress. The court of Francis I. was thus broken up into two hostile camps, and all the young nobles were partisans on either side. Amongst the favourites of the king and the friends of the dauphin, two were conspicuous, alike for their personal appearance, their bravery in the field, and their mutual friendship. These noblemen, who claimed kindred with one another, were La Chasteigneraye and De Jarnac.

The former, though much beloved by Francis I., was particularly attached to the dauphin and Diana of Poitiers; and the latter, while in the intimacy of Henry, adhered to the party of the Duchess d'Estampes, who was his sister-in-law.

The family name of La Chasteigneraye was Vivonne; he descended from an ancient and illustrious house in Brittany, even quartering with his own the ermine of the royal arms. At ten years of age, he was appointed one of the *enfans d'honneur* to the king—a highly coveted position, and ranking considerably above that of page of the chamber. Vivonne was skilful in all bodily exercises; accomplishments on which the king set a high value. He particularly excelled in wrestling and jousting; and Francis I., who was born at Cognac, used frequently to say: 'We are four gentlemen of Guienne—La Chasteigneraye, Sausac, D'Essé, and I—ready to meet all comers.' After the Peace of Crecy, signed in 1544, the young nobles of the court, having no longer any warlike occupation abroad, gave their whole thoughts to the practice of their favourite weapons in duels with each other. Fencing was the most fashionable exercise; and at this period, the Italian masters of the art were most in vogue—the most celebrated amongst them being Hieronimo, Francisque, Le Flamand, and Aymar de Bordeaux. The reputation of La Chasteigneraye as a skilful fencer was universal; he had graduated in Rome with the renowned Patenostrier, and in Milan with another famous master named Tappe. In the frequent duels which he had fought, he constantly endeavoured to bring them to the issue of what was called *corps à corps* (body to body), in which his height and strength gave him great advantage. Mortal combats on foot admitted of these struggles, in which offensive weapons became almost useless; for protected by the hauberk, which covered the breast, nothing was easier than for the strongest of the two to rush in upon his antagonist, and close with him. If the latter broke ground, retreated to the barrier, and was thrown outside the lists, he was declared vanquished; if he met the shock, the assailant always attempted to seize his sword-arm; and when, by dint of superior strength, he was thrown on the ground, the *coup de grâce* was generally given with the dagger through the openings in the armour, though it sometimes happened that in the fall both combatants lost their daggers or Scottish knives, which were carried in the boot or overall on the outside of the right leg. This gladiatorial wrestling was frequently of the most repulsive character—as in a duel which took place at Sedan, where the Baron d'Hoguerre having got his adversary, the Sire de Fendilles, under him, and having succeeded in tearing off his head-piece, beat him over the face with it, inflicting very severe wounds, and then tried to *gouge* and choke him by filling his mouth with sand—a series of processes which compelled Fendilles to cry for mercy, and own himself vanquished. Vivonne had made use of the corps à corps in a duel with M. de Saint-Gouard, to whom he generously gave his life.

Francis I. was excessively fond of Vivonne, not only on account of his amiable character and personal qualities, but also for his brilliant courage. He had distinguished himself greatly in the camp at Avignon, and had been sorely wounded in the right arm by a shot from an arquebuse at the assault of Coni. The dauphin, too, who appreciated and loved him perhaps still more than the king, had taken him with him to the relief of Landrecies, where he gave him his *guidon* to carry. La Chasteigneraye detached it from the shaft; wrapped the standard round his body, in order that his hands might be free; and, foremost in the fight, was again severely wounded. He also carried away another scar from the siege of Therouanne. Indeed, wherever he fought, he gained fresh reputation; though his warlike propensities, while they did not obscure the generous qualities of his mind, made him quite as much feared as loved. To say the truth, he was open to the reproach of carrying things with too high a hand, and of being somewhat rough and quarrelsome. To complete his portrait, we will transcribe the words of his nephew, the Père de Brantôme: 'My uncle,' he says, 'was greatly feared, for he wore a very sharp and dangerous sword. He was exceedingly strong, and neither too tall nor too short; his figure was excellent, nervous, and spare. Although rather dark, his complexion was clear, delicate, and very agreeable; and it may have been that on this account he was much loved by two great ladies of the court—of which, however, I say nothing.' That Vivonne might prosper in after-life, his father was in the habit, in his childhood, of administering to him with everything he ate powder of gold, of steel, and of iron—a regimen which had been recommended to the good seneschal of Poitou by a great physician of Naples when he was there with King Charles VIII. Such was the man who occupied the foremost place amongst the companions of the Dauphin Henry, and the most devoted partisans of Diana of Poitiers.

Of the party opposed to the dauphin's mistress, there was no more zealous defender of the Duchess d'Estampes than Guy Chabot, the son of Charles, Seigneur de Jarnac, de Monlieu, and de Sainte Aulaye. His family might be considered as amongst the most illustrious of France, Italy, Flanders, and Germany. He had been attached to the court as an *enfant d'honneur*, as well as his friend Vivonne, with whom he often contested in sport, in games of wrestling and fencing. He was ten years older than his friend; but though not inferior to him in courage, having served with honour in the Italian war, and particularly distinguished himself under Bonnivet at Cremona, he had not the same reputation, either for skill in the use of his weapons, or for his proneness to exercise them in duelling. Jarnac had married the sister of the Duchess d'Estampes, and, like her, was inclined towards the new religious opinions—a circumstance which naturally tended to alienate the sympathies of Diana of Poitiers, who was a devoted Catholic. Francis I. was in the habit of familiarly calling him Guichot; but Monlieu, from the second title in his family, was the name by which he was generally addressed at court. He was handsome; he made himself remarkable, even in that age, of luxurious attire, for the splendour and elegance of his dress; and love affairs, in which he was very successful, but not too discreet, formed his almost exclusive occupation.

One day, in familiar conversation at Compiègne, in the presence of the dauphin, Vivonne observed to Jarnac: 'I can't make it out, Guichot, how you manage to dress so magnificently with your means; for I know they are not excessive.'

Jarnac replied, that his step-mother, a young and beautiful woman, whom his father had lately married, was very kind to him; and that as her husband refused her nothing, he took care to pay his court to her, obtaining by so doing as much money as he wanted. This answer was innocent enough; but the dauphin talked it over with Diana, who, finding it a good opportunity for slandering the brother-in-law of Madame d'Estampes, spoke in very outrageous terms of Madame de Jarnac, who was really a virtuous woman, and highly respected. There were not wanting those who repeated the remarks of Diana; and the story soon spread that Jarnac had made detestable allusions to his intimacy with his step-mother. When the report reached his ears, Jarnac was frantic. The dauphin alone could have been guilty of giving currency to the atrocious accusation, and him it was impossible to reach. Furious with rage, Jarnac declared that whoever had made the assertion, or maintained it to be true, was 'a scoundrel, and had villainously lied;' and having given vent to his feelings in public, he straightway hurried to his father's château, where, throwing himself at his feet, he protested against the criminal interpretation given to his words. It cost him some pains to establish his complete innocence; but having at last succeeded, he returned to Paris, where the court then was, to avenge himself for the injury done to his reputation.

The Dauphin Henry was the author or first instigator of the calumny, and he it was upon whom the *onus* of denial fell. It was evident, by their manner, that the courtiers blamed him, and that the part he played was most humiliating; but he had neither the courage to maintain his words, nor the manliness to retract them, and his position was becoming pitiable and degrading in the extreme, when he found a champion in La Chasteigneraye, who, eager to please the favourite and save his master, and thinking, perhaps, that Jarnac would scarcely dare to affront almost certain death in a duel with one so dangerous as himself, forgot all the ties of friendship which so long had bound them, and loudly proclaimed that he was ready to take up the quarrel with Jarnac, 'seeing that it was in speaking to him Guichot had cynically boasted of guilty conduct which he had thought it advisable afterwards to deny.'

A duel between the two friends could not now be avoided, and both Vivonne and Jarnac exerted their utmost endeavours to obtain from the king, conformably to the prescription of the duelling code, at that time in full vigour, permission to meet in mortal combat. Francis I., who loved them both, received their request, and submitted it to his privy-council, where it was fully discussed. Finally, however, the king refused to allow the duel to take place; observing, that 'a prince ought never to permit that to take place out of which no good could be expected to arise, as in a combat like this.' This decision put an end to the matter during the lifetime of Francis I., but the enmity to which the dauphin's cowardice and dishonourable conduct had given rise, continued to burn as fiercely as before: Vivonne suffering under the reproach of having unworthily compromised the honour of Madame de Jarnac, and Jarnac still more, perhaps, at not being able to obtain his revenge for the calumnious accusation of which he was the victim. Contemporaneous accounts furnish us with no details respecting the conduct of Jarnac and his family, nor what was done by Vivonne from the time of the decision of the privy-council to the death of Francis I., which took place in 1547. All we know is, that Piero Strozzi, the famous Venetian soldier of fortune, who was a friend of Vivonne, made no scruple of advising him to get rid of Jarnac in any way he could—*in ogni modo*—in other words, by assassination. He even went so far as to offer him 100,000 crowns, which he had in the bank at Venice, whither he proposed that Vivonne should withdraw, in order to allow time for the king's anger to pass away, as it no doubt would be very great, not only on account of the broken prohibition, but also because Jarnac was a relation and friend of the Duchess d'Estampes. This amiable proposition was declined, and the duel remained in abeyance.

As soon, however, as Henry II. ascended the throne, Vivonne renewed the question; and glad to accede to the wishes of his friend, and desirous, moreover, of putting an end to an affair which weighed so disagreeably on himself, the king gave his royal permission for the combat to take place. The letter which Vivonne addressed to Henry was thus expressed:

'To the King, my Sovereign Master—Sire, having learnt that Guichot Chabot, being at Compiègne during the reign of the late king, had said that whoever accused him of having boasted of a criminal intimacy with his step-mother was wicked and vile; to that, Sire, with your good-will and pleasure, I reply that he has wickedly lied, for he made the boast to me several times.—François de Vivonne.'

A few days after having written this letter, Vivonne despatched a second, in which he said:

'Sire—I beseech you very humbly to grant me the privilege of mortal combat (*champ à toute outrance*), wherein I will prove by force of arms, on the said Guichot Chabot, what I have said and what I maintain —in order that by my hands may be verified the whole offence which he has committed against God, his father, and justice.'

We have said that the king granted Vivonne's request; but it must not be supposed that the duel immediately took place. The forms with which these appeals to mortal arbitrament were encumbered, were far too numerous to admit of a speedy arrangement, and gave rise to all but interminable preliminaries. The pretexts for procrastination were often so far urged, as to render probable the account given by Brantôme of a nobleman of his time, who boasted of having made his adversary wait two whole years, owing to the subtle technicalities with which the different conditions of the duel were from time to time invested. The absolute right, formally established by an edict of the year 1307, of the person challenged to impose upon the challenger the use of whatever arms he pleased, without reference to their number, put the latter to enormous expense, as he was obliged to provide himself with whatever horses, armour, and weapons it suited the caprice of his adversary to propose. There were, besides, all sorts of fees to heralds-at-arms, and other functionaries, which greatly swelled the outlay the challenger was obliged to incur. The right of choosing weapons was carried to the extreme point of absurdity: not only were the most out-of-the-way inventions allowed, but at the very last moment the defender could insist upon new arms, to be furnished in duplicate at his cost; and this course was generally adopted, in order to prevent his adversary from having the opportunity of practising with the arms chosen. Brantôme cites a curious story in illustration of this arbitrary right. In one of these duels the challenger was blind of the left eye, and his antagonist insisted that each combatant should wear a morion which entirely concealed the right side of the face, so that the former, when he entered the lists, would have been absolutely blind of both eyes. It is true that this condition was negatived by the seconds, but only after a discussion which lasted several days.

As soon as Jarnac became aware of the request preferred by Vivonne, he also wrote to the king, giving the lie to the charge against him, and begging that the combat *à toute outrance* might be granted. He moreover urged the bishop of Beziers, who was a favourite with the king, to support the prayer of his petition. The result of these letters, after various forms had been gone through, was favourable to the desires of both parties; and letters-patent were expedited, bearing the royal sign-manual, granting the *champ clos*, which Bretagne, herald-at-arms, delivered to Jarnac on the 13th of June 1547, at his dwelling in the Rue St Honoré: he at the same time presented a new *cartel*, or challenge, from Vivonne, in which, after repeating in the grossest terms the injurious accusations he had originally made, he demanded that a list of the necessary arms and weapons should be sent to him within four days from the date of his letter, at the Hotel of the Tournelles, in Paris, where he was then residing. This document, as well as its reception, was duly witnessed. Jarnac lost no time in complying with the demand of Vivonne, but immediately despatched Angoulême, herald-at-arms, with a paper, which was conceived as follows:—

'François de Vivonne, provide yourself with the arms which you are to appear in on the day appointed for the combat. In the first place, you must be provided with a courser, a Turkish horse, a genet, and a cropped horse. *Item*, You will provide yourself, as armour for your courser, with a war-saddle, a tilting-saddle, and a saddle two fingers high, the saddle-bow low in front, but having two cushions behind, and also with a saddle which shall have no cantle behind: *Item*, The said horses are to be supplied with the said saddles, the genet having in addition a saddle *à la genette* (with short stirrups), and one *à la caramane* (a term untranslatable); and the Turkish horse, a Turkish as well as a French saddle, with a cantle two inches high, and the saddle-bow low in front: *Item*, The cropped horse is, moreover, to have a French saddle, and a saddle without either cantle or cushion, but the saddle-bow protected by a half-thigh piece: *Item*, The said horses are to be armed with bards of steel before and behind, with forehead, flank, and croup-pieces of iron: *Item*, That the said four horses are to be armed at all points with steel and leather bards, mailed caparisons, and plated reins, the same as when prepared for battle, with the jousting weapons conformable: *Item*, You are to be provided to arm yourself with all the pieces necessary for a man-at-arms, with single and double pieces for jousting or otherwise: *Item*, You are to provide yourself with a complete suit of light armour: *Item*, You are to provide yourself with every kind of mail-armour that can be worn: *Item*, With a shield and head-piece *à la genétaire*: *Item*, With a target *à l'albanaise*, and bucklers and targets of every kind, that are used on horseback or on foot: *Item*, With all kinds of gauntlets of iron, mail, and steel plates, &c.: *Item*, You are to provide yourself and your horses with arms and armour of every possible kind that can be employed in war, in jousting, in ordinary and in mortal contest. Moreover, such arms as are not included in the preceding, I will bring them both for you and for me, *reserving to myself always the right of adding to or taking from them, of nailing or unnailing,*[*] *of moving or removing within the lists, of stripping myself to my shirt, or more or less, according as it shall seem good to me.*

Done at Paris, this Sixteenth day of June, One Thousand Five Hundred and Forty-seven.

GUY CHABOT.'

Angoulême Herald, intrusted with the delivery of these conditions, performed his errand in due form, drawing up, as was customary, a *procès-verbal* of the manner in which he had executed it, and stating that Vivonne had accepted the articles proposed. He added, that when he had read them, La Chasteigneraye merely observed: 'Jarnac wants to fight with my invention as well as my purse!' The latter, indeed, would but ill have served to supply him with all that Jarnac required, if the king, whose champion he was, had not come to his assistance. La Chasteigneraye, however, had resolved throughout to carry matters with a high hand; and drawing his supplies from Henry, made a most extravagant display. For a month or five weeks before the duel, he never went out except with a company of upwards of a hundred friends, all of whom wore his colours; and his expenses, says Vielleville, were so great, that no prince at the court could equal them, for they amounted to more than 1200 crowns a day. Jarnac was more modest and more prudent; instead of parading himself in public, he followed the advice and took lessons of Captain Casi, an experienced master of the *duello*. It was by his counsel that, at the last moment, he obliged Vivonne to put on his left or shield-arm a *brassard* (arm-piece), which quite prevented him from bending it, 'thus making him keep it as stiff as a pike.' Vivonne having been wounded in the right arm, and still suffering from the effect, was thus deprived of all means of wrestling with Jarnac and throwing him. There was a precedent for this condition in the case of Count Martinengo, who had introduced it on the occasion of a duel with another Italian officer on the bridge over the Po at Piacenza.

BUNS.

BUNS may, we should think, be pretty safely numbered among old friends. The verdict of the nursery is unanimous in their favour. Thousands of pairs of tiny eyes will sparkle, thousands of rosy little mouths will water, at the mention of that homely triumph of confectionary—a bun. Other countries have their national dainties—their peculiar pastry. Holland claims to have invented gingerbread. Flanders has her tarts chiefly flavoured with anise seed. The bakers of France are cunning producers of *brioches* and of tartlets. The bun is of British origin, and of patriotic principles; for it is in England, and in England alone, that it is ever to be found. The pedigree of this delicacy is somewhat obscure, and would need a crafty herald to trace it among the mists of antiquity. The bun probably belonged to that interesting family of Cates which Shakspeare so often alludes to. But the first direct mention of the bun proper occurs in a comedy of Knaresby's, called *Cupid's Mask*, which was acted in 1676. In 1702, 'Widow Margaret Peters,' who set up a pastry-cook's shop 'hard by the Thatched House,' mentioned in her handbill advertisements 'buns' among other dainties. More than one writer of the latter half of the eighteenth century alludes to the bun as the rival and companion of the rout-cake and macaroon, while about the beginning of the present age, the very palace of buns, the Original Chelsea Bun-house, was opened to an admiring world.

At last the British bun was duly recognised by society. Buns may be regularly classified and divided into four species. These kinds are—the plain bun, the plum-bun, the Bath-bun, and the Chelsea-bun. Of these varieties, the plain bun is, as its name implies, the simplest and least attractive. Harmless and insipid, it is a favourite with old ladies who have a regard for their health, of adult epicures who wish to avoid spoiling their dinner; but we never yet saw a child select a plain bun when a plum one was to be had. The plum-bun, with its crisp brown surface and its tempting currants peeping coyly out, is the usual preference and delight of little boys and girls. The memory of by-gone plum-buns comes floating down the tide of our youthful recollections along with *Robinson Crusoe* and *Blue Beard* and the *Yellow Dwarf*. Somehow, there seems a connection between the plum-bun and the spelling-book, whether of Trimmer or Chapone, between a summer holiday and the plum-bun. The plum-bun is the child's reward of merit, the infant's stimulus to industry, the solace and refreshment of the fasting juvenile wearied by a long walk. Numerous are the social benefits conferred by its humble agency. The hot cross-bun, which is so intimately connected with Easter holidays, that a Good Friday would seem without it like a mince-pie-less Christmas, or a Michaelmas devoid of goose, is not entitled to be classed as a distinct variety. It is merely a plain or plum bun, scored with a cross, and eaten toasted and hot, buttered like a muffin. And yet there is a mystic halo encircling the hot cross-bun, that its smooth-surfaced brethren are wanting in. How mean and commonplace sounds the familiar tinkle of a muffin-bell, or the cry of 'crumpets,' compared with the rarely heard but long-remembered rhythmical invitation of

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[*] The technicality of many of these terms prevents a literal interpretation, the original terms themselves having long been out of use.

Hot cross-buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross-buns!

In our own youth, the basket-bearing man who chanted these words every Easter was a species of troubadour in our infant fancy, a palmer bringing from the Holy Land a store of buns instead of scallops. And the buns had this advantage over the shells—they were good to eat. Nice as they were, it somehow appeared a species of penance to breakfast on them—a semi-religious duty that we should have thought ourselves the wickedest of children to have omitted. The buns were dimly connected with the Crusades, and with that grand old illustrated copy of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, at whose pictures of knights and Saracens we loved to peep furtively. We had little doubt that the minstrel who came 'singing from Palestine,' was a hot cross-bun seller; and we mixed up the faithful Blondel with the same fraternity, fancying that he must have been crying hot cross-buns through Germany when he accidentally discovered the prison of King Richard. Then the commercial part of the dealer's cry was of a vagueness fitted to puzzle an infant mind. 'One a penny, two a penny!' what was one to think of such a double-faced announcement? Could there be any mortal buyer silly or prodigal enough to give a penny for a single bun, when two such dainties had been so brazenly offered in exchange for the same coin a moment before? Or was the sale of buns a kind of Dutch auction—a sliding-scale, according to which the vender raised and lowered his price alternately? If so, what rash being could ever have responded to the appeal to purchase at 'one a penny,' when 'two a penny' was trembling on the merchant's lips? The idea that some buns were twice as big as others, never suggested itself to us in those days—never! That was a solution of the mystery reserved for after-years. The Bath-bun is a sturdy and gorgeous usurper—a new potentate, whose blandishments have won away a great many children, we regret to say, from their lawful allegiance to the plum-bun. The Bath-bun is not only a toothsome dainty, but showy and alluring withal. It was easier for ancient mariners to resist the temptations of the Sirens, than it is for a modern child to turn away from a Bath-bun. This bun is rich and handsome, yellow with the golden yolk of eggs that mingles with its flour, wealthy in butter and sugar, adorned with milk-white sugar-plums, curiously coloured comfits, and snowy almonds. Large, solid, and imposing, it challenges attention, and fascinates its little purchasers.

Take a child into a confectioner's shop, ask it what it prefers, and, ten to one, its tiny finger will point to where, among tartlets and sausage-rolls, nestles the Bath-bun. But the Bath-bun is a treacherous delicacy—heavy, cloying, and indigestible. It is far from possessing the innocent properties of the light and harmless plum-bun, which it has in a great measure supplanted. The Chelsea-bun is of a coarse stamp; square in shape, greasy and sticky in texture, its mass of dough faintly dotted with currants, and its outside smeared with sugar and butter, it appears to the eyes of a grown-up person anything but an inviting treat. The Chelsea-bun is less frequently seen in the shop of a legitimate pastry-cook, than figuring on the trays of wandering cake-sellers. It is a roving vagrant-bun, made by strange manufacturers in unsavoury alleys, and hawked about the country by bawling venders. It has its origin in the midst of dirt and discomfort; and its principal purchasers are the unfastidious little urchins who make a play-ground of the streets. In our own juvenile days, we entertained a real regard and affection for plum-buns. The buns of Bath were but just coming into notice, and the currant-bun reigned supreme. The two pastry-cooks of the little town where we were brought up, were respectively named West and Andrews: one was a widow; the other, a bluff married man, the father of a large family. We have forgotten their lineaments: we could no more recognise Mrs West or Mr Andrews now, than we could identify each of the myriad figures seen for an instant in a kaleidoscope. But we remember their buns, and could pick them out, and swear to them among a thousand. The rival merits of those buns distracted our youthful mind as much as those of the White and Red Roses did the realm of England. West's buns were small and solid, dark in colour, square in form, rich with plums—they resembled edible bricks speckled with currants. The productions of Andrews were larger, round in form, curiously vandyked at the edges, but thinner, and less plentifully decked with plums. It was impossible to give a decided preference to either Andrews or West. But if any one had told us that Birch or Gunter surpassed West or Andrews, we should have listened to them with scornful incredulity. To this day, the widowed confectioner, and the gray-whiskered, floury-armed sage who was her rival, appear to us the king and queen of pastry, the hero and heroine of tarts.

When we used to visit our little brothers at school, we often remarked, in the dusty play-ground, a white-haired, very upright old man, whose erect figure combined with his wooden leg to point him out as an old soldier. He was the bun-seller of the school, duly licensed by Dr Switchem, the head-master. The boys called him Chelsea-bun Jack. I really think they were fond of him; and I am sure they regarded him as a personage little less important than the Duke of Wellington or Sir Thomas Picton, about whom he told endless stories to a very young audience. Jack was a veteran of the Peninsular war, and an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital. He eked out his pension by selling buns, the mode of manufacturing which he was supposed to have learned at Chelsea; and every day when the sun shone, he might be seen in the play-ground, or the cricket-field, seated on a stone or the stump of a tree, with his basket by his side. The boys, especially the younger ones, were fond of talking to old Chelsea-bun Jack, who had seen so much of life and death, and travelled the world so widely. They would cluster round him, and listen for hours to his long tales of the battles and hardships he had witnessed in Spain and Portugal, of the hot campaign in Egypt, and the struggle at Waterloo. It was curious to watch the white-haired old soldier descanting on themes of slaughter and carnage to his attentive young hearers, and to mark how the urchins would hold their breath at the most interesting point of the narrative, and how their blooming cheeks would grow pale as the veteran described, with the fidelity of an eye-witness, the terrible scenes among which his youth had been spent. The old man's buns, with their name of Chelsea-buns, suggestive of medals worn on scarred breasts, and ancient human relics of by-gone wars, had, so to speak, a military flavour to the palates of his laughing, rosy customers. One lad, the wag of the school, vowed that they tasted of gunpowder. The curly-pated boys who listened to the veteran's tales, and invested their weekly half-pence in his buns, are grown men now, playing their own parts on the bustling stage of life. The old soldier sleeps beneath the green turf and gray stones of the village church-yard; but we doubt not that many of those whose youthful blood ran cold at his tales of fighting and pillage, still preserve in a corner of their memories the recollection of the venerable face and moving narratives of Chelsea-bun Jack.

A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

NOTWITHSTANDING Juliet's insinuation, there is much in a name. It is true, that in the case of many names, the significance is far from lying on the surface; especially after they have been clipped away and metamorphosed into Neds and Dicks and Bettys and Lottys. Still, all personal names had originally a meaning; and that meaning is, and ought to be considered, a matter of importance. The Romans had a happy proverb to this effect: *Nomen et omen;* that is, the nomen (name) is also an omen—of what the man will be. At all events, it is significant of what those who give it him wish and hope he will be; and that is much, if he is at all made of the right stuff.

By the way, the Romans, we suspect, must have borrowed the proverb; it does not accord with their practice. They were the dullest dogs on earth at name-making, contenting themselves with a designation derived from any casual circumstance, the most trivial or mean. Ordinary employments furnished—Porcius, the swineherd; Asinius, the ass-man; Cicero, the vetch-grower; Fabius, the bean-farmer. Personal peculiarities, and even defects, gave—Rufus, red; Flavius, yellow; Calvus, bald; Crassus, fat; Cæsar, the fellow with the hair; Plautus, flat-footed; Claudius, the limper; Balbus, the stutterer; Naso, long-nose; Capito, big-head; Furius, raving; Brutus, stupid, &c. None of these titles are very dignified or elevating; but they are poetry itself compared with another class of names in use among the Romans—Quintus, Sextus, Septimus, Octavus; Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8. It is curious to see this prosaic vein dipping under the Atlantic, and coming up in the New World in the shape of First Street, Second Street, &c. We feel assured that Longfellow does not live in a street with such a name; the Muses would not come within hearing of it.

Greek names, as contrasted with Roman, are ideal and aspiring; and of this character are the prevalent names of the Gothic races, or of those peoples that inhabit Germany and the north-west of Europe. At least this is true of such names as originated in the heroic or heathen age. They were made expressive of the attributes then held in highest estimation, betokening either personal qualities or the favour of the gods. Originally, no doubt, they were bestowed upon grown-up men who had deserved them; but they were spread and perpetuated by being given to the young, as of good omen. Both among the Greeks and the northern peoples, most names were compounded of two words; and it is remarkable the identity in meaning and in mode of formation to be observed in many of them. Theophilus, beloved of God, looks like a translation of Godwin, or Oswin; Democrates, ruler of the people, of Theoderich. And yet we know that they must have been formed independently: the two peoples only felt and thought alike, and naturally expressed these thoughts and feelings in a similar way.

The significance of most of the Greek names must have continued apparent to every Greek as long as the language was spoken. Not so with Gothic names. In many cases, the words composing them have gone out of common use; and in other cases have become so disguised, that only a student of antiquity, and often not he, can interpret the meaning. In fact, it is only within the last half-century that the meaning of many names in everyday use over the most of Europe has been dug up, as it were, after lying hid for many hundreds of years. Not that there were wanting attempts to explain them before; in fact, this kind of etymology has always been a favourite exercise of ingenuity; but the method was, until lately, none of the surest, and the results, generally, laughable enough. We can almost fancy Shakspeare having in his eye some of those etymological explanations that passed for learning in his day, when he put the rather scornful question: What's in a name? He had possibly read—for Mr Knight has proved that he had more learning than half his commentators—he had possibly read or heard of the venerable Abbot Smaragdus, who lived in France in the ninth century, and who gives a gloss in Latin of the Gothic names he has occasion to write in his records, in this wise: Altmir, *vetulus mihi* (old to me); Ainard, *unus durus* (one hard). And when he found that even after such men as Luther and Grotius had tried their hand at this kind of interpretation, there was little better to be had than such guesses as Albert, *all beard;* Harald, *old hair;* Altwin, *old wine;* Heinrich (Henry), *rich in hens:* could he do otherwise than land in the scepticism implied in Juliet's question? If he had lived to see the results of the researches of Jacob Grimm, W. Wackernagel, Otto Abel, and other learned men, into the history and signification of Teutonic proper names, he would, we are convinced, have spoken otherwise. At all events, we believe, it will not be unacceptable, if borrowing from these sources, we endeavour to open up to the mere English reader the import of a few of those names belonging to the heroic age that are still in use, or that we read of in our early history. They form the very oldest portion of our language—in fact, they can hardly be said to belong to the living language; they stand to it as megatheriums and ichthyosauri do to the existing races of animals.

The words that enter into our primitive proper names relate for the most part either to religion, or to the all-engrossing occupation—war. The most general appellation for a Divine Being, Gott, God, Gode, is copiously employed, as in Gottfrid (Godfrey) and Godwin.* It is remarkable that names of individual gods of the first rank, such as occur in Wednesday (Woden), Thursday (Thor), are seldom found in names of persons; Thorwaldsen is one of the few instances. But there was an inferior class of gods, perhaps a later dynasty, called by the general title As, or Ans (in other dialects, Os, Es), plural, Asen or Ansen. Though this word has died out of the language, as the beings it designated have out of our creed, we find petrifactions of it in Anshelm, Oskar, Esmond, and the like.

Of the various spirits and genii with which our ancestors peopled the air, the earth, and the waters, none occupied a more prominent place than the *alps, albs, aelfs,* or *elves.* The word is akin to the Latin *albus,* white; Alps, the snow-white mountains; and Elbe, the clear stream; and denotes the 'white' benign spirits. It is an element in Alfred, Albuin, Aelfstan, and many more. One case deserves special notice: with the syllable *ric* or *rich,* which is neither more nor less than *rex,* 'ruler,' it forms Aelfric—the name of the bishop of Canterbury in the year 1000. This name in other dialects was Alberich; in Norman and other Romanic languages, it became Auberon, and hence the Oberon of our poets—an appropriate enough title, being literally, Elfin-king.

The primitive goddess of the northern peoples, the feminine complement of Wodan or Odin, went by various names in different localities: one of the most prevalent was Berta or Berchta. This goddess presented the benign side of the divine attributes—she was the source of fertility and light; the patroness of order and industry; the protectoress of children, and of the family in general. She owes her name, Berchta, to the appearance under which she manifested herself: it is from the same root as the English *bright,* and the German *pracht,* 'splendour.' Frau Berchta, therefore, was 'the shining one.' Traces of this benign being still linger in the White Lady, that watches over the destinies of many a distinguished house. And what is more, there are real Berthas yet walking the earth, little less bright, and a good deal more substantial. Theirs is a name in every way to be proud of, reaching back to the foretime of Odin himself; your Clara, or Claire, of the same import, is a mere parvenu in comparison, though it may have come in with William the Conqueror. Besides, Clara is a Latin stranger, unable to claim kindred with words of the native stock. We are disposed at once to augur bright things of any young lady that wears the name of Bertha. What amulet more potent to ward off all foul spirits? This one word, worn on a memory conscious of its significance, is better than the broadest phylacteries written over with sacred texts.

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* See foot-note, next page.

Besides forming a name by itself, the syllable *bert*, *bercht*, *brecht*, *precht*, in its sense of brightness and splendour, was a favourite ingredient in compound names. Thus we have Bertram, Landpert or Lambert, Robert, Albrecht or Albert, &c.

At that stage of civilisation, when the fiercer animals are rivals with man for the lordship of the forest, their strength, swiftness, and cunning are objects of his admiration and envy. To be likened to the eagle or the lion, is to receive the highest praise; to be named after them, the highest honour. The animals that chiefly served as ideals of excellence to our ancestors, were the bear, the wolf, the boar, the eagle, the swan, the raven, and the serpent. In the estimation in which these animals were held, there was a blending of respect for their qualities and of religious feeling, for at the stage we speak of, religion is mixed up with everything. In the north of Europe, in days of yore, it was the bear that was the king of the beasts, and not the lion, which was probably unknown. The Bear was styled Forest-king, Gold-foot, Honey-hand, the Great, the Ancient, Grandfather, &c. His worship yet lingers in Berne, of which city he was the eponym and patron divinity. With that exception, indeed, he is not now held in much esteem anywhere west of St Petersburg; but the worshippers of Odin delighted to bear his name. It appears in their nomenclature in the form of *pero*, *pirin*, *birn*, *beren*, *bern*, *beorn*—as in Bernhard, hardy or brave as a bear; Wolfsbirin, the (she) wolf-bear—a rather fierce title, we should think, for a lady; Asbiörn, (Anglo-Saxon) Osbeorn, Osborne, the god-bear—a name, therefore, as old as the times of the demigods and heroes.

Our name for the Eagle is, through the French, from the Latin, *aquila;* his native northern name was *ara*, *ar*, *arn*, allied to the Celtic root from which our *eyry* is derived. This element is recognisable in Arnold—which does not, however, mean *old* eagle, but *valiant* as an eagle.

The Boar (Ger. *eber*, Lat. *aper*), besides being admired for his strength, was also a sacred animal: he first taught men how to plough the earth, and no doubt the first ploughshare was made after the model of his snout. Such names as Eberhard, Everard, took their rise in this reverence for the wild-boar.

But above all others, the Wolf and the Raven were held in special esteem as beasts of good omen. Odin had two wolves, Freki and Geri, as war-hounds, that accompanied him into battle; and two ravens, Huginn and Munnin, that sat on his shoulders, and whispered into his ear all that they saw and heard. The appearance of a wolf or a raven leading the way, was the sure sign that Odin was on your side. The very names presaged victory; and that, to a warlike people, embraced all good-fortune. Accordingly, there are countless proper names in early history into which the wolf and the raven enter, and many of them are still in use. Wolfgang, so well known as Göthe's Christian name, denotes a hero whom the wolf of victory goes before—wolf-attended. Wolf takes the forms *wulf*, *ulf*, *olf;* and raven—in German *rabe*, *raben*—becomes *ram*. In Wolfram and Ramnulf both the auspicious names are united. Others are Adolf, Bertram, Ludolf.

The Swan and the Serpent were confined to feminine names. The beauty and grace of the swan would readily suggest it as an object of comparison for woman; the appropriateness of 'serpent' as a title for the gentler sex is not so apparent. It is a singular fact, however, that in all heathen countries the serpent has been held in mysterious veneration: it is associated with the mysteries of eternity, of healing, and of knowledge, especially of fore-knowledge. Now, from the days of Paradise, woman has somehow been connected with the serpent. One writer suggests that this may have arisen from her soft, insinuating, soothing character. It seems more probable that the naming of woman after the serpent, had its origin in that reverence which Tacitus describes the German nations as entertaining for the sagacity and counsels of their women in general, and especially of certain sage women looked upon as prophetesses. It does not follow that they gave them credit for being conscious of the wisdom of the words they uttered, any more than was the case with the priestess of Apollo among the Greeks. Few, if any, of the proper names derived from the two animals we are speaking of are now in use. This is easily accounted for. The names of the heroic age have been chiefly preserved by their becoming an inheritance in distinguished families; which can be the case only with masculine names. The word for serpent in days of old, was *lint* or *linde*—now utterly extinct; and Siglint, Berhtlint, Theodelinde, Swanhvit (swan-white) seem to have been at one time in great favour as names among the fair-haired maidens of the north of Europe. We might cite Rosalind as a still existing instance, but we are somewhat doubtful of its history. It has not the ring of the genuine antique, but looks like an imitation of a heroic name, got up at a later period, when Christian chivalry had given birth to what the heroines of old would have despised as sentimentalism. It is, indeed, possible that the Rose had a religious import, and was used not for its beauty, but for its good augury.

As 'dictionary reading' is proverbially dry, we throw the explanation of the more common of the remaining name-roots into a foot-note.* Those curious in such matters, will there find a key to such of the names already cited as have been left partly unexplained, and to many besides. It is not, indeed, always easy to see how the one of the two ideas usually entering into a name was intended to modify the other, but a general notion can mostly be gathered. We give a few specimens of interpretation, confining ourselves to the more usual and interesting of the class we are discussing.

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* Name-roots not explained above:—

Adal, *aethel*, birth, nobility.

Balt, *bald*, *bold*, *pold*, bold.

Brand, burning, flaming; a sword is so called because it *burns*.

Deut, *diut*, *theod*, the people; the Germans call themselves *the* Deutsch, or people par excellence.

Fried, *frid*, peace.

Ger, *gar*, *kar*, spear or dart. Compare Fr. *guerre*, and Eng. *war;* the Germans are supposed to be so called because they were 'spear-men.'

Gunt, *gund*, war. This word is preserved in Italy in *gon*falone, war-standard, imported thither by the northern nations.

Hart, hardy.

Heim, *hein*, home.

Helm, helmet.

Hild, *Hilta*, battle, the goddess of battle.

Hlut, *hlud*, *chlod*, *lud*, *lot*, is allied to Eng. *loud;* the sounding of praise or fame is the idea involved.

Hruod, *rud*, *rot*, *ro*, also signifies fame; compare *cry*.

Kun, brave; allied to 'keen.'

Leip, *laf*, born.

Lieb, *leof*, love.

Liut, *leut*, the people; compare *laity* and *lewd*.

Macht, *mat*, might.

Mund, *mond*, protection.

Od, *ead*, *ed*, possession. This root enters into al*od*ial and *feod*al: the first meaning a possession all or quite one's own; the second, that which is held for a fee.

Rad, *rat*, *red*, and

Ragin, *regin*, *rein*, counsel, wisdom; compare Lat. *ratio*, reason.

Reich, *rich*, rule or ruler.

Trut, *trud*, the trusted, beloved, a maiden.

Walt, *wald*, *oald*, *old*, expresses the exercise of power or sway; it is allied to Eng. *wield*, and Lat. *prevail*.

Wart, *ward*, guard.

Wig or *wik*, war or fight; probably allied to *victory*.

Win, liking, love; compare *winsome*.

The religious idea prevails in such names as—*Gottfried*, or *Godfrey*, God's peace; *Godwin* and *Oswin*, beloved of God; *Esmond*, god-guardian.

Personal prowess and courage in—*Randolf*, the shield-wolf; *Hildebrand*, the war-brand, or flame of war; *Gerhard*, or *Gerard*, spear-strong; *Gerold*, spear-wielding; *Wiclef*, or *Wicliffe*, son of war; *Gunstaf*, *Gustaf*, or *Gustavus*, the staff of war.

Nobility of birth and large possessions in—*Adalolf*, *Adolf*, or *Adolphus*, the noble wolf; *Adalbercht*, *Albercht*, or *Albert*, of illustrious birth; *Adela*, or *Adele*, the noble lady; *Landpert*, or *Lambert*, bright land; *Edward* and *Edmund*, guardian of the possession.

Authority and rule in—*Theoderic*, ruler of the people; *Heimrich*, *Heinrich*, or *Henry*, ruler of the home or country; *Liutpold*, or *Leopold*, bold among the people.

Next to personal strength, wisdom was held in high esteem, as we see in such names as—*Alfred*, elfin-counsel, or wise as the fairies; *Kunrat*, or *Konrad*, bold in counsel; *Reginhard*, *Reinhard*, or *Reynard*, daring in counsel—the appropriate title of the fox in the fable.

Glory was prized before there were cannons' mouths to seek it in; witness—*Hludwig* (*Clovis*), now *Ludwig*, or *Louis*, glorious warrior; *Ruotprecht*, *Rupert*, or *Robert*, bright with fame; *Lothar*, or *Luther*, glorious army; *Roderic*, renowned commander.

Charles, Ger. *Karl*, has a legend connected with its origin. All freemen that were not *eorls* (earls) or nobles, were *karls* (Ang. Sax. *ceorls*), or commons; and this last term came of course to be one of disparagement, as we see in *churl* to this day. He who was afterwards Charlemagne, was brought up as the son of a miller, in ignorance of his royal parentage. Having occasion to appear in the queen's presence, his unpolished manners offended her majesty, who ordered them to remove that *karl* (clown) from her sight. The 'karl' retained the name, and made it illustrious—Karl der Grosse.

These instances will suffice to give our readers a notion of this branch of palæontology. They suggest some curious reflections on the state of society in those 'good old times,' if our space permitted us to indulge in them. To say nothing of the men, what a strange notion must have been formed as to 'woman's mission,' when to express the ideal of female excellence such names were chosen as *Wulfhilde*, the wolf-heroine; *Bertramna*, the bright raven; *Wolflint*, the wolf-serpent; *Eberlind*, the boar-serpent; *Ethelinde*, the noble serpent; *Adalhilt*, the noble heroine; *Gertrude*, the spear-maiden, or warrior-love; *Chlothilde*, the famous amazon; *Mathilda*, the mighty amazon; *Gudrun*, the war-oracle. Truly it must have been difficult for a member of the Peace Society in those days to find a wife whose name would not grate upon his ear. Nor are we to fancy that these formidable 'additions' were empty sound. These ladies supported their titles. On occasion of the two great battles in which Marius defeated the Teutones and Cimbri—the one in Provence, the other on the plains of Lombardy—we get rather startling pictures of the Gertrudes and Mathildas of these peoples. Plutarch tells us, that when the Romans pursued the routed enemy to their camp, the women were stationed at the rampart of wagons, and slew alike pursuers and fugitives—one her husband, another her brother, another her father; they then threw their children, strangled with their own hands, under the wheels and horses' hoofs; and, finally, plunged their weapons into their own breasts, rather than become captives. Dangerous mates these for milk-livered men! To be sure there are indications of rather more feminine softness in some instances. There was a Minna, the one borne in *mind*, the beloved—a really sweet name; and also *Bertha*, the bright. But even of Frau Bertha, when she did not get her own way, there ran stories about Christmas-time that might well make a nervous man fight shy of any of her name-daughters.

THE MARINER OF ALESSIO.

It is very probable that in the present days of locomotion, some of our readers may have sailed along the coast of the Riviera, that fairest of the Italian provinces which lies between Genoa and Leghorn; and perchance, as they have floated along its sunny shores, some kindly informant may have pointed out to them the little town of Alessio, whose hardy population of mariners during the late war repulsed even British seamen from their shores, though not until the balls of British cannon had left behind them marks which are still visible on the walls of her humble habitations. This village is picturesquely situated on the declivity of the mountain, which rises abruptly from the sea; but, fruitful as is the surrounding country, nature seems to have dealt out her bounties with a niggard hand to this sequestered nook. A few olive-trees are scattered amongst the surrounding rocks, and here and there a patch of stony and ungrateful soil returns but a scanty recompense to the labours of the husbandman. The inhabitants of Alessio, under these circumstances, instead of leading the *dolce-far-niente* life which Italians have generally been supposed to prefer, have betaken themselves to the occupations of fishermen and mariners; and are so noted for their skill and hardihood, that they have been sought for not only in the neighbouring ports of Leghorn and Genoa, but even in the distant harbours of the Western world, where their services have been gladly welcomed. It is with one of these hardy sons of the sea, who have won for themselves the enviable reputation of being equally *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, that our present tale has to do.

The 20th of April 1798, was a day of gloom to these simple villagers. The song of the mariner was hushed, and no peasant-girl was heard, as is usual, to re-echo its joyous sounds; the bell of the parish church tolled forth a mournful knell, as the inhabitants of the village climbed in silence the hill on whose summit it stood. The church of Alessio is a noble structure, for the people of Liguria, frugal as they are in their fare, and lowly as are their own habitations, love to see the house of God cared for and adorned; the poorest brings his mite, or contributes the labour of his hands, to erect an edifice meet for the worship of the Almighty; and when it is completed, each loves it as if it were his own—they feel it to be a domestic glory. On this day the high-altar of Alessio was clothed in black. Suspended over it, there hung a picture of St Nicola, the patron of enslaved captives, whilst clustered around, in kneeling groups, the little congregation seemed engaged in earnest supplication. When the good priest, a venerable, hoar-headed man, had completed the celebration of the mass, he turned towards the people, and said: 'Let us pray, my friends; for a brother who but a little while ago knelt with us at this altar, and who is now a captive on the inhospitable shores of Barbary, would, I doubt not, gladly commend himself to your prayers—Emanuel Giraldo, well known to you all—that good father of a family, that kind neighbour, who was ever ready to fly to the succour of others in the hour of peril or of shipwreck, has been carried off by the corsairs.' Although the good priest was only announcing an already well-known fact, yet when he ceased to speak, a mingled voice of prayer and lamentation burst anew from the assembled villagers, and many an eye turned with pitying gaze upon one group, which was seated apart from the rest in a side-chapel, and consisted of a middle-aged woman, a young and graceful-looking girl, and a lad about twenty years of age: they were the wife and children of the unhappy Giraldo, and had come to unite in the prayers which were offered up on this day for the loved husband and father of whom they had been so cruelly deprived. The two women, veiling their faces in their mantles, wept in silence; but the sunburnt and daring countenance of the youth, although paler than was its wont, expressed rather a firm and grave resolution than a hopeless grief—he looked as if absorbed in thought; nor was his meditation a fruitless one, as we shall presently find.

The evening of this mournful day was closing in: it was the hour of sunset—that hour which is so full of beauty beneath an Italian sky—the hour consecrated, beyond all others, in every clime to sorrowful and tender recollections—the hour which, as a Ligurian poet says,

Fa il cor più mesto e l'anima più grande.

Jacopo, for such was the name of the youthful son of Giraldo, was seated by his mother's side, on the threshold of their humble cottage. Both were silent; both seemed absorbed in the same mournful reflections; both felt that they had not courage to return to the lonely chamber, or to look at that vacant chair, which was wont to be filled by the father and the husband whom they loved so well. The bereft wife could not bring herself to retire to her solitary pallet; but at length, worn out with the excitement of the day, she laid her wearied head upon a pile of fishing-nets and sails, which lay spread out in a corner. Her son embraced her several times with more than usual tenderness, and implored her blessing. Could she at that moment have read his thoughts, her heart would have well-nigh burst, for she would have felt that this was most probably his last embrace.

Next morning, the earliest dawn found Jacopo on his way to the beach, whither he had, however, been preceded by one whose heart was as sad and as anxious as his own—the young Maria Fiorentini—she who had been the playmate of his childhood, and was now the betrothed of his youth. He had requested her on the preceding day to meet him here at this early hour, as he had an important communication to make to her, previous to a voyage he was about to undertake; and she had already been awaiting him for some moments, gazing upon the empty boat with an ill-defined foreboding of some impending evil, when the sound of his hurried step recalled her to herself.

'Maria—buona Maria,' he said as he approached her, 'if I have been guilty of indiscretion in asking you to meet me here at this sad moment, my motive must plead my excuse: I have reckoned upon your long-tried love.'

His betrothed directed towards him an anxious and inquiring glance; and he continued in a voice tremulous with emotion, and pointing to the roof of his own lowly dwelling: 'Never will I again set foot beneath that roof, unless my father's steps precede me there!'

Maria saw that his resolution was formed, nor did she seek to turn him from it; but her voice trembled as she asked: 'What, then, is your plan?'

'I mean to set out at once for the coasts of Barbary, and to redeem him.'

'And where will you find the ransom?'

'My liberty shall be his ransom. A young man of twenty will gladly be received in exchange for one who is already advancing in years.'

'You will, then, give yourself in exchange?

'Even so.'

'And your mother; what will she say? Who will console her?'

'For this reason it was, good Maria, that I asked you to meet me here this morning,' replied the young man, as with a look of mingled affection and anguish he took the hand of his betrothed within his own. 'I knew that your heart would be the most faithful interpreter of mine; I wished to commit her to your care. You will console her when your Jacopo is far away; you will pray with her—you will weep with her. Say, will you not be as a daughter to her, my Maria?' Poor Maria's heart was too full to speak; she pressed his hand in silence, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. At this moment, the bell of the village church chimed out its welcome to the rising sun. As this well-known sound fell upon his ear, poor Jacopo was unable any longer to command his feelings; he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his grief: 'Shall I never again hear that dear old bell? Shall I never more see that altar which was to consecrate our plighted love? Oh, when you are gathered within the walls of that temple, and pray for those who are wandering on the ocean, or captives in heathen lands, think of me, your absent Jacopo!'

Maria, bursting into tears, exclaimed: 'And are we, indeed, then *never* to meet again?'

'Do not,' replied the young mariner—'do not thus tempt my courage, and my confidence in Him who has inspired me with this good thought. And even though this should be, indeed, our last meeting upon earth, you know, as our good priest tells us, the life of man is only a brief and stormy voyage; the sea-weed, torn from its native rock, is driven to the shore by the very same waves which tear it from its resting-place—we, too, shall cast anchor in a common port, when our earthly voyage is accomplished. In that port, dear friend, we shall meet again. And now farewell, my beloved Maria; when I am far away, when my father has returned to his home, then tell my mother whither and wherefore I am gone. Till then, I would fain she should be spared this sorrow. Addio, Maria!' Thus saying, he imprinted a parting kiss upon her brow, and sprung into the boat, which lay in readiness near the shore. Soon the breeze filled its sails, and the light bark swiftly skimmed the surface of the ocean; but the sun was already high in the heavens before Maria could turn her straining eyes from the rapidly retreating speck, and with a heavy heart return towards the lonely cot, where dwelt the mother of her betrothed, feeling that she must hide from her her secret grief, and do all that in her lay to keep up the sinking spirits of the bereft wife and mother.

Jacopo, in the meanwhile, directed his course towards Marseille, where he made all the necessary inquiries which might facilitate the accomplishment of his design. Here also he visited, with the feelings of a dying man, those sacred buildings which were consecrated to the worship of the God of his fathers; and feeling his own weakness, he implored that strength which could alone sustain him through his arduous undertaking. After a brief delay, he pursued his voyage to the shores of Africa; and it was on a bright moonlight night that the city of Algiers, with her towers and minarets rising picturesquely from the edge of the water, and imbosomed in lofty hills clothed with the richest verdure, first presented itself to his view. Favoured by the darkness, he landed unobserved; all was silent around him, and wearied in body, though with a mind at peace, he lay down on a grass-plot near the walls, and fell asleep. But his slumbers were of brief duration. The first rays of the rising sun recalled him to the stern realities of life, and the clinking of chains, with the mingled sound of harsh threatening and piteous lamentations, proceeding from the adjoining towers, were the first signs of life which presented themselves to his returning consciousness. For a moment, his spirit quailed before the image thus presented to his mind, and his heart almost failed him; but then, again, the remembrance of his father, the thought that he was pining in this iron bondage, nerved him for the sacrifice, and turning his back upon his boat and freedom, he advanced resolutely towards the gates of the city.

But here we must leave him to accomplish his heroic deed of self-devotion, and return to the little village of Alessio. The mother of Jacopo had felt no uneasiness with regard to his absence. The adventurous seamen, amongst whom she had lived from childhood, were in the habit of absenting themselves for weeks, and even months together, from their native shores; and not content with navigating their barks along the Mediterranean coast, they frequently ventured across the stormy Atlantic, and tried their fortune in the harbours of the Western world; she, therefore, concluded that her son was performing some such distant voyage. But poor Maria, who was alone possessed of the fatal secret, seemed weighed down by a load of sorrow. She worked harder than ever: early and late was she to be found at her toil, but her merry song was no longer heard as she sat weaving the fishing-nets; and on holidays she no longer appeared in festive attire, dressed with that minute attention to neatness and taste which is so characteristic of the Ligurian peasantry. She seemed to grudge the most trifling expense, and to hoard every farthing she could accumulate. Poor girl, she had conceived a great project, but one which she knew well it would take her years to accomplish—she hoped one day to ransom Jacopo!

Every day, with the rising dawn, she used to wander to that rock where he had seated himself by her side on the morning of his departure; and there, before her day's work began, she would sit for a while and meditate. One morning, as she was thus engaged, a boat approached the shore; and no sooner had its prow touched the land, than a gray-headed man, in tattered garments, sprung hastily on the beach, and kneeling, kissed it fervently, after which he raised his hands and eyes towards heaven, as if in grateful acknowledgment of some signal mercy. With a beating heart Maria recognised the father of Jacopo! It was a moment of fearful struggle; she loved, she reverenced Emanuel Giraldo almost with a daughter's love, but when she saw him set foot upon his native shores, she felt that the sacrifice was consummated—Jacopo was a slave!

But soon a ray of light burst through the gloom: she felt that he had done his duty, that God would bless him; and without a murmur, though not without a pang—a bitter, heart-felt pang—she resigned all those hopes of happiness which had brightened her path from her very childhood, and to which she had still clung, even when hope seemed vain. Virtue and religion were with her no empty names—they taught her to suffer and to do; and He who, whilst he measures the ocean in the hollow of His hand, takes account of the smallest dew-drop, will not leave unnoted or unrewarded the humble sacrifice of the peasant-girl—who had no offering save her own treasured hopes to lay upon His shrine—any more than the noble acts of self-devotion whose fame is re-echoed throughout the world.

Emanuel, in the meanwhile, hastened to his humble home; and we need not stay to tell the transports of joy with which he was welcomed there, or the innumerable questions with which he was overwhelmed; but there was one question he could not answer, one question which continually recurred to his own mind: 'Who had redeemed him from slavery—who had restored him to his home?'

In the evening of this eventful day, a large circle of the friends and relatives of Giraldo had assembled around him as he sat by his cottage-door, beneath the shade of a spreading chestnut, whose branches waved in the evening breeze. It was a scene worthy of a painter's pencil, this varied group composed of old men and children, sunburnt fishermen and youthful maidens, all listening with emotions of the deepest interest to Giraldo's narrative of all he had seen and suffered, of the cruel bondage in which he had pined, and of the strange habits and customs of the Algerian corsairs. But there was one present who listened to his tale with far other feelings than those of mere curiosity: poor Maria, burying her face in her hands, vainly strove to restrain her tears, as she thought within herself that all these horrors were now weighing upon the head of Jacopo. She could not bear, however, to mar the happiness of Giraldo's return, by revealing the secret which was preying upon her inmost soul, and she had resolved that she would yet, for a time at least, conceal her grief; but Giraldo, when he had finished his relation, suddenly exclaimed: 'O how I wish my son were here to-night! But he will soon be back; and then, my good Maria, you must, without any longer delay, become his wife.'

Maria, overcome by her feelings, started from her seat as he thus addressed her, and trembling violently, she threw herself into the old man's arms, and exclaimed: 'Jacopo is a slave in Barbary—it was Jacopo who ransomed *you* from slavery!'

The next Sunday-morning, Emanuel, surrounded by his family, but bowed down by sorrow as he thought of his lost, his noble-hearted boy, repaired once more to his parish church. There was no heart there that day which did not mourn, no lip which did not breathe a fervent prayer for the young captive, who had so long been the favourite of old and young in the village of Alessio. The good priest ascended the pulpit, and after having described the horrors of slavery, and the virtues of the young man who had willingly given himself up to suffer all its miseries, he proceeded as follows:—'Let us then, my brethren, each contribute his mite to rescue him from bondage; and if our offerings do not amount to the required sum, we will take some of those which have been laid upon the shrine of St Nicola; the saints of God do not stand in need of our silver and our gold, and deeds of kindness to our brethren are like precious vases of incense which burn continually before our God.'

With willing and liberal hearts did the good people of Alessio respond to the appeal; there was not one present, not even the poorest widow, who did not contribute her mite towards the ransom of the captive. Maria brought her little hoard, the fruit of many an hour of labour and many an act of self-denial, to add to the general stock; and the sum required for the ransom was found to be complete. The next day, some young mariners, under the guidance of Emanuel Giraldo himself, set out for the coasts of Barbary.

* * * *

It was the festival of St Nicola; the whole population of Alessio were gathered upon the strand; the sun shone brightly upon the scene; and a light bark, with many-coloured flags flying from her masts, and flowers wreathed around her prow, sailed into the bay amidst the cheers and vivas of the assembled crowd.

The mother of Jacopo and Maria were there, standing the nearest of all to the water's edge, that they might be the first to welcome the delivered slave, their beloved Jacopo, whom this bark was bearing back to his native shores. Joyously and thankfully did he set foot upon the strand, and with a grateful heart did he thank his kind deliverers; but the praises which were mingled with the congratulations that met his ear on every side, appeared to him unmerited and uncalled for, for the single-minded mariner could not see that he had done anything more than duty required. A few days afterwards, the faithful love of Maria and Jacopo was consecrated at the altar, and the young couple returned to the quiet fulfilment of the daily labours and duties of their toilsome, but happy and contented life.

We know not whether Jacopo still lives, but if he and his faithful Maria yet survive, may a blessing rest upon their old age! They may be poor in this world's goods, but if the young fisherman brought back from the land of his captivity a single link of his chain, it will be a heritage to his children and his children's children more precious than costly jewels or thousands of gold and silver.

SEA-WEEDS—THEIR FLOWERING AND FRUCTIFICATION.

The nature of the fructification of the lower class of plants has been, until very recently, entirely misunderstood. It was supposed that they were reproduced solely by a kind of budding process from the parent stem; that the minute spores, which are the only obvious form of fructification in the cryptogamia, differed essentially from the seeds of the flowering-plants; and that the beautiful fertilising apparatus of stamens and pistils in the latter class, had no representative in the former. Hence, indeed, their scientific name—Cryptogamia. But the recent researches of several eminent naturalists in this very interesting department of science, have shed a flood of light on this hitherto one of the most dark and untrodden of the by-paths of nature; and, as in every other instance where the eye of man is permitted to observe her secret operations, surpassingly wonderful and beautiful are the processes and results thus brought to view.

Those among my readers who are somewhat acquainted with this part of botany, may yet not have had the opportunity of following the rapid steps of modern research; and those who feel but a passing interest in natural history, will yet, no doubt, be entertained by an account of the novel and beautiful phenomena which are constantly taking place almost before their eyes, in some of the commonest plants which they daily pass heedlessly by.

In no instance is this singular mode of flowering and seeding more worthy of attention, or more within reach of observation, than in the common sea-weeds of our shores. Every one who has passed any time by the sea-side, is familiar with the common bladder-wrack, daily left on the beach in heaps by the retreating tide; so common indeed is it, that in many parts of the coast it is used as a manure. I cannot do better than introduce this familiar plant, as furnishing a good example of the nature of the process of reproduction in all the lower class of plants; being, indeed, a member of a tribe which stands at the very portals of the vegetable kingdom.

The recent researches on this subject, of Messrs Decaisne and Thuret, especially the latter, had just been made public before I paid a visit to the sea-side a short time since; and I eagerly repeated their observations, which I found were so easily to be made by any intelligent person, that I have no doubt any of my readers, desirous of seeing for themselves, will readily attain the same results by following a few simple directions. A simple microscope is the only requisite for the purpose, with a magnifying power of from 50 to 100 diameters. A good Stanhope lens will do well.

The dark greenish-black fronds of the bladder-wrack (*Fucus vesiculosus*), if examined in winter, are seen to be studded at their extremities by little egg-shaped, hard prominences, consisting of nearly spherical cavities under the epidermis or skin, opening at the surface by a minute pore. These are the receptacles. Those containing the male elements are on separate plants from those containing the female; the latter are of the same colour as the frond; the former, yellowish-brown. They must not be confounded with the air-cells, which also cover the tips of the fronds.

If a section be carefully made vertically through a *male* receptacle, and the section be examined by a magnifying power of 40 or 50 diameters, the cavity will be seen to be nearly filled with branching jointed hairs, bearing numerous little ovoid sacs or cells, of an orange colour, each containing a number of minute bodies with an orange speck or granule in the centre. These minute bodies are the *antherozoa*, or pollen animalcules, the cells in which they are contained corresponding to the anthers of flowers; and hence named *antheridia*. When fully formed, these cells are expelled, and collect around the orifice of the receptacle in the form of an orange jelly; and when exposed to moisture they burst, discharging their contained antherozoids, which swim rapidly in water by the motion of a pair of long cilia or hairs attached to one extremity.

If a *female* conceptacle be prepared in the same way, and examined, it will be seen to have a similar lining of jointed hairs, among the leaves of which are seen several large ovoid olive-coloured bodies, attached by a short pedicle to the wall of the cavity. These are the germ-cells or sporangia. When completely developed, each consists of a transparent coat formed of two thin membranes, and a central opaque olive-brown body, presenting marks of division into eight parts; hence called an octospore. When ripe, the sporangia burst, and set free the octospores, which are expelled like the antheridia, and collect also into jelly-like green masses round the orifice of the receptacle. The outer membrane of their coat is seen to remain behind, the inner one still surrounds the octospore.

If now a portion of this green jelly be collected on a needle, and placed in a few drops of sea-water, under the lens or microscope, and examined by a higher power (100 diameters), the spores contained in each octospore will be seen to become spherical, and in about half an hour or so the membrane bursts. The spores, however, still remain enclosed in a very delicate transparent bag, which did not appear before, and this is attached to the ruptured outer coat at a point which appears like the hilum of a seed—the spot at which a seed is attached. In a few minutes, this last envelope gives way, and the naked spores now float about freely in the water. Now, let a minute portion of the orange-coloured jelly from the male receptacle be introduced into the water where the spores are, and a very singular phenomenon will be seen. The antheridia speedily burst and discharge their contents; the liberated antherozoa swim with vivacity by their cilia or arms, and are soon seen to settle on the spores in great numbers. The rapid vibration of their cilia causes the large spherical spores to revolve rapidly, and presents an appearance very droll and unique; the great spheres spinning round and round by the lashing and splashing of the little animalcule-like bodies for full half an hour, at the end of which time the antherozoids seem to get tired, and drop away, one by one, leaving the spores at rest.

Now, this strange process is precisely analogous to the well-known mode of fertilisation in flowering-plants, by the action of the pollen from the anthers upon the pistil; and we shall see that it is followed by precisely corresponding results. Let these spores be examined after a lapse of twenty-four hours, and we shall see that each one is clothed by a transparent membrane, instead of being nude, as we left them. And next day we shall see the internal sphere split into hemispheres by a transverse division, and a little rudimentary rootlet has begun to bud out at right angles to the division. Next day we shall see the whole form of the spore is become elongated, and several more transverse and vertical divisions have made their appearance; the little bud is now evidently a long transparent rootlet. And as we watch our curious young plant from day to day, we shall see that it continues to elongate, by multiplication of its cell-contents; puts out fresh rootlets, which adhere to the glass and fix it firmly; and after a few days, a bundle of transparent hair-like sprouts shoots from its summit. The whole plant now presents the appearance of one of the young sprouts which we find on rocks and stones to which growing sea-weeds are attached; and if placed in a glass of sea-water, it will continue to vegetate for months, though it will not live very long under such circumstances. I believe, however, that if the plant were removed to an aqua-vivarium, it would continue to grow and thrive.

Other fuci of our coast will present the same or similar phenomena as the *F. vesiculosus.* One kind, the *F. Platycarpus*, is monœcious; that is, both male-cells and germ-cells are found in the same receptacle. In other kinds, both male and female receptacles are found on the same plant. Throughout the whole of the cryptogamic class of plants, a mode of reproduction as perfect in its type as this is found, though infinitely varied in its forms, and more closely resembling ordinary inflorescence as we ascend the scale. I am sorry, however, that space will not permit me, at present, to enter on the description of the reproductive organs and functions of the higher cryptogamic plants.

A TRIP IN SEARCH OF BEAR'S-GREASE.

A trip in search of bear's-grease was made after the Sutlej campaign by two brother-officers and myself. All of us had shared in the glories and dangers of the several actions; and consequently camp-life, with its accustomed inconveniences and privations, was nothing new; a bivouac in the jungle and meagre fare were things of course; and sleep undisturbed by a night-alarm, almost too luxurious. Nevertheless, a campaign has countless charms, and nowhere will a man behold it so gorgeously conducted as in the golden East; never shall I forget the approach of the British army to Lahore.

I was on the staff, and rode forward to a little mound commanding a panorama of the country, which is flat, with thin jungle, for miles about. Our fighting-men, about 25,000 strong, were strangely minified amidst the gigantic lines of elephants and camels; but the brightness of their arms, and the regularity of their movements, were very striking; a host of camp-followers, consisting of more than 100,000 men and women, accompanied the army; and the order maintained amidst that heterogeneous mass was most extraordinary. A brilliant Eastern sun had arisen for about two hours; but long before noon, a gleaming line of snow-white tents extended for five miles; all the men vied with one another in discipline and celerity, and settled down to their usual routine of duty as regularly as in cantonment. Later in the day, the Sikh chiefs came out of Lahore on elephants, making a gallant show, but cringing and submissive to the conquerors; and so concluded the campaign of the Sutlej.

At the latter end of March, we were ordered to our several stations. Ours happened to be Umballah; and a more disagreeable march of 200 miles one could scarcely make; hot winds and dust-storms every day during the last week, and right glad I was upon my arrival to find my application for leave to 'the Hills' for six months granted. Well do I remember the charming sensation I experienced that first morning when, awaking in my palanquin, I found myself approaching the Himalayas, with the cool breeze blowing from the mountains, and the parched plains exchanged for the verdant and undulating aspect of the Dhoon. It is impossible to describe the appearance of the Himalayas below Missourie, otherwise than by comparing them to some enormous wall, whereon the low white houses of that famous station can be plainly discerned; although how they got there, or how you are to get to them, defies conjecture.

A wondrously sure-footed pony, procured at the foot of the Pass, was, however, found equal to the occasion, and I achieved my ascent to the Missourie Club; that is to say, in one hour exchanged a temperature of 90 degrees for one of 65 degrees, and emerged at the same time from barbarism into civilised life—enjoying the society of charming ladies; fighting our battles over again with old friends and brother-officers on the invalid list; and instead of hard fare and hard couch, sitting down to a good dinner, and turning in between comfortable sheets. Our love for adventure would not permit us to enjoy these luxuries long or much: we were to start in four days for the interior, and had to make all our arrangements.

Our party consisted of, first, Myself, whom habitual modesty forbids me to describe; secondly, Roberts of the 101st, a good-natured man enough, but for his temper, which had become acclimatised and curry hot; and, thirdly, Captain Newman, of my own regiment, who had seen much service, and had the reputation of being the best shot in the English army. All things were provided in the short space I mentioned. Stores of every kind, eatable and drinkable, were packed on the backs of our paharies (Hill-men), seventy in number, who were under the command of three tyndals (heads of parties); two other petty-officers; and one jemedar. It being late before we could get under-way, on this April evening, we determined upon going only four miles, and then halting till after the heat of the day. Here follow extracts from my diary:—

23d April.—The scene from our tent is curious enough: our menials lying in all directions, with their respective loads by their sides; in the foreground, a fierce mountain-stream rolling rapidly by; and beyond, the tremendous Himalayas rising abruptly from bases covered with almost impervious jungle. Peacocks and hares abound with us already from these great emporiums, and fish are plentiful, but small. Thermometer, 94 degrees. There are strange dropping-wells hereabouts; and three strong sulphur-wells, where people come to drink the waters in pretty good numbers: there are two bungalows built for their reception.

24th.—Our first acquaintance with a mountain-march. I was congratulating myself on so soon having accomplished—though with terrible loss of wind—what I had often heard spoken of as likely to disgust me, when, upon gaining what I had supposed to be the top, I perceived that there remained three times as much more to overcome. At length I reached the apex of the loftiest hill I ever dreamed of, and found our tents ready pitched before us. The way these paharies get over such ground is marvellous. At a village called Sarrona, we shot some quails.

25th.—As we had a long march before us, we started soon after five, and came through a very wild thick jungle. Roberts succeeded in killing two specimens of the mungoos, the animal which destroys rattlesnakes, and upon being bitten, scuds off into the jungle post-haste after an herb that is an antidote. I saw, likewise, a very beautiful species of goat, which I believe to be a hybrid between a goat and a sheep, and waited a long time for him, but could not get a shot. Roberts saw some immense monkeys, which, from the noise they made, he took for bears. We marched about two miles this evening to a most splendid valley. Pheasant-soup—horrible!

28*th*.—Nothing particular during the last two days, except our passing through a most beautiful forest of rhododendrum in full flower, and our seeing a snake with a fish in its mouth, which caused our sensitive friend Roberts to have the fidgets all the evening. Marched about six miles; nearly eaten up by flies. On our way this afternoon, Newman shot a snake and a white monkey—a most beautiful long shot: there are immense hosts of these, but they did not wait to be shot at. We searched for the fallen one, and found him still alive: he was very large, and looked like a human being; but we had seen too many such of late in their death-throes to be much moved.

29*th*.—Marched to Tearee, which is situated in a very low valley, and consequently is extremely hot; encamped on the river-bank. The town is small, but clean, and more like a Swiss than an Indian town. On our arrival, we despatched the jemedar with a letter given to us by Jones for the rajah; but before he could have received it, he sent us his salaam, wishing to know if he could be of any use in procuring paharies. We replied civilly that we wanted no paharies, but only leave to travel through his mightiness's territories, and requested him to provide us with a chaprassie* and shikaree (gamekeeper) to shew us the way to Jungoutra; adding that we should do ourselves the honour of calling on him about four in the afternoon. With this his messenger departed. He had not, however, been long gone before a deputation arrived, stating that all we needed should be supplied. The temperature being terrible, we were all sitting in our shirts when the deputation advanced towards us. Coolies carried before it all sorts of fruit, with rice, flour, sheep, chickens, &c., which the rajah had sent as presents. The head of the party made a deep salaam and a long speech, which was gratefully but more briefly answered through our interpreter; he then presented us with as many rupees as he could hold in both hands, which we courteously refused, in our turn offering him some rupees, of which he took only one—this being the established etiquette—and so we parted. About four in the afternoon, our little camp was in an unusual state of bustle, Roberts and Newman arranging their best suit of toggery, whilst the servants were not less solicitous about their own party-coloured dresses. All being ready, and the interpreter 'coached up' as to what he should say, off we went with our retinue. The first part of the road was infamous; and the high cliffs we had to ascend considerably disarranged our durbar attire. Roberts lost his patent-leather boots to begin with, whilst the heat took all the stiffening out of the cuffs of my cambric shirt; our anxiety was much increased upon reaching a bridge, where those who had been thus far fortunate enough to retain their shoes were obliged to take them off. It was a suspension-bridge, made of grass-ropes, and its construction very rude and antiquated; the flooring was of small sticks, about six inches apart, the ends resting upon two ropes; and you had likewise the accommodation of two other ropes to cling to, although these were fastened to the lower ones only here and there at irregular distances. One false step would precipitate you into the river, boiling and roaring 100 feet below! The bridge is 150 feet long, and swung terribly in the high wind as we passed over. We found some hundreds of the rajah's soldiers and attendants drawn up before his palace, who greeted us with all respect; and the home-secretary and the war-minister, or at least some great ministers, ushered us through rows of courtiers drawn up in the corridors, to the durbar or reception-room. We were then seated; and in a few seconds the maharajah appeared, beautifully attired in scarlet robes; presents were handed to us while we conversed with him through the interpreter; and in return we gave him a handsome double-barrelled pistol, with which he seemed highly pleased. He shewed us some costly and curiously constructed fire-arms of his own. We were much charmed with our visit; and I don't believe any two subs and a captain in Her Majesty's service ever had so much homage paid to them before. We again encountered, with success, the Devil's Bridge, as we named it, and reached camp full of satisfaction.

30*th*.—Early in the morning, the maharajah sent us down a present of a most beautiful hill-pony, which, albeit against the rules of the service, we could not find it in our hearts to refuse. Its transit across the Devil's Bridge was out of the question, and the means that were resorted to for getting it over the river were highly curious. Four men, having covered themselves with bladders, dragged the pony into the flood; and though they were all five carried at least 200 yards down the rapids, they reached the other side in safety; not, however, without the poor animal having gone right under water twice.

1*st May*.—Having ascertained from the rajah's men the distance (seventy miles) to Jungoutra, we determined to reach it in nine days. We were obliged to halt, however, after the first four miles from the excessive heat; and were told it would take five days to climb to a cold region. Roberts killed a great snake, and his gills looked a little white after it. In the evening, marched four miles, and had a delicious dip in the river, which proved to be the Ganges. My brother being very ill last summer, and disliking Missourie, lived for three months above this river; his tent was pitched on a sheer ascent of rock, 3000 feet above the stream. His amusement, upon convalescence, was to watch his servants roll great stones down this defile—a belt of jungle, tolerably thick, intersected the steep half way—and the mode in which these stones made paths for themselves through this, he told me, was quite awful: a grand barbaric sort of lark, I think.

2*d*.—Jungle all in flames around us last night: it is set on fire on purpose, to make the new grass grow. Halted in a very charming valley, opposite another grass-bridge, more difficult to cross than the one at Tearee, from the flooring being of poles laid lengthwise instead of across.

3*d*.—After having gone two miles, we found pheasants and partridges; I bagged some of the former, which proved to be my favourite sort—the black pheasant. We halted under a very fine mango-tree, whose branches entirely covered our tent. The hills abound with snakes here, which makes living under canvas most unpleasant. After leaving our camp, and going about two miles, we entered the wildest and by far the most likely looking valley for game I had yet seen; the road, however, exceedingly bad. Half-way up the left bank of the river, we were looking on all sides very diligently, as it was just the sort of place where we had been told we should find the lodgings of Mr Balloo—Anglicé, bear. The paharies, carrying our second guns, were close behind us, when we espied some living animals upon the opposite bank—a rock so steep that no human creature could have climbed it. The natives saw them first, and it was long before our European eyes could make them out, when they seemed to be the same kind of goat we had seen before. Roberts fired right amongst them, and three animals instantly rushed in different directions down the face of the cliff: crack, crack went the rifles, and Newman's ball evidently took effect. Just at this moment, a cry of 'Balloo! balloo!' was heard, and we had the mortification of seeing a splendid black bear making off as hard as she could lay legs to ground; nevertheless, she had left her young—for they were bears, not goats, after all—and the one Newman hit was unable to ascend, and kept running backwards and forwards on a small flat ledge of rock—a moving target for our guns at not less than 300 yards. Newman again hit him at this long range, and he rolled down the rock, and fell with a tremendous crash into the river below. We were overjoyed at our first 'kill,' but were unable to 'bag' our game, which had gone 500 yards down the stream while we were reloading.

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* A half-military attendant, with *chapras* (breastplate).

4th.—This morning's march was very dangerous for our beautiful hill-pony: the rocks—road there was none—were so steep, narrow, and slippery, that we had the utmost difficulty in surmounting them ourselves. He was intrusted, however, to a young English tiger—Sam, a servant of Roberts's—who led him with a grass-rope, and informed us, after the successful journey, that he was 'the cleverest beast going, let alone Christians.' In the afternoon, saw a very likely place for game; sent in the beaters, and found it literally alive with pheasants and partridges: they seemed to darken the air, and reminded me of the effect of the first gun-fire of Robinson Crusoe. Crossing a stream here, I found several mountain teal, and killed seven at two shots, but was obliged to send a man in for them, who caught them in his mouth.

5th.—Arrived at Burard. Here our paharies refused to stir a step further, because Roberts had thrashed his orderly, who is certainly the greatest idiot ever born. Sam informed us of this mischance, and we instructed him to take a great stick, and enforce submission. He walked into the midst of fifty of them, and used it pretty freely, whereupon their senses returned, and they proceeded. On the way, we found a very fine large deer lying on the side of the hill. We were close upon him, and could afford to watch the extraordinary rapidity and perfect ease with which he bounded up the ascent before our rifles laid him low. This day being my brother's birthday, we drink his health, and propose that the next time we three see him, he shall give us a champagne dinner—carried *nem. con.* We had rain and tremendous thunder-claps, that rolled amongst the hills majestically. These hills are very steep, and covered with fir-trees: monkeys abound, and deer, but no bears.

6th.—I can't write as I would wish; it is so hot that my pen—I have but one—can't keep the ink from drying between the stand and the paper. We engaged to-day the best man we have yet got—a regular sportsman, who wears gaiters. We passed nearer than we have yet gone to a snow-mountain. Five days after we left Missourie, we first came in sight of the snow-ranges, and grand and cool enough they looked; presently we shall wish them further. A large party of natives, playing on tam-tams, met us—a marriage-party, as it turned out. They salaamed as they passed us with the bride, who didn't 'repay perusal;' and, besides, was swathed like a mummy in white cloth. The servants detest this marching morning and evening, and would run away if they had not come so far. Sam himself thinks us great fools to adventure thus amongst bears and precipices, after having had the luck to get safe out of Sobraon. We have a fakir travelling with us—a great man amongst the attendants, who do his bidding in all things, and make him comfortable: a mild quiet person, one would have thought, but for a strange scene that happened yesterday. Sam has an English bull-dog, the terror of the camp, and it disturbed the fakir at his food in the morning. He was warned not to anger it, but upon a second intrusion, kicked the beast, and it flew at him. A frightful scene followed—rolling out into the sun together, they bit and throttled and tore each other like mad creatures. The servants dared not interfere; and when I offered to stab the animal, the fakir would not have it, screaming out, with terrible imprecations, that he and the dog would settle it. They fought for twelve minutes or so, and the man triumphed—he got hold of the brute's throat, and choked it; but it was terrible to see the rage of the conqueror, and the ferocious expression that lighted up his features. He himself was obliged to be left behind on account of his wounds.

7th.—This evening, our orderlies shewed us the way they have of smoking when they have not got hookahs: they make two holes in the earth, one perpendicular and one sloping, forming an acute angle: in the sloping-hole, they place the tobacco—in the other, water. The light is then put on the top of the tobacco, and they draw from the other hole through their hand, which serves as a mouth-piece. The holes must always be made in damp or boggy ground.

10th.—Met yesterday a group of natives, with a host of donkeys and sheep, the latter animals as well as the former being beasts of burden—a sight strange enough to us. The water tastes exactly like snow, and is very unwholesome, producing goîtres: almost every native of these hills has a goître. Crossed the river on a new kind of bridge—two trees thrown over, supported by stones, with loose pieces of wood lying across. We saw a most splendid fir-tree, eighteen feet in circumference, and taller than any I ever saw before. Killed numbers of fhairs (wild-goats), the most beautiful animals possible when young, of a light-faun colour, difficult to be discerned from the rocks on which they live.

11th.—Came over the most difficult road we have yet had; the path hardly broad enough to step upon, and the precipice hundreds of feet sheer down. The pony was obliged, of course, to be sent back. Met a queer fakir to-day: his face was painted yellow, his body the colour of ashes; he had not a rag on him, but carried a leopard's skin on his back.

12th.—Followed a bear for four miles, and continually had long shots at him; but he got into a thick jungle. A large red dog that had followed us for several days, ate all the cold meat we had designed for breakfast; so we had to make the best of rice, doll, and chapatties, which are something like pounded peas and dough-cake: notwithstanding, I will shoot nothing till I shoot that dog!

13th.—Shot the red dog. The river has here a great bank of sand 200 yards wide, and forests on each side, of tremendous fir-trees. We reach Dervalee, and find a man we have long wished to get hold of—the celebrated hill-sportsman, Wilson. He is deserving of some notice. He was a private in the 11th Dragoons, and when they left this country, he bought his discharge; and, from love of shooting, naturalised himself on the Himalayas. His profession is to shoot birds, and stuff them for sale at Missourie, during the winter; and in summer he goes out with parties, shewing them where to find the large sorts of game. We engaged him for a fortnight, but he eventually remained with us during most of our sojourn on the hills. Musk-deer and berril (wild-sheep), he said, would be plentiful enough; but we were too low down for bears in any considerable number. We left a standing-camp, therefore, and proceeded with only necessaries and a few attendants. My pen and ink were left behind among the other things, and here, therefore, my diary ends.

We are now at the back of that great snowy range we saw at Landoura before starting. The water is so cold as not to be drinkable. We marched without a paharie to precede us—that we might fire at once when the enemy appeared, and not lose time by seeing bears at second-hand. On the second day, we saw two snowy bears, and killed them both; we are obliged to creep very cautiously and silently, and can never get within fifty yards before being obliged to fire: these animals go a great pace, though in a most ungainly manner, and can run almost anything down in time. We have snow above and beneath us, and are about 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. On getting to the top of one of the loftiest of these alps, I felt very giddy and ill: and had not Wilson seized me, and ran me down twenty yards or so with great promptness, I should have suffered from having got up so far in the world. The jungles are quite impenetrable, and we look for game only in the open country. We come upon bears, as a general rule, when they are scratching their backs, or pulling and rolling over each stone they meet with, in search of the scorpions and beetles on which they principally feed. They give us mostly a tremendous run; but if not saved by a jungle, are pretty sure to be hampered in their shuffling gallop by a rifle-shot. A large brown bear one day tailed us all off except Wilson; and the coming on of night preserved Mr Balloo even from that redoubted hunter. I confess I was rather glad of this. We were up long on these topmost hills, and had excellent sport, but the fatigue was something fearful: the glare of the snow, the eternal roar of the mountain-torrents, blinded and deafened us; generally, too, not a day passed without rain—which came down in torrents, more especially in the night-time. One day we were up as far as the glaciers. This mountain is called by the natives Kidder Khauta. The noise of the ice breaking is very grand and terrible—louder than any thunder. Roberts fell ill in about a month or so, and brought us back with him into the green valleys. The vehicle in which the natives carried him was very strange and ingenious, and called a *dandy*. To a strong pole, about twelve feet long, any sort of thick cloth is fastened, eighteen inches from either end of the pole, and loose enough to admit of a person sitting in the middle. He must hold on to prevent his falling backwards; but otherwise there is no inconvenience. Two men carry it on their shoulders; two others following to relieve them. It is wonderful to see the agility of the paharies when in charge of this conveyance.

We were all sorry to part with Wilson when our trip in search of bear's-grease was ended. He was full of terrible anecdotes and hair-breadth escapes, and indeed had every right to be so. One, in particular, interested me intensely, for it concerned the fate of poor Nevil, an officer known personally to me, and to Newman also. The affair caused a great sensation, I still remember, at the time. Wilson and the rest of us were in a defile, with snow-mountains on either side, and a ravine beneath, when he told the story. 'It was just such a place as this,' he said, 'where Mr Nevil died. He had taken a year's leave to the Hills for shooting, and came up to me to shew him good spots for deer, as you might do. Mr Masham, another officer, accompanied him, and we three were standing on this side the gully, which was about seventeen feet wide, watching the coolies driving deer upon the opposite side. I was next Mr Masham. A small avalanche was falling down the hill, and we were watching it, not paying attention to the coolies, who kept crying: "The snow! the snow!" We thought they meant us to look at the avalanche. I do not know what made me look round, but as I did, I saw the whole hillside of snow descending, *behind* as well as before us: it was within a few feet of me when I saw it. "Jump, Masham!—jump for your life!" I said, and I sprang at the gully. I just cleared it, but Masham could not; he fell, and I pulled him out from the other side; but the snow had caught him, and was up to his middle. Where Mr Nevil had been standing with some of our servants, there was nothing but snow; no trace of one of them to be seen, nor did we hear a sound. The great white winding-sheet was many feet deep above their heads. We got quite a little army together shortly, dug like madmen, and came upon them in a few days. Just as the snow caught them, they were standing, exactly as when alive. It was a terrible sight, and affected Mr Masham so deeply, that although a passionate lover of sporting, he never took gun in hand again.'

Thank God, nothing of this dreadful sort befell us. Newman, and Roberts, and myself came back from the Hills in safety, covered with glory, and are ready enough to-morrow to make a second Trip in search of Bear's-grease.

CURIOSITIES OF NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.

YOUNG fellows who have acquired a smattering of nautical knowledge, have a favourite query which they delight to put to yet greater greenhorns than themselves—that is, How many ropes are there about a ship? The innocent answer probably will be, that there are several hundreds; and then the querist says, with a chuckle: 'No; not more than a dozen!' For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may explain, that although in one sense all the separate portions of 'the rigging and apparel'—as it is styled in legal phraseology—of a ship are composed of ropes, and although every piece, ay, and every morsel, has a special technical name, it is a fact that comparatively few of them are called *ropes* by seamen, as the following list will testify: buoy-rope, foot-rope, man (or side) rope, wheel (or tiller) rope, breast-rope, top (or mast) rope, heel-rope, yard-rope, slip-rope, limber-rope, ridge-rope (of nettings), bell-rope, bucket-rope. We believe this list of ropes is complete, or very nearly so: at anyrate, we do not recall to mind any other ropes than those above enumerated; and we venture to say that few seamen, if asked to reply to the question off-hand, could reckon up even so many. The number of *lines* about a ship are also very limited. We can only count a dozen—namely, clew-lines, rat-lines, bow-lines, bunt-lines, leach-lines, log-lines, lead-lines, gant (or girt) lines, gob-lines (sometimes called back-ropes), slab-lines, tripping-lines, spilling-lines, life-lines, and fancy-lines.

The vocabulary of sea-terms, so far as regards substantives, is in some respects very amusing. It is also significant and suggestive of one thing, and that is, that our own dearly beloved Jack has never been able to *sink* the land and its names and associations, but has wrested very many of them entirely from their original and only land-meaning, and applied them—frequently in a ludicrous fashion, although sometimes very pertinently and happily—to the objects that surround him in his ocean-home.

Imprimis, ships have gigs and drivers (the former are boats, the latter sails), and riders; but, strange to say, they have only one wheel on board, except in case of large men-o'-war, which are supplied with a couple; and they have one or two horse-blocks on the quarter-deck. The horse-blocks, by the way, remind us that the crew of the barge of a man-o'-war are often facetiously denominated the 'coach-horses;' and the long pennant is not inaptly called the 'coach-whip.' Many vessels have Flemish-horses, and all have harness for these cattle—namely, saddles, bridles, girths, stirrups, spurs, martingales, whips, and bitts. Moreover, they have mangers, although the Flemish-horses are never brought to them.

Seamen have many objects in their floating-homes to remind them of domestic animals. Thus, they have cats; and let us inform the landsman who may peruse this, that we do not here allude to the ferocious cat-o'-nine-tails, but to a certain tackle. And such is their partiality to the feline creature, that they have cat-heads, cat-paws (of two kinds—one being a particular sort of hitch in the bight of a rope, and the other a light air of wind just sufficient to ripple the water), and cat-blocks, cat-falls, and cat-harpings. We daresay the reader will smile at the idea the latter name may convey. And not only have they cats, but also many a mouse (but no mice) and mousings. They are equally familiar with canine objects, for they have dogs, dog-vanes, and dog-watches; also, hounds and whelps—the former at the mast-head, the latter at the capstern. They have common foxes and Spanish foxes. To this group may be appended lizards, cranes, dolphins and dolphin-strikers, gudgeons, roaches, fishes, fish-hooks, fish-davits, fish-tackles, cock-pits, goose-necks, crow-nests, crow-feet, bulls-eyes, monkey-blocks, monkey-tails, and ordinary tails.

Jack is a merry fellow enough, and when at sea music and merriment is pleasantly recalled to his mind by such things as bells, viols, drum-heads, fiddle-blocks, fiddle-heads, and fife-rails. One nautical operation is called 'bagpiping' the mizzen. Amusements, too, are suggested by ninepin-blocks, chess-trees, and rubbers. It would be very strange, indeed, if a fellow of admitted gallantry like our friend Jack did not name some things so as to frequently recall to his recollection the fair sex, of which he is such a devoted admirer. Accordingly, we are not surprised that nautical nomenclature includes sister-blocks, partners, breast-hooks, stays, spencers, aprons, hoods, bonnets, caps, ribands, collars, thimbles, lacings, nun-buoys, and toplights. (*N.B.* Jack would apostrophise the eyes of his charmer by the last expression.) Jack evinces his taste for jewellery, also, by impressing into his service certain names, for he has rings and ear-rings, jewel-blocks, garnets, clew-garnets, single-diamond and double-diamond knots. And that he is by no means insensible to chivalric associations, is sufficiently proved by his knight-heads, Turk's-head-knots, fore-castles, and escutcheons.

But what could have induced the Jack of former generations to bestow so many sad and dismal designations on objects by no means doleful in themselves, as the following list—which we perhaps could easily enlarge—evidences? Shackles, gallows-bits, shrouds, shells, sculls, dead-eyes, dead-lights, dead-reckoning, dead-water, and dead-wood! Yet we must confess that most of these names, as applied by Jack, are singularly appropriate. We are entirely unable, however, to account for his fancy in calling taut standing-ropes *shrouds*. Equally mysterious is it that he designates the strong rope which confines the clew of a sail, a *sheet*. Above all, what does he mean by calling the rope used for securing a boat, a *painter?*

Many substantives in Jack's vocabulary are both appropriate and facetious. We would instance, sheep-shanks, lubber's-hole, Jacob's-ladder, bumpkin, traveller, messenger, &c. It would also be difficult to invent better names for the majority of the masts, spars, and sails, than those which they bear. There is, to our fancy, something poetical and felicitous in the nomenclature of the square sails. For example, when we name the main-sail, main-topsail, main-topgallant-sail, main-royal, main-skysail, each successive word is well calculated to convey the idea of an increasing altitude. Jack, indeed, is not content with skysails as the apex to his canvas pyramid, for he talks of a couple, at least, still higher, calling them moon-rakers and cloud-disturbers. But it is rarely that the proudest ship sports duck above her skysails, although it is certainly done sometimes—of course only in very gentle breezes—and the tiny sail, sixth from the deck, and which looks hardly larger than the wing of an albatross, is usually denominated the moon-sail, or the lady's-apron—either name being sufficiently suggestive, the one of extreme altitude, the other of diminutive size; and, we may add, that seamen, when alluding to the light and lofty sails in a general way, call them *kites*. Such names as flying-jib and jib-o'-jibs are at anyrate very expressive.

Many portions of a ship's hull, spars, and rigging, bear names obviously suggested by the human body. Thus we have the frame, head, ribs, waist, throat, knees, elbows, face-pieces, yard-arms, heels, eyes, skin (the outer planking of the vessel's sides, and also the outer fold of a sail), heart, cheeks, jaws, &c. Ships and men have oft been fancifully compared—especially by the seaman's laureate, Charles Dibdin. Here is a specimen of his style of poetical analogy, which we quote from his *Nautical Anatomist:*

> Why, if this is the maxim, by all that I sees
>   A man 's built just the same as a ship;
> From the keel, the backbone, to the tops and cross-trees,
>   To take in life's ocean a trip.
> A muscle and sinew 's a brace and a stay,
>   And as for men's fears and their hopes,
> They 're the masts; and the fibres his frame that belay,
>   Running rigging, and all the small ropes. . . .
>
> The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the head, &c.

In conclusion, we would observe, that much of nautical nomenclature and phraseology is unique, and has no reference and no similitude to any names, words, or language used on the land.

TO HIM.

Return, return; my being yearns for thee,
  My heart's deep tenderness is all thine own;
What am I in thine absence, wouldst thou see?—
  Fancy whate'er is sad and drear and lone.
Come, for my very thoughts were fed from thine;
  Thou only didst my higher nature know,
And 'neath the worthless surface find a mine,
  A mental treasure hidden far below.
Wilt thou not come and read the page again,
That now is shrouded from all mortal ken?

Return, return, my sorrows claim thy care;
  Dost thou not heed my solitary moan?
For terrible is grief with none to share,
  And joy is burdensome if borne alone.
Come once again, and thou shalt ever find
  Pliant as clay within the potter's hand
My will shall bend to thine; my powers of mind
  Be ready to obey thy least command.
Then, whatsoe'er my worldly wealth may be
I must be rich, while thou art spared to me.

Return, return; for as the ivy lives
  By drawing nurture from some stately tree,
Which to the poor frail plant its verdure gives,
  So thou impartest of thy strength to me.
Come then again, and let me round thee twine,
  Be thou my living prop, my friend, my guide;
And shouldst thou droop, I, too, will with thee pine,
  And when thou fadest, wither by thy side.
The ivy clings in death—and oh may we
United glide into eternity.

RUTH BUCK.

GRIMSBY.

MARRIAGE CAVALCADE OF THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA.

On the 15th of April, Philip IV. having made his will, and commended himself to our Lady of Atocha, set out from the capital, accompanied by the Infanta, and followed by 3500 mules, 82 horses, 70 coaches, and 70 baggage wagons: The baggage of the royal bride alone would have served for a small army. Her dresses were packed in twelve large trunks, covered with crimson velvet, and mounted with silver; twenty morocco trunks contained her linen; and fifty mules were laden with her toilet plate and perfumes. Besides these personal equipments, she carried a vast provision of presents; amongst which were two chests filled with purses, amber-gloves, and whisker-cases for her future brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans. The grandees of the household vied with each other in the size and splendour of their retinues. The cavalcade extended six leagues in length, and the trumpets of the van were sounding at the gate of Alcalà de Henares, the first day's halting-place, ere the last files had issued from the gate of Madrid.—*Stirling's Velazquez.*

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AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONEYLESS.

A list of the amusements and recreations of London, were it only those of a single season, would be a catalogue comprising everything which the talent, the enterprise, and the ingenuity of men have accomplished for the gratification of their fellows' curiosity—their love of the beautiful, their sense of humour, their literary and artistic predilections, and their peculiar tastes, whether refined by cultivation on the one hand, or coarse and demoralising on the other. Fancies and hobbyhorses the oddest, the most grotesque and whimsical, have their enthusiastic patrons and votaries in this all-embracing metropolis. We might run down the scale from a morning concert at Hanover Square, admission one guinea, to a midnight dog-show, or a duel of rats at Whitechapel—entrance, twopence, including a ticket for beer; and in the course of the descent, we should light upon whole classes of exhibitions which one-half the world would as carefully avoid, as the other half would eagerly seek out. But such a catalogue, comprehensive as it would be, would embrace very few indeed of the gratuitous entertainments with which the masses of London are amused. The number of those who cannot afford to pay for recreation, is probably quite as large as of those who can. To them it matters nothing that the theatres, the music-halls, the casinos, the gala-gardens, the panoramas, or the free-and-easys, the public-houses, and the gin-shops stand perpetually open. They have no money to expend for purposes of amusement, and must be recreated gratis, if recreated at all. Confessedly, the amusements provided for the populace are too few—that item appears to have been entirely left out of the calculations of the authorities, who have not condescended to recognise a claim that way for many generations. The old athletic sports have long vanished, from want of space to practise them upon; and the only relic of anything of that kind, are the games of the London street-boys—games played on so puny a scale, and in such feminine sort, as to excite the derision of the country youth, accustomed to 'ample room and verge enough' for something like manly exercise. If the city boy contracts, as he frequently does, a sporting taste, he spends his leisure in catching fish, twenty-five to the pound, in the New River; or, borrowing an old gun, in shooting *at* sparrows in the brick-fields. But, says the bard of Rydal Mount—

> pleasure is spread through the earth
> In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall find;

and amusement is spread through the metropolis in the same way; and so it is that the needy Londoner has a share in recreations and enjoyments of which his brother rustic knows nothing. Let us glance at a few of these 'stray gifts,' and note how they are relished.

It is a fine spring morning, the wintry frosts have all vanished, and a dry March wind is blowing into the face of an early April-day. There is a review of one or two regiments to come off at ten o'clock in Hyde Park. The music of the various bands, marching from the Horse Guards and the neighbouring barracks, has drawn after them a prodigious tail of idlers and supernumeraries from countless courts and lanes within earshot; and by the time the several regiments have appeared upon the ground, they are surrounded, at a respectful distance, by forty or fifty thousand spectators, the majority of whom, it may be, will dine on that military spectacle, but who are none the less heroes and patriots for that. The soldiers go through their exercise; they form in close column, and march to the attack, banners flying and trumpets sounding; they break into line, and deploy in separate ranks; they fix bayonets, and rush to the charge; they unite in a solid square, front-rank kneeling, and, amidst the glitter of steel and the whiz and clink of ramrods, pour forth a running-fire, which never ceases for full twenty minutes. Look now, while this is going on, into the faces of the penniless lads who have rushed to this gratuitous entertainment—mark the parted lips, the flashing eye, the clenched hand, and rigidly erect gait of yon tattered vagabond, and ask yourself the question, whether any scene of mimic action before the footlights would yield him half the excitement of this warlike exhibition which he gets for nothing, and in consequence of which, in company with a band of his fellows, he may be found with a cockade in his rimless hat in the rear of the recruiting-sergeant before he is a day older.

Again: it is mid-day, and the muddy highway of the Thames is checkered with the shadows of a whole forest of masts and yards—shadows perpetually broken into shivers by the rapid passage of innumerable craft up and down the stream. The surface of the river swarms with life, for unemployed London is rushing to-day towards the docks at Woolwich, where a war-steamer is to be launched; she is pierced for 120 guns, and 'Won't she give the Rooshins pepper?' is the note of admiration sung in her praise. Everything floating around her is covered with heads, while the shores are lined with a motley multitude, who, paying nothing for the spectacle, as the enormous mass swoops down into the flood, rend the skies with such a shout as neither Middlesex nor Surrey will hear again till the dock-yards of Woolwich add another man-of-war to the fleet.

Or, it is the afternoon of the 1st of August, and now the grand rowing-match of the year comes off, when the 'jolly young watermen' compete for the prize of Doggett's coat and silver badge. All the bridges that cross the course are crammed with eager spectators, and every point of vantage on either bank is similarly blocked up with human heads—this being a species of combat in which the river-side denizens of London especially delight. At regular intervals, cannon-shots re-echo from the shores, while stentorian voices are sounding along the water, warning Penny-steamers and trespassing barges to leave the course clear. When at length the racers, surrounded by the swarm of wherries that dart out from every nook to join in the fun, and followed by the rack of all sorts as long as a comet's tail, make their appearance, and shoot rapidly past, not one in a hundred of the straining eyes above and around can discern which are the competitors among the shoal of boats that rushes by. That is of no consequence, however; the race is run, and the prize is won—and they have seen the sport—if Charley Jones isn't the winner, then somebody else is, and it will all come out by means of the newspapers to-morrow.

The awkward fact, that a poor fellow has not a penny to spare, does not necessarily prove that he has no dramatic tastes and likings; and it happens, too, that having them, the want of money is not always an absolute bar to their gratification. Penniless Jack contrives to see the great tragedian, when there is one, or the star of the season, in spite of his empty purse. If you condescend to go to the gallery for an hour or two's amusement, and come away when you have had enough of it, or your time is up while yet half the performance is to come, you will find Jack at the door civilly inquiring if you intend to return. If you reply in the negative, he will beg your check; and without waiting to split hairs on the morality of such a proceeding, will make use of it himself, and enjoy the after-piece as much as though he had disbursed a day's earnings for the privilege. Sometimes Jack has a penchant for studying great men, and you catch him in the Court of Chancery, conning the horsehair wigs and the learned faces under them with evident symptoms of satisfaction; or he wanders from court to court, making acquaintance with the judges and the lord-mayor. But his best opportunity is at the entrance to the House of Commons, in Westminster; and there you are pretty sure to meet with him, standing in the rank of lookers-on, whenever the House is sitting, and watching the members as they go in. He knows Disraeli, Bulwer, and Lord John, Cobden and Bright, and all the great guns as well as they know each other; and before now, at an early break-up, has had the honour of calling a cab for a member of the cabinet. Of course, Jack knows the Queen and the Prince-Consort; he has hoorayed too often at Her Majesty's state-carriage, on her progress to open or close the parliament, to be ignorant on that score. If Penniless Jack does not know all the aristocracy by name, it is not so much from want of observation, as from limited means of information, and the perplexity of the study. Having nothing particular to do, unfortunately, at any particular spot, he is often found leaning pensively over the railings outside the ring in Hyde Park. Here he sees the whole aristocracy of the realm during the hour which fashion sets apart for exercise, defiling grandly before his eyes—the dowagers and duchesses in their handsome equipages—the lords and dukes in barouche and brougham, or mounted on high-mettled steeds—fair ladies and faithful squires cantering and careering along Rotten Row—and the whole imposing assemblage of England's nobility drawn out for his special amusement. What are his cogitations upon the scene, we do not pretend to know, though we suspect they are not wholly free from the myths and romance of the imaginative school.

The street-spectacles of the metropolis, however remunerative they may be to their projectors, yet supply gratuitous entertainment to the mass of the spectators, inasmuch as not a tithe of those who look on contribute to the recompense of the performers. In some tranquil cul-de-sac of a street, perhaps abutting on the river, or ending in some wilderness of building-ground, one comes occasionally upon a wandering company of acrobats, conjurors, or jugglers, or all three united. They are dressed from head to foot in a light-fitting cotton suit, displaying their perfect symmetry of form; they may be five or six in company, but there is no fool or clown, 'no nonsense,' as they would say, about them. They mean business, and the stolid, matter-of-fact expression of their faces says that plainly. One of them bangs a big drum and blows a few inspiriting notes on the Pandean pipes, which is the signal for a general rush to that quarter from all the outlets of the neighbourhood. As the crowd gathers, the musician deposits his big drum on the ground, and, as master of the ceremonies, begins arranging the company in a grand circle. This he accomplishes by means of a wooden cannon-ball attached to a string a couple of yards in length, which he flourishes vigorously around him on all sides, compelling all who have any regard for their shoulders or shins to keep at a respectful distance: if the spectators are few, he is content with a small area; but as the crowd increases, he enlarges the circle with despotic impartiality, so that all may have a fair view. Meanwhile, a patch of old carpeting is spread in the centre of the circle, and the first performer steps upon it; casting a tragic glance around, he immediately begins tying himself up in an inextricable knot, till he presents the figure of a compact ball rolling about under the impetus of the director's foot: then a sudden transformation is effected—the performer's heels are clasped together behind his neck; his hands thrust beneath his hams, represent the claws of a fowl; and upon his outspread fingers he hops about in the character of that 'strornary bird what was cotched in China.' A burst of laughter acknowledges the merit of this exhibition, and a few stray coins begin to drop on the carpet. Now another professor seats himself on the ground, and begins whirling round his head a whole galaxy of golden balls; in a moment the balls drop into a box, and their place is supplied by a constellation of bowie-knives, gleaming, flashing, and skimmering in the sun, and the handle of each dropping momentarily into the man's hand, whence it whirls aloft to repeat its circular flight. This handy fellow finishes his display by a game at cup-and-ball, played in an ominous fashion: tying a small cup round his temples, and inserting a thick padding between that and his skull, he seizes a golden ball twice as big as your fist, and hurls it aloft in the air far above the chimneys till it diminishes to a speck—as it comes down with a momentum that threatens to smash it to shivers, he pops his bold brow beneath, and receives it in the cup; had it missed the mark, you feel assured it would have crashed through the fellow's occiput. This feat brings another dribble of coppers; and the third performer now steps out. He flourishes an old silk handkerchief, holding it at one corner, and drawing it through his left hand fast clenched a dozen times in a minute. 'What will you have, ladies and gentlemen?' he asks. 'Did you say eggs?'—and incontinently the passage of the handkerchief through his clenched hand is stopped by three or four eggs in succession, which are carefully taken out and laid on the drum. 'Did you say a pint pot?'—and immediately the silk, which an instant before was waving loose in the air, is seen to contain a pewter-pot, which also is taken out and laid with the eggs. 'Did you say rabbit-pie?'—and the next moment a live rabbit is struggling in the folds of the handkerchief, and has to be let loose. 'Did you say something to drink, sir? Certainly, sir. Here you little boy with the speckled face—come here, sir. Hold that funnel to your chin, sir.' Then seizing an ale-glass, the wizard works the boy's elbow as though it were the handle of a pump, draws off a glass of ale from the spout of the funnel, and drinks it to the health of the company. When the wizard has finished his marvels, there follows a gymnastic display of the whole company united, remarkable chiefly for feats of agility and strength, which we need not describe, and generally closing with a grand pyramid, in which three men support two on their shoulders, and the two support another, all standing erect; sometimes the pyramid can't be done for want of hands, and then it is a pillar of three men, the second climbing to the shoulders of the first, and the third to those of the second. The whole performance is over in half an hour; and if one in a dozen of the spectators pay a copper for the spectacle, the troop is not ill remunerated, as it will get a small sprinkling of silver besides in the course of the day.

But instead of acrobats and conjurors, we may chance to light, in a similar spot, upon a curious fellow who, with a taste for natural history, has devoted all his time and energies to the education of birds and animals. He has a platform upon wheels, flanked with a large cage in compartments, the residence of his performing pupils. There is a tight rope stretched upon the platform, upon which a canary has been taught to dance, and does dance too, gracefully, whistling the while. There is a pistol lying on the board, which a lop-eared rabbit has been taught to fire; and there is a bullfinch trained to sham dead, and lie motionless on its back at the moment of the discharge. There is a mouse which gallops a guinea-pig round the circus; and we know not what besides, except that there is a flea harnessed to a brass cannon on wheels, which it actually drags along—though this last curiosity is not a gratuitous exhibition, being only shewn to those who pay their penny.

Or, the street-exhibition shall be a gladiator rat, champion of all England, ready at any moment to fight any rat that ever wore a tail. The champion rat lives in his master's bosom, and is produced whenever the challenge is accepted, and invariably 'kills his man.' This is rather a secret than a public exhibition, and takes place in by-corners and out-of-the-way localities; but it is sure to be attended by a swarm of idlers, take place where it may. Or, it may be Punch and Judy, which is all the world's drama, and which all the world stops to laugh at. Or, it may be that nocturnal comedy played on the Punch-and-Judy stage, and by the same proprietor, in which the shadows of the performing figures are projected on a transparent curtain, and in which an unfortunate cobbler, suspected by a too jealous wife of an intrigue with a customer, undergoes all sorts of domestic miseries and mishaps, to the uproarious amusement of the audience. Or, it may be a chorus of ballad-singers and patterers, bawling the last new political ballad, with interlocutory explanations —or a lament for the Crimean army—or a dirge for Nicholas, from which we learn that the czar lies 'buried in a hole in famed Sebastypol.' A hundred other things might be mentioned, and a hundred more to that, which the idler in search of amusement in London may participate in, if he choose, without being called upon to pay.

But, after all, the grand source of gratuitous entertainment in London is the shop-windows and the shops. Here lies the veritable Great Exhibition, which is perpetually open to all comers, and of which nobody ever tires. It is an awful blunder to suppose that those only profit by the display in shop-windows who are in a position to purchase. Every shop-front is an open volume, which even he that runs may read, while he that stands still may study it, and gather wisdom at the cheapest source, which may be useful for a whole life. To the moneyless million, the shops of London are what the university is to the collegian: they teach them all knowledge; they are history, geography, astronomy, chemistry, photography, numismatics, dynamics, mechanics—in a word, they are science in all its practical developments—and, glorious addition, they are art in all its latest and noblest achievements. While to one class of observers they are a source of inexhaustible amusement, to another they are a source equally inexhaustible of instruction. Therefore it is that the mechanic and artisan, out of work and out of money, wanders along the interminable miles of shop-fronts, peering here, puzzling there, guessing in this place, solving in that, some one or other of the mechanical problems presented to his view. A common thing with men and lads thus circumstanced, is to sally forth in groups, to dissipate the weary hours of enforced idleness by gazing in at the shop-windows, and speculating upon this or that unknown material or contrivance; and guessing, or, if practicable, inquiring into the circumstances of its produce or construction. A well-known source of gratis recreation to the unemployed is what is called 'a picture-fuddle,' when a party of idle hands will hunt up all the print-shops and picture-shops of a whole district, and spend perhaps the whole day in the contemplation of this gratuitous gallery, which, having the charm of novelty, recommends itself to them more than do the rooms of the National collection or the long chambers of the British Museum. Others may prefer 'a book-fuddle,' and these roam from stall to stall in the second-hand book-districts, beguiling the time by a chapter from a dog's-eared *Pickwick*, or a brown-study over the columns of an old *Mechanic's Magazine*. There is no end to the entertainment derivable in tolerable weather from shop-stalls and shop-windows; and it is our notion that he need be a clever fellow, indeed, who would undertake to specify in set terms the influence they have had in forming the mind, character, and habits of our city populations.

But once a week comes Sunday, when the shops are shut up; and with the Sunday comes another phase of gratuitous recreation, not altogether pleasant to contemplate. People without money are not, as we all know, overmuch given to attending church and chapel. Unfortunately, they find no recreation in that quarter, and they seek it elsewhere. If the weather be fine, the dark and squalid slums of the city vomit forth myriads of them into the fields and suburbs. For these there is a class of missionaries deputed to meet them in their favourite haunts, and collect them, if possible, within the sound of Wisdom's voice and the words of instruction; but the missionaries are met on this neutral ground by propagandists of another kind—by Netheists, Theists, Se-theists, and Pantheists—by Reasoners and Secularists—by Southcotites and Mormonites; and from this it has followed, that some of the suburban parks and commons have become the scene of a species of amusement not always edifying, arising out of the discussions and disputes consequent upon the clashing of theological elements of so opposite a description. In winter, the ice, and not the fields and commons, is the resort of this numerous class; and there, in company with their superiors in the social scale, you shall find from thirty to three hundred thousand in the course of the day, enjoying a gratification all the more welcome that it is flavoured with the probability of peril.

There are shadows in the motley picture of gratuitous amusement in London, upon which we are not disposed to dwell. We have said nothing of the degraded and morbid taste which urges masses of the populace to be present at miserable, cruel, and harrowing spectacles—

which drives crowds to the criminal courts, when wife-beaters and murderers are on their trial—which sets them yelling, like mongrel curs, on the trail of an unpopular candidate for public favour—which sends multitudes tramping over the swamps of Surrey after the steam-boat laden with a couple of prize-fighters and their backers, bound for the borders of Kent, which they must reach ere they can try conclusions—which drives a tenfold greater multitude to all the avenues leading to the scaffold, long before the hour of an execution draws near, and goads them, in the presence of a murderous and disgusting ceremony, to the display of loathsome wit and brutal jocularity. We must leave these things to time and a better day; we would ignore them if possible, and shut them from the light.

We can pretend to have afforded the reader no more than a glance at the many-sided subject we have taken up. We have passed over unnoticed many things which we are perfectly aware are equally entitled to remark with those we have selected; but we are not the wizard described above, and cannot cram into the limits of an article more than it will hold. We have shewn, in some rude sort, how penniless London may be amused by the spectacle of London itself. That it *is* so amused, is a fact beyond question. The close association of large masses of mankind as certainly gives rise to the elements of mirth and entertainment, as it does to those of misery and necessity; that the former are sometimes born of the latter, a philosopher might tell us, is no valid bar to their acceptance; and, in truth, it never is a bar to those who are in search of gratuitous enjoyment; *they* are the last persons upon earth to look the gift-horse in the mouth, and maunder over his teeth. We may do well to learn a lesson even from Penniless Jack, though it is possible we may not sympathise in the vagabond recreations he snatches for nothing. But, sings the poet already quoted—

> They dance not for me,
> Yet mine is their glee;

and in the same spirit, though we may decline Jack's pleasures, we may make a pleasure out of Jack, and be all the wiser and the better for the manufacture.

THE SLAVONIC RACES.

Of all the races of mankind, there are but two at the present moment which are expanding—the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavonic. The Anglo-Saxons absorb and denationalise the Celts; they fill the northern continent of America; govern the hundred millions of Hindoos; colonise the islands of the Pacific; and build up a new empire in Australia. The Slavonic races, which in the middle ages were absorbed, denationalised, and repelled by the Germans, Hungarians, and Turks, are now expanding on an equally grand scale with the Anglo-Saxons: they are undermining the Turkish and Persian empires; they are silently filling the southern and more genial portion of Siberia; and they overawe by force of arms the Circassian and Turkoman tribes on the Caspian, the Aral, and Baikal. The Kuban, the Oxus, the Jaxartes, and the Amoor, but lately independent in their course, have become Russian. The distance which intervenes between the Anglo-Saxon settlements and the great Slavic Empire, narrows day by day; and the fateful conflict of the two races—far more important than the present one in the Crimea, which is only its forerunner—can scarcely be deferred longer than till the end of this century. But the Anglo-Saxons expand only as a race, not as an empire. They like self-government and provincial independence, and therefore have already split into two great nations, and may soon originate many more empires. At least, there is scarcely an Englishman to be found who would believe that the English colonies must continue indivisible portions of the British Empire; that Canada, the Cape, and Australia, must remain in eternal connection with the offices in Downing Street. As to the Americans, although they strive with spasmodic efforts to maintain the loose Union of their States, they still feel that the time may soon come when the coast of the Pacific and the plateau of the Rocky Mountains and Cordilleras—that is to say, the whole continent not drained and connected by the Mississippi and its tributaries—will form a federation of their own.

The Slavonic races, on the contrary, have a greater tendency to cohesion, and may soon be absorbed by the most powerful of their kin—the Muscovite. Yet even now, when several of the smaller Slavonic nationalities have become extinct, the race is still divided into five branches, all different from one another—the Bohemian, the Pole, the Muscovite, the Cossack, and the Servian. The Bohemians and Poles are a fair and handsome race, higher in civilisation than their kin in the north-east and in the south; but their star is waning. The Bohemians, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a leading nation among the continentals, with a flourishing literature and developed industry, were, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, crushed by the Germans, and especially the Austrian princes, during the deadly conflict in which they were involved, because they upheld the pure tenets of the church, reformed first by Huss, and then by Luther. The Poles maintained their power for one century longer; but from the day that King John Sobieski subordinated the Polish interests to his religious enthusiasm, and saved Vienna from the Turks, the neighbouring German and Muscovite emperors and kings encroached upon the territory of Poland until it fell, though not ingloriously, by the treachery of Frederic the Great of Prussia, of Maria-Theresa, the well-beloved of Austria, and of Catharine, the philosopher of Russia. The Muscovites are likewise fair-haired, but their up-turned nose is an evidence of their partially Mongol blood. The aquiline and straight noses of the Fins, Germans, and Greeks, have a peculiar charm in Muscovite society, and explain to some degree the universal success of foreign adventurers in St Petersburg. In fact, the two great political parties at the Russian court, headed by Count Nesselrode and Prince Menschikoff—one wishing to extend the empire by diplomacy and cunning, the other by war and threats—are but the parties of the straight and long, of short and upturned noses.

However, though the short nose cocks itself up against the long nose, the Muscovite is not at all exclusive. Whoever speaks the Slavonic dialect, is a brother to him, if he has no objection to adhere to the great Russian Empire, to forget his provincial existence, and promote the extension of the Muscovite or Panslavic power. As long as the Emperor Alexander believed that the Poles might be induced to give up their old traditions and national policy, he bestowed every favour on them, and was proud of their talents. Prince Czartoryski became minister; and the czar, in one of his proclamations, mentioned with exultation the approaching union of the Slavonians, with the *white double-headed eagle* as their symbol—a combination of the Russian and Polish arms. But the Poles did not wish to join the German straight noses, and to share in the rule of the Russian short noses; they never concealed their desire to become again a member of the western family of nations; they strove for liberty, not for the empire, and therefore they were doomed to oppression and political slavery. They had to submit to the same fate as the Bohemians, their next of kin; the languages of these two being as closely related to one another as the Provençal is to the French. The Bohemian can understand the Pole, the only difference between them being, that the Polish is a soft language with short accents, while the

Bohemian delights in an accumulation of harsh and sibilant consonants, suppressing the vowels as far as possible. The Germans often taunt the Bohemians on account of their hard words, and like to relate the anecdote of Pope Leon XII., who was wont to visit the spas of Carlsbad on account of his health, and as a scholar began to study the geography of Bohemia, until, on the map, he reached the station called Strzdokluk. Trying to pronounce this name, his Italian tongue was dislocated, and his holiness was choked.

The Russians do not understand the Poles: the difference between the two languages is about the same as between the Dutch and German. But they easily understand the Servian, and all the Southern Slavonians, from whom they are divided by the intervening nations of the Wallachs and Hungarians, who always were the material obstacle to the union of the Northern and Southern Slavonic races, and, therefore, could not but be the natural enemies of the czar.

The Slavonians of the south differ much from those of the north. The former are one of the handsomest populations of Europe. Tall and well built, with aquiline noses, jet-black hair, and energetic eyes, they would long ago have become the masters of South-eastern Europe were they not lazy, and addicted to drunkenness and to plunder. It is principally among the Serbs, the Montenegrins, and the Albanians, that these characteristics are fully developed; the Croats and Bosniaks are less handsome, and more industrious; and they do not rob, although they have an insurmountable propensity for stealing. The Slavonic inhabitants of the coast, the Bouchese of Cattaro, the Morlaks of Dalmatia, are the most hardy and trustworthy sailors of the Mediterranean. When under the sway of Venice, the inhabitants of the village and district of Peristo had the privilege of serving always in the admiral's ship, and protecting his flag; until after their losses in the murderous battle of Lepanto, in order to protect them from being utterly destroyed by their own gallantry, the senate deprived them of a right which they had regarded as the highest honour.

The educated classes among the Croats, who up to the year 1825 were always united in interest with the Hungarians, began with the accession of the Czar Nicholas to the throne to dream of a great Southern Slavonic empire, comprising Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Albania, and Macedonia, ruling over the Wallachs and Moldavians, and especially over the Osmanlis. The Croat aristocracy—probably the poorest in Europe—believed that the lion's share might be theirs in this novel empire, amidst the illiterate bulk of the other South Slavonic races.

The scheme was supported by young Croat enthusiasts, by some Servian priests, and by the emperor of Russia. The first Croatian press was a present of the czar to Louis Gay, the leader of the movement. The court of Vienna and the Hungarians opposed it; but soon after, about 1840, the Austrian policy suddenly changed; and the Croats and Servians were upheld and courted as a check against the liberal turn of the public mind in Hungary, which at that time began to make great strides in literature, industry, and commerce, and was aware of the national importance and weight. Still, in spite of court patronage and national energy, the hope of union soon decreased in Croatia, there being a stubborn fact in their way which defeated all the attempts of Louis Gay and his friends. The Croats, Dalmatians, and Bosniaks, are bigoted Roman Catholics; the Servians, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians, belong to the Greek Oriental Church, and call themselves orthodox. But perhaps even this difficulty might have been overcome in the course of time, had there existed facilities for fair discussion; but there were none, although the contending parties speak dialects so nearly akin that they can understand one another. But the Croats and Dalmatians make use of the round Latin alphabet, while the Servians and Bulgarians adhere to their printed Cyrillic (Russian) letters. The Servian cannot read the Croat publications, nor can the Croat peruse the papers printed in Servia. There was no possibility of coming to an understanding in this respect, each nation holding by its ancestral alphabet with a tenacity which baffled the enthusiasm of young Croatia and the diplomacy of the Russian agents. Even in 1848–49, when Croats and Servians made war against Hungary, they never could be induced to co-operate with one another; they fought for the same object, but separately; and it became evident, that the opposition of the round Latin alphabet to the printed Russian letters defeated the scheme of a South Slavonic empire.

THE POETRY OF R. MONCKTON MILNES.

There are readers of poetry to whose taste it is indispensable that the poet should be all passion, and should avoid reflection with scrupulous aversion. They are for a *maximum* of the sensational, the eventful, the exciting; but if the reflective is to be introduced at all, they pray for a *minimum* of *that*. You may drench them, if you please, with stimulants of treble X power; but sedatives you must administer only in a globular dose, in driblets of homœopathic quantity, and most diluted quality. Byron's *Corsair* scenes they can delight in; Scott's battle melées and weird metrical tales they can get by heart; but Wordsworth's philosophic meditations, or Henry Taylor's pensive moods, they cannot away with. To such readers, the poetry of Mr Monckton Milnes is, in effect, no poetry at all.

It is not our cue to revive the much-vexed question of strife between the sensational and the meditative, between the passionate and the reflective schools of song. We will go along with the petitioners for action and passion, in their admiration of the poets they chiefly affect; yet will we claim a right to apply the consecrated title of poet to such a man as Wordsworth, and of poetry to such verses as those of Richard Monckton Milnes. This premised, we readily allow that the latter gentleman would come nearer to our ideal of poetical genius, and would be not only more widely honoured in his vocation but more loyal to its behests, were his reflective tendencies less 'pronounced,' and his records of the emotional and the impulsive more frequent and emphatic. His narrative, it has been objected—and the objection is valid—is wanting in rapidity and action; there is a monotony and sluggishness about it; the train by which we travel on his line is never an express-train; the stations at which he pauses so many, as to make impatient souls denounce the whole thing as stationary. The late D. M. Moir expressed, probably, the judgment of the many when, in ascribing to this poet very considerable elegance and taste, 'a philosophic sentiment and a graceful tenderness,' he remarked the deficiency in individuality and power, and defined his characteristic to consist in the pervading element of repose. 'His sunset has no clouds, and his morning no breeze. From his lack of constructiveness and dramatic passion, he appears to most advantage in his serious, his sentimental, and descriptive sketches, many of which are fine and striking, although he often mars the general effect by unnecessary analysis.' Mr Milnes has propounded his views of the poet's vocation, in a passage which contends that to interest or benefit us, poetry must be reflective, sentimental, subjective; must accord with the conscious, analytical spirit of present men; must be deeper than description, more lasting than passion, more earnest than pleasure; and must help the mind of man out of the struggles and entanglements of life. Bon Gaultier has seized upon this passage in one of his shrewd and vivacious criticisms, and while assenting to the power and privilege thus ascribed to poetry, of helping the mind of man out of life's labyrinthine trials, has reminded the poet that it does so, 'precisely because it is vivid in description, profound in passion, and productive of earnest enjoyment'—which qualities when it wants, it is naught. For it is not, argues the critic, by putting sage aphorisms, or the 'solemn facts of truth,' into smooth couplets, that any writer will help the mind of man out of these entanglements and struggles. 'We have too much reflection, and too many facts, thrust upon us every day of our lives. What we want is imagination and impulse.' With this will cordially agree all those who believe, with the critic, that Milnes's principle in poetry is a bad one—that his grand mistake is the making reflection predominate over passion; that we do not, in fine, go to poetry either for our facts or our metaphysics, but to hear the voice of the 'heart speaking out in the language of universal truth,' and 'interfusing the inanimate objects of nature with its own stirring life-blood.' Give us more of the objective, urge the readers of this subjective school of song; be less self-conscious, and throw yourself more simply and heartily into the matter of your verse, not as a philosopher, but as a minstrel—not as an anatomist with his dissecting tools, but as a poet, generous, and fervid, and single-eyed: analysis is excellent in its way, but poetry is out of its way, and shrivels up beneath its coldly glittering eye. Beauty and passion, as the same Bon Gaultier has said, are like love in the beautiful fable of Apuleius: they die under the scrutiny of prying eyes.

There are a few of Mr Milnes's earliest verses, belonging to the collection entitled *Poems of Many Years*, which have secured no inconsiderable degree or narrow range of public favour. Foremost among these may be named 'The Men of Old'—wherein it is finely told how to the simple and strong spirits of olden time, 'great thoughts, great feelings came,' 'like instincts, unawares,' and life was a battle whose scheme and scope they little cared to know, content to fight the good fight, and cope, each as best he could, with his confronting foeman:—

Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

And what if nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

It is this very spirit of the simple and the unconscious—it is this very absence of the self-occupied and the minutely reflective, thus hailed and honoured in the men of yore, those

Sound healthy children of the God of heaven,

which is considered the great desideratum in our poet himself. To the same group belong the pleasing stanzas called 'The Long-Ago,' a retrospective reverie, tender and true; 'The Flight of Youth,' a monody, pathetic, as befits the theme, but no mere languishing utterance of sickly regrets; 'The Lay of the Humble,' melodiously warbled by one who can find more than consolation for the oppressor's scorn and proud man's contumely in the sympathies of nature, and who is so happily prompt to count up the privileges rather than to brood over the penalties of his lowly lot:

'Tis true, I am hard buffeted,
Though few can be my foes,
Harsh words fall heavy on my head,
And unresisted blows;
But then I think, 'had I been born—
Hot spirit—sturdy frame—
And passion prompt to follow scorn—
I might have done the same.'

To me men are for what they are,
They wear no masks with me;
I never sickened at the jar
Of ill-tuned flattery;
I never mourned affections lent
In folly or in blindness;
The kindness that on me is spent,
Is pure, unasking, kindness.

* * * *

I almost fancy that the more
I am cast out from men,
Nature has made me of her store
A worthier denizen;
As if it pleased her to caress
A plant grown up so wild—
As if the being parentless
Made me the more *her* child—

For the singer can exultingly record his loving sense of music in the rustling of the grass-blades, and enjoyment of the breeze in fellowship with flowers, and 'light shrubs, and poplars tall,' and his glad remembrance of his first vision of the great blue sea—

It was no stranger-face that burst
Its terror upon me;
My heart began, from the first glance,
His solemn pulse to follow,
I danced with every billow's dance,
And shouted to their hollo.

A fine sympathy with the beatings of the heart in men of low estate, and an eager recognition of the lofty and the noble in souls engirt by hard circumstances and hampering conditions, is an ever-prominent feature in the poetry of Milnes. A tone of generous humanity, which reckons nothing human as alien from itself, and which is always bent on descrying the latent potentiality through the conventional overgrowth, runs through all his verses. Moral earnestness, a contempt of *dilettante* existence, a reverent conviction —strong, and practical, and energising—of the seriousness of life, its grave responsibilities, and its grand but fleeting possibilities, pervade and ennoble his song. His openness of eye and of heart to the sufferings or the wrongs of 'those who have none to help them,' is genuine, and constantly finds expression, incidental or direct. Take the following lines as an example of this reflective moral strain, so characteristic of his Muse:—

When Fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the eye,
'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yestern eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood, and short my way,
But sad experience in one moment earned,
Can crush the heapt enjoyments of the day.

Passing the corner of a populous street,
I markt a girl whose wont it was to stand,
With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March weather
She plied with accents miserably mild;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those blooming blossoms and that fading child!

Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth
On life's wild waste to struggle as it can!

To *me* that odorous purple ministers
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
While meanest images alone are hers,
The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think, after all this lapse of hungry hours,
In the disfurnisht chamber of dim cold,
How she must loathe the very smiling flowers
That on the squalid table lie unsold!

Rest on your woodland banks, and wither there,
Sweet preluders of spring! far better so,
Than live misused to fill the grasp of Care,
And serve the piteous purposes of Wo.

Ye are no longer nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much and harbingers of more,
But a most bitter irony to lift
The veil that hides our vilest mortal sore.

The kindly nature of the man is patent to all his readers, and very winning to those who read him lovingly. 'It is impossible,' said his friend John Sterling, 'for those who know him well not to like him.' 'Our excellent Richard,' adds Sterling's last biographer [Carlyle], 'whom all men know, and truly whom none can know well without even doing as Sterling says.' We might multiply specimens of that philanthropic earnestness and compassionate sympathy to which we have referred; but space is not the most pliable of conditions. Add, however, the following glowing lines from the *Poems of Many Years*:—

A sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have no power of giving:
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless:
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they are all.

A stanza worthy of him whose philosophy it is, that 'a man's best things are nearest him, lie close about his feet;' and who has few rivals in the art of illustrating the delicate traits of man's heart of hearts—its shy retreats, its inner recesses, the hiding-places of its hopes, and yearnings, and aspirations.

There is the contagious warmth of Barry Cornwall's most cordial manner in the next little excerpt, in which metre and meaning, rhyme and reason, pull so well together, in right cheery concord:

My own friend, my old friend!
Time 's a soldier bold, friend!
Of his lofty prowess
Many a tale is told, friend!
Nations are his puppets,
To be bought and sold, friend!
He can mock the conqueror,
Raze his strongest hold, friend!
Fool the stern philosopher,
Win the miser's gold, friend!
But though early nature
Has so frail a mould, friend!
What the tyrant cannot do,
Is to make *us* cold, friend!

In this vein, the poet is rather more engaging than when giving way to that analytical tendency which sometimes comes over him, and overcomes him—or that license of prosaic platitude in which he ever and anon indulges himself more than need be. A malicious critic, who seems to think that Mr Milnes, in offering the public his *Palm Leaves*, was only palming sloe-leaves upon them, 'cold as a coquette, and matter-of-fact as an apple-dumpling,' has said: 'I'll rhyme you so by the ell'—more plausibly, as well as more modestly, than Mr Wakley, who, in quoting Wordsworth's 'Louisa' to Her Majesty's Commons, declared his readiness to do *that* sort of thing 'by the mile;' and in testimony of his faculty in the ell-measure, the aforesaid scoffer has indited what he considers a rather close imitation of Milnes, when Milnes is most literally prosaic, as thus:

Sam Rogers kept a shop in Regent Street,
And dealt extensively in sugar-candy,
Where of a forenoon people came to eat
Mince-pies, and wash them down with cherry-brandy.

But it is too bad to judge, as some sweeping censors do, of the poetical powers of Monckton Milnes by his occasional addiction to prosing. If some of these *Palm Leaves* are faded, scentless, withered things, there are others fresh with the dew of the East, which is the dew of the morning. We may take exception to the pictures he gives of woman's life in its Eastern phases; but what pleasant touches there are in some of them—what warm, yet chastened colouring! Take a fragment from his sketch of the Harem, or Hareem, as he is careful to spell it:

Behind the veil, where depth is traced
By many a complicated line—
Behind the lattice closely laced
With filigree of choice design—
Behind the lofty garden-wall,
Where stranger face can ne'er surprise—
That inner world her all-in-all,
The Eastern woman lives and dies.

Husband and children round her draw
The narrow circle where she rests;
His will the single perfect law,
That scarce with choice her mind molests;
Their birth and tutelage the ground
And meaning of her life on earth—
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman's worth.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
And birds make music to their loves—
She lives a kind of fairy life,
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outer strife
That wears the palpitating hours.

Who, after pondering these lines, and others—not so rare, after all—like these, shall persist in saying, that Milnes is incorrigibly and exclusively matter-of-fact, and lacks the one thing needful to poetry—poetical feeling? We should like to see the plodding prosaist who could 'rhyme by the ell,' or by any other measure, such picturesque verses as those just cited, equally graphic, suggestive, and calmly beautiful—or others similarly descriptive of the better, perhaps ideal phase, of Oriental womanhood—

—— An idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high-priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine.
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honour has her own,
And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.

These *Palm Leaves* we evidently owe, in some measure, to the example set by Goethe, in his *West-Oestlicher Divan*, of composing poems in as much of the Eastern spirit as may be caught by a poet, inured to the modes of thought, and proud of the essential distinctions of the West. The thoughts of men tend westward, these verses remind us, but the orbs of heaven roll eastward, and, therefore,

Let the poet, nature-driven, wander eastward now and then;

and *there*

—— The calm of life comparing with his Europe's busy fate,
Let him gladly homeward faring, learn to labour and to wait.

It were perhaps a sin of omission, did we omit from even this brief notice some example, however scant in its proportions, of that more purely meditative and 'high contemplative' style which characterises a large portion of the poetry of Milnes. To select an illustration at once compatible with the motive of selection, and with the exigencies of limited space, is not easy; but the following significant little series of couplets on *Loss and Gain*, will probably serve our turn in both particulars: its brevity is unexceptionable, and, as an exemplification of its maker's matter and manner, it is almost perfect. With it we conclude—first, however, suggesting that the reader who never reads a thing *twice*, should not read this even once, but skip it altogether: many of this poet's *poemetti* require a second perusal, this one will repay it.

Myriad roses, unregretted, perish in their vernal bloom,
That the essence of their sweetness *once* your beauty may perfume.

Myriad veins of richest life-blood empty forth their priceless worth,
To exalt *one* will imperial over spacious realms of earth.

Myriad hearts are pained and broken, that *one* poet may be taught
To discern the shapes of passion, and describe them as he ought.

Myriad minds of heavenly temper pass as passes moon or star,
That one philosophic spirit may ascend the solar car.

Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies,
And the meanest life is sacred whence the highest may arise!

Remember, gentle reader, the prescribed *da capo.*

THE RIVAL MINISTERS.

In one of the Mohammedan kingdoms of India, there was a sultan who had two ministers, one of whom he called his Vizier, and the other his Keeper of the Great Seal. Between these two statesmen there existed a feud, which originated in they knew not what, and was probably traceable to the natural dissimilarity of their characters. But their antipathy was not the less real, that it admitted of no satisfactory explanation. The principal aim of their whole lives appeared to be, not so much to serve their master, or even to advance their own interests, as to effect by any means, fair or foul, each other's ruin. To accomplish this, they laboured incessantly, though compelled, by the duties of their situations, to adopt, when in the presence, or even generally in the sight of the world, a friendly or at least a courteous manner.

It happened that the keeper of the seal possessed, on the banks of the river, a mansion of great magnificence, surrounded with gardens, in which were found ponds, fountains, and picturesque kiosks. Here the minister and his family, which was extremely numerous, enjoyed themselves in the cool of the evening, especially during that season of the year in which the nightingale delights to pour its thrilling music upon the breeze. They would then order fruits and sweetmeats and delicious sherbets to be brought forth, and prolong their simple pleasures sometimes till late in the night. When the ladies were absent, their place was supplied by a young Persian secretary, whose studies were serious beyond his age; since he united to an extensive knowledge of business some familiarities with the doctrines of the philosophers, the works of great poets, and the sayings of wise men. From his conversation, the keeper of the seal himself consented to derive not only amusement but instruction. This he was frank enough to acknowledge, so that by degrees the Persian secretary became necessary to him, and from a dependent was converted into an intimate associate and friend.

There was an extraordinary anomaly in the duties of the seal-keeper. He was to the sultan what we should call a chancellor of the Exchequer, since he managed the finances, regulated receipts and expenditure, and whatever else appertained to that department. Besides this, it belonged to him to watch over the progress of trade and industry; so as at all times to be able to foresee what was likely to be the state of the Treasury at any given time. As the prince was a man of sense and judgment, he set a proper value upon this minister, whose name was Abou Meidau.

Ibn Tarak, the vizier, was understood to exercise a superintendence over all his colleagues, and to be most thoroughly in the confidence of the monarch. Yet, as evil fortune would have it, he was crafty and malicious; full of envy towards all men, but more especially towards Abou Meidau, whom he would gladly have destroyed utterly, or, failing in this, would have reduced to the condition of a pike-bearer, or a slave, or a water-carrier in the streets. The house in which he dwelt stood at no great distance from that of his rival. As might have been expected, it was very spacious; but instead of standing in the midst of pleasant grounds, it looked on all sides into gloomy courts, where slaves were perpetually at work, ministering to the wants, real or imaginary, of their terrible master. The lofty walls re-echoed frequently the sound of the lash, or the cries of some poor wretch under punishment. Otherwise, there was very little noise. The domestics walked to and fro in silence, apprehensive lest by some unguarded word they might incur the displeasure of Ibn Tarak, who appeared to have ears everywhere, to overhear whatever was calculated to excite his anger.

It will readily be supposed that Abou Meidau, thoroughly acquainted with the character of his enemy, did not sleep on a bed of roses. Every morning, when he repaired to the dewan, he mentally girded up his loins, to combat with the fate which constantly menaced him. The sultan, though able and experienced, was still susceptible of being biased by false representations; and it was not unknown to Abou Meidau, that his rival's eloquence was fully equal to his wickedness, and that there was, consequently, no scheme too atrocious for him to form, or too monstrous for him to render probable. Again and again he had escaped narrowly from the snares laid for him by this redoubtable man. He had owed his safety, however, less to his own unimpeachable honesty, than to the prince's quickness in recognising it; but who could answer for the perpetual rectitude of the monarch's judgment, for his equability of temper, or even for his inclination to be just and equitable? Might not Ibn Tarak take advantage of some moment of ill-humour, to direct against him the bolts of the royal displeasure, when it would perhaps be impossible for him to obtain time to make clear his innocence, so that his ruin might be consummated irrevocably?

In Ibn Tarak's service there was a man who performed the various offices of secretary, spy, and assassin, and seemed to derive all the happiness of his life from acts of villainy. He was, to all appearance, of no particular age; yet the flashing of his eyes, and the vigour of his frame, proved him to be still young. He flitted about the palace like a shadow; he pryed into every man's affairs. Some persons he ruined; others, he exposed to torture and death; and occasionally, it was believed, acted as their executioner. His presence excited terror wherever he went, because generally observed to be the forerunner of loss or misfortune.

This individual was one morning beheld by Hussein, the Persian secretary, passing rapidly along the wall of Abou Meidau's garden, to which he had evidently effected a clandestine entrance. Notwithstanding his disastrous character, the young man gave him chase, but to no purpose; for he effected his escape among the groves and thickets, without affording any clue to the means or manner of his exit. When this fact was communicated to Abou Meidau, he went instinctively to the casket containing the sultan's great seal, trembling violently all the while, as the loss of it, he knew, would cost him his life—this having been the penalty, from time immemorial, attached to such criminal negligence. Great, therefore, was his joy on unlocking the casket, to find the fearful bawble there. He now took fresh precautions; locked the casket in a strong cabinet, which was again secured by two keys, which he wore night and day at his girdle, together with that of the room in which it stood. Still, knowing the boldness and ingenuity of the vizier and his agent, he was very far from feeling secure, so that his days became imbittered; and he would gladly, if he could, have effected his escape from the country, that he might live in peace even in the most humble situation that might be allotted him in some foreign land.

While in this state of mind, a letter was delivered to him by one of his slaves, who could give no account of the messenger that had brought it. But its contents proved a fresh cause of perturbation. The writer, in a most friendly tone, warned him to beware of his secretary Hussein, who, he said, had been seen in secret consultation at night with the infamous agent of Ibn Tarak. Their place of meeting was named, and some of the very words that had passed between them were repeated. The keeper of the seal, though full of wisdom and discrimination, felt a little staggered by this statement, though not corroborated by the signature of any name. He said to himself, however: 'The young man has hitherto served me faithfully, and God is great. I will lay aside this letter, and trust myself in the hands of destiny. Verily, it is better to suffer death, than to live always in fear, and put no faith in any of the creatures of God.'

He therefore determined to conceal this matter from Hussein, and to live with him, as before, on terms of the most intimate friendship and confidence. Nevertheless, doubts from time to time projected themselves into his mind respecting the prudence of this course. He fancied, too—though it might be no more than fancy—that his secretary was more frequently than usual moody and abstracted; that he had acquired a taste for meditation and lonely walks; that he loved to remain in the garden late at night, though always found within call when wanted.

One evening, while sitting with Hussein in a bower, discussing confidentially state matters of the deepest importance, he appeared to have forgotten the lapse of time, until the moonbeams, streaming in upon them, shewed clearly that it was night. Looking up suddenly, Abou Meidau observed the figure of a man gliding past, and was upon the point of uttering an exclamation, when Hussein, with apparent unconcern, requested his master's permission to walk forth into the garden for a brief space, saying that he would presently return. Suspicion now darted through Abou Meidau's mind like an arrow; he bade the young man go, but determined to follow and watch him. In the opening of a distant alley, he once more caught a glimpse of the figure he had seen before, and his heart sickened within him as he beheld Hussein, who believed himself to be unnoticed, hastening rapidly in that direction.

'Verily,' exclaimed the keeper of the seal, 'there is no strength or power but in God! We are all weak and frail; and it is time for me to be on my guard, even against him whom I had begun to love as a son.'

Hussein was absent much longer than seemed necessary; and when he did return, he appeared to be in a state of great excitement. His manner was hurried, his thoughts distracted and confused, and his language so broken and abrupt, that his master became truly alarmed; yet he determined to preserve silence, since if treachery were designed, he knew not how to guard himself against it. Many and many had been the friends he had chosen for himself; but they had all disappointed him—some through weakness, some through idleness, some through vice. Hussein only had hitherto afforded him full satisfaction; and his intention was to admit him into his family, by bestowing on him the hand of his eldest daughter, and thus converting friendship into the closest relationship. To be betrayed by such a one, would indeed be a bitter calamity. But why should he anticipate any such misfortune? The circumstances which had given birth to his fears, were perfectly explicable upon other grounds; and by the exercise of an ingenuity common to persons in extraordinary difficulties, he became once more partially persuaded of his secretary's innocence; yet he could not altogether emerge from the cloud of doubts and forebodings which had for some time been gathering around him. In his turn, therefore, he became taciturn, disturbed in his demeanour, almost peevish. With minds equally unhinged and distempered, they both returned to the house.

When the minister of finance retired to his harem, his looks were so discomposed and gloomy, that his wife and daughters could not refrain from taking notice of them. They inquired, therefore, into the cause of his sorrow, and attempted by kindness to soothe and console him; but he said: 'I am sick at heart. The wickedness of Ibn Tarak, and '—he was about to say the treachery of Hussein, but he checked the word on his lips, and finished the sentence differently—'and the net-work of perfidy he has woven about me, disturb the serenity of my soul. Verily, I am weary of all things—the sun and the moon, and whatever else exists in the universe, except you, O my wife and children!'

'Nay, father,' exclaimed Perizade, his eldest daughter, 'but you surely except Hussein also?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Abou Meidau; 'you say right, my child, for surely he is honest—surely, surely. It cannot be that he has been corrupted by the gold or promises of Ibn Tarak.'

As he pronounced these words, a fearful thought stung him like a serpent; and springing from the divan with most unbecoming haste and eagerness, he snatched up a lamp, and leaving his family in the greatest consternation, rushed out of the apartment. Withheld by the manners of their country, the ladies dared not follow him, but remained where they were, lost in terror and amazement. Abou Meidau himself, as he moved hurriedly along galleries and corridors, might be said to be in a state of agony. The axe of the executioner appeared to be descending on his neck. He had come to the full conviction, that the great seal had been stolen; that the days of his life were fast drawing to a close; that before another revolution of the sun should be completed, his children would be fatherless, and his wife a widow. He felt at that moment the full horror of despotism. The lamp trembled in his hand; his heart beat violently; his temples burned; and before he had reached the fatal chamber, he was as one in a raging fever. But when he had arrived at the door, he found it locked, precisely as he had left it, which a little calmed his perturbation. He entered, therefore, and turning round, fastened himself in, as if he dreaded the instant employment of violence, and hastening to the cabinet, opened it with faltering hands. There lay the casket; but for a moment his courage failed him, so that he could not insert the key. At length, however, more dead than alive, he succeeded in unlocking it; and, behold, the seal was gone!

It would be impossible to describe the sensations, the fears, the anguish, that the unhappy statesman now experienced. None but those who have served an Oriental despot, can by the utmost force of imagination place himself in his dreadful situation. The powers of his mind appeared to be annihilated; and in a state of absolute stupor, he sank upon the floor. But by degrees his self-command in some degree returned, and he arose and paced to and fro through the apartment, revolving various plans of escape. Some time he resolved to disguise himself, and while the darkness yet permitted, to effect his exit from the city, and fly to the mountains. Then came the recollection that he could not take along with him his wife and children; and though he knew there was nothing to fear for them, the idea of parting was more than he could endure. Then he thought of proceeding early in the morning to the dewan, and throwing himself at the sultan's feet, to relate what had happened, and sue for mercy; but he remembered that the hateful Ibn Tarak would be there, to pervert the royal mind, and intercept his clemency. In fact, he could not doubt that the ferocious vizier would bring against him the darkest and most fearful accusations, to which the prince in his anger would probably give credit, so that the fatal blow would be struck before the salutary influence of reflection could come to his aid. What now, therefore, could he do? It is seldom that a courtier has many friends; and Abou Meidau, who deserved to enjoy this blessing, had not yet found even the semblance of it, save in the Persian Hussein, upon whom late events had compelled him to cast the glances of distrust.

Everybody must have made the discovery, that in states of great mental anxiety, nature, with all her majesty and beauty, produces but very slight effect upon the feelings. The storm then raging within, prevents all communication between the inner and the outer world. A vast creation of evil appears to develop itself before the soul, which, excited into preternatural activity, puts forth all its strength in the conflict with invisible, and too often irresistible powers. By degrees, however, the very violence of the struggle, by leading to exhaustion, produces a calm. The soft sweet breeze blowing in at the open window, the streaming moonlight, the gentle rustling of the leaves, and above all, the song of the nightingale —always loudest at the dark hush of midnight—awakened Abou Meidau to something like consciousness. He began to reflect like a man upon the situation of his affairs. It was obviously not a time for procrastination, or delay, or indecision, but for the most resolute action. In a few hours, those mighty hosts of stars would vanish before the rising sun, and it would be his duty to repair to the dewan, where, the moment he entered, he might be required to produce the great seal, and by acknowledging the loss of it, encounter death. Was there no one whom he could consult in this torturing exigency? He ran over the names of all his acquaintances, and friends, and neighbours, but felt no inclination to lay his case before any one of them. Unaccustomed to be placed in great dangers, they would almost necessarily be ignorant of the course proper to be pursued by a man in a position so perilous as his. Besides, could he place full reliance upon their secrecy? Might they not fly to his great enemy, and, through the hope of reward or promotion, be tempted to betray him.

At length his thoughts, after much wandering, collected themselves, as it were, in one mass, and moved in the direction of his youthful secretary. Wise above his years, he knew him to be; but had he not of late had good reasons to doubt his fidelity? What reasons? He examined them all, one after another; and as he did so, they appeared to vanish, while the love and affection he had long felt for him revived in all their force. His mind was made up. This was his only chance; and he determined, therefore, to proceed at once to Hussein's chamber, and open his heart to him, whether the result of the proceeding should be life or death.

Abou Meidau had to traverse nearly the whole extent of his palace in order to reach the chamber of his secretary, which branched off from the library, and overlooked the eastern wing of the garden. As he passed from chamber to chamber, and beheld the riches he had collected—the magnificent furniture, the costly hangings, the mirrors, the fretted ceilings—he seemed for the first time to appreciate all their beauty. Then he glanced at the door leading into the harem, and an infinitely keener pang shook his frame. But there was now no time to indulge in affection or regret; the last moments of his life might, for aught he knew, be speeding by, and it behoved him to take counsel of his only friend before it should be too late.

He found the door of Hussein's chamber half open, and the young man himself plunged in deep repose on a divan. He shook him gently, and he awoke and sat upright, and inquired of his master what evil thing had befallen, for he saw clearly by the expression of his face that he had been overtaken by some great calamity. Abou Meidau then explained what had happened, upon which Hussein turned pale, and remained for a considerable time silent. At length he said: 'I have laboured diligently to prevent this. I have pursued the agent of Ibn Tarak, whom I have detected several times in your garden, and on this very night almost encountered him as he slipped like a shadow among the trees; had I done so, the poniard I hold in my hand' —and he brandished one before his master—'would have cut short his machinations. But God is great! My plans have been disconcerted, and it only now remains for you, my master, to perform a very terrible thing, that you may establish your innocence with the sultan, and preserve your life, and heap dust upon the head of Ibn Tarak. That man has misunderstood both your character and mine. In yonder cabinet are many letters, written, I cannot doubt, by his orders, describing you to me as Eblis himself in disguise, and affirming that you have been plotting perseveringly against my life. But I comprehended his design, and reposed confidently on your virtue and affection. But we may talk of this hereafter. Now, do this: hasten to your harem, awaken the ladies, and bid them be ready to fly at the first signal; then set fire to your house, snatch the casket in your hand, and rush with it to the house of Ibn Tarak. There knock furiously, and demand instant admittance; then rushing into the evil one's presence, you will implore him before me—for I will accompany you as a witness—to preserve that precious deposit, not for your sake, but for that of the sultan. In the hurry and distraction of the moment, he will accept it, and you will then rush immediately away to superintend the extinguishing of the flames.'

Abou Meidau in a moment understood the drift of his secretary's counsel; and having placed the casket under his kaftan, he gave the necessary instructions to the inmates of the harem, and then set fire to his dwelling in several places. When the flames had begun to rage, the ladies with screams and terror betook themselves to the kiosks in the garden; the awakened slaves rushed forth in search of water and buckets to extinguish the conflagration; and in the midst of the confusion and noise and shouting, Abou Meidau and his secretary burst forth into the front court, exclaiming: 'Let us save the sultan's seal, let what will happen to my dwelling and my property.'

Like persons affected with madness, they ran along the streets, crying aloud: 'Let us save the sultan's great seal!'

The flames now shot up in the air, and alarmed all the inhabitants of the quarter. Ibn Tarak himself, who happened just then to be closeted with his agent devising the course of proceeding for the ensuing day, beheld the blaze of the fire, which reddened the whole sky, and threw a startling glare into the very window of his chamber. While his thoughts were in a state of confusion produced by this unusual sight, a loud knocking was heard at the door, which having been opened by the porter, Abou Meidau and Hussein came rushing into the apartment, exclaiming: 'Preserve the sultan's property, O Ibn Tarak! for my house is in flames, and there is no longer any safety for it there!'

So saying, he threw the casket at Ibn Tarak's feet, and then, with equal precipitation, escaped out of the house, shouting, as he went along, 'that he must now see to the preservation of his wife and children.' Nor was this by any means an unnecessary duty, for the conflagration proved far more vast than either he or Hussein had anticipated. The great quantity of furniture, the curtains, the hangings, and the wooden galleries, supplied so much combustible matter to the flames, that they raged with incredible violence, spread along the outhouses, and even set on fire several of the kiosks. The trembling ladies, therefore, almost wild with terror, fled into the copses and thickets, among which they stood, almost bewildered, to watch the course of the conflagration. The slaves, assisted by the neighbours, who loved Abou Meidau, and were sorry for his misfortune, exerted themselves with the greatest vigour to preserve some portion of his furniture and dwelling; but to no purpose. Before the sun had yet risen, the whole structure, with everything it contained, except the papers connected with his office, which Hussein had saved at the peril of his life, were reduced to ashes.

At the usual hour, Abou Meidau, attended by his secretary, proceeded to the dewan, where he found that the news of his disaster had preceded him. The sultan was already sitting on his throne, and Ibn Tarak, with several other ministers, had entered and taken their places. The keeper of the seal, now in the humblest posture, approached the king, and said: 'May your majesty live for ever! But the face of your servant has been blackened. It has happened, according to the decrees of God, that my dwelling should be consumed by fire; but mindful of the trust which your majesty has so long reposed in me, I have taken care to preserve your royal seal, which, with the golden casket containing it, I have placed in the hands of your trusty vizier, who will doubtless, at your majesty's command, produce it.'

The prince replied: 'We have heard of your calamity, Abou Meidau, but be not cast down. We have ordered you fifty thousand dinars of gold, to rebuild your house, and we appoint you one of our own palaces in which to reside till it shall be completed. But we have various documents to which we must this morning affix our seal, therefore, O Ibn Tarak, send immediately for the casket which our well-beloved keeper has placed in your hands, that we may expedite public business, and give contentment to our subjects, and foreign ambassadors and ministers, and all others who have any concern with us.'

Ibn Tarak answered, that he would trust no inferior messenger to convey to the palace so precious a deposit, but would hasten for it himself. He then mounted his mule, and rode impatiently to his house, where he is supposed to have spent some time in consultation with his secretary. This period appeared an age to Abou Meidau, who knew not what artifice or stratagem his enemy would next put in practice. His heart beat so violently, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could reply to the kind inquiries of his prince respecting his household. His perturbation did not pass unnoticed.

'Be of good cheer, Abou Meidau,' observed the sultan; 'all shall go well with thee. Thy loss is a trifle; but if it were ten times as great, I would exhaust the revenues of my kingdom ere harm should overtake thee or thine.'

'That is,' thought Abou Meidau, 'provided the great seal be safe.'

Presently the vizier returned, bringing in the casket, which he laid at the feet of the prince. The worthy keeper was then ordered to unlock it, which he did with mingled feelings of triumph and alarm. When the spring flew open, there glittered the great seal with its incrustation of jewels, making the hearts of Abou Meidau and Hussein leap for joy!

'*Hamd ul Illah!*'—(Praise be to God!) exclaimed Abou Meidau; 'your majesty's seal is safe; but while restoring it to your royal hands, let me, should it cost me my head, explain the risks it has encountered, and the daring stratagem by which it has been preserved. He then, without the slightest concealment, related the whole history of the enmity of Ibn Tarak—the stealing of the seal—his own perplexity—the counsel of Hussein—and the burning of his house. Ibn Tarak, during this narrative, almost burst with rage and indignation; but the facts were so undeniable, that he stood confounded and aghast.

'Wretch!' exclaimed the prince, rising and drawing his scimitar; 'bow down thy head, that I may at once inflict the punishment thy crimes have merited.'

But Abou Meidau, bending to the earth, exclaimed: 'My lord—my lord—if I have now found favour in your eyes, do not take away the life of this wicked man. Let him rather live to be a witness of your clemency and your justice, your magnanimity and your generosity. Here, in your majesty's presence, I freely forgive him all the evil he has wrought me, and shall henceforward confide, as hitherto, in the protection of the compassionate and the merciful.'

The sultan complied with the wishes of Abou Meidau, whom he at once raised to the rank of vizier, while he made Hussein the keeper of the great seal. Through the intercession of his former rival, Ibn Tarak was allowed to retain his property; but being incurably envious, he could not endure to behold Abou Meidau's exaltation, and soon after quitted the capital under pretence of going on a pilgrimage to Mecca. He took his evil secretary along with him, and it is reported that they both perished by the hands of the Bedouins. As to Abou Meidau, he lived in prosperity and honour; gave his daughter, as he had purposed, in marriage to Hussein; and served the sultan faithfully to the latest days of his life. These facts—for facts they are—are related at large in the Chronicles of the Dekkan, which, besides, add more particulars which we omit, being noway necessary to the illustration of the principal subject; but we may be allowed to state, that Hussein, after his marriage, produced many exquisite poems in the Persian language, some of which have been attributed to Hafiz. It would greatly, however, contribute to his fame in the West, if those poems, which have been collected and published in Calcutta, were translated into English. The delicacy of his thoughts, and the splendour of his invention, would then be found equal to the excellency of his moral character; and more than this it would be difficult to say.

A FRIDAY-EVENING MEETING AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The Royal Institution of Great Britain is, in the terms of its prospectus, an association of individuals who are attached to science, and desirous to promote its advancement. It comprises public lectures, a laboratory—in which the researches of Professor Davy, and afterwards of Professor Faraday, extending over a period of nearly half a century, have been conducted—a splendid library of nearly 27,000 volumes, a reading-room for study, a newspaper-room, and a museum. There are also weekly meetings of the members held on every Friday evening during the session, each member having the privilege of introducing two friends to them by tickets. The object of these meetings is to bring together men of literature and science, and to afford opportunities of communicating by discourses in the theatre either new views or new applications of known truths, and of demonstrating by experiment, and familiarising by description, new results which have been recently recorded in the scientific memoirs of philosophical societies.

One evening lately, I proceeded to the Institution, which is a handsome building in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, for the purpose of hearing a lecture by Dr Stenhouse, 'Upon the Economical Application of Charcoal to Sanitary Purposes.' On entering the building, you ascend a staircase branching off to the right and left—that to the right, leading to the library; that to the left, to the theatre. I first visited the library, which was full of ladies and gentlemen examining articles of interest displayed upon the tables, and discussing various subjects. Amongst the articles were some beautiful boxwood-carvings, intended for the French Exhibition. From the library, I made my way to the theatre, where a great many people were already seated, and others were rapidly coming in. On the lecturer's table were placed pieces of charcoal, and other things necessary to illustrate the lecture. On the floor, in front of the table, were two earthenware-pans, apparently filled with charcoal. At the single stroke of the theatre-clock announcing the hour of nine, the buzzing of conversation ceased; people settled themselves in their seats; all eyes were bent upon the door through which the lecturer was to enter; and the sound of the bell had scarcely died away, when the Duke of Northumberland, the president of the society, entered, followed by the lecturer, and Mr Barlow the vice-president. On the front-seat were Professors Faraday and Tyndall.

His Grace having taken the chair, the lecturer commenced by stating, that charcoal might be conveniently divided into three kinds—namely, wood, peat, and animal charcoal. He then mentioned the astonishing power possessed by charcoal for absorbing gases, and drew attention to a table suspended on the wall, shewing the volumes of the different gases capable of being absorbed by one volume of charcoal. After adverting to the fact, that in all the experiments previously made, no particular care had been taken as to the description of charcoal used, he said he had made some careful experiments to ascertain the absorbing qualities of each of the three kinds. The results of his experiments were displayed on another suspended table, which shewed that wood stood first as the most powerful absorbent, peat next, and animal charcoal last. He particularly pointed out, that we had heard a great deal of the power of peat-charcoal, whereas it was clear that wood surpassed it; and with reference to this, the lecturer stated he had seen it ostentatiously announced, that thirty tons of peat-charcoal had been sent to the hospital at Scutari; but as wood-charcoal was the common fuel used in Turkey, it was very much like sending coal to Newcastle. Dr Stenhouse's attention had been first drawn to the wonderful properties of charcoal by his friend Mr John Turnbull, of Glasgow, who was a manufacturer of charcoal and manures. That gentleman had procured two boxes, into each of which he first put a layer of charcoal; then a dead dog; and then a sufficient quantity of charcoal to cover over the dog to the depth of two or three inches. The boxes were placed in different parts of his laboratory, which was tolerably warm; no smell was perceived, and no sort of inconvenience experienced, from the presence of the boxes. After some months, they were examined, and the animals found to be completely decomposed. He, Dr Stenhouse, immediately tried the same experiment; and upon examining the animals which had been placed in his laboratory some months afterwards, he found that only the bones, a small portion of the skin, and some of the fat, which was in a state of decomposition, remained. In most books on chemistry, charcoal was described as possessing strong antiseptic qualities; but these experiments shewed that it, on the contrary, assisted decomposition, at the same time that it absorbed all the noxious gases given out during the process, which were immediately acted upon by the oxygen contained in the pores of the charcoal, and rendered harmless. This process was continually going on, the charcoal never becoming saturated, but remaining the same.

These experiments had led to the invention by the lecturer of a charcoal air-filter, which consisted simply of a layer of charcoal between two layers of wire-gauze. This filter could be made of a shape to fit any opening, such as the panel of a door, or a window, and would effectually purify all the air passing through it. The justice-room at the Mansion House received air from a narrow street, in which was a urinal, which rendered the air bad; but one of the charcoal air-filters had been fitted to the opening, and the air had ever since been pure. The lecturer next proceeded to shew us some charcoal-respirators of various forms, which possessed the superior quality of purifying the air breathed, as well as keeping it warm, whereas the old metal-respirators simply warmed the air. The charcoal-respirators were not above a third of the price of the others. Here Dr Stenhouse explained, amidst much applause, that he had no pecuniary interest in any of his inventions, as he had always considered he should be wrong by taking out a patent to raise the price of these articles intended for the prevention of disease. He pointed out the great use the respirators would be to people attending hospitals, and to those exploring sewers filled with foul gases. His friend, Dr John Sutherland, who had gone out to Scutari, was so convinced of the benefits to be derived from the charcoal-respirators, that he had applied to government for a supply of 500; but had received the usual stereotyped reply—'that the duty of supplying respirators did not belong to that department.' Charcoal-powder had been employed most successfully by Dr Fergusson, of King's College Hospital, in the cure of hospital gangrene; and its powers for the prevention of disease in crowded hospitals, ships, and the courts of our large cities, could not be over-estimated. Again adverting to its decomposing powers, he mentioned that it was very destructive to manures, if they were not immediately used; that a company in Dublin proposed to take all the sewage and refuse, in order to convert it into manure by admixture with peat-charcoal; but besides being very costly, the charcoal would assuredly greatly deteriorate the manure. In conclusion, he hoped that the time was not far off when the most delicate and nervous might tend the sick-bed of a person suffering from the most malignant disease, with a certainty of escaping the infection; and when we might walk through the most pestilential portions of the earth with impunity. We were all on the move, when, after a whisper from Dr Faraday, the lecturer informed us, amidst much laughter, that the earthenware-pans contained the bodies of a large cat, rat, &c., which had been there for some time.

THE COUP DE JARNAC.

IN TWO PARTS—CONCLUSION.

The day for the duel was fixed for the 10th of July. The first thing to be done, was for each combatant to choose his seconds, then called godfathers (*parrains*). The king would not permit M. de Vendôme, the first prince of the blood, to appear on the side of Jarnac, and M. de Boisy, the grand-equerry, was selected in his place; he had, in addition as seconds, called *confidens*, four other gentlemen of the court. The principal second of Vivonne was the Comte d'Aumale; and he had likewise four others.

The confidence of Vivonne was excessive. He is described by Carloix, the secretary of the Marshal de Vieilleville, as 'fearing his enemy no more than a lion fears a dog.' Montluc also remarks, that he was guilty of great presumption and boasting, and that before the duel, he utterly neglected both church and mass. 'He cared little,' he says, 'for imploring the assistance of God.' Jarnac, on the other hand, was a diligent frequenter of churches, monasteries, and convents, soliciting prayers, and recommending his soul, and most devoutly hearing mass, particularly on the day of the combat.

A few days before the duel, the king and all the court removed to Saint Germain-en-Laye, where he had ordered that it should take place—himself being present. The Constable de Montmorency—who afterwards presided at the tournament in which Henry was killed by the Comte de Montgommery—issued all the necessary orders, and selected for the place of combat a meadow on the eastern side of the château. The extent of the lists was carefully regulated; galleries were raised parallel to the principal front of the barriers; the two tents of the combatants were placed right and left of the pavilion occupied by the king, at each extremity of the lists; the *tourelles* of the pursuivants-at-arms were at the four corners, and that of the king-at-arms was provided with the customary ladder. It had been found necessary to have present an extraordinary force of police, to prevent the crowd from forcing their way into the reserved enclosure; for an immense multitude had arrived from Paris, attracted alike by curiosity and by the beauty of the weather. The precautions taken were not, however, sufficient; for at the moment when the two champions were entering the lists at sunset on the evening before the duel, a body of disorderly wretches, thieves, and cutpurses, who had come thither to exercise their calling, rushed into the tents where Vivonne had prepared a magnificent supper to feast his friends after the successful issue of the combat—of which he felt perfectly secure—and pillaged right and left, devouring all that was eatable, and stealing everything they could lay their hands on; nor were they got rid of till they were half killed by the halberds and weapons of the archers and provost's guards. This scene was the farce before the tragedy.

Except M. de la Roche sur Yon, no prince of the blood was in attendance on the king upon this occasion; they had all followed M. de Vendôme, who had withdrawn from court, hurt at not being allowed to second Jarnac. It is not known if Catharine de Medicis was present, but the beautiful Diana, the king's sister, his aunt Marguerite de Valois, all the princesses, and the greater part of the ladies of the court, found too great an attraction in the bloody spectacle that was in preparation to absent themselves from it. A crowd of illustrious names amongst the nobles of France were also there, and many warriors renowned for their birth and military exploits, who awaited with emotion the result of a meeting so long expected. Out of all this host of courtiers, amongst whom Jarnac reckoned scarcely a single friend, there was not one who did not believe that Vivonne would gain an easy victory. The presence of the king and the court invested the scene with unusual solemnity; and nothing was neglected by the constable to give every possible effect to the ceremonial, according to the rules prescribed by antique legislation.

Notwithstanding all the expensive and onerous conditions concerning horses and horse-armour, for which Jarnac had stipulated, he decided at the last moment that the duel should be fought on foot: it was, in fact, the mode that was usually adopted in affairs of this nature.

At sunrise, on the 10th of July 1547, Guienne, herald-at-arms, made the following proclamation at each extremity of the lists:—

'This day, tenth of the present month of July, the king, our sovereign lord, has permitted and granted the free and safe field, for mortal combat, to François de Vivonne and the Sieur de Monlieu, defendant and assailant, to put an end by arms to the quarrel of honour which is between them in question; for which cause I make known to all, on the part of the king, that none are allowed to prevent the effect of the present combat, nor to assist in it, nor to annoy either of the combatants, on pain of death.'

The lists were double, the empty space between the first and second barriers being occupied by the soldiers of the constable and the members of the royal guard. At each end of the field was a door of entrance for the combatants, and another door opened beneath the gallery of the constable, to the right of which were placed four of the provost's serjeants and the principal executioner, with a bundle of cords, foreshadowing the disgraceful outrages which the law allowed to be committed on the corpse of the vanquished. Beneath the seat of the judge of the field, was a table covered with cloth of gold, supporting a missal, a crucifix, and a *Te igitur;* while a priest stood silently on one side.

Immediately after the herald had finished his ban or proclamation, Vivonne left his hotel, accompanied by his second and his friends, to the number of more than five hundred, drest in his colours, which were of white and carnation. His shield and sword were carried before him, and in advance of these a banner, bearing the image of St Francis, his patron; the cortège was also preceded by musicians with tambourines and trumpets playing lively airs. The procession made the circuit of the lists—a ceremony which was called honouring the outside of the field; then the shield of Vivonne, painted with his arms, was attached to a pillar on the right of the royal gallery; the bearing was *Ermine*, a chief *gules*. Received at the inner barrier by the constable with the accustomed forms, Vivonne, after he had made the usual declaration, was conducted to the tent on the right hand, to wait there till it was time for him to enter the field.

The same ceremonial attended the arrival of Jarnac. He was accompanied by his second and a hundred and twenty gentlemen, wearing his livery of black and white. Before him was carried a banner, with the image of the Holy Virgin. Jarnac, like Vivonne, was entirely armed, with the exception of his helmet, which was carried by his squires, the bearers also of his sword and target. After the second cortège had in like manner honoured the field, with the same musical accompaniments, the shield of Jarnac was hung upon the left-hand pillar. The arms of Guy Chabot, Seigneur de Jarnac, were *Or*, three chabots (the first called miller's thumb) *gules*, in pile, placed two and one. The left-hand barrier being opened at his request, he entered his tent, to wait there till summoned to the combat. Throughout the whole affair, the formulary of King Philippe le Bel was strictly observed, one of which ran thus: 'When all is arranged, the counsellors shall retire, without further delay, leaving with each combatant his small bottle full of wine, and a loaf of bread wrapped in a napkin.'

The seconds on each side now proceeded to the *accord du champ*, or agreement respecting the field. There was no difficulty on this subject; the procurations were exchanged, and regularly entered in writing before the heralds. It was then agreed, that if the swords should break, others might be procured; and after this M. d'Aumale was requested to proceed to the *concordance des armes*. The *confidens* of each champion then entered their respective tents, and at half-past seven the ceremony of the concordance began—MM. de Villemareuil and d'Urfé, the Barons de la Garde and de Saint-Julien, advanced in good order, with trumpets sounding and drums beating. They carried a *gousset de maillés*—a short pair of breeches, made of steel rings—and stopped before the royal gallery, where the Comte d'Aumale examined and accepted the gousset for 'visited arms,' after having measured it upon another which was to be worn by Vivonne. With the same ceremony, an iron gauntlet for the right hand was brought and examined by the seconds of Vivonne, and accepted like the preceding. On this occasion, M. d'Aumale observed, that he intended to protest against the unusual defensive arms which Jarnac proposed to exact, and of which he had been informed, adding that the loss of time which might arise out of this disagreement was prejudicial to Jarnac himself; to which M. d'Urfé haughtily replied, 'There would still remain six hours of daylight for Jarnac's use after he had gained the victory over his enemy!' It was then ten o'clock in the morning. After the gauntlets, the brassards for the left arm were brought, and M. d'Aumale was requested to choose one for Vivonne. The prince loudly protested against this defence, saying that it was unusual, and declaring that he could not accept it; but the matter being referred to the constable and marshals, it was decided in favour of the brassards, on account of the last paragraph in the list of arms set forth by Jarnac. Vivonne, accordingly, took one of them, and returned the other. Two epaulets for the left arm were in like manner presented: one was chosen, and the other given back by the challenger. Then, on the part of Jarnac, his seconds brought a large steel buckler, with a very sharp and long spike; but M. d'Aumale objected to this, as Vivonne had nothing of the kind. The difficulty was, however, got over, by Jarnac proposing to his adversary the choice of two other bucklers. A gauntlet for the left hand, a jacket of mail, and a morion were successively accepted, and the ceremony of the *concordance des armes* was at an end. A herald then made proclamation of the following ban:—

'Now listen, listen, listen—lords, knights, and squires, and persons of every degree! On the part of the king, I issue an express command, that as soon as the combatants shall have begun to fight, all present shall keep silence, and neither speak, cough, spit, nor make any sign of foot, hand, or eye, that can aid, harm, or prejudice either of the combatants. And further, by the express command of the king, I forbid all persons, of whatsoever quality or degree, to enter the field during the combat, or to afford any kind of assistance to one or the other, on any excuse or necessity whatsoever, without permission of the constable and marshals of France, on pain of death.'

Immediately after this proclamation, Vivonne was conducted, entirely armed, by M. d'Aumale to honour the interior of the field, followed by his confidens and friends, and preceded by a band of music, heralds, and pursuivants-at-arms, the latter carrying blue wands, surmounted by crosses of gold or silver. Jarnac afterwards made the same procession; the offensive weapons for the duel being borne before him, consisting of four swords and four daggers, two large and two small ones. The two cortèges having successively filed before the royal gallery, each of the combatants knelt down on a velvet cushion ornamented with gold; and there, having listened to the address of the assistant priest, they both swore upon the Evangelists, between the hands of the constable, the customary oath avouching the justice of their cause; and declaring that they did not bear about them any words, charms, or incantations, by which they hoped to injure their enemy, but that they relied only on God, on their right, on the strength of their bodies, and the force of arms. Having made this oath, they were led to their respective chairs, which were placed opposite to each other, and the agreement of the offensive weapons was proceeded with. They consisted of two of the swords in ordinary use, and four sharp daggers, two for each combatant; two other swords were given to the constable, to be exchanged for broken ones. Then the swords were placed in the combatants' hands, and the daggers in the places allotted to them; which being done, the seconds all withdrew, with exhortations to each to do his best, and Normandy, herald-at-arms, cried out with a loud voice three times from the middle of the lists: 'Laissez aller les bons combattans!' and then withdrew, while the silence of death fell over the whole assembly.

The two champions advanced resolutely towards each other: Vivonne with his sword raised, and with hasty steps; Jarnac more calmly, his buckler against his breast, and his sword ready to guard his head.

Vivonne struck the first blow; but Jarnac, shifting his guard, received the stroke on his buckler, and, turning, replied by a sweep of his sword, which caught his adversary between the breeches of mail and the upper part of his boot. All present uttered a stifled cry, and looked on with excited attention.

Vivonne mastered the pain he felt, and rushed at Jarnac, with the evident intention of seizing him, 'entering upon him with foot and hand.' A second time Jarnac dealt the back-handed stroke on the left leg, where he had already inflicted so severe a wound. Vivonne's sword dropped from his hand, and he fell on the ground, hamstrung and bathed in blood. This was the secret stroke which Jarnac had learned from his master-at-arms, and which henceforth bore his name, and passed into a proverb.

On seeing Vivonne fall, an indescribable emotion was visible throughout the galleries and amongst the crowd beyond. His friends gave vent to imprecations, while those of Jarnac exulted: it was with difficulty the seconds could preserve order; but silence was at length re-established.

Jarnac gazed upon his enemy without moving or uttering a word. Vivonne lay there entirely at his mercy. At length he spoke.

'Restore my honour,' he cried, 'and ask pardon of God and the king for the offence you have committed.'

Vivonne endeavoured to raise himself, but in vain: he could not stir.

Jarnac, leaving him where he lay, then advanced to the royal gallery, raised his visor, and bending on one knee, addressed the king.

'Sire,' he said, 'I beseech you to let me be so happy as to know that I am a man of worth; I give Vivonne to you; take him, sire, and let my honour be restored to me. It is our youth alone that has been the cause of this; let nothing be imputed to him or his on account of his fault, for, sire, I give him freely to you!'

The king preserved an inflexible silence.

Jarnac struck his mailed breast with his gauntlet, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: '*Domine non sum dignus:* It is not to me, oh God, but to you that this victory is due!'

He then approached Vivonne, and conjured him to yield. The answer was an attempt to rise on one knee, and an effort to use his dagger.

'Stir not, or I slay you!' cried Jarnac.

'Kill me, then!' nobly replied Vivonne; and he fell back exhausted, torrents of blood welling freshly from his wound.

Again Jarnac turned towards the king, and with clasped hands entreated Henry to shew him grace; but, as before, the brutal and dishonoured king was immovable.

Jarnac once more advanced to where Vivonne lay weltering in his blood, and taking the precaution of removing with the point of his sword that of Vivonne, which was lying near him on the ground, as well as one of the daggers that had escaped from its sheath, he said: 'Chasteigneraye, my old companion, recognise thy Creator, and let us be friends!—Sire,' he added, in a voice broken with emotion, 'see, he is dying! For the love of God, take him!'

This mournful scene excited in all present the most painful feelings; every one was moved by the generous conduct of Jarnac, and the frightful situation of Vivonne. The constable and the marshals, in their turn, interceded with Henry. 'If the king does not interfere,' they said, 'Jarnac will be compelled to finish him, and then drag his body forth, to give it into the hands of the hangman.' Still, the wretch who wore the crown of France, for whose vile sake Vivonne had sacrificed his life, betrayed no token of emotion, offered no sign of assent to Jarnac's earnest petition.

Casting his glance upon the ladies of the court, Jarnac's eyes fell upon the fair face of Marguerite of France, the king's sister: pity was stamped on her features, and to her he made a last appeal to soften her obdurate brother. Her voice awoke Henry from the lethargy of cruelty in which he had wrapped himself, and he muttered: 'Jarnac, do you give him to me?'

'Gladly, sire, do I give him. For the love of God, and for your own sake. Am I not a man of honour?'

'You have done your duty, Jarnac,' was the reply; 'and your honour is restored to you. Take away the Seigneur de La Chasteigneraye!'

Vivonne was carried out of the lists senseless, and in the most deplorable condition. When he recovered his consciousness next day, he tore off the bandages from his wound, and died in a few hours, a prey to a nervous excitement which nothing could subdue.

With this bloody scene was enacted the last Judicial Duel in France—the 'late repentance' of Henry II. at the loss of his favourite forbidding their renewal.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A VILLAGE PINCUSHION.—While at Canandaigua, state of New York, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr William Wood, an aged gentleman, noted for his philanthropy, and more particularly for his successful endeavours to establish public libraries in various parts of the States. From what I could learn, this amiable person occupied himself entirely in schemes of social melioration. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, referring to Mr Wood's benevolent exertions, observes, that they extend to objects not usually comprehended in popular notions of well-doing. One of his hobbies is somewhat amusing. 'It seems that when he was a baby—only about eighty years ago!—his mother received a large and beautifully embroidered pincushion, the heads of the pins forming the words: "Welcome, little stranger—W. Wood, 1777." This pincushion is still preserved by Mr Wood; and when any of the married ladies of his acquaintance are near their confinement, he invariably sends the much-honoured relic to the lady, that her baby may sleep upon it for *good-luck;* after which it is returned to the worthy proprietor.'

THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN THE STATES.—Last summer there appeared a communication in a Richmond newspaper, giving an account of a Mr Samuel Hairston, a planter, who is described as the wealthiest man in Virginia, if not in the United States. The account, which we copy, will be read with interest. 'I have thought for some time I would write for your paper something in relation to the richest man in Virginia, and the largest slaveholder in the Union, and perhaps in the world, unless the serfs of Russia be considered slaves; and the wish expressed in your paper, a few days ago, to know who was so wealthy in Virginia, induces me to write this now. Samuel Hairston, of Pittsylvania, is the gentleman. When I was in his section a year or two ago, he was the owner of between 1600 and 1700 slaves, in his own right, having but a little while before taken a census. He also has a prospective right to about 1003 slaves more, which are now owned by his mother-in-law, Mrs R. Hairston, he having married her only child. He now has the management of them, which makes the number of his slaves reach near 3000. They increase at the rate of nearly 100 every year: he has to purchase a large plantation every year to settle them on. A large number of his plantations are in Henry and Patrick counties, Virginia. He has large estates in North Carolina. His landed property in Stokes alone is assessed at 600,000 dollars. His wealth is differently estimated at 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 dollars; and I should think it nearer the latter. You think he has a hard lot; but, I assure you, Mr Hairston manages all his matters as easy as most would an estate of 10,000 dollars. He has overseers who are compelled to give him a written statement of what has been made and spent on each plantation, and his negroes are all clothed and fed from his own domestic manufacture; and raising his own tobacco-crop, which is immensely large, as so much clear gain every year besides his increase in negroes, which is a fortune of itself. And now for his residence. I have travelled over fifteen states of this Union, and have never seen anything comparable to his yard and garden, except some of those in the Mississippi delta, and none of them equal to it. Mrs Hairston has been beautifying it for years: and a good old minister, in preaching near the place, and describing paradise, said "it was as beautiful as Mrs Hairston's;" or, as a friend who visited Washington city for the first time, remarked that "the public grounds were nearly as handsome as Samuel Hairston's." He is a plain, unassuming gentleman, and has never made any noise in the world, though he could vie with the Bruces, the M'Donoughs, and Astors; and it is strange, that while their wealth is co-extensive with the Union, he is not known 100 miles from home. I believe he is now the wealthiest man in the Union, as William B. Astor is only worth about 4,000,000 dollars, and the estates of city people are vastly overrated, while Mr Hairston can shew the property that will bring the cash at any moment. Mr Hairston was raised within a few miles of where he now lives, in Henry county. He has several brothers, who are pretty well to do in the world. One of them, Marshall Hairston, of Henry, owns more than 700 negroes; Robert Hairston, who now lives in Mississippi, near 1000; and Harden Hairston, who has also moved to Mississippi, about 600 slaves. George Hairston, of

Henry, has given almost all of his property to his children, reserving only about 150 slaves for his own use. This, I believe, is a correct statement of the circumstances of the Hairston family.'

The Puzzled Pig.—The *Knickerbocker*, a New York magazine, has the following piece of drollery:—'One of our western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into the cornfield, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail-fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but, of course, without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself at night in a fence-corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerge at the other end within the enclosure. "Eureka!" cried he, "I have you now, old lady." Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again. "Her astonishment," says our informant, "at finding herself in the same field whence she had started, is too ludicrous to be described. She looked this way, and then that; grunted her dissatisfaction; and, finally, returned to the original starting-place, and after a deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field. She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot."'

A Scene from Real Life.—The following is quoted by a New York paper from the *St Louis Republican*:—'We saw last evening an apt illustration of the affection of woman. A poor inebriated wretch had been taken to the calaboose. His conduct in the street, and after he was placed in the cell, was of such a violent character, that it became necessary to handcuff him. The demon, rum, had possession of his soul; and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as to shock the senses of his fellow-prisoners, one of whom, in the same cell, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment. A woman appeared at the grating, and in her hands she had a rude tray, upon which were placed some slices of bread, fresh from the hearth-stone, and other little delicacies for her erring husband. She stood at the bar, gazing intently into the thick gloom where her manacled companion wildly raved. Her voice was low and soft, and as she called his name, its utterance was as plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit. The tears streamed from her eyes, and there, in the dark prison-house, the abode of the most wretched and depraved, the tones of her voice found their way into that wicked man's heart, and he knelt in sorrow and in silence before his young and injured wife, while his heart found relief in tears such only as a man can weep. Though the iron still bound his wrist, he placed his hands, with their heavy insignia of degradation, confidingly and affectionately upon the brow of his fair companion, and exclaimed: "Katy, I will be a better man!" There, upon a rude seat, she had spread the humble meal which she had prepared with her own hands; and after he had finished, she rose to depart, bidding him be calm and resigned for her sake, with the assurance that she would bring a friend to go on his bond, and that she would return and take him home. And she left him—a strong man, with his head drooping upon his breast—a very coward, humiliated before the weak and tender being whose presence and affection had stilled the angry passions of his soul. True to the instincts of her love and promise, she did return with one who went on his bond for his appearance next morning; and with his hand clasped in that of his lovely wife, she led him away a penitent, and, we trust, a better man. There were those who laughed as that pale, meek woman bore off her erring husband; but she heeded them not, and her self-sacrificing heart knew or cared for nothing in its holy and Heaven-born instincts, but to preserve and protect him whom she loved with all the devotion of a wife and a woman.'

Casting a 'Devil' out of Church.—The *New York Tribune* presents the following graphic sketch, which it quotes from a credible authority in Marietta, Ohio:—'A Methodist clergyman, who has been labouring in this vicinity, was, not long since, preaching to his people on the miraculous power of the apostles over the demoniac spirits of their day. As he was pursuing his theme, the audience was suddenly startled by a voice from some one in the congregation, demanding in a half-querulous, half-authoritative tone: "Why don't preachers do such things now-a-days?" In an instant, every eye in the house was turned upon the individual who had the effrontery thus to invade the sacredness of their sanctuary. The preacher paused for a moment, and fixed his penetrating gaze full upon the face of the questioner. There was an interval of intense silence, broken at last by the preacher in resuming his subject. He had not proceeded far with his remarks, before he was again interrupted by the same impertinent inquiry. Again he paused for a time, and again resumed his subject. Not content with a silent rebuke, our redoubtable questioner demanded again: "Why don't the preachers do such things now-a-days?" and curling his lips with a sneer of self-complacency, drew himself up pompously in his seat. Our reverend friend—who, by the way, is a young man of great muscular power—calmly left the desk, and walked deliberately to the pew where the interrogator sat, and fastening one hand firmly upon the collar of his coat, the other upon the waistband of his 'unmentionables,' lifted him completely out of the seat, and bore him down the aisle to the entrance. Pausing for a moment there, he turned his eyes upon his audience, and in a clear, full voice said: "And they cast out the devil in the form of a *distiller*;" and suiting the action to the word, out went the knight of the mash-tub, leap-frog fashion, into the street. The good pastor quietly returned to his desk, and completed his discourse. After closing the services, as he was passing out of the church, the outcast distiller, with an officer of the law, escorted our clerical friend to the office of a magistrate, to answer for an assault upon the person of said distiller. After hearing the case, the magistrate dismissed the clergyman; and roundly reprimanding the complainant, fined him for molesting the services of the congregation. Since that day, we believe, he has never for a moment doubted the power of Methodist preachers to cast out devils, at least within the limits of the Ohio Conference.'

MANNERS.

'Manners,' says Burke, 'are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.'

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THE OLD SQUIRE.

From some reason or other, the last age seems as far removed out of all remembrance, and as completely sunk back into the great gulf of the historic past, as the days of Henry VIII., of Cæsar, or of Alexander. There never could have been so wide a chasm between one age and another, as between this and the last. We appear to have no connection with it, except upon some very old-fashioned and out-of-the-way occasions; and it is, moreover, our pride to disown and laugh at its pretensions. Every custom and convenience of that time, if adopted now, would subject a man to the pity or the laughter of his next-door neighbour. There is a reason, or many reasons, doubtless, for all this; and the first, and captain of them all is, unquestionably, the great advance which has been made in the sciences and arts, and especially in their practical application to the uses of our everyday life. Thereby our habits have been completely revolutionised, and our old associations cut off; insomuch that we do almost nothing now in the manner of our forefathers of the last century. This revolution has entered into every household; it regulates our going out and our coming in; and what is its especial charm and pledge of an abiding benefit, and shews it to be something more than the fervid bloom which precedes decay is, that it has not given more of refinement and luxury to the rich than it has given of convenience and amelioration to the poor. Amid the vastly accumulating utilities, however, of such a period, we need both shrewd wits and well-balanced judgments to steer us safe from that moral debility and enervation of character, whereunto prosperity has so often proved but a prelude, both in nations and individuals.

Despite, however, our superiority in comfort and conveniency, there are many things, characters, and customs of the old days, passed or passing for ever away, upon which we love to meditate, and which we would fain fuse into our new habits and institutions. But things change so fast, and the old folk and old customs are dwindled to so small a bulk, that we shall soon lack a pattern. It seems so long, so very long and out of all memory, since the glorious era of stage-coaches, that a person who has actually travelled in one to London, would have some difficulty in obtaining credit for the fact. Then to talk of queues and rapiers as having been the adornments, not only of the gallants, but of all sober men, so recently as some sixty years ago, would appear preposterous, seeing we esteem such things as completely out of all reckoning, as if they had been laid aside ever since the days of Absalom, who was a gentleman as proud of the one as he was quick to handle the other. Now, it is this observation of the great change which all things and persons are undergoing, that makes us anxious to gather up whatever lineament of the departed age has not yet become entirely obliterated, so that we may not be altogether dependent upon the labours of the antiquary, or the fancy of the novelist, for a picture of our immediate forefathers. To subserve this purpose, we have begged of our worthy Old Squire, one of the last, we fear, of his race, that he will sit for his portrait.

Truly, a most rare person is a pure Old Squire, come of the ancient stock, and possessing the old Hall, with all its demesne free and intact, as it was possessed by his forefathers for countless generations. The race has been dwindling away for ages, as the many desolate old Halls, with their heraldic bearings over the door, their forsaken courtyard, and the ruined gateway, remain to testify. We can count half-a-dozen or more of those venerable relics of the past within a circuit of a few miles. There is not a parish but has its ancient Hall; but, alas! where is the Squire, his hounds, his horses, his goodly pedigree, that could boast a man at Crecy or Agincourt, that waxed or waned with the fortunes of the Roses, and that was ever to be depended upon when England had hard blows to deal, or heroic acts to achieve? The Hall is dismantled and untenanted, or become a melancholy farmhouse, and the family-name remembered only upon some monumental-tablet in the chancel of the parish-church.

The Old Squire hath none of the Norman noble about him; we question if he has a drop of Norman blood in his veins: he is pure Saxon, come of the yeoman-stock of Old England; in proof whereof, as some would say, and of that number the Norman William of Malmesbury, is his reputation as a hard drinker and substantial feaster. Such a reputation might once have been well merited, if we may believe Fielding and our modern novel-writers, both small and great, who delight to represent our Old Squire's ancestors as most rude, untoward men—all whose exploits were in matters of drinking, foxing, shooting—and, of later times, electioneering; in which last they seem to have been notorious, as well for the half-dozen votes they could immediately command, as for the good home-brewed wherewith they could cheer the honest heart of England's incorruptible franchise. We will not, however, believe that this was their general character. There are few such come down to our day; and the gentleman who now sits for his portrait, can both drink with temperance and feast with moderation; and besides his love of the chase, and his being a good shot, he is, moreover, a justice of the peace, and colonel of the county yeomanry.

A hale and honest-hearted man is the Squire, despite his reluctance to acquiesce in the advance of the times, his ill-concealed chagrin at the levelling of ranks, and his hearty love for the sweet command and the devoted attachment of his old feudality. We call these things his prejudices and antiquated notions; and yet it would in him be superhuman not to possess them. We must consider him as having been educated under all the exclusive notions of the last century—the pride of family, the honour attached to all ancient proprietors of land, the repugnance to 'new men,' and the abject deference exacted of the poor, who were, and still are in some cases, treated as an inferior order of men, born to administer to the luxuries of the few, and counted as having no interest of their own beyond what a miserable shift at existence was enough to satisfy. To this last and worst, we must make exception on behalf of the Old Squire; for never was man more generous and affable to the poor of his own parish, so they knew how to keep their proper places, refrained from poaching, and never came before him in his capacity of justice of the peace. Educated, however, under the domination of such ideas, and accustomed to move in an atmosphere serene and untroubled, wherein dignity was his habitual clothing, and reverence flattered his presence among men—under such circumstances, we may not wonder if the Old Squire had at first a most bitter disrelish to such a thing as a railway-carriage, into which the village blacksmith or tailor had as much right to mount, so he paid his fare, as the Squire himself. This, in his estimation, was a blow at the very roots of society, and a certain omen that one day the aforesaid smith or tailor would elbow the Squire, honest man, out of his old arm-chair, wherein his ancestors had sat for generations. Besides, railways were most impudent things; taking immense liberties, and coming, with all their worldly uproar, into far too great familiarity with a gentleman's private grounds. This was a direct infringement of the liberties of the subject, for was not the Squire lord of his own demesne? How could an act of parliament, or forty acts of parliament, presume to appropriate his land? The land, however, was appropriated; and the railway came, thrusting its great parallels right through the most beautiful scenery, and within but one short mile of the Old Hall itself. The Squire was mortified beyond measure, and held most wonderful sympathy and condescension with the drunken old coachman who drove the *Royal Swan*, but was now cast aside without any pension or warning. Many persons in the Squire's position would have threatened to sell off, and emigrate; but this the Squire had not the heart even to hint at. He is a native plant, and can thrive nowhere else; besides that, he hates every country under the sun, except his dear Old England. But the Squire is an easy-minded man—given, indeed, to a little passion at times, yet never retaining it long; and so, as no better could now be done, he began to think of resignation, although it is certain that he has reserved to himself the right of prophesying, on all proper occasions, the ruin of his country.

But railways were not the only evil of our improvements. Not satisfied with perplexing the soil, and casting disparagement upon all ancient modes of conveyance, whether of persons or goods, we must needs seek more direct means to annoy honest folk, and unsettle the minds of the people. We thought the people must be better educated. Now, the Squire is no great orator, but he has many times discoursed, both to himself and others, in no measured terms upon this matter. He thinks the people possessed of a vastly greater amount of knowledge than is good for them, and that it serves only to make them discontented with their calling, and disrespectful to their betters. He looks upon any measure of national education as a direct effort to teach the people to pick and steal, to poach and read bad books, to become rebels and atheists. In proof thereof, he says the magistrates had never so much business as they have now; having in the old times had hardly anything to do, and having never held a meeting except when some respectable robbery or murder had been committed. The Squire does not, of course, reckon that the increase of population may have something to do with this, seeing he scarcely knows thereof, hating, as he does, our inquisitorial statistics. With respect to the Census, his indignation knows no bounds; that therein his venerable head should be reckoned in common with every clown's pate; and that in the number of the parish, he should count but one. This is beyond all bearing, and perverts the very first principles and axioms of his old arithmetic. But it is of no use; we live in a stubborn age; the Census is taken, and education is furthered. The movement got so bold amongst us once, that it was publicly whispered at the smithy, that there was going to be a Mechanics' Institute. It went even so far as to name the tailor for secretary, and a little Radical, who farms two fields and keeps a cow, as treasurer. But no sooner did this come to the ears of the Squire, through the forward wagging of some tale-bearing tongue, than he flew into a most violent choler, and the whole village became stricken with terror. Some old women even hinted that the yeomanry would be called out, and the village proclaimed in a state of siege, for they never had seen the Squire so much beside himself before—not even the winter wherein his pheasants were so much poached. In good sooth, he was sorely annoyed: he looked upon it as rebellion, defying him to his face; and it is even said, that he took down *Burns's Justice*, to try if happily he might find there some old statute empowering him to stop such a proceeding. Then, for a tailor to become a secretary! He would be aiming at the dignity of a Squire next. And as for that miserable body of a Radical to set himself up for a treasurer! He had taken too much at his hands already, and only waited for a decent opportunity to bring him before his betters, and have him transported—a thing which he confidently prophesied would come to pass some day. Such a creature, he had long thought, was not to be tolerated in an honest community; for his opinions were a compound of blasphemy and rebellion—even going so far as to maintain that the Squire's game were naturally free for any man to shoot. You may be sure that the Institute perished in the bud: it was never more heard of, though the little Radical did say the Squire was a tyrant for his conduct on that occasion.

And now there will not be wanting those who will wonder there could be in the very heart of England, and in the core and stomach of the nineteenth century, so prejudiced and old-fashioned a fellow as the Old Squire; and they will perhaps laugh at him with contempt. But as we look at him, civil gentleman, as he sits before us, with his gray hairs and his pale and honest face, we cannot for a moment share in such mirth. You should have seen the Squire in his own proper function, when all things went smoothly. We were going to say, you should have seen him at church on a Sunday-morning; but, alack! even there all things have not gone smoothly. Ten years ago, the Squire was perfectly satisfied with the church—that is to say, with his own parish-church; and the church was not only satisfied with, but proud of the Squire. Every Sunday-morning, throughout the whole year—for the Squire has no London seasons of absence and dissipation—you saw him in his pew, with all his family around him; and in a neighbouring pew, of humbler dimensions, you saw as many of his servants as could be spared from the necessary preparations of a good dinner; for a good dinner the Squire always has on a Sunday, being in this respect, as in many others, no Puritan, but a Church-of-England-man of the old stamp, to whom Sunday is, in truth, a festival. He was, moreover, a pattern to all the parish in his behaviour at church. His voice was faithful to every response, and as loud, within a note or two, as that of the old clerk himself. So noted was he in this matter, that, from the silence of the rest, you might have supposed they deemed it his peculiar privilege, and a thing which by no means they might aspire unto without being guilty of an unmannerly forwardness. There never was in those days a dispute about a church-rate, for the Squire always conceded any necessary repair, and the rest of the parish always seconded the Squire's will, be it what it might. Did the interior of the fine old church want a fresh coat of whitewash, to obliterate still further every vestige of its medieval designs?—it was only to be mentioned, and the mason was sent for. Were new service-books wanted, a new surplice, or any repairs on the exterior of the material fabric?—the whole parish seemed to have a special pleasure in meeting the demands. Then we must not forget, how every Sunday there was laid upon the dining-table at the Hall, an extra knife and fork—excuse us for using so vulgar an expression, for it is the old way of speaking of such a thing—an extra knife and fork for the curate, which was a true act of courtesy and hospitality, and to the curate it was, moreover, a charity; for curates have but small stipends, and many poor to console—a thing which cannot always be effected by good words alone.

We speak of all this in the past tense, for there have been some things to ruffle the old fashion, and sorely cross the Squire in a matter wherein his conscience gave him the warmest approbation. A new curate came, and he was dissatisfied with the old ways: nothing could suit him. It was even said that he believed the Squire not orthodox, being both badly informed, and, moreover, unsound in sundry and vital articles of doctrine. Such a thing was never before heard of: a squire to lack in orthodoxy, and be unfaithful to the established church! This was to make him a Puritan, and his own conscience told him that he was doubly guiltless in that respect. He thought the world was gone mad; and the parish, instead of condemning the Squire, condemned the curate, who in his turn rated them all soundly for their ignorance and unbelief.

From these instances, which could easily be multiplied, it is manifest that the Squire has fallen upon troublous times; and we may not wonder if he has entertained but a sorry opinion of our manifold inventions, and their practical application to the comforts and uses of society. He was comfortable enough in the world before; and whilst he saw his own parish decently prosperous, we may easily imagine that the great world of mercantile England without, would enter but little into the pleasant paths of his thoughts, seeing he is but slightly acquainted with the world, being a man given much to the conversation of his own fireside, and free from all imputation of gadding abroad. Let us, therefore, for a moment look at the Old Squire as he thus dwells apart, and moves within the boundaries of his own society. Embowered amid ancient elms and dateless oaks, there is the Old Hall, substantial and dignified in its architecture, with its two wings forming the spacious courtyard in front; and its flat and battlemented roof, whence you have a fair prospect of the surrounding country, and which seems to remind us of our old crusading associations with the East, and to assert that man was made for the contemplation of heaven. There are no such houses built now: it stands alone, and the aspect thereof carries us back far away to the old mouldy days of kingly lines, that have possessed the throne and perished for ever, leaving their escutcheons, their tombs, and their statues for our inheritance, and their names and deeds for the page of the historian. Such a house must be the home of an hospitable master; the abode of kindly and gentle feelings, of sweet and charitable natures. There is no stern, gloomy tower, that broods with a grim satisfaction over the mourning captive, while it keeps a suspicious though defiant watch for the assaulting foe. It is an English house, built not for war, but peace; reposing securely in its green valley beneath the shadow of a mighty and glorious sceptre. It must have had its birth when the restless and powerful barons had been humbled, and the monarch had become enshrined in the hearts of the people, as the restorer, the defender, and the pledge of liberty; whilst its history is an ample proof of the wisdom of the people's confidence in their sovereign. Secure and unmolested, it has stood through many a vicissitude of human fortune. Has sickness invaded the poor man's cottage?—it is some gentle hand from the Hall that is ever ready to administer health and consolation. Is any work of substantial goodness and charity devised by the curate for the edification of his parishioners?—it is from the Hall, as from a well-stored quiver, he draws the arrows of his enterprise. Full as is the valley of verdure and golden flowers in June, so full is each heart beneath that old hospitable roof of kindly feeling and sweet thoughts towards their fellow-creatures.

Thus morally vigorous and healthful, the Old Squire presents to us a picture which we cannot but admire, and whose estimate none could think of taking by the line and plummet of a mere secular science. His heart is the seat of the noblest and the best of human sympathies, and we will not, therefore, think the worse of him though his wits be too slow to keep pace with our modern advancement, and too dull for the conception of a cheat against any of God's creatures. With the huge battle-axe of his ancestors in his hand, we think he would be as noble a supporter to the escutcheon of our sovereign as the renowned lion itself, and as emblematic, too, of the honour, the integrity, and the might of Old England. He is the very model of loyalty: you should hear him at the head of the yeoman troop, when he makes his annual speech; for it is as if one of the old hard-fighting dead had risen from his grave on the long-forgotten battle-field, and once more beheld the royal diadem in imminent peril from the foe, so pithy are his protestations of loyalty, and so full of a martial and daring spirit. He is, in truth, like one who in this respect has slept since the days of the old Cavaliers, and who has now wakened up with feelings and animosities, apprehensions and alarms, whereof the majority makes no reckoning, and which the aspect of the times seems hardly to warrant. We wonder if our gracious and august sovereign has ever seen the Old Squire; whether so or not, we will venture to say, that a more devoted, and more-to-be-depended-upon subject, she has not—no, not among all the golden coronets that surround her throne, and with obsequious reverence wait for her honours. He is a thorough Englishman, of a religion most practical and devout, of a loyalty that has never been impeached, and of an integrity in all his transactions among men that has nothing but an honest heart and a good purpose for its foundation. Long may he live, and his Old Hall stand amid its ancestral trees, as peaceful and as hospitable as it has done through the growth and consolidation of his country's liberties, and the waxing glory of his sovereign's crown!

THE EXILE AND THE EMPEROR.

VOLTAIRE, in the tale of the *Optimist*, makes his hero Candide, while at Venice, partake of a dinner at which all the guests have, much to his surprise, the title of 'Sire' applied to them by their different valets. The sixth and last, however, is addressed in a somewhat different strain from the others. 'Faith, sire, they will give your majesty no more credit, nor me either; and you and I run a fair chance to-night of being caught hold of. I am going to look after myself—good-by.'

Now, as it was the time of the Carnival, Candide had little difficulty in attributing the strange mimicry of royalty, which he had just witnessed, to the character of the season. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'this is a singular joke! Why, are you all kings?'

One of the guests answered gravely: 'I am not joking; my name is Achmet III. I was grand sultan for several years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me.'

Then another: 'My name is Ivan; I was emperor of all the Russias, but was deposed in my cradle.'

Then another: 'I am Charles Edward, king of England.'

And another: 'I am king of Poland.'

And another: 'I am also king of Poland.'

And then the sixth and last: 'I am not so great a man as you, gentlemen, but still I have been as much a king as any one else. I am Theodorus; I was elected king in Corsica; I was called *your majesty*, and now I am scarcely called *sir*.'

But in these latter days of running to and fro on the face of the earth, when so many royal luminaries are struck from their planetary circles, the same assemblage of deposed or expectant monarchs would no longer be the matter of surprise which it was to Candide a hundred years ago. And, indeed, it is not long since an equally striking group of runners after thrones and sceptres was presented to the admiring gaze of the British public, in a manner which bade fair to throw at least a partial eclipse over the once solitary lustre of the famous dinner of the Optimist at Venice. And who was the Theodorus of that group? We shall see.

It was on the occasion of a dramatic representation at St James's Theatre, some time in the month of June 1847, that the incident to which I allude took place. From the pit to the boxes, and the boxes to the gallery, the whole house was crowded with spectators. Fashion had displayed all the luxury of its resources, and the embellishments of the building, vieing with the charms of beauty and the richness of jewellery and dress, had lent to the *tout-ensemble* an aspect which it rarely wore.

It was a royal night, and the Queen and Prince Albert occupied the royal box. By their side sat the Duke of Nemours—not then an exile, eating the bitter bread of foreign hospitality, but the offspring of a reigning king, the future regent of a great country, the near connection of the sovereign who now, in the sunshine of his success, gave him so gracious a welcome to the English court. Below, however, the scene was less flattering to the theory of the divine right of kings. On one side sat the Duke of Brunswick, with his diamonds and his rouge, an exile from his beloved 'Vaterland;' on the other, and opposite him, the Count of Montemolin, pretender to the Spanish throne. In the first tier of boxes, concealed by the intervening drapery, and shrouded, as it were, with the shadows of misfortune, sat the dethroned brother of Don Pedro—Don Miguel himself; and nothing was wanting to the tableau of defunct sovereigns or ousted pretenders, but the presence of the culminating Theodorus of the scene.

Every one was making his comments on the strange coincidence which had brought so many claimants of royalty together into one spot, and smiling at the mutability of things, when suddenly, by the orchestra, entered Louis Napoleon. The situation was striking. There was nothing to break its effect, as the curtain was down, and every one was yielding to the train of thoughts naturally engendered by the spectacle. A sense of ridicule seized on the whole assembly; a laugh passed from the orchestra through the pit, even to the royal box. The very name of Louis Napoleon seemed to warrant a smile—a smile at the folly of the hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne. Louis Napoleon was not slow to understand the object of so much merriment. He threw a cold and sullen glance on the royal box, where the Duke of Nemours, the son of the king of France, sat in smiling mockery at the luckless aspirant to his father's throne; and then rising from his seat, he slowly and deliberately placed himself on the left side of the theatre, under that royal box, and in such a manner as to break the view of its inmates.

What were his feelings at the moment? Now, that we know the man, we can fancy, at least, somewhat of the bitterness which must have overswept his heart, when thus treated as the subject of general ridicule by a large and crowded audience—when thus mocked by the successful rival of his fortunes, and smiled at by the sovereign in whose lands he was an exile. We can fancy somewhat of the dark shadows and the tangled passions, and the impenetrable throbbings of vengeance and hate, which must have then possessed the soul of the exile of King Street—the present emperor of France, and the late guest of Queen Victoria.

No men are more often deceived in the character of individuals, than those who are reckoned among the sages of the land. As they have no tendency toward adventurous action in themselves, they of course throw discredit on every one else who has; and should the knight-errant, in his earliest sallies, meet, as haply he may do, with the fate of the unfortunate Don Quixote, it is at once decided that bedlam is the ultimate goal of his destiny. No appeal lies from this opinion; and the unthinking mass, without taking the trouble to investigate its rationality, at once adopt it as a truism beyond the reach or possibility of doubt.

Yet, even admitting, to its greatest extent, the principle of popular uncharitableness, we can still scarcely realise to ourselves at the present moment the degree of supercilious pity, of hearty contempt, of universal derision, with which Napoleon was treated in the days by-gone. Circumstances have belied the wiseacres who shook their heads at that very rash young man, who made such a mess of it at Strasbourg, and such a fool of himself and his eagle at Boulogne; and few who witnessed his reception by the English crown and the English people on the day of his arrival in the metropolis, would have fancied that, only eight years ago, a scene such as that which I have just described had taken place in ridicule of this same man—then a discomfited pretender, but now an imperial guest. And strange must have been his thoughts when he pointed out to the fair partner of the pomp and circumstance of his present life, the house and the street in which he dwelt in the times of his misfortune! Old forms were still about, and the clubs teemed with familiar faces; but now, every window was white with waving handkerchiefs—every roof crowded—every lamp-post freighted with its due burden of curiosity—every footpath lined with solid rows of human beings; and the whole heart of England seemed to throb with the sympathetic shout which followed the imperial cortège through that city in which Napoleon was once an exile and a pretender.

Such are the vicissitudes of human fortune; and happy is he who, neither in sunshine nor in cloud, forgets the alternative which may await him. That Louis Napoleon does not, ought to be the earnest hope of all those who wish him well in the great and good labours of his life.

A RUSSIAN PRIEST.

Some years since, a remarkable work appeared in Russia, *Memoirs of a Russian Priest*, edited by Ivan Golovine. A French translation of it was published in Paris in 1849; but hitherto, so far as we can ascertain, it has remained unknown in this country. Passing events give peculiar interest to details illustrative of Russian manners and customs; and our good monk, writing from a Russian monastery of the Order of St Basil, says:* 'When this history shall see the light, it will be too late to tear out my eyes, for they will be closed by death. I shall be deaf to the reproaches it will excite. May they not extinguish the truths which I tell!'

'I was born,' says our anonymous writer, 'in 1782, at Porkhov, of the priestly caste. My father was a priest, and my mother a priestess—*popadia*—a title given to the wife of a priest, although she does not in any way participate in the sacred office. From the cradle, therefore, I was destined to the service of the church; for it is a rule, from which it is very difficult to obtain a dispensation, that the son of a priest must follow his father's profession.

'At the age of nine years, I was placed in the seminary of Pskov. Even now, its very name causes a shudder to pass through me, at the recollection of what I suffered there from cold. I fancy I still see the slender wooden tower; I can hear the tinkling bell which summoned us to study, and the hoarse voice of the inspecting monk; I recall the gloomy passages in which we were crowded, while awaiting the opening of the classes; but the memory of the intense cold I endured, freezes me whenever it recurs. I spent thirteen years at the seminary in learning what it took me but one year to forget.

'The government allowed 2000 paper rubles (about L.90) for the annual support of forty intern pupils, and the payment of some twenty professors. It was therefore not surprising that our apartments were left unwarmed even in the depth of winter. The piercing air, when far below freezing-point, found no other corrective than the pupils' breath. In winter, our studies commenced before sunrise. We rushed pell-mell into a gloomy hall, and crowded together until the class-rooms opened. In order to warm ourselves, we used to box and wrestle. The entry of the inspecting monk, half asleep, and more than half drunk, always reduced us to silence; but not content with this result, he used regularly to seize the first luckless wight who came near him, and transfer him to the porter, who had the charge of administering the rod. In this way, the innocent suffered quite as often as the guilty. There were extern pupils in the establishment, who were lodged and fed by their parents; and interns, or *boursaks*, who were necessarily orphans. On my father's death, which took place when I was in my fourteenth year, I was admitted amongst the latter.

'As to our food, they certainly gave us meat; but what meat! Our hunger was much more frequently appeased by ill-treatment and want of exercise than by food.

'For our dress, each boursak received a frock-coat and a *touloup*, or sheep-skin pelisse, every three years, and a felt carpet, which served him as a bed during his whole sojourn at the seminary. A very small sum was also allowed for cap, boots, and linen.

'There were six classes in our seminary, whose studies professed to include the whole range of human learning; but the performance differed much from the promise. I was considered one of the best pupils; yet, with the exception of Latin, everything I know was learned after I left the establishment. During the latter part of my sojourn there, I was made teacher of German, although I never knew a word of that language. All our professors were monks; and the ignorance of the Russian monks is notorious. Amongst them, audacity supplied the place of learning; and if there be more merit in teaching what we do not know than what we do, they certainly possessed that merit in a high degree. As they always had the book open before them, and followed the pupils in their recitations, they themselves usually learned a little in the end.

'I never had much vocation for the ecclesiastical profession; nor was my sojourn at the seminary calculated to overcome the dislike I felt at the idea of becoming a priest. Indeed, there are very few individuals amongst the Russian priesthood who embrace their profession as a matter of choice. The tyranny to which they are subjected is most oppressive. In the district of Kholm, a priest had been consulted by the peasants on the question as to whether they had a right to appeal to the authority of government against the tyranny of their masters. The papa wrote to St Petersburg, to a functionary with whom he was acquainted. He received an answer to the effect, that all discontented serfs who complain are severely punished—one-half of the hair and beard is shorn, and they are branded as rebels and liars. The papa shewed this letter to the peasants, and for doing so, he was banished to Siberia. Another priest employed a portion of the parochial revenues in repairing the church; for this he was brought to trial, and sentenced to be transferred to a remote and desert parish. The poor man was so overwhelmed with grief, that he died ere the sentence could be carried into effect. Having some aptitude for study, I wished to become a lay-professor in one of the colleges; but my intention having come to the ears of the archimandrite, his high reverence caused me to be informed, that if I persisted in my design, he would use his influence to have me made a soldier. Knowing that opposition would be vain, I resigned myself to my fate, and became a priest.'

As a necessary preliminary to ordination, our author took a wife. His next step in life was to become chaplain to a rich landed proprietor, named Streschneff. This gentleman, although unhappily, through his French education, a freethinker in matters of religion, appears to have treated the priest in a far more kind and liberal manner than is usual in Russia, where the lower clergy are almost invariably regarded as a degraded caste. His son, Alexis, an amiable young man, and captain in the Russian army, during one of his visits to his home, took so strong a liking to his father's chaplain, that he invited him to accompany him in the approaching campaign against the French—it was in 1807—promising him the post of regimental chaplain. The proposal seems to have been very agreeable to the papa; and accordingly, having obtained permission from the archbishop of the diocese, he and his young friend speedily found themselves on the road to St Petersburg.

'Nothing,' he says, 'was talked of on our journey but the great victory gained by the Russians over the French at Eylau. I could not, however, help suspecting that the victory on our side was not quite so real.

'Besides the divine services which I had to perform for the regiment, it was my duty to teach the soldiers to repeat the names and titles of the imperial family. This lesson took place every Saturday; and I confess I could never endure to witness the blows which these poor people received for making the slightest mistake in the titles or order of precedence of the members of the august house. In the month of March 1807, we rejoined Benningsen and the chief body of the army on the shores of the Pregel and the Alle. The state of the troops was deplorable; provisions ran short, and the men were discontented at not being commanded by a Russian. We, chaplains, were expected to support and encourage the minds of the soldiers, and prettily some of us accomplished the task. Superstition came in aid of the stick—that great Russian captain. The soldier, having given his oath to serve the czar to the last drop of his blood, thought he should go to perdition if he drew back; to paradise, if he died with courage. Our business was to fan this flame. "Take courage," some of my colleagues used to say; "it is only in this world that you will have to serve the nobles; in the next, they will be placed on funereal piles, and you will have to fetch wood to burn them." Some of the fellows, when they were certain of not being overheard by their officers, would reply: "We shall have to go a long distance for the wood."

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* The book professes to be a posthumous publication.

'The Russian is by nature a soldier; and the blindness of his rulers must be very great, when they think it necessary to sustain his courage by the terror of blows.

'I shall not enter into any details of the campaign until the battle of Friedland. That was a disastrous day for me; for my brave and kind young friend, Alexis Streschneff, fell in action. His company shewed some reluctance to advance. Many in the ranks cried out: "Whither is the German leading us?" Alexis, brandishing his sword, exclaimed: "If a German commands you, a Russian leads you on. Forward!" Scarcely had he spoken, when a ball struck him in the breast. Some soldiers raised him in their arms and bore him to the rear. I was with him instantly; he pressed my hand, invoked my blessing, and murmuring, "Tell my father that my last thought was for him!" expired.

'Soon afterwards the rout became complete. Ten or twelve soldiers might be seen carrying one wounded man, as an excuse for getting away from the combat. One general of the Guards passed close by me. The Grand Duke Constantine asked him where he was going. "I have got the colic," he replied, pressing his hand on his stomach.

'Absorbed in grief for my friend, I followed in the retreat mechanically. A Cossack sold me a French horse for two ducats. I found linen and tobacco concealed in the saddle; yet every one told me I paid much too large a sum. The animal, however, was of essential service to me in our rapid flight to the frontier. After having crossed it, we burned the bridge over the Niemen; and shortly afterwards the two emperors had their memorable meeting on the raft at Tilsit.

'On returning to Russia, our regiment passed through the government of Pskov, my native district. We halted two days at Petschora, where there is a rich monastery. The superior invited me to dinner, together with the colonel and some of the officers. He shewed us the treasures of the monastery, of which the greater part was given by Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible. When this tyrant came into Lithuania, Cornelius, the superior of the convent, represented to him that, owing to its proximity to the frontier, the monastery was in danger of being attacked by the enemy, and asked and obtained permission to fortify it. When the war was ended, the czar passed again through Petschora, and, forgetting the permission which he had granted, flew into a fearful passion at the sight of the towers and ramparts which had been raised. Cornelius coming to meet him, the czar struck him down with the blow of a club on his head, and laid him dead at his feet. So far is matter of history; but the legend goes on to say, that the holy man picked up his head, tucked it under his arm, and then quietly stepped down into the vaults, where he still reposes. Remorse seized upon Ivan, as soon as his fury was passed; by way of atonement, he bestowed a quantity of valuables on the monastery. He was the most pious and most cruel of tyrants. Streschneff was right when he said, that the atrocities of sovereigns were by no means prevented by the faith which they professed.

'One of our officers discovered in the monastery a monk vowed to solitude, a *skhimnik*, and spoke to us of him with enthusiasm. I expressed a desire to see him; but the superior dissuaded me, saying he was a particularly uninteresting drunkard.'

Becoming tired of his semi-military career, our author resigned his post of chaplain, and occupied himself in extending his own literary acquirements, and in instructing the sons of some nobles. His account of his adventures is intermingled with some piquant anecdotes. Speaking of the death of the Emperor Paul I., he says: 'After this event, it was ordered to be proclaimed in every church that his majesty had died in consequence of a "violent stroke of apoplexy." A village priest, ignorant of the terms of medical policy, could make nothing of the word apoplexy, and substituted for it a Russian phrase which has nearly the same sound, *po plaschi* (on the forehead); so that he was understood to declare that his majesty had died from a "violent stroke on the forehead." As it happened, this version was strictly correct.'

Having got into a few mundane scrapes, our priest resolved to retire into a monastery, where he employed a portion of his abundant leisure in writing the work before us, of which the greater portion consists in an account of the Greek Church. Amongst other curious remarks, he says that the reason for mingling hot water with the sacramental wine, is to imitate the natural temperature of blood. 'There are five kinds of bread for the holy communion (*prosvira*). They are made in the form of two circles, placed one upon the other, and are manufactured by the widow of a priest or deacon, who thus gains her livelihood. These five kinds are—the bread of Jesus Christ; that of the Virgin; that of the saints; the bread of the living; and the bread of the dead. Each sort bears the stamp J. N. R. J. (Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum). The bread of Jesus Christ is cut through; they take a triangular piece from the upper portion, and from the bread of the living they cut besides as many bits as there are members of the imperial family. All these pieces are put into the vase of sacred wine. The bread of Jesus Christ is distributed in small bits to the communicants; the other kinds are given exclusively to the privileged classes, to the most influential nobles, and the most generous merchants in the parish.

'In baptism, they have disused the practice of plunging the newly-born infant into cold water, which, in such a climate as that of Russia, seriously compromised its life. At present, the water is warmed, and they expel the evil spirit from it by breathing over it three times, in such a manner as each time to describe the sign of the cross. If the child happens to have any hair, the priest cuts it off, folds it in wax, and throws it into the water. Do not ask me what is the signification of this custom: I have never been able to explain it to myself, although I have so often practised it. At burials, a paper is placed in the hand of the corpse, which is meant to accompany him into the other world. It is a prayer for the remission of all sins, voluntary and involuntary. A sort of sacred porridge (*kou-tia*) is blessed, and placed on the coffin of the deceased, and also in other parts of the church. It is composed of a strange mixture: the wheat and rice figure the resurrection; the honey, the joys of Heaven; the other ingredients are mere accessories. In the villages, it is customary to give half this food, as well as half the Easter-bread, to the priest and his assistants.

'Of all ceremonies in the Greek Church, the strangest is that of the anathema. I remember being present at it at St Petersburg, in the Kasan cathedral. It takes place on the second Sunday in Lent. The archdeacon, with his deep voice, pronounces an anathema on the memory of Mazeppa and of Stenka Krazine, while the old archbishops, in their sepulchral tones, repeat at each name, "Anathema!" "Anathema," repeats the archdeacon, "against those who do not observe Lent." "Anathema!" answer the old prelates between their teeth, and laughing in their sleeves, as they consider that they of all others deserve that malediction. What can be more barbarous than this custom? One must have a great contempt for a people whom one seeks to frighten by such means; and yet the czar, who introduced this practice, did not deceive himself as to the effect which he expected from it. The visible trembling of the crowd at each anathema, proved that it was not the vaults of the church alone that were shaken.'

Our priest seems to be quite as fully aware of the civil and military, as of the religious abuses prevalent in his country. According to him, the late emperor was very far from being popular amongst his subjects. He says:

'A confessor one day asked an officer of the Guards if he feared God.

'"No," was the reply; "I love Him, and I do not fear Him."

'The priest then inquired if he loved the emperor.

'"No," said the officer; "I fear him, and I do not love him."

'A few days afterwards, this candid officer was transferred with the same rank into a regiment of the line, which was a severe penalty, as the grades in the Guards are two degrees higher than those in the army. I could name both the confessor and the officer, but refrain from doing so lest it might injure the latter.'

In a work published several years ago, it is curious to read the following anecdote:—'The emperor, in one of his excursions, was upset in his carriage while passing through the government of Tambov, and broke his collar-bone. While in bed, he asked for a book, and they brought him a volume of the *Russian Encyclopædic Dictionary*. Under the letter B, he found a eulogistic article on Louis Bonaparte; and after having read it, he wrote in pencil on the margin: "The censors must be reprimanded: Prince Louis is nothing but a"'——

Our author gives an interesting account of the rise and progress of the schism between the Greek and Roman Churches; as also of the various attempts made since the year 1593 to reunite them under the title of 'The United Greek Church,' which acknowledges the pope's supremacy. The professors of this form of religion in Russia were most cruelly persecuted by the Czar Nicholas. The details of the cruelties practised towards the heroic nuns of Minsk, are most graphically given in the work before us; but they are too well known to be reproduced here.

We shall conclude our extracts from these memoirs with an anecdote of Prince Menschikoff, which he is said to have related himself.

'The devil,' said Prince Menschikoff, 'came one day to claim my soul. "So," said I, "it is the soul of the minister of the navy you require? Well, there are two of them—I, who overlook the affairs of the salt-water; and Count Kleinminchel, who presides over the fresh-water canals and rivers: go, look for him!"

'Off went the fiend; but he soon returned, making an infernal uproar.

'"You have deceived me," he cried to the prince; "you sent me to that other fellow!"

'"Well?"

'"Well! he has no soul!"'

INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF A STRAW-BONNET.

It will be admitted that no building, however perfect in its proportions, or costly in its details, could be considered finished without a roof to cover it. Neither could the gentler part of the creation, however graceful their costumes, or exquisite in every other respect their toilets, venture abroad without a covering to protect, as well as adorn, the luxuriant curls, or smooth braids, which form woman's most charming ornament. This obvious necessity has laid the foundation of one of the largest and most flourishing trades of our country, raising into national importance the manufacture of what is commonly taken as the type of everything worthless and insignificant—straw. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to trace the process of manufacturing a lady's straw-bonnet, and the various kinds of labour necessary to produce in perfection that bane of all indulgent husbands and fathers.

The superior description of straw is chiefly grown in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, and the wheat-straw principally used in the manufacture of bonnets is raised on a light chalky soil. A considerable quantity of inferior straw is produced in Essex, and pipe-straws are frequently sent in large quantities from Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire to be plaited in that county, which has a peculiar method of plaiting or weaving it. The Essex manufacturers plait in what is technically termed sets—that is, they work up the whole of the straws at one time, and then insert whatever number they may be working with at once. The plaiters of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, on the contrary, insert only a single straw at a time, at shorter intervals, leaving a continuous fringe on the inside of the straw, constituting a kind of selvage, which has afterwards to be removed by scissors.

The most primitive form of the manufacture is termed a whole straw-plait, which means that the straw pipes are plaited without being split or divided. Notwithstanding all recent improvements and changes, this plait still maintains its ground, being much used by ladies for morning or undress bonnets—women of the lower classes having a prejudice in favour of a finer material. Splitting straw into various sizes is effected by a simple but ingenious machine called a straw-splitter. A splitter is in the shape of a small wheel, inserted in a mahogany-frame, and furnished in the centre with small sharp divisions like spokes. From the axle of this wheel protrudes a small spike, on which a straw pipe is placed and pushed through, the cutters or spokes dividing it in the process into as many divisions as may be required for the various qualities of straw-plait. From this small instrument have arisen the innumerable varieties of plait which for the last half-century have been devised by the ingenuity of inventors—plaits varying from the simple split-straw of seven to the more complicated ones of nineteen. The names of these varieties it would be too tedious to enumerate. Simple split-straw shews alternately bright and dull portions—that is, the outside and inside; differing from the next invention, which, allowing only outsides to be seen, shews a uniform bright surface. The reverse of this method, shewing only the dull white face of the inside, produces that form of the commodity termed rice-straw, erroneously supposed, even by many of the trade, to be produced from the straw of the rice-plant.

Previous to the rise of this trade, which has made rapid strides within the last fifty years, what may now be termed the straw counties were originally purely agricultural ones, and consequently were poor, affording little or no occupation for the female portion of the rural population. Their prosperity and improvement may, therefore, reasonably be dated from that epoch. At present, the great majority of the women and children find employment in plaiting and sewing, and even many of the men likewise. The head country-quarters of this trade is Luton; it has been so for some time, owing to most of the largest London houses having established branch-factories there. Luton, indeed, bears the same relation to the straw as Northampton does to the shoe trade, and has considerably the start of Dunstable. The returns of many of the largest houses in the trade, fall little short of a quarter of a million per annum.

Tuscan-straw forms also a very important branch of these manufactures. Much of it is brought into this country in a manufactured state; but still larger quantities of the unworked straw are imported, and afterwards plaited in England. Tuscan-straw is produced from a species of wheat sown thickly on poor land, purposely to produce fine and thin straw, without special reference to the grain; it is much used in the manufacture of fancy-bonnets, which are designed in such endless varieties, that we cannot attempt classification. Some most beautiful fabrics in fancy articles are made of white horsehair, manufactured in Switzerland. Leghorns are composed of the same material as Tuscan, worked, however, in a different manner, the seat of the manufacture being chiefly in Florence.

The beautiful white chips used so much on bridal occasions, our fair readers will perhaps be surprised to learn, are made from the Lombardy poplar. The process is as follows:—A young tree is split into sections, and planed smooth; after which another plane is used, composed of a number of cutters, which make longitudinal incisions in the wood, to be afterwards taken off in numerous fine strips with a smooth plane. But our humbler English willow will frequently compete with these foreign manufactures; and still more recently, from our own native poplar-tree, we have produced a fabric quite equal in both colour and quality to the foreign. Hitherto, however, this last has been chiefly used in fancy plaitings.

We export largely manufactured straw goods, likewise raw material, principally to America and the colonies. The chief seat of the Brazilian hat-manufactures, and likewise of our fancy weaving-trade, is St Albans and its vicinity, where may be seen boys and girls employed in the schools making these hats, but at a pitiably low price. First-class goods are mostly manufactured in London, there being a certain style and workmanship there which the provinces are unable to achieve.

It is a practice of the work-people to purchase material on their own account, and, making it up into manufactured goods of the commonest description, to dispose of these to the large houses. This gives rise, when the market is overstocked, and the goods sell for what they will fetch, to great distress and discontent; and it is injurious not only to the work-people, but the employers, by its bringing into the market a vast quantity of low-priced and inferior goods.

Formerly, every bonnet-shop used to manufacture its own goods; but since the introduction of large wholesale warehouses, scarcely one of them now does so. Even when a lady orders a bonnet to be made at a favourite shop, that bonnet is usually procured from some wholesale-dealer, who, having a greater command of material and inventive talent, can make goods both better and cheaper than the show-shops. There is a marked difference in the appearance of these emporiums of fashion now, to what they presented fifteen or twenty years ago: bonnets were then generally exposed in the windows untrimmed; now, the millinery trade being combined with the retail-straw, the attractions of a bonnet are considerably enhanced.

After the purchase of varieties of plait by the wholesale dealers, commences the process of bleaching the straw, which is an art confined to a few. It consists—so far as we are at liberty to explain what is, of course, an important secret—of washing and immersing the material in a compound of acids and alkalies, in the proportions of which the mystery is contained. It is afterwards fumigated with sulphur in a confined box or chamber, and when dry, becomes fit to pass into the hands of the sewers. This last is a critical period in the manufacture of the bonnet: it may become a chef-d'œuvre, or a dowdy, under the manipulations of its feminine architect.

Let us view the workroom of a large establishment. Asmodeus-like, peeping through the sky-light, we behold from fifty to a hundred women contained in an apartment well warmed, well lighted, well ventilated. On tables placed before them, they have wooden or plaster blocks, of various shapes, according to the reigning mode, on which they form the bonnet. This done, the bonnet must be stiffened, which is effected with fine white gelatine, put on the surface with a brush; and when dry, it is fit for the next operation, which is blocking. This last is performed chiefly by male assistants, as it requires strength and endurance, unfitted for female hands—the 'fancys' excepted, which being lighter work, and requiring greater skill and taste, is mostly intrusted to women.

Blocking means pressing the bonnet. It is effected with a box-iron, wet muslin cloths being constantly placed on the straw during the operation. Some years ago, machines were used for this process; but the shapes being now more complicated, there remain scarcely any of them in use. The bonnet is now wired, and it is finished.

VIEWS FROM THE QUANTOCKS.

The most interesting part of Somersetshire is the Quantocks; they are a range of hills seen on the right from the railway-train, between Weston-super-Mare and Bridgewater. Willsneck, the highest point, is about 1600 feet above the level of the sea, and commands a magnificent panoramic view. From this hill the Bristol Channel is seen, bounded by the Welsh mountains; and beneath, the abrupt point of Minehead forms a fine headland, and the lofty Dunkerry Beacon stretches far away in the distance.

To the right, on the Quantock range, is a hill called Danesborough, on which are the remains of a Roman encampment; this forms a bold foreground to the picture; beyond, the scene is spread far and wide, and as we saw it last, was worthy the pen of a poet. A colossal cloud extended over one-half the distant sky; as we gazed, it rose slowly and majestically, like the dark curtain of a world-theatre, revealing, as its deep shadow withdrew from the landscape, a scene of exquisite beauty. The sun burst from beneath the canopy; the gladdened waters reflected the intense blue of the clear sky beyond; and the sun-rays lit up, one by one, the distant headlands.

The Mendip Hills form the background to another section of the panorama. A remarkable feature arrests the eye; in the centre of the chain, the hills are rent from top to base, forming a chasm of 400 feet in depth, and making a pass through the rock of nearly three miles in length. A fanciful historian might suggest that another wizard, such as Michael Scott, had ordered his familiar demon to rend the rocks in this fantastic fashion. We all remember, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel:*

> And, warrior, I could say to thee
> The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three.

The Cheddar Cliffs, as they are called, are truly grand as well as beautiful; near them are some interesting caverns of carbonate of lime. This is the district where the far-famed Cheddar-cheese is made; truly, it is a comfortable spot for English industry, with its picturesque dairy-farms, so green and happy-looking.

Between the Quantock and the Mendip range is a curious insulated hill, called Brent Knoll. On the top is a double irregular intrenchment, in which brass and silver coins of the Romans have been frequently found. In digging at the base, spear-heads, fibulæ, and other remains have been discovered. On the south side of the hill, is a place called Battleborough, which preserves the memory of a fierce conflict between King Alfred and the Danes.

The land which spreads for miles to the south of Brent Knoll, is called the Marsh, being formerly covered by the salt-water. Standing on the heights of the Quantocks, the very outline may almost be traced of what was once the estuary of the sea. In the course of long ages, the waters have retreated, and the ground, enriched by the alluvial deposit, is left to the industry of man. It is considered the richest district in England, and, indeed, may lay good claim to the title, from the fact of its producing forty bushels of wheat an acre for forty years in succession without dressing, and a bullock and five sheep can be fattened on an acre of pasture-land. A disappointed candidate for the county once said: 'Somersetshire was celebrated for the fatness of its oxen, and the folly of its gentlemen.' The first statement may be easily proved any market-day at Taunton or Bridgewater; the second may possibly be still an open question: as the 'wise men came from the East,' they may perhaps be found settled in the West.

Looking from the Quantocks, on this map-like picture of the Marsh, the philosophical inquirer into nature's secrets might wish to recall, for one short hour, a glance at the long-gone past, when the sea rolled its blue waves over that fertile plain; when the plesiosaurus and the cheirotherium existed in their antediluvian grandeur, and their vast colossal bodies palpitated with life. Several very perfect skeletons of these extinct animals have been found in this district, and the adjacent caves of Banwell are full of the bones of lions, tigers, and elephants. What was in times of yore the climate of this our northern isle? Whence the remains of tropical plants and animals? What the habits of those extinct monsters of the blue lias, whose bones are now so carefully preserved in our museums? These are questions which wondering philosophy asks, but which no science can satisfactorily answer. The medals of creation may suggest a new chronology, but absolute truth is still in the womb of elemental chaos. The laws of nature can only be read as reflected starlight on the troubled waters. The past is as a scroll of prophecy to the future; and as mighty changes have taken place in the world, so is the present but a transition state. Change is nature's greatest law—change unseen, unfelt, but certain—as Milton says so eloquently of the earth's diurnal motion:

> Her silent course advance,
> With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
> On her soft axle; while she paces even,
> And bears thee soft with the smooth air along.

But to leave the mysterious past in the grave of Time, we come to days united to ourselves by the ties of human interest. In this level Marsh, the battle of Sedgemoor took place in 1685, between the Duke of Monmouth and the troops of James II. A tree, which was cut down in this locality a year or two since, was found by the carpenter to be literally full of bullets. Further off, but still a distinct object from the Quantocks, is a peculiar conical hill, called by the Romans *Insula Avalonia*. At the foot of this hill stand the ruins of the magnificent abbey of Glastonbury, the most princely religious establishment in England. In 1539, the last abbot was hung on the summit of the tor, and the monastery suppressed by Henry VIII.

But from distant vale and hill we withdraw our gaze, to examine the objects of interest beneath our feet. Tradition says that Julius Cæsar exclaimed, when he ascended these hills: 'Quantum ab hoc!'—(How much is to be seen from this!); hence the name Quantock. Geologists and mineralogists, who deal in hard facts, tell us that no nomenclature is worth considering but their own. The following minerals and metals are found in the Quantocks:—Sulphate of barytes, arragonite, and many other variations of the carbonates of lime; carbonate-sulphuret and peroxide of iron. There is also yellow sulphuret of copper, peacock copper ore, blue and green carbonate of copper,—the latter known by the name of malachite, many specimens of which are found superior to those brought from Australia. We have seen a beautiful specimen from the Stowey mines, in the form of a cavern roofed with mammillated malachite, and floored with crystallised blue carbonate of copper. Veins of gossan are frequent in the parish of Broomfield, containing a notable proportion of gold. It is a curious fact, that several persons acquainted with the gold-fields of Australia, have remarked on the similarity of the external appearance of the Quantocks to that golden country. A Cornish inspector of mines said, some years ago, that he thought the time would come when the Quantock Hills would become the principal mining district in the west of England. The rustic population have some idea of the existence of the precious metals, for they point out a field in Broomfield parish, where 'an *iron* bar of gold was found' some years ago—they don't know how many.

Over the hidden treasures which tempt man's avarice, nature flings a vestment of joyous green, bedecked with flowers of a thousand brilliant hues. Nowhere are the wild-flowers more beautiful than on the Quantocks. In the autumn, the hills look like the throne of some giant-king, with their royal colouring of purple and gold; but the sweet-scented heath and the yellow furze exhale their liberal beauties to the wild mountain air, which is, indeed,

> More free from peril than the envious court.

The summits of the Quantocks, whose only crop is the whortleberry, extend for miles without a single human habitation; and here the red deer sport in careless security, and black-game but seldom hear the echo of the sportsman's gun. Here, the naturalist may find the haunts of many a wild creature; and the botanist will be richly rewarded with many a rare plant which grows on the sterile table-land, or in the depths of the fertile comb, or valley.

We are not learned in flowers, but we have now and then seen and admired beautiful white heaths, and pure white foxgloves, and a delicate kind of moss which seems tipped with red sealing-wax; and in the late autumn, a saucer-shaped fungus, which glows with vermilion lustre. The combs delve down precipitously, and here the vegetation is rich in the extreme; noble trees rise towering from their deep bosoms, and gushing springs of water traverse the rich and mossy ravines.

The parish of Broomfield, on the Quantocks, is celebrated in *Domesday-book* for the longevity of its inhabitants, and in the *History of Somersetshire* for its fine trees. Two magnificent old yews in the churchyard, according to tradition, have shed their red berries for nearly a thousand autumns; and they still stand as sentinels guarding the remains of past generations, who rest beneath the time-worn tombstones. One of these ancient trees measures more than twenty-five feet in circumference. The old church at Broomfield is singularly picturesque; the style is what architects call the perpendicular—at least the tower is of that description, apparently about the date of the reign of Henry VII.; but the body of the church is much older, and contains the most exquisite carvings.

On the eastern side of the Quantocks, are the ruins of Cothelestone, once the seat of Lord Stowell, whose attachment to Charles I. brought down upon him the vengeance of the parliament. His woods were cut down, and his house nearly demolished; but on one of the highest points of the Quantocks, a time-beaten tower still bears the name of Cothelestone Lodge. This spot commands a view of fourteen counties and 150 parish-churches. The richly cultivated vale is spread like a green sea beneath the eye, and the smoke of Taunton marks the place where the infamous Judge Jeffreys held his bloody assize.

The Quantock Hills boast more pleasing recollections. They are, in truth, quite classic ground. At Alfoxton and Nether Stowey resided for a time Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. The readers of Wordsworth's poetry will remember many allusions to this neighbourhood. It is related that Coleridge and Thelwall were sitting once in a beautiful and solitary spot on the hills, when the former said: 'Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in.'

'Nay, Citizen Samuel,' replied Thelwall, 'it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason.'

The then government of the day looked somewhat suspiciously at the gathering of these choice spirits, for Southey was not *then* poet-laureate, nor of the stuff of which such officials are made. At Stowey, also, visited Charles Lamb and Sir Humphry Davy, at Mr Poole's. But Somersetshire itself is said not to be celebrated for the mental brilliancy of her sons. Sydney Smith, whose residence was in this locality, used to call his neighbours the fat Bœotians. The people of these rural districts have rather a distrust of savans. Many curious stories are still afloat respecting the Lake Poets. Some years since, the bones of a dog were accidentally found buried close to a house formerly inhabited by one of the three poets whose names are so often associated together. The owner of the place firmly believed to the day of his death, that the bones were not those of a dog, but the remains of an illegitimate child, murdered by that poet whose amiability is so proverbial. The only foundation which this atrocious story rested on, was sufficiently condemnatory to the mind of the enlightened landowner. The poor poet had a habit of walking about at night, and this simple circumstance suggested to the imagination of the squire a whole category of crime. To him, of course, 'the dread magnificence of heaven' was a blank, and to him 'Dian's lamp' only a mischievous invention of improvident nature to light poachers about their evil business. That a man should walk about at owl's light for any innocent purpose, was inconceivable; hence the story of the bones, which, had we ventured to give in full detail, with the names of places and persons, would assume a darker shade of guilty horror, and be at the same time more ridiculously untrue. A prophet is not only 'not known in his own land,' but he is *mis*known. Murchison and Sedgwick were suspiciously watched as resurrection-men, while on a geological survey in the neighbourhood of a country church-yard; and another party of geologists, including Buckland, Conybeare, and Liebig the chemist, who were paying a visit to Andrew Crosse the electrician, at Broomfield, were thought by the people in a neighbouring country town to be a party of Chartist leaders. Some half-dozen years since, this same Andrew Crosse was speaking from the hustings, being about to propose a candidate for the county. Whenever he began to speak, his voice was drowned by the shouts of a knot of farmers. A commercial traveller from another part of England asked one of them why they were so furious against that gentleman?

'Oh,' replied the excited agriculturist, 'that's Crosse, of Broomfield, the thunder-and-lightning-man. You can't go near his cursed home at night without danger of your life—devils are often seen dancing on the wires by moonlight!'

These wires, which so excited the fear and indignation of the farmer, are simply an apparatus for experimenting upon the electricity of the atmosphere. Two or three thousand feet of copper-wire are elevated and insulated upon very high poles, some of them a hundred feet above the ground. The wire collects the electricity from the atmosphere, and conveys it into a large and lofty room, devoted to scientific pursuits in the old mansion-house. Occasionally, during a snow-storm, or a heavy fog, the electrical state of the air is manifested by a brilliant discharge of young lightning, which, seen by the astonished peasants through five tall unshuttered casements, makes the place appear as the abode of the darkest diabolism.

It is most interesting to watch—as we have ourselves done, when favoured by a sight of the Broomfield apparatus—the effects on a gold-leaf electrometer connected with the wires without. Though to the eye there is no disturbance in the atmosphere, yet this delicate instrument manifests the perpetual changes which are going on. Occasionally we have seen a sort of ebb and flow of waves of negative and positive electricity, which make the gold leaves palpitate as though instinct with life. By what a world of miracles we are surrounded! What a play of substances are for ever pursuing their ceaseless round of change! Decomposition becomes the agent of recomposition, so that life is perpetual and ubiquitous; as Pythagoras said of old:

> What, then, is death, but ancient matter drest
> In some new figure and a varied vest?

The following lines, we believe, are only an imitation of the old style, but they express most happily this law of change:

> The perfumed flowers with leaflets brighte,
> The verdant grasse, the wavinge corne,
> Doe all return to that foule plighte
> From which their own sweet life was born.
> The essence that within them lurkes
> Doth helpe another race to be;
> Soe God in endlesse circles workes,
> And thus ordains His alchemie.
>
> *Old Manuscript.*

Some years since, the poet Southey was driving over the Quantock, when he was met by Andrew Crosse, who was thoughtfully pursuing his way on foot. The latter communicated to Southey, after their first greetings were over, the extraordinary fact of his having accidentally discovered *animal life* in some electrical experiments, and under conditions which, in ordinary circumstances, are destructive to life. 'Well,' remarked Southey, in reply to his friend's statement, 'this is the most singular account by which a traveller was ever stopped.' This was the first appearance of the *Acarus Crossii*, that *quæstio vexata* to the scientific world. The same curious little insects continue to emerge from their mysterious embryo occasionally up to the present time, as we are credibly informed.

Adjoining Broomfield is the parish of Enmore, where some time lived the well-known Lord Rochester. It was on the clerk of this village-church that he wrote the following:

> Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
> When they translated David's Psalms,
> To make the heart full glad;
> But had it been poor David's fate
> To hear thee sing, and them translate,
> By Jove, 't had made him mad!

Among the natural curiosities of the Quantock range, is a fissure in a limestone rock, called Holwell Cavern. Its sides and roof are covered with that peculiar kind of crystallised carbonate of lime, called arragonite. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this fanciful grotto. The torch's light is reflected from every side by a thousand iridescent hues; and many a grotesque form arrests the gaze of the curious. The following lines are from an unpublished poem on *The Quantock Hills*:—

That fissure winds to nature's choicest cell
Fancy may feign; but should her wildest power
Deluge some sea-girt cliff with ocean shower,
Then, whilst the spray flies feathered by the blast,
Fix it in stiffened ice, acutely fast.
Pendent from arching roof, the drops concrete,
Till the rude floor the growing crystals meet;
And arborescent shoots their branches twine,
Like the soft tendrils of the tangled vine;
The dazzling whiteness of whose stems might vie
With drifted snows that on the mountains lie.
Silence and sleep, and breathless starless night,
Here claim unquestioned an eternal right.
The sheep's rude bleating, and its tinkling bell,
Pierce not the chasm, nor disenchant the spell;
The shepherd's whistle, and the watch-dog's bark—
The raven's croak, the rapture of the lark—
Die on the passage, ere they pierce the gloom,
Or wake the echoes of the mineral tomb.
Here whilst new realms arise and old decay,
And centuries of crime are swept away,
The night-born filigree of ages gone,
Fenced from all living gaze, creeps slowly on.

Civilisation has its curiosities as well as the material world; and strange manners, as well as strange minerals, are to be found on the Quantocks. It is in this neighbourhood the society calling themselves, or rather their place, 'the Agapemone,' are located. Their establishment, which is supposed to be on rather epicurean principles, offers no particular external sign of luxury, except a magnificent stud of horses, and some handsome equipages, in which the head of the house and his favourites drive about the country, attended by three or four dogs of the Mont St Bernard breed. They have a tasteful conservatory, and a large room devoted to music, and the other rites of their peculiar worship. But whether their domestic arrangements are sociable or socialistic, it is difficult to say; though public opinion, of course, condemns a society who guard their proceedings with jealous secrecy.

THE PEARL OF CAMPAN.

ONE fine morning in autumn, I was rambling through the secluded Valley of Campan, in the Pyrenees, accompanied by the excellent curate of the district, with whom, in the course of my peregrinations, I had become acquainted, and beneath whose hospitable roof I had promised to spend the night. The scenery was wild and lovely beyond description; and having expressed my admiration of it, I added a wish to know something of the inhabitants.

'They have hearts of gold and wills of iron,' said my friend. 'Many a touching and noble instance of generosity and self-denial have I met with amongst them. And, for example, look at this man approaching us.'

He was a fine-looking fellow, of five or six and twenty, with a military air, and dressed in uniform. The lower part of his face was very handsome, and his dark sunburnt complexion suited well with the long moustaches. I could not see his eyes, for the visor of his cap was drawn down so as completely to shade them from the light. Having exchanged a cordial salutation with the curate, he passed on, followed by a huge white dog, with thick fur and enormous paws. The animal belonged to a breed peculiar to the Pyrenees, and remarkable for their sagacity and faithfulness.

'Now,' said my companion, as soon as the soldier had passed out of hearing, 'while we walk along, I will tell you a true story, of which you have just seen two of the principal characters.'

I prepared to listen with attention, and the curate commenced.

'Juan Trigoyen was born in the heart of these mountains, where the peasant has his choice of following one of two occupations—that of a shepherd, or a hunter. Juan chose the latter, as his father had done before him; and a hazardous pursuit it is. Not merely has the mountain-hunter to scale all but inaccessible precipices, and to brave the fury of famished bears and wolves, but he is constantly exposed to be swept away by a torrent, or buried beneath an avalanche. To this latter peril Juan's father had fallen a victim. Crushed beneath a mass of snow, he perished, leaving his son no other heritage than his dog, his gun, and his grandmother Gertrude, an aged woman, unequal to the task of supporting herself. Juan, at this time a fine lad of eighteen, loved his grandmother tenderly; she had always supplied to him the place of his mother, who had died in giving him birth, and he now, with a courage and resolution beyond his years, undertook the sole charge of their maintenance. He had been early trained to the chase, and success now crowned his efforts. The number of izards, eagles, and bears struck down by his hand, testified the sureness of his foot and the certainty of his aim.

Thanks to the value of these spoils, Gertrude knew no privation; but she trembled for the safety of her beloved child, and often said to him, with tears in her eyes: "Stay at home to-day, Juan; you will perish some time or other, like your poor father; and what should I do left alone, without any one to love in the world?"

Then the lad would answer: "Calm yourself, mother; Providence will watch over me for your sake."

Thus did Juan work hard during the week for his own and his parent's support, and on Sunday I loved to see them entering my little church; Gertrude leaning on the arm of her handsome boy, and both joining in the prayers with the utmost devotion.

Two years passed on, and Juan was returning one day from Bagnères, whither he had gone to dispose of some game. It was winter, and the north wind blew piercingly cold; but the young hunter stepped on briskly, whistling a lively tune. Suddenly a cry of distress struck his ear, but he knew not whence it came.

"On, Cæsar!" he cried, trusting to his dog's sagacity; "seek it out, boy!"

The docile creature set off in the direction of a thick pine-grove, and his master followed; the cries became louder, and Juan recognised the voice of a female in distress. He redoubled his speed, still preceded by the dog. At length he reached an open space, and there was Cæsar struggling with a wolf, while on the ground lay a woman, with a huge she-wolf in the act of fastening on her neck. With a shout Juan rushed forward, and at the sound the fierce creature raised her head, and fixed on him two eyeballs glowing with rage and hunger. Without a moment's hesitation, the intrepid hunter seized her by the throat with one hand, and thrusting the other into her mouth, grasped her tongue, and dragged it as with an iron vice. After a fearful struggle, he succeeded in dashing the strangled beast on the ground. This done, Juan looked round to see if his faithful ally had need of assistance. No; *his* antagonist also lay dead, and the hunter had time to attend to the woman, who lay motionless on the ground, having fainted from excess of terror. Her deliverer raised her gently in his arms, put back the rich brown hair that had fallen over her face, and perceived that she was a young and very lovely girl. Taking a handful of the snow which lay on the ground, he rubbed it on her temples, and then succeeded in putting some small bits of ice into her mouth. By degrees she revived, her eyelids unclosed, and she drew a deep sigh.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"Safe with a friend."

"It was you, then, who saved me?"

"Rather it was Providence, who was pleased to employ my hand."

She thanked him with a look far more eloquent than words; and then with confiding simplicity, as she still felt weak, asked him to let her lean on his arm as far as her home. "I was going to the town," she said, "to sell some milk, when those dreadful wolves attacked me, upset my pitcher, and, but for your timely aid and that of your good dog, would surely have devoured me."

The conversation thus commenced did not flag. Juan soon learned that Marguerite lived in the hamlet of Campan; that she was an orphan, and had no property save a small cottage, one cow, and some hens. She managed to support herself with the profits of these animals and of her spinning. Her perfect candour and her innocent beauty charmed the honest heart of Juan; he thought that, were he possessed of all the treasures in the world, he would like to lay them at Marguerite's feet. On entering the village, the news of their adventure spread quickly; and it was easy to see, by the consequent excitement, how much the young girl was beloved by her neighbours. Both young and old rushed forth to meet her; Juan was overwhelmed with thanks and praises; nor was poor Cæsar by any means forgotten.

"Adieu, Marguerite," said Juan, when he had accompanied her to her cottage-door. "May I sometimes come to see you?"

"To whom should my door be open, if not to my deliverer?" said the young girl innocently, at the same time extending her hand to Juan. He pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

When he reached home, he found Gertrude very uneasy at his prolonged absence. "Oh, my child!" she cried, "where have you been, and what are those stains of blood on your dress?"

Juan smiled. "Don't be uneasy, mother; this blood is not mine, but that of an enemy I killed." And he told her all that had occurred, not concealing the feelings of admiration and love which he felt for her whom he had rescued.

"Thank God, my child," said the old woman, "that your choice has fallen on so worthy an object. I have often heard the beauty and virtuous industry of Marguerite commended. She is called by her neighbours the Pearl of Campan."

It never occurred to the affectionate grandmother, that the fair girl in question could possibly be insensible to the attractions of *her* boy; and, indeed, the event proved that she was not far wrong. Marguerite was of too innocent and frank a nature to play the coquette with him who had risked his life for hers, and the preliminaries for their marriage were speedily arranged.

On the morning preceding that on which their bans were to be published, the sound of a drum was heard in the peaceful Valley of Campan; and the prefect of the district proclaimed the drawing of conscripts for the army. Poor Juan! his was amongst the first of the selected names, and at the moment the shock nearly stunned him. However, he had been taught not to shrink from his duty, and having calmly made the needful preparations, he drew his betrothed aside, and said: "Listen to me, Marguerite. You promised to be mine; I am going away for some years, perhaps for ever; it is right that you should be free—I give you back your vow."

"And I," said the girl, "will not take it back. Whether our next meeting, Juan, will be here or in that better world to which, I trust, we are both looking, I will never marry any one but you."

The young man pressed her hand in silence. "But my mother!" he said at length, while two unwonted tears rolled down his cheeks; "she is old, infirm, unable to work for her support"——

"Your mother, Juan," interrupted Marguerite, "is she not henceforth mine? So long as God gives me strength to work, *our* mother shall not want a home."

And so, with mutual blessings and fond tears, they parted.

Cæsar followed his master to the wars, and Gertrude, on the day of Juan's departure, took up her abode in Marguerite's cottage. The old woman managed the domestic affairs, while the young one carried her milk, butter, eggs, and poultry to market. In the evenings, as they both sat at their spinning-wheels, their conversation naturally turned on Juan: "Where is he now?—what is he doing while we are speaking of him?" Sometimes their anxiety was assuaged by the arrival of a letter, filled with hope and tenderness; but at length one came which increased their sorrow. It bore the stamp of Algeria. Juan announced that his regiment had just landed in Africa, and was immediately to march on the town of Zaatcha, where a number of insurgent Arabs had intrenched themselves. Some sharp fighting was expected, as the rebels were known to be desperate. Under this afflicting intelligence, the two women found their only consolation in religion—in committing their dear one to the care of God. Every day, on her way to the town, Marguerite was accustomed to pause for a few minutes at the spot where she had first met her betrothed, and where, during the happy days of their courtship, he had raised a rustic seat; she used to kneel beside that simple memento, and pray fervently, nor did she ever arise and go on her way without feeling strengthened and encouraged.

Every evening, on her return, her first question to Gertrude was: "Has Juan written?" And the old woman would silently shake her head with a despairing gesture, which seemed to imply: "Juan will never write to us again!"

One day, as Marguerite was returning from Bagnères, she was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. There was no place of refuge nearer than her own cottage; and with her garments dripping, and her eyes nearly blinded by the driving rain, she hastened towards it. What did she see? A blazing lightning-stricken pile, surrounded by a terrified crowd of villagers.

"Mother!" cried Marguerite, darting onwards, "where are you?"

A cry of agony from within the burning cottage was the reply.

"Mother, courage! I'll save, or die with you!" And before the astounded spectators could detain her, she rushed through the flames. A minute, which seemed an age of agonising suspense, elapsed, and Marguerite reappeared, dragging forth her pious burden, and forming with her own body a rampart against the flames. Scarcely had she allowed the old woman to fall into some of the arms ready to receive her, when the heroic girl sunk down herself inanimate.

When she opened her eyes,' continued the curate, 'she was in an apartment in my house, whither I had caused her to be carried. Gertrude and I had watched for three days and three nights by her bed, awaiting the moment of returning consciousness. Her first sensation was that of torturing pain in her face. She raised her hand to it, and felt that it was so enveloped in bandages as to leave only the mouth and eyes free. A cry escaped her lips. "Oh, I remember the storm—the flames; I am disfigured for life—is it not so?"

Gertrude and I were silent. It was but too true; the devouring element, leaving her body, protected by her wet clothes, untouched, had seized on her face

The beauty of feature and delicacy of complexion, which had procured for her her graceful sobriquet, were totally destroyed.

Until the bandages were removed, which the surgeon did not as yet judge it prudent to do, he could not tell the extent of the disfigurement, but that it would be very great was certain. Our silence, and the tears which we could not repress, acquainted the poor child with her misfortune. She raised her eyes to heaven with a touching expression of resignation. "It is Thy will, my God," she said, "but let not Juan see me thus."

"Juan!" repeated Gertrude; "we shall soon embrace him."

"Is he coming?"

"In ten days—see yourself." She handed a letter to Marguerite, which the latter read with eagerness. It was written by the hand of one of his comrades, and informed them that Juan, who had received a severe wound at the siege of Zaatcha, was now convalescent in hospital; had obtained, as a reward for his services, a cross of merit, his discharge, and pension, and would be with them in ten or twelve days at furthest.

Having finished reading the letter, Marguerite fell into a profound reverie, from which neither Gertrude's fond caresses nor my attempts at consolation could arouse her. "Oh, sir," said she at last, "it is not, indeed it is not for its own sake that I value beauty, but—but how can Juan love me when he sees me in this state?" At that moment the surgeon entered, and having felt his patient's pulse, he began silently to remove the bandages. As soon as Marguerite felt that her wounds were exposed, she asked for a mirror.

"Not yet, my child; not to-day," said the doctor. She tried to raise her hands to feel her face. "Hold her arms down," cried the surgeon to the old woman and myself. We did so, involuntarily turning away our eyes from the sight of those swollen and mutilated features, once so lovely.

Marguerite saw and understood our movement. "Is it not so, sir?" she said to me calmly; "will it not be impossible for him to love me?"

Nine days passed on; the wounds were regularly dressed, and were now nearly cicatrised. The tenth day was that of Juan's expected return; but no one ventured to speak of it. Early in the morning, Marguerite rose, and prepared to go out, saying that a walk in the fresh air would do her good. I offered to accompany her.

"No, thank you, sir," she said; "my good mother alone will come with me." And with one hand slightly leaning on Gertrude's arm, while the other held a small package, she went out. They walked towards Juan's rustic seat, but very slowly, for the convalescent was yet very weak.

Arrived there, she knelt down, and after a short silent prayer she turned to Gertrude, and embracing her, said: "Bless your daughter, dear mother, for the last time: you will never see her again."

"What do you mean, my child?"

"The truth. I am going away. You will say good-by for me to him, mother; and tell him that it is my very love for him that forces me to fly."

"But, dear one," said Gertrude, detaining her, "you wrong our Juan; he has a noble heart, and he will love you all the better for these noble scars, when he hears that it was in saving me from a dreadful death you received them."

"He has a noble heart," replied the girl; "and I know that he would marry me, and try to make me happy; but how could I endure his averted looks—his sorrow? No, no; I shall suffer much less in suffering alone."

Just then, a well-known bark was heard, and a large white dog rushed out of the woody path. "Cæsar!" cried Gertrude. "Where is your master?"

"Here he is," replied an agitated voice; and holding one end of a cord, of which the other was fastened to Cæsar's collar, a soldier appeared. "Mother! are you here? Where is Marguerite? Why don't you come and embrace your poor blind wanderer?"

"Blind!" exclaimed Marguerite; and fixing her eyes on her betrothed, she saw that his were covered with a bandage. I cannot describe the emotions of all three; suffice it to say, that after an incredible number of embraces, Gertrude and her two children returned to my house, and we passed a delightful evening.'

Here the curate stopped, and I thought his tale was ended.

'Well,' I said, 'I suppose the blind warrior and his betrothed—still, in his imagination, blooming in all her youthful charms—were speedily united?'

'They were,' he replied. 'It was I who married them; but I have somewhat more to tell you of them. Their cottage, by the willing aid of all the villagers, was soon rebuilt, and they removed into it. Their circumstances were very comfortable, and Juan supported his infirmity—caused, he told me, by the explosion of a mine—with the utmost cheerfulness. His tenderness for his wife seemed to increase every day; and yet she was evidently not happy. She became a prey to constant melancholy, and her health and strength visibly declined. Her old friend, the doctor, visited and prescribed for her, but without avail.

"My art is at fault," he said to me. "Her body suffers, but the seat of the disease is her mind. Do you try to discover what the secret which weighs on her may be, or I cannot answer for her life."

Alas! how could I apply the consolations of religion to a case of which the sufferer persisted in keeping me profoundly ignorant? Once she seemed on the point of opening her mind, but Juan entered the room, and she was silent; nor could I ever afterwards induce her to speak freely. Meantime her bodily condition became very precarious; and Juan, who was now aware of her danger, scarcely ever stirred from her bedside. Old Gertrude, as you may suppose, was scarcely less anxious about her.

One evening, when I was in the cottage, the doctor arrived; and having examined his patient, pronounced that unless some powerful reaction took place she could not long survive. How solemn were the moments that succeeded this announcement! Poor Juan grasped convulsively the hand of his wife, while large tears streamed from beneath his bandage.

I began to exhort her on the subject of religion; and when I spoke of the mercy of her Maker, she exclaimed: "Oh, I have great need of mercy, for my conscience is burdened with a heavy load. Listen," she continued, addressing us all, "and tell me whether I can hope for forgiveness."

Grouped around her bed, we waited in silent astonishment. Marguerite had raised herself into a sitting posture; her wasted arms, her disordered hair, her sunken features, her hollow eyes, gleaming with a light like that of a lamp kindling up before it is extinguished for ever, lent an air of indescribable solemnity to the scene. Placing her hand in her husband's, she said: "Juan, you remember, when we separated, the promise which we made of mutual fidelity? My heart was yours, and yours was mine. Well, the terror of losing that heart caused me to commit a grievous sin. I pictured you to myself with shocked, averted looks at the first sight of her who was once named the Pearl; and in the agony, the delirium of the moment, I cried to Heaven: 'Oh, God! either give me back my beauty, or take from him his eyesight!' The moment the selfish, impious prayer was uttered, I bitterly repented, and would fain have recalled it; but too late! Juan! the wish was granted, and I have never known since one moment's happiness."

"What!" cried her husband, "and is this the secret, Marguerite, which is killing you?"

"It is."

"Then live, dearest, and be happy; your prayer was *not* answered."

And tearing off the bandage which covered his eyes, he fell on his wife's bosom, and clasped her in a long embrace.

It appeared that the blindness which had fallen on Juan was of only a temporary nature. Under the skilful treatment of our friend the surgeon, whom he privately consulted, the power of vision began slowly but surely to return. Having, however, heard from his grandmother the whole history of Marguerite's horror at the idea of his beholding her disfigured face, he generously determined to conceal from her his cure, at least for a time. Now, however, it was suddenly revealed; and was it too late? The doctor, motioning us all away from the bed, took his patient's hand, and felt her pulse; a hopeful smile played on his benevolent lips.

"My friend," said he, turning to me, "the age of miracles has not ceased—Marguerite is cured!"'

Here the good man ceased, and after a pause, I asked: 'And was Marguerite in reality so very much disfigured?'

'You shall judge for yourself.'

We walked on, and soon reached a neat and pretty cottage, covered in front with a luxuriant vine. An old woman sat near the doorway spinning, and placed on a low chair by her side, a young woman was nursing an infant. Her figure was remarkably graceful, and her face, although certainly not handsome, was by no means repulsive. It was even easy to distinguish, amid the seams and scars which marked it, the vestiges of great beauty. There was a touching expression of serene tenderness shed over her features, as she looked on her child, which in my eyes amply compensated for the want of regular comeliness.

The curate advanced. 'Good-morning, Marguerite,' he said.

'Good-morning, sir,' she answered, looking up with a beaming smile.

'How is baby to-day?'

'As well as possible,' said the happy mother, holding up, and shewing her nursling's rosy dimpled cheeks.

'Well, Marguerite,' said the good old man, taking the innocent little creature in his arms, and kissing its tender forehead, 'I could fancy this is yourself as I remember you on the day that I baptised you. Come, the Valley of Campan has not lost its Pearl—it is restored in the person of your lovely little daughter.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

BESIDES devouring thousands of lives and millions of money, the war has called into existence a host of projectors who have, or fancy they have, discovered just the very plan for enabling soldiers to work all sorts of mischief without coming to harm; for rendering our ships and gun-boats irresistible; for undermining batteries; and making scaling-ladders which cannot be thrown down; in short, for the speediest possible extinction of the Muscovite. And forthwith the plans are sent to the Board of Ordnance, who, overwhelmed with the rapidly accumulating mass of papers, have appointed a committee to sift the whole, and select what may be useful. This committee, which includes the requisite naval and military talent, and an F.R.S. or two, have a precious time of it, so prodigious is the load of rubbish awaiting their judgment. One sanguine schemer proposes to send the Russians out of the Crimea, and so bring the war to an end, with no other offence than to the nostrils. There is nothing so abundant, as the *Times* remarked a few days ago, as a little turn for mechanical invention; and nothing so scarce as the wit which should prompt the inventors to put their schemes into the fire. The committee find the most difficult part of their task to be, in giving such an answer with rejected communications as shall really satisfy the authors of their worthlessness.

The present year, we are told, is to shew us what can be done in practice as well as theory; science is to be called in as well as administrative ability, of which the flashing of the first telegraphic message direct from Balaklava to Downing Street is to be accepted as a favourable instalment. Mr Wheatstone is authorised to consider in what way electricity and optics can be turned to account for destructive purposes. Some experiments have been made in France with a coupled cannon, which, with one breech and touch-hole, fires two shots at the same time: and a new 'self breech loading and priming carbine' having been satisfactorily proved at the School of Musketry at Hythe, is now to be supplied to our cavalry regiments. It weighs 7 pounds 7 ounces, has a barrel 22 inches long, a range of from 150 to 700 yards, and can be fired ten times a minute. Damp, or plunging in water, scarcely affects it: it caps itself; and being easily loaded on horseback, gives to cavalry an advantage almost equal to the Minié rifle.

Science has suffered a great loss within the past month by the death of two of our most distinguished geologists—Mr Greenough, and Sir Henry de la Beche. The latter will long be remembered for the important share he took in the Ordnance Geological Survey of England, the coloured maps of which are now in course of publication, and for his ability and perseverance in forming what has since grown into the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn Street. Could he have a worthier monument? A question has been raised as to his successor, as head of the Museum, and it is believed that Sir Roderick Murchison will be induced to accept the post, with its salary of L.1100 a year.

Sir Charles Lyell has published a new edition of his *Manual of Elementary Geology*, which, in the new facts and observations it contains, shews how great and important has been the progress of geology since the former edition was published, but little more than three years ago. We know more about metalliferous deposits, particularly of the gold-bearing alluvium, and of the relations of the older rocks to each other; and by discoveries of fossil remains, we have been able to carry back the existence of animals to periods once thought to be utterly devoid of life. And still as new facts arise, so will the dates of creation recede. 'We must never forget,' says Sir Charles, 'how many of the dates are due to British skill and energy, Great Britain being still the only country in which mammalia have been found in oolitic rocks; the only region where any reptiles have been detected in strata as old as the Devonian; the only one wherein the bones of birds have been traced back as far as the London clay. And if geology had been cultivated with less zeal in our island, we should know nothing as yet of two extensive assemblages of tertiary mammalia of higher antiquity than the fauna of the Paris gypsum..... How, then, can we doubt, if every area on the globe were to be studied with the same diligence—if all Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, were equally well known—that every date assigned by us for the earliest recorded appearance of fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals would have to be altered?'

Departing from their custom, and recognising the principle that science is of no country, the managers of the Royal Institution have engaged Dr Du Bois

Reymond, of Berlin, to deliver a course of lectures on Electro-physiology—a subject in which he has made highly interesting researches. His audiences will learn with surprise how much they owe to electricity in their bodily functions and movements, and will hardly be willing to accept the conclusions of a paper lately read to the Royal Society, in which the author contends that muscular contraction is not dependent on the blood, the nerves, or the will, but simply on gravity.

Dr Tyndall continues his inquiry into the 'influence of compression' on magnetic phenomena, and with success. Commenting on some of the unexpected results, Mr Faraday replies to certain objections urged against his own views of magnetic action: he considers it best to wait till they have been more thought of, and till the number of anomalous facts and consequences is increased. 'After a respectful interval,' he pursues, 'I may be induced to put forth such explanations, acknowledgments, or conclusions, as the state of the subject may then seem to render necessary or useful.' Mr Faraday, too, is continuing his *Experimental Researches in Electricity*, of which he has just brought out the third volume. The concluding paragraph is numbered 3362, which will give some idea of the extent of the series. Only those who know what the paragraphs really suggest and reveal, can properly appreciate the significance of so high a number. In quitting the subject of electricity, we may mention that Sir William Snow Harris is appointed protector of the Houses of Parliament: in other words, he is to superintend the fixing of all the lightning-conductors on the stately edifice.

The Panopticon is doing wonders with its colossal electric-machine, in illustration of Mr Grove's remarkable discovery. At a private view, the spectators were amazed by a thunder-clap from the battery, 250 square feet of surface; wires were broken and formed into small balls by the discharge, and in some instances reduced to oxide. In one of the experiments, when the discharge was sent through a long glass tube—a partial vacuum—the fluid, instead of passing in a column, as was expected, appeared as a slow moving ball. Does this explain the globular phenomena sometimes seen during thunder-storms? Those who are interested in galvanic electricity, may now see Professor Callaris's single-fluid battery in action at the same institution.

The astronomers at Marseille have discovered another of the little planets—the thirty-fourth; and M. Luther, at Bilk, near Düsseldorf, a thirty-fifth. At this rate, the Grecian mythology will soon become exhausted of names for the diminutive worlds. Leverrier is about to determine the difference of longitude between the observatories of Brussels and Paris by telegraph; when accomplished, it will be a test of the accuracy of the determination already made between those two places and Greenwich. Sir John Herschel, in a communication to the Astronomical Society, strongly recommends that daily photographs of the sun should be taken, so as to obtain every feature of the great luminary; the object being to increase our knowledge of its physical constitution. The images should be taken on paper or collodionised glass, as many as possible in this country and the United States, and a few from the tropics. A curious effect of sunshine has been observed at Santiago: the observatory is built on a hill of porphyritic rock, and for a long time the telescope was found to shift its position, being generally higher than it ought to have been. At last, by careful observation, it was ascertained that the heat of the sun expanded the rock, and produced a periodical elevation of the mass, and all that was on it.

A triumph of manufacturing skill and ingenuity has been achieved at the Tredegar Ironworks, Monmouthshire, shewing what may be done in the manipulation of iron. A railway bar was rolled 60 feet in length, all in one piece; and advancing from this success, a second bar has been rolled 85 feet 2 inches long, 75 pounds to the yard, weighing altogether 2130 pounds. It is now astonishing foreigners in the Exhibition at Paris. No wonder, when such bars as these are to be produced, that we hear of fly-wheels of sixty tons, to regulate the movement of the rollers.

The seventh annual Exhibition of Inventions, which has been open for some weeks at the Society of Arts, though not what it might be, yet furnishes evidence of improvement in mechanical arts. The catalogue contains 302 items; among which are stoves and grates for consuming smoke and economising fuel, a steam-hammer, screw-propellers, philosophical instruments, pumps of new construction, a coal-whipping engine, India-rubber springs, improved tools and machinery, &c., all well worth inspection. Some fine specimens of Cornish serpentine were exhibited, and there appears now to be a prospect of this beautiful stone receiving the attention it deserves, as some of the newly-built mansions in Paddingtonia have been decorated with it. We think it probable that the Exhibition in 1856 will shew a much greater advance in inventive ability.

Colonel Cotton, who has long been known as a zealous advocate by tongue and pen of improvements for India, gave an eloquent exposition of his views at a late meeting of the Society: those present found it a most interesting evening. He contends—perhaps with a bias in favour of his own opinion—that our Indian possessions would be more benefited by canals, for irrigation and navigation, than by great trunk-lines of railway. Without a proper supply of water, the people are always liable to famines, and the marvellous fertility of the country remains undeveloped. The colonel proposes to improve rivers; to clear out the ancient canals, which have become choked up by long neglect; and to dig new ones. The region watered by the Godavery alone, if properly irrigated, would produce more cotton than we want. At present, 80,000 tons are sent down every year to the sea, a distance of 400 miles, on bullocks' backs; whereas if the stream were made navigable, the supply would be unlimited, and the cost of transport a trifle. Tanjore was cited as an instance of what might be done with even moderate means. In that district, an annual sum of L.8000 has been spent on public works for the past forty years, and the irrigation kept up, though imperfectly; and the consequence is, that the population has increased from 800,000 to 1,500,000, and the yearly revenue from L.320,000 to L.500,000. Moreover, when other provinces have been suffering from the terrible famines which sweep off the inhabitants by hundreds of thousands, Tanjore has always had enough and to spare. Admitting that the results would not be everywhere equally favourable, we yet see that the gold of Australia and California would be as nothing compared with the wealth to be derived from watering the plains of India.

Colonel Cotton holds, and we agree with him, that if we conquer a country, it becomes our duty, not less than our policy, to take care that our rule shall not be an exchange for the worse. We are bound to see that the interests of the people do not suffer, by neglect on our part of the obvious means that tend to their welfare. Besides water-courses, the colonel would have canals navigable for boats, by which produce might be transported, and light tram-ways as feeders. The beginning has been made. There is a tram-way of ninety miles from Negapatam to Trichinopoly, and shorter lines in other parts of the country. These are independent of the great lines of railway, to which we have more than once called attention. In about three years more, there will be 4000 miles of connected water-communication in the Madras presidency alone; and in Bengal, the canal connecting the Ganges and Jumna measures, with its branches, 850 miles. The delta of the Godavery—1,200,000 acres—is to be irrigated; a dam, to cost L.300,000, is being built for the purpose, with an absolute certainty that the profit will be thirtyfold. In that district, wheat can at times be bought for 8d. a bushel, and cotton for less than 1d. a pound. We have dwelt on this subject, thinking it of the highest importance to England and to India, whether considered in a moral or commercial point of view.

Some discussion has been going on at the Geographical Society and elsewhere on the rivers of Africa, and the opportunities they afford for opening up communication with the interior, especially from the eastern coast. We may expect to hear of exploring expeditions to that quarter. While touching upon Africa, it gives us great pleasure to report that the news of Dr Barth's death has been contradicted. The rumour was raised, it is said, by the monarch of Bornou, as a pretext for the appropriation of a depôt of supplies which had been established for the doctor's use. Few but will rejoice at the safety of the adventurous traveller. There is again a talk of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez: certain French engineers are determined to commence the work, if they can get the necessary powers from the Egyptian and Turkish governments. And as bearing on the question of the East, we may add that a society has been formed in Würtemberg for sending Jews to Palestine, and settling them on freehold lands, with guarantees against injustice and oppression from the local authorities.

The system of meteorological observations in France has now so far advanced, that, as in this country, the state of the weather is announced from all parts to the Observatory at Paris by telegraph. A daily map of the wind and weather is drawn up, and already the means of comparison are such as to indicate a greater amount of ozone in the atmosphere at Lyon than at Paris; and that the increase or diminution of ozone has something to do with the rise and fall of epidemics. The veteran Humboldt writes to express his hope, that pains will be taken to make the observations efficient, so much importance does he attach to the results. In Austria, the state of the weather is flashed from seventy-six cities and towns to Vienna every day; and Spain is about to establish a series of weather-stations; so we shall soon know more than at present of the meteorology of Europe. The Académie offer a prize of 3000 francs for the best paper on the mercurial thermometer, and the corrections to be applied under different circumstances, for the determination of the real temperature from its apparent indications.

Our Allies are carrying out still further the combined vapour system of propelling steam-boats. *La France*, fitted on this system, burnt 300 tons of coal on the voyage from Marseille to Kamiesch, while the *Hydaspes*, an ordinary steamer, burnt 700 tons. In the combined system, one of the engines is impelled by vapour of ether, produced by the condensation of the steam, and only one fire is necessary. A vessel thus propelled, has been running across the Mediterranean to Algiers ever since 1853. One or two more have been launched, and others are being built.

Kreil, of Vienna, has invented an instrument for recording the force and duration of earthquake shocks. In few words, it is a pendulum, free to move in any direction, but not to swing back again after the move. Connected with it is a clock-work apparatus, keeping in motion a coil of paper, on which, when all is quiet, a continuous pencil-mark is produced. But no sooner does a shock take place, than the line is broken; and according to the number and length of the breaks, such is the number and duration of the shocks.

By an unlucky slip of the pen in the 'Month' (No. 65), we were made to say, that Sir H. Young's proposed Australian railway was to pass through Adelaide on its way from Sydney to Melbourne, when, through Melbourne to Adelaide was what should have been said. We are now informed that the scheme is one not likely to be realised till the colonies are some generations older—if then.

THE GARDEN CHAIR.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

A PLEASANT picture, full of meanings deep:
Old Age, calm sitting in the July sun,
On withered hands half-leaning; feeble hands,
That after long life-labours, light or hard—
The girlish broideries, the marriage-ringed
And household duties; the sweet cradle cares—
Have dropped into this quiet-folded ease
Of fourscore years. How peacefully the eyes
Face us! Contented, unregretful eyes,
That seem to look back on the weary way
Once traversed, saying: 'Thus best!' Eyes now so near
Unto their mortal closing, that we deem
They needs must pierce direct through Life's thick maze
As eyes immortal do.
Then, Youth. She stands
Under the roses; with elastic foot
Poised to step forward; eager-eyed: half-grave
Under the mystery of the unknown To-come,
Yet longing for its coming. Firm prepared
(So say the lifted head and close sweet mouth)
For any future: yet the dreamy Hope
Throned on her girl's brow whispers tremblingly:
'Surely they err who say that Life is hard;
Surely it shall not be with me as these.'
God knows. He only.
And so best, thou child,
Thou woman-statured, sixteen-years-old child:
Best thus to meet the impenetrable Dark
With brave, outlooking, calm, expectant eyes,
Under thy roses. Bud and blossom thou
Rose-like—unfearing: being planted safe—
Whether for gathering or for withering—safe
In the King's garden.

BLACK EYES.

The task of perambulating the rookeries of London has been undertaken by many philanthropists, and among them the editor of the *Builder*, who in a small pamphlet recently published describes his observations. Speaking of the neighbourhood of Marlborough Street Police Court, he states, that near to Berwick Street 'exists a little known, but badly built, and badly inhabited collection of houses,' and says, 'that the people of this district were and are still the constant plagues of the police, and that some of the public-houses are of the worst description;' and as an illustration of the pugnacious and pugilistic dispositions and practices of the colony here located, he gives the following copy of a printed announcement, placed in a chemist's shop-window close by:—'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN are respectfully informed that BLACK EYES are effectually concealed *on moderate terms*. It is warranted that the preparation is not injurious to the skin.'—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

DETERMINATION.

'The longer I live,' says Sir T. F. Buxton, 'the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.'

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THE FIRST CONCERT IN TAHITI.*

PROBABLY no artist in the world ever saw so strange a public assembled, as that which surrounded me here on the 6th of October 1854. In the hall which, for the occasion, was transformed into a concert-room, the natives formerly worshipped their idols; here, the queen had the false gods burnt; here, a French court-martial sentenced the rebel islanders who could not reconcile themselves to a protectorate they had not sought; and here, in spotless London attire, stood I as the herald of the West, and tried with my fiddle to give some of those notions of modern European civilisation to the children of nature, from which Providence until now had kindly preserved them. To the right, surrounded by tropical plants, sat the French governor and his lady, and a crowd of officers in glittering regimentals; to the left, a box was constructed of palm-mats, decorated with gaudy chintz, for the barefooted queen and her court; the rest of the hall was filled with the strange figures of the natives, whose ears were as yet unaccustomed to any other music than the warbling of the birds.

I stepped forth, bowed to the audience, and opened the concert; but it took some time before I could make it understood that at a concert the public have nothing to do but to listen. The natives did not seem at all aware of this fact; they chattered so loud, that I had frequently to break off and begin over again.

I played *Othello*, by Ernst, but probably a thrilling cornet-a-piston, accompanied by drums, would have afforded more pleasure to the brown islanders than my fiddling; for with the exception of some friendly European hands, not a finger was moved by my performance. The piece was finished without having been interrupted by any sign of applause—never in my life had I felt so little appreciated as here. The queen, leading a young boy by the hand, now appeared with her ladies-in-waiting, fantastically clad, but all of them barefooted, and very curious about the things they were to witness.

The first musical celebrity of Tahiti, Mr Camieux, chief of the French military band, a broad-chested giant, now came forward, and played a piece on the flute. He told me later that it was the cavatina from *Ernani;* and I might perhaps have recognised it, had not the stout flute-player, in spite of his physical exertions, failed to produce at least one-half of his notes. The artist in stepping forward, respectfully kissed the hand of the lady of the governor—an act of French loyalty which, though an insult to Queen Pomare and her court, was more pardonable than his interminable performance. He would not stop, in spite of all the signs I could make. I saw, to my great dismay, the yawning queen rise from her seat; the children of nature, whose ears were now so severely taxed, began to leave the hall, and all my illusions of Tahitian knighthood, reputation, and immortality vanished. Pomare, in fact, without having heard me, left the hall, expelled, I felt sure, by the dreadful flute. After I had calmed my excited mind as well as I could, I again commenced. I gathered all my strength, and played sentimental love-tunes and eccentric variations, but all in vain!—no sign of pleasure, no clapping of hands, no encoring: the brown islanders remained as unmoved as ever.

Failure and disgrace staring me in the face, I adopted a bold resolution. 'Save me humbug!' thought I; and with real wrath I tore three strings from my fiddle, and on the G chord alone I played the *Carnival*. My trick took; a whisper of surprise was heard; the natives became attentive; they approached me, and with every new passage, principally where I imitated the flute, they began to cheer in a way which would have been impossible to any civilised audience. Encouraged by the enthusiasm, I began to extemporise; and the quainter my variations grew, the louder became the cheers of my barefooted admirers, who did not leave the hall until, wearied with the exertion, my arm could no longer manage the fiddle-stick.

All Tahiti was in a tremendous excitement after my concert. Everybody spoke of the foreign fiddler who had come across the seas, and could whistle on the fiddle like a bird. Flowers and fruits are sent to my hotel; and when I play in my room, a crowd of admirers gather under my windows; everybody greets me when I go out—I am the lion of Tahiti.

A few days after, I was invited by the governor to a dinner-party. All the consuls and foreign agents were present, for it was the birthday of the governor. Even a deputation of natives, who had come to congratulate the French general, were, to my greatest amusement, invited to the feast. They were clad in the European way, even to the stiff shirt-collars and kid-gloves, but they retained the nakedness of their feet. European civilisation reached only to their ankles. It was amusing to see how those gentlemen endeavoured to imitate the manners of their hosts, and how they managed the knives, forks, and napkins. Every new dish put them into new difficulties; and a capital plum-pudding, the delight of the white guests, astonished the internals of one of the brown islanders to such a degree, that he had to leave the table. And how should French cookery be acceptable to those natives, who, only forty years ago, used to eat their enemies? Not half a century has elapsed since that epoch, and now a European violinist fiddles the *Carnival* to them! The march of civilisation is indeed rapid!

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* This relation is given by the musician himself in a letter to one of his friends. Mishka Hauser is a Hungarian violinist, apparently fond of adventures; for after finding his way to California, where he was very successful in his calling, in September last he set out for Australia. In crossing the Pacific, however, he paid a visit to the natives of Tahiti; and in this island, whose first step in civilisation was made about thirty years ago, he tried his luck with a fashionable concert. Our readers, we have no doubt, will be well pleased to hear the result as communicated by himself.

But it is not only Euterpe who has been introduced to Tahiti, Thalia has accompanied her sister. The French officers, after dinner, performed Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, to the amusement of the governor, though not to mine. I got so tired, that I left the party and went into the garden, to admire the gorgeousness of vegetation. The French, who have introduced all kinds of European refinement, have transformed this garden into a fairy grove. All the plants and flowers attain here to an extraordinary size and perfection. The roses especially surpass in hue and fragrance everything I ever saw; nature appears clad in her gaudiest garb. Parrots glitter in the rays of the sun; the humming-bird is buzzing round the flowers of the aloe; deep-coloured butterflies, of the largest size, flutter around the roses; but swarms of gnats and gigantic bats, and sometimes a snake, remind us that the peculiar charms of the tropics are accompanied by peculiar nuisances.

The garden was opened to the natives, whom I found assembled, some in European attire, others in hardly any attire, and all amusing themselves with gymnastic games and animated dancing.

Their dances are very peculiar. The girls, with flowing hair, richly decorated with wreaths of flowers, but otherwise not much encumbered with dress, whirl round with the utmost rapidity, until they sink exhausted on the sand, where they remain motionless, unless the entreaties of some dancer induces the fair one to start anew. In this case up she darts, and with graceful leaps whirls round until she falls again. But wo to the male dancer who falls! All the girls gather round, pour water on him, pelt him with cocoa-peels, laugh at him, and at last make a terrible noise on cow-horns; but, compelled by custom, he must submit with a good grace to all these insults.

I was peculiarly interested by a female snake-charmer, who had a boa-constrictor twisted round her body, which seemed to understand every word of its mistress. The girl ordered it to pluck a rose, and the reptile plucked it, and handed it to her in the most caressing manner!

The queen was likewise invited, but she did not come. Pomare avoids, as far as possible, all contact with the French, and particularly with the lady of the governor; it was on account of her, and not of the flute-player, that she left my concert so soon: so I was informed by the missionary who is her chaplain.

The evening began already to spread its dark shadows over the mountains and flowery valleys of Tahiti, when I left the palace of the governor; the deep-blue sky of the tropics was studded with stars; a fragrant breeze gently moved the gloomy cypresses and stately palms, whose crowns of leaves waved gently in the air; the petals of the flowers, which had drooped towards the earth in the heat of the sun, rose once more refreshed by the evening dew; glow-worms glittered with trembling light in the dark-green orange thickets; and the silvery light of the moon illumined the magic scene, the beauty of which could not be conceived even by the most powerful imagination. Plunged in thought, I pursued a path towards the heights, through blooming cactuses and aloes, and under gigantic palm-trees, when suddenly, on the slope of a palm-grove, I observed a large building, from which came the sound of the organ and singing. This was the Roman Catholic church, the first in Tahiti, formerly an idol-temple. Thirty-five large columns, stems of the breadfruit-tree, support the building, the nave of which was decorated with flower-wreaths. On the master-altar I saw a picture of the Madonna; a priest read the mass; natives knelt on the steps of the altar; boys and girls, clad in white garments, sang to the sound of the melancholy organ. Soon after, the priest, an old man, began to preach in the Tahitian language; a native followed him, and spoke enthusiastically of the blessings of faith.

The next day my ardent wish was fulfilled. The governor sent me word that Queen Pomare had expressed a desire to hear me, and I had immediately to put myself in readiness. At three o'clock P.M., just when the heat of the sun was most oppressive, I went forth, accompanied by the chaplain of the queen, through the streets of Tahiti. A half-naked islander carried my violin-box, whilst the missionary instructed me in the court-ceremonial of the queen. We reached the shore, embarked in a canoe, and were rowed to the isle Papitee, the residence of her majesty. It is impossible to imagine a more charming picture than this green island: on one shore, studded with houses and gardens; on the other, bordered by a steep coral-reef, on which the waves of the Pacific break in majestic succession.

We reached the house of the queen by a path leading through a palm-grove, the outskirts of which are occupied by the huts of the natives. The royal residence resembles a European house, with large windows and a balcony; a gilt crown on the top designates it as the dwelling of the brown queen. A guardsman, with musket and heavy sword, in handsome regimentals, but barefooted, was pacing to and fro before the door with military gravity. We gave him a piece of money, and he immediately became very serviceable, and opened the gate for us. The missionary proceeded direct to the queen, to announce my arrival, while I had to stop in the waiting-room on the ground-floor, where there was no other furniture than a long table, on which lay asleep a stout man in very primitive costume. Awakened by the noise I involuntarily made, he yawned, put on a green dress-coat, and girded himself with a rusty sword, seemingly much astonished at the intrusion of a foreigner. From his diplomatic look, I could not doubt that the chamberlain, or perhaps one of the ministers of her majesty, stood before me. I bowed accordingly, but when he was about to enter into conversation with me, the missionary summoned me to the queen. I followed him, first through a long passage, decorated with arms and trophies; then through an apartment, in which the ladies-in-waiting were dressing without heeding us. I had here to tune my violin, and, armed with fiddle and bow, I was introduced into the next room, to the presence of the queen.

Pomare sat on palm-mats, in an apartment adorned with chintz, but scantily furnished. A badly painted picture hung on the wall behind her; two ladies-in-waiting squatted at her side, and fanned her with ostrich-feathers. Pomare, about thirty-six years old, is rather tall; her frame noble and well shaped; and her deportment not without majesty. Her features, full of expression, shew traces of great beauty, though her thick lips and yellowish-brown complexion detract from the effect. Her rich dark hair was confined on the top of the head by a large comb, and her brow was adorned with a simple gold circle. Her muslin robe of light-blue colour, wide on the shoulders, and drawn close round her waist, reached scarcely beyond her knees; her arms and feet were bare, adorned with corals and shells; and her great-toe was dyed of a red hue, and encircled with gold rings.

Not to infringe upon Tahitian etiquette, I bowed as low as possible, and then began the concert with a few simple melodies; but Pomare did not listen, carrying on a loud conversation with her ladies. I was much disappointed, and thought soon I had better go; but to try my luck, I struck up variations on *Yankee Doodle*. She seemed to know it—nodded—and was soon so charmed, that she sent for her two children, who became, indeed, a most satisfactory audience. The prince-royal, a little fellow, began to clap his hands; and the princess, about thirteen years old, danced to the music, much to the delight of the queen, at whose order the doors were thrown open, and all the court assembled round me.

The royal consort, a gigantic islander, appeared barefooted, like all the rest of the courtiers, and began to touch my hands, my bow, my fiddle, so that I could scarcely continue to play. I was at length so much squeezed by the crowd, that I began to have serious apprehensions for the safety of my instrument; but Pomare soon dismissed her court, and remained alone with me. She wished to examine my violin, touched the strings, and then returned the instrument. I now played a Tahitian melody, which seemed to please her much. She asked whether I came from France; and when I told her I was not a Frenchman, she shook my hand, and whispered: 'I do not like those fellows.' Of course she has reason enough not to like them, since they have deprived her of her power, and reduced her to mere nominal royalty. She now untied a small gold cross from her necklace of corals, and handed it to me, with the words: 'Take this as a keepsake from Pomare.' I bowed once more to her majesty; and, accompanied by the missionary, left the royal residence and the island Papitee. I shall never forget my visit to Tahiti. To-morrow, I sail for Australia.

NEW AIDS TO DESTRUCTION.

The tranquil arts of peace move on in one continuous stream, without noise or ostentation. However interesting to those persons immediately concerned, the world at large knows nothing about them, nor cares. The mere changes from year to year of tint or print in a lady's dress, or in the pattern of a ribbon, would furnish sufficient matter for many long scientific disquisitions. But these changes are mere matters of course, and they pass by. It is when war breaks suddenly forth, and the inventive powers of mankind are brought into operation for the purpose of meeting some newly arisen emergency, that the power of chemical and mechanical agencies becomes most striking; as any one who can manage at this time to steal a sly peep at our great national armoury of death at Woolwich will see.

We ourselves get inside those sacred precincts: no matter how. A certain little document, removed for the special occasion from our pocket-book, is our pass. A trusty Cerberus eyes a fragrant Havanna smoking between our lips, but we, knowing well the rules, calmly extinguish it without admonition, and pass by, wiping our eyes to make them bright, and opening them wide to see what we can see. Our curiosity had been stimulated by certain vague reports concerning new means of facilitating destruction, and we were determined, if possible, to satisfy ourselves as to the fact. Certain vague rumours had reached us in our seclusion of a new and wonderful carriage, which moved its own railway along with it, and laid the rails down when required, without any supervision whatever; a tale which called up certain reminiscences of an investigator of the laws of perpetual motion, who without quite accomplishing the grand desideratum, succeeded, nevertheless, in bringing about the very marvellous collateral result of getting into a basket, and lifting himself up by the handle.

Soon after passing the gates, a very curious-looking carriage meets our eye; a carriage in which a strange problem has been solved. It really does carry its own railway along with it—rails, plank-bearings, and all. This curious triumph of mechanical art was suggested by the desire of overcoming the difficulties we have experienced in getting heavy ordnance over the muddy abyss which separates Balaklava from our lines before Sebastopol.

How shall we begin an intelligible description of the new portable railway-machine? Let us try. What individual amongst us is there who, when walking out in some moist, miry, uncomfortable day, and finding himself sinking knee-deep into the mud, has not longed that his human pedal extremities were painlessly removed for the time being, and the nice flat, far-spreading web of a goose's foot supplied in their place? If walking on mud or snow, or yielding sand, were the normal condition of existence, depend upon it we should sooner or later be glad to adopt artificially some such device. Accordingly, the Esquimaux has his snow shoes; so has the Canadian Indian; and certain old shrimp-dames of our own coasts bid defiance to the gravitating tendency of their full-blown embonpoint, by the adoption of flat boards attached to the soles of their shoes.

So much, then, for the first notion we desire to create of the peculiarity of the railway-bearing carriages. This notion we shall now use as a peg whereon to hang many new ideas, until the whole theory and practice of the machine—the latter somewhat complex, by the by—shall, fate being propitious to our efforts, rise clear before the reader's mental sense.

Now, it is evident that a flat deal-board will not, weight for weight, sink so far down into a bed of mud as will the narrow tire of a cart-wheel. It is evident, too, that cart-wheels may have a railway tire or edge, instead of an ordinary tire or edge; and that a line of rails admits of being laid down upon a wooden plank. A person, likewise, may readily conceive the idea of laying down one of these rail-planks under each wheel; and this, indeed, is very much like what is ordinarily done in the construction of a common railway. The problem, therefore, was this: to construct the wheels in such a manner, that by means of certain mysterious-looking levers, pins, screws, and iron arms, these railway-planks, when passed over by the wheels, should be taken up by the machinery, and laid down in a new spot; and this problem has actually been solved. Each wheel admits of being represented as consisting of a circle inscribed within a hexagonal frame of flat boards, each furnished with railway-trimmings. If the hexagonal frame be supposed cut, or divided into its six component planks, one of these planks laid down beneath each carriage-wheel, and the carriage itself pushed forward, there would be supplied for it a short railway, having a length equal to the length of each plank; and the carriage having run on to the extremity of the rail-planks, might easily be transferred to another pair if they could be placed in due apposition with the last. In this manner, by means of two sets of alternating planks, the carriage might be made to run to any required distance. Now, this is just that which is accomplished by the rotation of the wheels themselves in the carriage under consideration; only, instead of the alternation of two pair of planks merely, the changes are played on no less than six pair, one pair alone being in plane contact with the underlying ground at one time. As to the exact combination of mechanical powers by which the curious result is effected, the less said the better. At present, we flatter ourselves that by indicating certain facts, by enlisting into our service a few analogies, and by leaving a small margin to be supplied by the imagination, the qualities of the extraordinary cart will have been rendered comprehensible 'to the meanest capacity.'

Turning away now from the ingeniously constructed cart, and wending our way through the grim regions sacred to death, the oval-mouthed monster of Mr

Lancaster is seen gaping at us. We lavish no caresses on him: he is an old acquaintance, and we have fully described his features in these pages already. We pass on.

The snow has only just melted; the yard is sloppy; we stumble over something hard; and looking down, observe an object not unlike a gigantic toad-stool under our feet. It is only a shell peeping from under the layer of mud in which it has been imbedded. Thousands upon thousands are peeping up in a similar manner, but we heed them no more. The object we are in quest of is a certain newly erected shed, wherein, as our Mercurius has informed us, certain Satanic agencies are being industriously applied to the manufacture of Mr Hale's new war-rockets. A black mysterious-looking combination of wood and tarpaulin at length is evident. 'No. 50' is painted upon its walls. All right; we approach, and take a peep into its interior. A benevolent-looking middle-aged gentleman we observe to be superintending the operations of half-a-dozen stalwart workmen. What are they doing? Amusing themselves, apparently, by pumping water out of a large tank. We were aware that the composition of Hale's rockets is a secret, but surely he never could be stuffing them with cold pump water! Our eyes must have deceived us.

More deliberate examination of what is going on, places the matter in a clearer light. Rocket-cases, sure enough, are there, and they are being filled. The object mistaken by us for a pump is really a hydrostatic press—hydrostatic force being the powerful agency employed by Mr Hale for ramming the combustible charge tightly into his rockets. At this time, it may be necessary to say, that Congreve's war-rockets are stuffed by the downward force of a heavy monkey-hammer—a plan which is not so promising as it may seem. In the first place, no sooner does the monkey-stroke fall upon the rammer, than a dense cloud of composition rushes out, not only dangerous if it be ignited, but highly injurious to the persons who breathe it; secondly, the force of sudden compression is very liable to set the rocket on fire, and, indeed, many fatal accidents have arisen from this cause. Several other disadvantages attend the process of monkey-ramming, all of which are obviated by the employment of hydrostatic force as the means of compression. A further peculiarity in the manufacture of Mr Hale's rockets is this: If the reader will take the trouble to refer to our description of rockets generally, in a previous number, he will be duly informed that a long conoidal perforation runs up to a considerable distance in the long axis of each. Now, in the construction of Congreve rockets, the perforation in question is made during the operation of ramming, by the agency of a long spill running up to the required distance, the rammers themselves having each a corresponding perforation to receive it in.

The great point of excellence, however, in Hale's rockets, and at the same time their great peculiarity, consists in that part of their construction by means of which straightness of direction is imparted to their flight. This is accomplished as follows:—The propelling fire-exit, or vent, is no longer peripheral, as in the Congreve rocket, but central, as in the pyrotechnic sky-rocket; and in a circle round this large central vent are a series of apertures, similar, when casually viewed, to those of a Congreve rocket. Examine them narrowly, however, and they will be found to present the following peculiarity: they are tangential, and, consequently, the jets of fire which issue from them cause the whole rocket to rotate like a Catherine-wheel, by which ingenious means an accurate directive flight is secured.

Mr Hale's war-rockets have already been adopted by the United States government, and also by the federal government of the Swiss republic. They are now being extensively made in our own arsenals; and we may, consequently, hear of their achievements ere long.

Without penetrating too deeply into the mysteries of Mr Hale's atelier, and making known all his secrets to an expectant world, we may, nevertheless, be permitted to draw attention to the peculiar genius of rockets, and to indicate slightly a function which they, more than any other description of firearms, are eminently calculated to fulfil. Unlike the flight of cannon-balls, the initial impulse of rockets is begotten by no first shocks. They start with small forces to commence with, and gain additional powers as they fly. Well, then, it comes to this: there are hundreds of compounds known to chemical science infinitely more destructive as regards their shattering and incendiary effects than gunpowder; but they are, from their very nature, totally unfitted to be launched forth from pieces of ordnance, as gunpowder is launched forth confined in a shell. Thus employed, the chemical destructives to which we advert must necessarily be exposed to a first initial shock or impulse, and this shock would inevitably cause them to explode. Not so if confined within the striking extremity or head of a rocket. It would then be subjected to no shock whatever, until that final shock resulting from its striking the body aimed at. That would be the most desirable moment for it to burst, and most assuredly burst it would, scattering death and destruction to an extent beyond the wildest expectation of old artillerists. It would be unjust to the merits of Mr Hale's rockets, were we to omit the circumstance of their extraordinary range. The longest range ever accomplished by any projectile weapon has been traversed by one of these rockets—nearly four miles! and a pigmy variety of Hale rocket, about the size of a man's middle-finger, has ranged 2000 yards. This is a fact of greater importance than it would at first seem. The prevalence of the Minié-rifle has caused the introduction of some far-shooting small-arm to be a desideratum. At present, a number of Minié-riflemen are able to ensconce themselves in a thicket, and shoot down at a distance of 1000 yards the enemy who approaches to dislodge them. It may be remarked, that Miniés could be employed against Miniés, and that the thicket-covered soldiery might be attacked with their own kind of weapon. A slight consideration will prove how great is the inequality of the two conditions. The attacking masses are standing upright, and fully visible—the thicket-covered riflemen are concealed. To fire a Minié-bullet at somebody we cannot see, is useless; but to fire a volley of rockets at him, is quite another affair. Their fiery jets would soon make the place too hot for his comfort: the thicket would take fire, and come forth he must.

There are many other points in which the genius of rockets is far more favourable to the necessities of modern warfare than ordinary firearms. Rocket-tails, until the discoveries of Mr Hale, had been the great impediment to their use. Their tails are now amputated, and rockets, we believe, will soon go ahead.

A NIGHT UNDER AN ORANGE-TREE.

OUR ship had the reputation of a clipper, and, as a matter of course, the captain was anxious to get home as fast as possible. It is hardly necessary to say, that the passengers—we in the steerage especially—shared in that feeling. But, in the meanwhile, we were very hungry: we had suffered from continuous light diet, together with a succession of light winds, and these causes had produced in us a state of growing exasperation. We were in a homeward-bound Australian ship; and at the time we left Melbourne, provisions were so dear, that the agents had put us on a rather short allowance. These ships are generally well provisioned on the voyage out, but at that time, this was not always the case on the return. Our voyage had been long, the provisions proved to be of bad quality, and the result was the unsatisfactory state of things to which I have alluded. Mr Bowden was perhaps our chief grumbler. He was a stout Devonshire man, much given to eating, and rather selfish in his habits, being turned of forty, and a bachelor. He had made some money on the diggings, and was going home to settle. He had brought some hams, and a great number of eggs, on board with him; and during the early part of the voyage, he spent his time chiefly in the cook's galley, frying those provisions. Unluckily, his arithmetic was defective: he had miscalculated the number of his eggs, and in about six weeks his stock was exhausted. From that time, he became subject to fits of melancholy; discontent obscured his face; and feeling, as he said, that he was shrinking fast in bulk, he became the leader of the grumblers.

We had made several appeals to the officers with no very great success. At last it was determined that we should address the captain, and insist upon having our rights. The captain was a very gentlemanly man. He was tall and well-looking, and was a picturesque object on the quarter-deck at all times when he appeared there. When he did so, it was commonly for the purpose of giving his arm to a widow lady—one of the cabin-passengers, said to be rich—and assisting her in her promenade. The motion of the vessel, of course, rendered such assistance necessary rather frequently. On calm evenings, the cabin-passengers would get up a dance by the light of the moon, and they would then come down from their own territory on to the main-deck. At such times, the captain was conspicuous for the excellence of his waltzing, which invariably called forth our high admiration. We considered that the professional term 'skipper,' was peculiarly applicable to him personally. Altogether, our ship was admirably officered, and we congratulated ourselves on having sailed in a crack-vessel.

We watched our opportunity, and advanced to the quarter-deck in a body, with Mr Bowden in front. The captain having resigned the arm of the widow to listen to our complaint, we told him that, if he pleased, we had nothing to eat. The captain's manly brow grew dark—it was said he had a part in the ownership of the vessel—he looked at Mr Bowden's rounded person, and said that if we did not eat, we seemed to do very well without it; at which the pretty widow, who was listening over the rail, laughed musically. Mr Bowden then produced a portion of an oily substance affirmed to be butter, and held it irreverently under the captain's nose, and even asked him to eat of it, and say how he would like it for breakfast. The captain looked wrathfully around; but we were many, and we looked determined; so he took a small piece of the oily substance, and tasted it, more to our satisfaction, probably, than his own. Mr Bowden then produced other samples of the ship's stores, equally curious, of which he invited the captain to partake, who, however, contented himself with inspecting them severally as they were thrust before him. Some persons more hungry than the rest then loudly demanded redress on the instant, and dinned the words 'law,' 'damages,' in the captain's ears. That gentleman's eye was angry, but his voice was mild; he said that he really could not give us what he had not got on board. Thereupon he was roughly told to get it, then, or take the consequences. The captain here retired with dignity, and the assembly broke up. That night, we observed that the ship's course was altered; and in a few days afterwards we cast anchor in Pernambuco Roads.

One of my fellow-passengers was a young M.D. from Belfast, who was travelling about to see the world, and gain experience in his profession. Although certainly a man of remarkable talents, he did not seek to impress that fact upon you, but was, on the contrary, a very pleasant and simple fellow as ever I met with. We agreed to go on shore together as soon as possible, and drove a bargain for that purpose with one of the boats' crews that came about the ship. We did land at last, though the doctor—having taken the tiller—nearly swamped us over the end of that curious coral-reef which forms a natural breakwater to the town. We made our way along some narrow streets, and were directed to a hotel at one end of a long jail-like building. We discovered afterwards, when it was too late, that we had gone to the wrong house, and that the right hotel was at the other end. We passed up a flight of stone steps, at the top of which was a landing. A negro here presented himself, and made some observation in Portuguese. We passed him, and crossing several galleries, arrived at a large room, which appeared to be the coffee-room. The furniture consisted merely of a long table in the centre, a side-table with dishes, and a few chairs: the large windows, which were thrown open, looked out upon the sea. There were two persons in the room, who both saluted us very courteously—one, an American captain; and the other a well-dressed, English-looking man, who turned out to be the landlord. Having answered a good many questions about our vessel—the well-known clipper *Rara Avis*—and the voyage, we ventured to ask for something to eat. There was some fish, which required cooking; and the town also produced fowls—but when the landlord offered to send and kill one for us, we declined. Our American friend recommended coffee and eggs as the best things the house provided; and these we ordered to be straightway set before us.

An interval of an hour elapsed, during which we smoked cigars with the captain, and made inquiries about the town. We learned that the landlord was on the point of leaving his hotel, which accounted to some extent for the lack of provisions, and the generally deserted appearance of the house. Hotels did not pay in Pernambuco. All the people who had any money, lived out of the town, and stayed in it only as many hours each day as were absolutely necessary for business. It followed, therefore, that there were few public amusements. There was a theatre, at which a sacred drama or opera was usually played on Sunday, and something not sacred on some other days; but it was not open just then. This news did not interest us much. We were on terra-firma, and in a new country, and we could not want for amusement. The coffee came at last, and proved to be good; and we sat and smoked at the open window with perfect contentment, till the evening came on, and the air became cool enough for a walk. The American captain presently departed to go off to his ship, and our host also disappeared. We succeeded in informing the black waiter, that he was to prepare beds for us, and we set off to see the town.

We found, however, that the people were the only interesting objects to be seen. The streets were narrow and gloomy, but they seemed to contain the whole population, as though everybody went out into the air at sunset. Every house-door was open, and at almost every door stood two or three women of various shades of colour, wearing usually a red handkerchief about their heads. They talked incessantly, and honoured us with a good deal of attention. We were not much flattered in consequence, for we attributed the notice we met with to the oddity of our appearance. We wore, in fact, the dress we had used to work in, in the country from which we came. It was simple, and I may add, easy, but certainly not elegant. It was a covering for the human frame, and that is all I can conscientiously say concerning it. The town seemed to produce a great number of macaws, and other gaudy birds; also dyed feathers, shells, and curiosities of various kinds. There were many wine-shops, where wine in bottles was sold with different names, but often, as it seemed to us, with a prevailing colour and taste. The doctor tasted of eighteen kinds of fruit during our walk, from motives of scientific curiosity. Having strolled about for some time, we turned back to our hotel, proposing to ourselves to get up early the next morning, and go into the country. The negro waiter, whom we found at the door, informed us in a few broken words that the landlord was out: we said that this was not of consequence, and requested him to shew us our rooms. Hereupon our attendant called another negro to his assistance, and between them they struck a light, lighted two candles, and led the way to two rooms adjoining each other, in one of the galleries.

My room contained a horsehair-couch, upon which was laid a round horsehair-pillow, and a remarkably thin sheet, which was of the same size as the couch. There was a table in the room, and a sort of bench under the window; besides these—nothing. My attendant placed the candle on the table, and asked, as well as he could, if I required anything more. I replied that I certainly did: I should like some water, not to say soap, and a towel; I should also like to know whether people always slept on horsehair in that town, and if one sheet comprised the whole of the bed-furniture supplied by the hotel. My negro was, of course, confused by these questions, and if he understood them, probably was unable to give me any information. He did reply to me in his own language, which I did not understand, and presently I gave up the attempt to better my accommodation, and told him to go in peace. He did so, evidently glad to escape. I began mechanically to undress, but looking towards my bed, I stopped doing so at once. While I was examining the pillow, which seemed to be unnecessarily hard, I heard my name called out by the doctor. It seemed that our rooms were divided only by a partition, which did not reach to the ceiling. The doctor requested to know if I liked my accommodation. I replied that I did not, and invited him to come in and look at it. He did so, and informed me that the arrangements of his room were exactly similar. We confounded our landlord for going out in the evening, and for not having beds in his house: we then agreed that rather than stay there, we would walk out into the country, and sleep in the open air. So having called the waiter, we requested him to open the street-door, told him we should return next day, and walked out with dignity, leaving him in speechless astonishment.

It was now growing late, and we expected, of course, to find the streets empty, and most of the people retired for the night. It appeared, however, on the contrary, that they became more lively as the night advanced. The streets, indeed, were less crowded, but house-doors were opened, lights burned within, and everywhere there was noise. Sometimes we heard the jingle of a fife or guitar, and a chorus; but the clatter of tongues was the prevailing music. We passed along the high road which led to the country, crossing over two bridges, and found that the street disappeared gradually, and became a dusty lane, bordered by rows of white cottages, with long high walls at intervals. These cottages seemed interminable. We found, however, that they had an end; and we then came to some trees, at which point the lane branched off in different directions. We took that which looked most rural, and walked along by the light of a brilliant moon for two or three miles. There were lines of villas, on each side of the road, each standing in its garden, and looking large and respectable. The suburbs of Pernambuco were larger than the town, and we began to think we should never come to an end of them. We passed through some miles of these villas, and still before us, and on each side, there were villas, and no open country. It is true they became thinner as we went on, but they also became larger and more dignified—villas evidently meant for two-horse carriages. Although it was past midnight, we constantly met parties of promenaders, sometimes singing or playing upon some instrument; and we came gradually to the conclusion, that the people went to bed in the daytime, if at all.

The doctor broke a thick cane out of a hedge for his protection, and walked by my side in silence. I was getting very tired, but buoyed myself up with the hope that there must lie an open country somewhere beyond the villas. At last the doctor made an observation to the effect that the climate was not favourable to exertion, and that we had better go to sleep somewhere. I agreed entirely to the suggestion, but said that if we went to sleep under a hedge, it would be uncomfortable, and we should probably be robbed before morning. He considered a while, and then proposed that we should go up to the next house, ring the bell, and calmly request to be provided with supper and a bed at the expense of the proprietor. The doctor added that he would agree, in case any of the family were ill, to cure them gratis in the morning. I begged my companion to be serious, as it really was getting necessary for us to find a resting-place somewhere. Presently we saw over a hedge a wide-spreading orange-tree, under the branches of which the ground was bare of grass. Through these branches there grew the long smooth stem of a cocoa-nut tree, which the orange-tree embraced lovingly. The doctor at once said that there was what we wanted—shelter from the dew, and a clear space to lie upon. The tree was in the grounds of a villa, but not very near to the house. We climbed over the hedge, and having piled against the trunk of the tree some dry grass for a pillow, we lay down luxuriously. The field was covered with long grass outside our charmed circle, and this grass appeared to be inhabited. We heard the noise of many insects and other 'small deer,' and being ignorant of the country, did not know but some of them might make themselves disagreeable. However, none of them intruded upon us; and we lay with our cigars pointed at the stars, and moralised.

It was evident to us that the people, the negroes at all events, in this country, led a very unthinking animal existence. They were exempt from much of the misery that befalls poor people in colder climes. The sun was their chief blessing, much lessening by his rays the necessity for labour, and the need of artificial warmth, and even of food. But the sun exacted from them all a strict tax in return. He stole from the land its spring, and from the women their youth; and, more than all, he stole from the men much of their higher nature, and hid the great objects of life in a glare of sunshine. Life was turned into a siesta: first a dinner, and then a snooze. Day passed after day, and night after night, and the record of each day and night was—a little business, then a little music; some coffee and cigars, then sleep; and an early drive and a bath in the morning. And so on through other days and nights. We came to the conclusion, that if from the beginning we had all lived in the tropics, the world would have had no history, and perhaps no printing-press. We admitted that indolence was very pleasant and seductive, but we did not think that we could bring ourselves to like that country. Life seemed sickly there. The gorgeous vegetation about us fatigued the eye, and we looked in vain for something of the bright green which tells of youth, and sap, and vigour. But the plants, like the people, were the spoiled children of the sun, and drooped beneath the warmth of his caresses. These were our meditations by moonlight; but for my part, I found that my opinions changed a little when I had seen things through the morning air. The doctor was more consistent, and his views remained unaltered.

As the night advanced, a gentle breeze arose, which blew chilly upon us. The doctor got up, and forgetting that he was not in the bush, began pulling branches off our friendly tree, which he piled at our back, to break the wind. I remonstrated with him, but to no effect; and I must confess that his arrangement made us much more comfortable. He made a good deal of noise, however, in pulling off the branches; and after he had lain down again, I observed a man's head pop over a hedge near us, and remain for some minutes in that position. We lay perfectly still, and the head having given vent to an audible ejaculation or grunt, disappeared. I then told the doctor that he had probably got us into a scrape, and reminded him of the fact that we were trespassing, and that the proprietor might possibly object to having the branches of his trees pulled off. The doctor grasped his bamboo, and suggested that we should bolt instantly. I said I should like to do so, certainly, but, considering that the alarm was already given, we might have a hue and cry after us which was not desirable. Besides, were we to resign our bed before we were compelled, and turn and flee ignominiously? It was not to be thought of. The doctor admitted that if I put it in that light, it certainly was not, and he therefore resigned himself to his fate. Presently, about half-a-dozen negroes appeared before us, as if they had risen out of the earth, for we had heard no sound of their approach. We immediately got on our legs, expecting a row, but the party were peaceable in demeanour, and we found that several of them were women. None of them could speak English; but one of the men spoke a language remotely resembling French, by means of which we managed to confer with him. He said that his master had sent for us, and that we must therefore come. We asked his master's name; and he replied that it was (let us say) X., and that he was an Englishman. We expressed our willingness to go before Mr X., as he was our countryman, and we walked together towards the house. Madame—the black said—was a Frenchwoman, which accounted for his knowledge of that language. His master had seen us under the tree, from which I concluded that the head over the hedge had belonged to Mr X. I asked if his master was angry at our intrusion; and the negro gave me to understand, with gesticulations, that Mr X. was desperately angry. I mentioned this to the doctor, who remarked boldly that he didn't care, and should hold fast by his bamboo. He required to know what we were to say. We must give some account of ourselves of course, and he thought that the truth would hardly do, as we were so ill-dressed, and it is *de rigueur* to be well-dressed in Pernambuco. I said we had better use plenty of words, without saying anything in particular. We were passengers by the *Rara Avis*, and had come out into the country to sleep; that where we had last resided, wood was cheap, and we had forgotten how different the case might be here; that we were very sorry, and would do so no more. The doctor said that all that was very well, but that he should like to get a supper, if possible. I admitted that we had not eaten for some hours past, but I feared we must leave that point to Mr X.'s hospitality.

There were many outbuildings and cottages surrounding the house, which was evidently the residence of a wealthy man. The house proper was a long building of one story, plainly but substantially built. We passed through a hall, and our negro with the French opened the door of a room, and ushered us in, the rest of our body-guard clustering at the door to watch the proceedings. It was a large room, very elegantly furnished after a French fashion. Nothing seemed to be very solid, but the general effect was airy, and gay, and pleasant. A young and pretty, but rather faded woman was reclining in a chair, and Mr X. himself was lolling on a sofa, with his hands in his pockets. He rose as we entered the room, and stood up, with his hands still in his pockets. He was a little man, with red hair, very carefully dressed, and having a face which I supposed, when in repose, to be good-looking. The doctor removed the piece of felt which he wore on his head, and advanced boldly into the room. Mr X. began the attack by saying:

'What are you doing in my grounds? You are Englishmen, eh?'

'Yes, we are Englishmen,' replied the doctor.

'And we were trying to go to sleep,' said I.

'Umph!' said Mr X.

Madame here asked her husband what we said; and when he translated our replies, she said it was probable, for that was what our countrymen were always trying to do.

Mr X. here looked more ill-tempered than before. 'What are you?' he asked.

'We are honest men,' replied the doctor. 'Just arrived in this country, and we—we came out for a walk; and when we got tired, seeing your orange-tree very convenient, we thought we'd like to sleep under it'——

'And a very comfortable place you found it, eh?' said Mr X., getting red in the face. 'What do you mean by breaking down my hedge and lopping off my branches, eh? How do I know what your intentions were upon my property?'

Here the doctor was going to lose his temper, so I poked him vigorously in the ribs, and took up the reply. I told Mr X. that we really had no sinister designs in trespassing on his land, and, on the contrary, were sorry for the damage we had done; and I added, that if he would allow us to go back to the orange-tree, we should be much obliged, as we were very tired. Here Madame again requested Mr X. to translate for her, and he did so partially. She then expressed her surprise that Mr X. should ask us such questions. For her part, she did not find anything terrible about us; we were dirty, she was pleased to say, but we were honest fellows. All this was said of course under the supposition that we were ignorant of the language; but forgetting this, the next moment she remarked that we looked hungry; and turning to me said suddenly: 'Avez-vous faim vous?'

'Mais oui, madame, enormément,' I replied immediately. The doctor gave me a punch, but it was too late.

Madame laughed heartily, and begged Mr X. to remark that we understood all they had been saying. Mr X. looked at us as if we had committed a new offence by our knowledge of French.

I was in for it now; so I addressed madame, and apologised as well as I could for our eaves-dropping, and thanked her for the good opinion she had been pleased to express concerning us. I added, that we certainly were dirty, but she must attribute that to the dustiness of the roads, and the extreme scarcity of water at our hotel. I think madame understood us a good deal better than her husband: however, she graciously received the apology, and told Mr X. that she found them amusing, these people. Mr X. was sulky at first, but he relaxed gradually: by degrees he asked us to sit down, ordered refreshments for us to partake of, and eventually appeared in his true character, as a very agreeable hospitable fellow. The doctor brightened up considerably under the influence of a glass or two of wine, and shewed his gratitude for his supper by making himself amusing. Among other things, he told Mr X. that we had been devising various schemes for getting a supper, but that he should never have expected to do so by pulling branches off an orange-tree: after all, there was nothing like luck. Mr X. made a very civil reply; but advised him not to try the experiment again.

It must have been very late when we retired to the beds prepared for us, and went to sleep on something much more comfortable than horsehair. Madame and her husband had politely asked us to stay to breakfast; but there were looking-glasses in the room, and we glanced at one of them, and begged to be excused. The doctor gave Mr X. his address in the County Down, and hoped that when he happened to come that way, he would look in, which Mr X. promised to do.

We rose early, and took our way back to the town, passing as we went many carriages, conveying, no doubt, the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood on their early drive. The air soon lost its coolness, and the sun's rays became oppressive. The doctor pushed on, to get out of the heat, as he said.

'You had better make the most of the sunshine while you have it,' said I; 'remember, you are off to the Black North.'

'The sooner the better,' he replied. 'I'd rather be there, though I should have to pay twopence apiece for oranges as long as I live.'

The fact is, the doctor's tastes were not cosmopolitan; and, indeed, we were both too much in the habit of measuring the landscape about us by our home standards of taste. Errors like these are cured, or ought to be so, by the experience of later years, when it is to be hoped we may come to look with larger eyes upon the various phases of human life, and believe, if we cannot see, that each has a fitness and excellence of its own, in harmony with the great purpose of the whole.

PHILOSOPHY OF ARCHITECTURE.

Pottery is called the Mother of the Arts; but Architecture must always be looked upon as what its name implies—the Great Art. Its history is the history of mankind; but to arrive at the true interpretation thereof, we must look far beyond the squabbles of schools, and the antagonism of tastes, that are so loud and energetic in the present day. To enable common minds to do this, no happier or simpler scheme could be contrived than one now in operation at the Scottish Exhibition in Glasgow; for there we see the history of architecture before our eyes, not as in books, intermixed with theories and crotchets, but in forms and colours, addressing themselves to the judgment through the senses. When we remark that all this is necessarily in outline, and even the outline not always complete, we have said everything possible in the way of depreciation; and there remains only unqualified admiration of the public spirit and elegant taste of the accomplished institutors of the Exhibition.

In the present paper, we intend noting the ideas that will be suggested by a saunter through the building, and then describing briefly the nature and arrangements of what we trust, for the sake of the arts, and for the credit of the western metropolis of Scotland, will be a permanent institution.

It will be thought a trite observation, that the status of tribes of men is, in general, determined by the character of their habitat, and the other physical circumstances that surround them. It would be vain, for instance, to expect the Esquimaux to get beyond their snow-houses, with plates of ice for windows. The Australian savage has none of the grasses that are developed by cultivation into those cereal plants which hold families and societies together; and he has no cattle to render even the far-stretching desert, with its oases of pasture, a possession and a country. Gaunt and forlorn, therefore, he wanders through his trackless solitudes in search of the kangaroo, as untamable as himself, and, instead of building a hut, is fain to cower behind a leaf of bark stripped from a tree, to shelter him from the wind.

In some countries the hostility of wild beasts gives the law to architecture: in portions of South Africa, and in the island of Luzon, in the Indian Archipelago, men have their homes in nests constructed in lofty trees. The nomadic populations of Tatary, whose wealth consists of flocks and herds, with which they roam from pasture to pasture, are satisfied perforce with movable tents for their habitations. In more advanced societies, poverty confines the architecture of individuals and classes to its lowest forms: in the wilder portions of Asia Minor, the traveller is at this day surprised to meet with human dwellings composed of the interlaced branches of trees, with skins thrown over them for a roof; and he is *not* surprised to find, in corners of our own favoured country, hovels that bespeak a state of taste and knowledge greatly inferior to that existing among numerous tribes of savages.

What were the circumstances that gave the impetus to architecture, by which a miserable hovel was ultimately developed into a majestic temple, we do not know; but we do know that they probably first occurred in the region pointed out by Scripture as the cradle of the human race—a region free from extremes of heat and cold, diversified with woods and waters, yielding bounteously the cereal grasses, and supplied with the tamable animals fit for the service and the food of man. Here the human race multiplied sufficiently to subdue the denizens of the forest; and here, unopposed by the other circumstances catalogued above, the arts attained to a development which excites the wonder and admiration of the modern world.

It has been acutely observed, that up to this moment we know nothing of the ancient architecture of Assyria; that what we have as yet seen is, by its very artifice and elaboration, only the corruption of a more severe, and, perhaps, a more grand antiquity. What the earlier buildings may have been that looked down upon the prostrate country from their artificial mounds of forty or fifty feet in height, we cannot even guess; but we know that the later masses, of which we see the ruins, were vast and imposing, and that their ornamentation was of a more complicated character than that of Egypt at the same period. The reason why Egypt presents the appearance of having never been young, is that she never changed. The same ponderous solidity, that clasps the earth as if to force from it immortality, the same majestic outline, and the same paucity in the filling up, which seem to imply a scorn of everything but the general impression—all are the leading characteristics of Egyptian architecture, throughout a history the beginning of which is lost in 'the dark rereward and abysm of time.' The ideas of its Great Art are few, though grand, and its works, in consequence, are monotonous; but these are precisely the terms in which we should describe the sea, the most sublime of all natural objects.

Although, in point of details, the existing Assyrian relics are supposed by some authorities to come between those of Egypt and Greece, the last-mentioned country is usually said to have received its lessons from Egypt; and drawings of certain Egyptian columns are shewn in the Exhibition, that are conjectured by some to have been the germ of the most ancient Greek order, the Doric. Be it so. If the theory we uphold is correct, that every great people impresses its own character upon its architecture, the question is not worth argument; but it may just be remarked in passing, that, taken generally, the works of these two nations can be compared only in the way of contrast. Attention is drawn in the Exhibition to a much more curious resemblance—the almost actual identity of the lion of Assyrian sculpture with the lion of a temple in an early Greek colony in Lower Italy. If it was the natural animal that was represented, there would be nothing curious in the matter; but two nations can hardly be supposed to have hit by chance upon the same conventionality.

Although Egyptian and Grecian architecture are absolutely different in the impression, it cannot be denied that the early Doric of the latter was peculiarly massive and heavy. This elegant people, however, could not fail to see at length the capabilities of the style, to which they long confined themselves. Their genius absolutely revelled in it, till the Macedonian conquest brought new and more effeminately graceful ideas. Before then, however, had been seen, though not so frequently, the maidenly Ionic, her beauty contrasting, yet sympathising, with that of her severer brother. These two—of which fine reproductions are to be seen at the bottom of the Mound in Edinburgh—were the only purely Greek orders; for although acquainted with the Corinthian—as we see in the Exhibition both from drawings and casts, more especially from the choragic monument of Lysicrates—the national taste never received it into favour.

The Romans, on the other hand, a people of a widely different genius, seized upon the Corinthian as their peculiar field, romanising the other two styles, and with an almost comic obedience to their idiosyncrasy, following the early type of the columns of the Erectheum, by thrusting forth diagonally as the angles of the capital the chaste and modest volutes of the Ionic. In the Corinthian, however, they indulged to excess, an excess that would have terrified the Greeks; although far from being coarse or vulgar, it was generally rich and poetical. But for one other circumstance in the régime of the Romans, here architecture would probably have rested, and to this day the world would have been playing variations on the three styles that had their origin in Greece. This circumstance was the adaptation of the Arch, which gave to architecture an entirely new development. The Romans were not the inventors of the arch, which they probably received from Etruria; although it was known likewise to the ancient Assyrians, Egyptians, and Persians: but they were the first to recognise its capabilities, and to introduce it as one of the grand features of architecture.

Hitherto the progress of the Great Art had been from rude and massive grandeur to severely elegant simplicity. Hitherto, its temples and palaces had either owed their altitude to artificial mounds, as in Assyria; or as in Greece, when nature did not afford an eminence, had been raised only to one story from the level earth. Now the Romans, with more or less taste, gave to it a variety of which it had seemed unsusceptible: majestic domes raised their heads to heaven; and the extraordinary spectacle was beheld of supercolumniations—order towering above order.

Arches on arches! As it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
The Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light that streams here, to illume
This long explored, but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Stars which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory.

'Once admitted into Roman edifices,' says Mr Hope, 'the arch begins to acquire a power inconsistent with the prevalence of the essential parts of the Grecian architecture, which were henceforward considered as optional and ornamental expletives and additions.' He considers, that in discarding the Greek features, the Romans, 'if they had been possessed of a delicate appreciation of the beauties of art, had they been gifted with inventive or imaginative genius, would for the arch have devised some new species of ornamental addition, appearing to belong to its nature and composition. But such powers they could not boast. Their minds might be fertile in useful inventions: in that calculated for beauty they were sterile.' This we hold to be false criticism. The Romans overpowered the Greek character with the strength of their own; and by means of the arch, gave to architecture a new grandeur and a new glory.

After the seat of empire was transferred to Constantinople, the national thought took a new direction both in Italy and in the East, and the Byzantine and Romanesque styles, though still varieties of the Roman classic, exhibit a new character. In the Byzantine, more especially, the arch bubbles up to the roof of the edifice in the form of a vast dome, sometimes flanked by smaller ones; and to such an extent did this taste prevail, that authors mention the peculiarity as the 'round style.' In another part of Europe, the lessons of the Great Art were oddly but magnificently applied by an eastern people, who in their own country had not got beyond its rudimental form. The genius of the Saracens in Spain could not comprehend that of the West; but working in its own fashion with the arch, and travestying the column, it produced, by the mere force of character, works that command our surprise and admiration. The interior paintings, which formed a standing ornament of the Byzantine, were forbidden to Mohammedans; but the variegated colours, intermingled with gold, with which their walls and roofs were covered, had a rich and gorgeous effect. In fact, it is to this ornamentation a Moorish interior owes much of its peculiar charm.

At what time the term Gothic was first applied to these innovations upon classical architecture, with which the Goths had ostensibly nothing to do, we do not know; and the subject is not worth inquiring into. But we hold the term to be correct in spirit, however otherwise in letter; for unquestionably it was the infusion of the fresh blood of the barbarians into the torpid veins of Roman civilisation which gave a new character to Europe. Centuries, however, rolled on, with the arch and the column giving its character to the Great Art, before the style appeared to which, par excellence, we apply the name of Gothic.

In this style, the whole of the building became *one arch*. The groins, instead of being confined, as heretofore, to the roof, were carried down even to the ground; while the pillars of the nave being still retained, preserved to the eye the perpendicular form of the edifice, the distant roof appearing to rest upon them like a cloud. By this process, the semicircular form of the dome was necessarily lost. It became an enormously elongated and pointed arch resting on the ground, and its roof soaring to an immense altitude in the air. This pointed style was likewise introduced into the windows and every other part of the building. 'The apertures of former architectural styles, widened and multiplied,' says the writer we have quoted; 'the supports, lengthened and compressed; the vast masses made to hover in air, with but slight stays on earth, by the very principle of the pointed style, even in its soberest and most subdued shape, suggested the idea of still increasing the surprise produced by these circumstances, by doing away with every remains of solid wall that could be dispensed with, trusting for support to the pillars alone; so situating these pillars that their angles only should face each other and the spectator, while their sides should fly away from the eye in a diagonal line; subdividing every surface that is not to be entirely suppressed into such a number of parts, or perforating it so ingeniously and so variously, as to make it light as a film, or transparent as gauze; and increasing to the utmost the width of every window, and the height of every vault. The number of arches all pointed, and the curious intersections of their curving groins, increased by the complicated plan of Gothic edifices, suggested the idea of creating forms and combinations still more varied and complex, by subdividing their sweep into trefoils, quatrefoils, and other curious scollopings; and by making them bend, like the ogive moulding, and after shewing a convex, exhibit a concave line.

And though certainly the essential parts did not derive, from the imitation of trees planted in an avenue or quincunx, their more essential forms, it is probable that the similarity which they gradually but incidentally acquired to trees thus disposed, gave the idea of completing the resemblance in the ornamental additions, not only by dotting every pediment and pinnacle with crotchets and finials in the shape of buds, and by filling every arch with tracery like the foliage; but, as was practised in the last and most florid German style, by twisting the lighter arches and ribs themselves, so as to look like the stalks of the woodbine, or the tendrils of the vine.' This extraordinary novelty in architecture occurred in the latter half of the twelfth century, and was probably introduced by the Germans. It continued till the end of the fifteenth, when it was set aside by the Italian style, which commenced what is called the Revival, or return to classical models.

This Italian style was a failure; and the intelligent lounger in the Exhibition will be at no loss to assign the reason. Hitherto he has seen the leading thought of various peoples impressing itself upon their architecture; but the revival was an oscillation, brought on by individual teachers, and intended to be from the absolutely false to the absolutely true. The mistake of the teachers was their confounding sculpture with architecture—sculpture which, as high art, is an idealised imitation of things existing in nature, and architecture, which has no prototype in the material world, but derives its form at first from the necessities, and afterwards from the taste and genius of the age or nation. In sculpture, Greek art was merely an elevated nature; in architecture, it was the idiosyncrasy of the people. The movement of the Revival ignored these plain facts: it very properly sought a return to Greek sculpture, but very improperly desired to drive back per force to Romanised Greek architecture. The effort was vain; and not so because the age was deficient in genius. It recognised the beauty of both departments of art, but felt unconsciously that the latter was not akin to its own thought. For this reason, the Italian school has never been so successful as the Gothic school, which it spurned and forsook.

In all the styles we have thus rapidly glanced at, there is a greater or less portion of the beautiful—there is something that is recognised by races of men as the satisfaction of a want of their nature. In a sister art, just as in architecture, we have styles of music that are all different, yet all beautiful, because all constructed on the same mathematical principles of the art. Mr D. R. Hay has shewn the identity in principle of the construction of portions of the Parthenon and Lincoln Cathedral; and, in our opinion, he might apply his system with the same success to specimens of *all* styles that have obtained the suffrages of ages or nations. His idea that the Greeks were acquainted with the law of nature alluded to, and worked by mathematical rule in the production of beauty, may be as little susceptible of proof as the occult secrets of the Freemasons, that are supposed to have given birth to the high Gothic. But neither of these has anything to do with his system, which rests upon its own merits. That system has been accused of fettering genius with its mechanical formulæ; but in our opinion it is the grand liberator of the artistical mind from prejudice and tradition, throwing it loose upon all nature and all art in its pursuit of the beautiful.

Such were the ideas that floated through our mind as we wandered through the Exhibition. It is only justice to say, that the pleasure thus given to us we owe to Mr Charles Heath Wilson of Glasgow; for the establishment was designed at first as a mere collection, but organised by him into a historical series.

In the room which forms the porch to the Historic Gallery, are placed casts from remarkable specimens of Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture, forming an appropriate introduction to the casts from classic examples placed within the Gallery. This series of casts, although not extensive, is singularly interesting. It is divided into four groups: the first being exclusively from Greek monuments; the second, from Roman; the third, from various Medieval edifices; and the fourth, from the best ornamental details of the Revival period. To assist visitors to understand these, they are labelled with the names and dates of erection of the buildings whence they were taken, and photographic views of the buildings are placed in the immediate vicinity of them. But it has not been considered sufficient thus to illustrate the four great styles; besides the casts, a collection of drawings has been brought together, and chronologically arranged, which has perhaps never been surpassed in interest. The drawings are principally the work of Signor Lusieri—the artist who accompanied Lord Elgin to Athens—of Mr Roberts, R.A., of the late Hugh Williams, the late Andrew Wilson, Mr Digby Wyatt, Mr Lewis Gruner, Mr Alfred Stevens, Mr C. H. Wilson, and the late eminent traveller, Mr Bruce of Kinnaird, and various German and Italian artists of skill and eminence, whose drawings were lent for exhibition; and we would particularly mention the liberality with which Dr Patrich, of Leipsic, lent upwards of 150 valuable drawings of German architectural subjects. The series of drawings commences with views of important Greek edifices; next, we find Roman examples, including remarkable edifices in Rome, the provinces, and the Roman colonies: this completes the series of pagan monuments. Passing along the screens, we find ourselves opposite the churches and other monuments of Christian Italy; the series being appropriately wound up by a view of the Eternal City, a superb picture by the late Andrew Wilson, now the property of Dr Maclagan. Near it, Mr Wilson has placed a series of fine drawings, lent by the Earl of Elgin, illustrative of the mural paintings and decorations of Italy, including the most remarkable pictures of Raphael, and terminating with the Aurora of Guido. Decorative art is pleasingly illustrated in other portions of the Gallery: the decorative paintings of the Romans, for instance, are placed near the casts from Roman edifices; and a lovely drawing by Mr Digby Wyatt, of his Pompeian Court, is appropriately placed among other specimens of ancient decoration. Mr Lewis Gruner's designs for Her Majesty's ball-room are near the illustrations of the Revival.

From Italy we pass into Germany, illustrated by a wonderful series of drawings, the property of Dr Patrich; thence we pass into Belgium, France, Spain; and thence into England and Scotland. The drawings illustrating the architecture of these countries are principally executed by Mr Roberts, R.A., and attract universal admiration. Besides these drawings, a fine collection of photographs illustrates the architecture of Rome, Florence, Venice, Berlin, Dresden, Paris, &c. —a collection which we have never seen equalled in number and quality, purchased like the casts and no inconsiderable number of the drawings by the enterprising members of the Council of Management, whose exertions have been beyond praise.

Modern architecture is illustrated by the designs of several eminent architects of the present day; but, with the exception of a few drawings, this part of the collection is disappointing, and we are at a loss to understand why some of the drawings were exhibited at all.

The halls beneath are dedicated to Manufactures and Decorations. The general arrangement is pleasing: the effect is a miniature of the Crystal Palace; but it is somewhat marred by carpets covered with the huge patterns which the bad taste of the day sanctions, and which have the effect of dwarfing everything else. The manufactured articles are arranged in sections, with due attention to order. There are specimens of Terra Cotta from Paris and Berlin; copies of Greek vases; Majolica, Dresden, Sèvres, and English ware; glass from France, and from Germany metal; castings in bronze and iron of the most beautiful description, especially the bronzes purchased by the Council, and those exhibited by Elkington, of which we may well be proud; French plate, tastefully designed and chased, and English plate, with meaningless ornamentation thrown upon clumsy designs, as if the artist valued his work, like the seller, by the ounce; Russian plate, a yacht-prize belonging to Mr Campbell, of Blythswood. There are also many specimens of textile fabrics in the questionable taste of the day; painted decorations, betraying much ignorance both of style and the principles of taste—exhibited, we presume, as a proof that we have everything to learn in respect of this art. Some of the members of the Council have designed Greek, Italian, and Gothic apartments, in the hope of ameliorating the present defective taste in decorative design. There is a good deal of painted glass of indifferent merit—that by Ballantine, of Edinburgh, being the best of native production, although everything is immeasurably distanced by two superb specimens from Dresden. In like manner, the plaster-decorations purchased by Mr Wilson at Berlin surpass those made at home, and offer a mortifying contrast, yet afford a lesson which, it is to be hoped, may be of service to our art. The furniture exhibited is nearly all bad—ponderous, carved without taste, as it is designed without knowledge of art. Specimens of the sculptor's art are placed in various parts of the room, and enhance the general effect; but with the exception of the Adam and Eve of Scoular, and some clever groups of animals by Thomas, of London, an artist of versatile genius, there is little that is worth attention. Amongst the specimens bearing upon matters of practical detail, we were much struck with the products of melted basalt, being architectural details cast from this material, rendered fluid and cooled in a particular manner; the invention, we believe, of Messrs Chance, of Birmingham. Chimney-pieces of many kinds; grates and other useful and ornamental articles of metal; tiles by Mr Murton, and other manufacturers; and many other interesting objects of beauty and utility are arranged in appropriate divisions. Among these, the charming imitations of medieval brass and iron work by Mr Potter, of London, struck us very favourably.

The Ladies' Guild has exhibited a number of handsome specimens of ladies' work—not crochet and Berlin worsted, but chimney-pieces, tables, and screens, remarkable both for material and execution. Mr Stevens, of London, has specimens of his gorgeous mosaic works; and in this omnium gatherum of articles, we would specify as worthy of admiration the beautiful serpentine from Land's End, wrought into vases and chimney-pieces.

The casts, and many of the most beautiful works of art in the Exhibition, as usual, have been imported from the continent; but Scotland is not without her own monuments of artist skill, and Mr C. H. Wilson has proposed to form a collection of casts from our own most important ancient edifices—remains of the periods when, in common with other nations, we excelled in the Great Art. Such a collection, chronologically arranged, would be of great interest to every Scotchman. Our gallery of casts in the Royal Institution amply illustrates foreign art, ancient and modern; but where is our own? If Mr Wilson's ideas are adopted and carried out, we may possess a Scottish Gallery of Sculpture, illustrating the progress of ideas on this subject from the beginnings of our history to the Reformation.

We have thus given a brief view of this remarkable Exhibition, which confers so much honour on the body of gentlemen who projected it, and who have carried it out. The city, however, cannot be said to have responded to the effort to please and instruct it: when we visited the galleries, there were not a dozen people present. We trust that, for their own sakes, the people of Glasgow will still endeavour to support this Exhibition: it will be a great and permanent reproach if they allow it to pass away among the things of the season.

BLESS THE BABY!

The reader may be curious to know at what period the event I am about to relate occurred. Reasons of delicacy, however, prevent me from gratifying even so reasonable a desire; and I will only say, that the harrowing circumstance took place in the summer of a certain year, between the time of the arrival of the first bear at the Zoological Gardens in London and the present day.

I had been a midshipman on board the well-known ship named after His Majesty King William the Fourth; but receiving letters from home announcing my father's death, I had just returned to this country to take possession, as well as a minor could, of the family estate. I was not very well acquainted with the world—except the liquid part of it—having been brought up in a country town, and shipped in boyhood; but to make up for that, I had an excellent opinion of myself, and watched both with pride and anxiety the sprouting of what I conceived to be a very promising moustache.

One evening, after getting myself into full tog, I was displaying my horsemanship near the Zoological Gardens, when I saw, in the path leading to the entrance, one of the loveliest women that ever appeared to the eyes of an ex-reefer. What was that to me? I do not know. It was a thing completely settled in my mind, that I was a full-grown man, and that a full-grown man has a right to look at any woman. In short, I dismounted, gave my horse to the groom, and followed my divinity. A little girl was behind her, walking with the nurse-maid, who had another child, an infant, in her arms; and to my great satisfaction, this careless servant put the baby presently into the arms of the older girl, not much bigger than itself. I watched the proceeding, saw the little creature, whose walk was but a totter at the best, swaying to and fro under her burden, and the baby's long clothes trailing on the ground.

'Madam,' said I to the lady, touching my hat in quarter-deck fashion, 'that baby, I fear, is in dangerous hands: you are perhaps not aware of it?' She turned round instantly. It was what I wanted, but the flash I received from her beautiful eyes had a world of haughtiness in it; and although she bent her head slightly, and said: 'Sir, I thank you,' I did not dare to continue the conversation, but walked rapidly on. In fact, it was obvious the woman thought I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in criticising the arrangements of her walk; and as when turning away I caught a smile at my discomfiture on the face of the nurse-maid, who snatched the baby roughly away, indignation mingled with my awkwardness.

Who was this lady? Was she the mother of the two children? Was she the governess? Was she a relation? Was she single, or married? She was single; she was the mother's sister: I decided upon that. And, after all, was her haughty look so very reprehensible? Had she not been addressed suddenly by a stranger, and that stranger a Man—a man of somewhat distingué figure, and most promising moustaches? I relented; and as I saw her enter the Gardens my heart gave a great leap, for I considered it uncommonly likely that a lion would break loose, or something or other occur to draw forth my chivalry, and extort her gratitude. I was not in error in my anticipations; although the circumstance that did occur was too wild even for an imagination like mine. Had it come suddenly, I almost think I should have shut my eyes, held my breath, and stood still: but as it was, I had no time to reflect; the uppermost idea in my mind was, that I would do something heroic, something desperate; and when opportunity offered, I instantaneously did it.

The party, with many others, were looking over the enclosure at the bear on his pole; and in order that all might see, the nurse-maid had the little girl in her arms, while the little girl had the baby in hers. This arrangement was not very reprehensible, as a momentary freak, for the maid of course had good hold of both the children, the elder of whom was jumping with glee; and my attention, therefore, was exclusively directed to the lady, who stood absorbed in the spectacle before me. All on a sudden, there was a scream from the little girl—the unfortunate baby was over the enclosure, and lying senseless on its face in the area—and the gigantic bear was hastily descending the pole to secure his prey.

To climb the enclosure, and spring into the area, did not take me many moments—but it took me too many. I was at a little distance from the spot, and before I reached it, the bear had caught up the infant, whose little face was buried in its fur; and on my approach made for the pole, and began to ascend with great rapidity. I followed, without giving myself time for a moment's reflection, and while I climbed caught hold of the long clothes of the baby. The action was well intended; but the consequences were dreadful—perhaps fatal; for the bear loosed his hold, and the poor little thing fell to the ground. I began mechanically to descend; but did not dare to look at what was in all probability a lifeless corpse. And presently I could not look, for the exigencies of my own position demanded my every thought. The bear above was descending with huge strides and angry growls, and another below—a great black monster, of whose presence in the enclosure I had not been aware—was shambling along to the support of his comrade, and had already almost reached the pole.

The fix was terrible, but it lasted only an instant; for the keeper now made his appearance, and with a few hearty wallops sent the black bear to the right about, while my pursuer stopped short with a terrific growl.

'What are you doing here?' cried the keeper, as I staggered upon the ground. 'I must give you in charge to the police for a lunatic!'

'Never mind me,' said I faintly; 'look to the child, for I dare not.'

'The child!—what child?'

'Are you blind? There!' and I forced my eyes upon the hideous spectacle.

The creature's head was off! It was wax!

I hardly know how I got over the enclosure. A sound of laughter was in my brain, as if I was made of ears, and every ear ringing its loudest. The nurse-maid enjoyed the adventure more than anybody, but the little girl in her arms clutched at me furiously, as if charging me with the murder of her doll, and was not pacified till the fragments of that sickening baby were handed to her over my shoulder. I darted away; and it was high time to do so, for all the company in the Gardens were rushing to the spot.

The fair cause of the mischief was standing a little way off, leaning on the arm of a tall noble-looking man, with moustaches ten times as big as mine. She seemed choking between recent alarm and present mirth; and as I passed:

'Sir,' said she, with swelling cheeks and unsteady voice, 'my husband wishes to thank you for our little girl's doll!' But I was off like a shot, without waiting even to touch my hat; and thankful I was to get out of the gate, for many of the spectators on seeing me run, followed mechanically.

It would be vain to attempt to describe my reflections as I sped rapidly along. But in the midst of all, I knew what was before me—I had an intense consciousness of what was to be done. My resolve was fixed, and I felt an insane joy at the idea that no possible intervention could prevent me from executing it. As soon as I reached home, I went straight to my own room, locked and bolted myself in, sat deliberately down before the glass, drew forth my razor, and shaved off my moustaches.

A NAVAL HOTSPUR.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, there lived in Trondhjem, in Norway—then united to the Danish crown—a worthy alderman of Dutch descent, John Wessel by name, who had paid his debt of gratitude to the country of his adoption by rearing on its soil no less than eighteen scions of his name—twelve sons and six daughters. However satisfactory this addition to the population may have been to the Norwegian government, the feeding, clothing, and educating of so numerous and turbulent a progeny caused no little anxiety and trouble to the parental governors of the young colony. However diligently Dame Wessel might ply her needle, rents and holes would appear in the habiliments of her pugnacious sons quicker than suited the alderman's purse and temper; and driven to extremities, worthy John Wessel bethought him of casing the lower limbs of his obstreperous boys in leathern hose. The experiment, however, being a costly one, was first made with the eldest son, the wildest of the brood; and the youngster, proud of the dignity thus conferred upon him, and anxious to put to a practical test the strength of his new garments, forthwith seated himself on a grinding-stone, and encouraged his play-fellows to turn away at the handle, until it was but too clearly proved that, however strong, leather is not everlasting.

Peter by name, whose fortunes we intend to follow, was by no means the least turbulent of the family, but he evinced therewithal a quickness of perception, and a soundness of judgment, that led his father to hope he might distinguish himself in some learned profession; and, accordingly, he was put to a classical school. Here, however, Peter soon proved that the student's lamp was not the one that would be likely to light him to fame; his genius acquired for him, on the contrary, the leadership in all the adventurous pranks of the boys.

One incident from this period will suffice to shew the spirit that animated our hero. Depending on the justice of his cause, he had undertaken to sustain, single-handed, a fight against several boys of his own age and size; but a bigger boy interfered, and, like many a mediator before and since, took the part of the strongest. The result was, that Peter Wessel got a sound thrashing, and was derided by his comrades into the bargain. Burning with indignation, the defeated hero promised he would be revenged, let his adversary be ever so bulky; and again and again, on subsequent occasions, he renewed the fight, and was again and again defeated. At length, however, he observed that it was his own long hair and projecting ears that gave the victory into the hands of his adversary, who, seizing him by these, soon brought him off his feet. Without a single qualm of vanity, Peter forthwith shaved off his luxuriant hair, and anointed his ears with soap; and thus prepared, returned to the combat, and this time remained the victor.

Such being the habits of the son, many and bitter were the complaints addressed to the father; and worthy John Wessel, seeing that Peter's spirit was too unruly to be held in check by the Muses, next apprenticed him to a tailor, possibly with a hope that one scion of the family might evince as much originality in the art of making breeches as another had proved in the art of wearing them out. But if Peter could not be a student, how could he be a tailor—he who had the spirit, the courage, and the enterprise of three men boiling and bubbling in his youthful veins? And so—as he continued the same as before, and the tailor, sufficiently cross and severe by nature, and, moreover, encouraged by a sly hint from Peter's father, did not spare the strap—one day the boy, having hurled a snowball at his enraged master, took himself off, and having wandered about for a few days without shelter, and with very little food, ultimately returned to the paternal roof. Moved by his earnest entreaties not to be sent back to the tyrannical man of the needle, the alderman's heart relented, and Peter remained at home for some time, regarded by all as a hopeless ne'er-do-weel.

During this period (1704), King Frederick IV. visited Norway, and the royal presence awakened new life in the old and quiet city of Trondhjem. With childlike joy and wonder, Peter Wessel gazed at the gold emblazoned officers in the king's suite, and at the pageants and illuminations got up in honour of the royal guest, and with greedy ears he drank in the accounts of the brilliant but distant residence where such sights were of daily occurrence; and when the king and his staff had left Trondhjem, and the ancient city had returned to its former silence and gloom, it was found that the boy had disappeared from the place of his birth.

Lured by the tempting novelties presented to his imagination, and by dreams of honour and glory vaguely stirring in his youthful soul, Peter had concealed himself on board a vessel in the port, and had sailed with it to Denmark. However, on arriving in Copenhagen, his air-castles were dashed to the ground, for he at once found himself a friendless, helpless stranger, in the midst of a busy, bustling multitude, on not one of whose number he had the slightest claim. Happily, the king's chaplain, himself a Norwegian, heard of the destitute boy, whose adventurous spirit had brought him to this distant shore; and having sent for his young countryman, he was captivated by his frank and fearless manner, and took him into his service. Once more Peter Wessel found himself in a position for which nature had rendered him unsuited; and this time he chafed the more, because the sight of the bustling port of Copenhagen, with its crowds of merchant-vessels, and its noble ships of war, had revealed to him his true vocation. The dock-yards, where the naval cadets were exercised daily, became his favourite place of resort; and at the sight of these embryo heroes, his heart would swell with a yearning desire for deeds of naval daring. At length the wish became too strong for restraint, and with the confiding boldness of inexperienced youth, the obscure servant-boy addressed a letter direct to the king, begging to be appointed a cadet in his majesty's naval service, and promising, in case his prayer were granted, to devote his life and his strength to the service. Happily, King Frederick IV. had a mind capable of appreciating the naiveté and the fine mental characteristics betrayed by the young petitioner; and as there was nothing in the rules of the service that forbade such appointment, and Wessel's petition was, moreover, backed by his kind master, the young adventurer was, in 1706, inscribed as apprentice in the dock-yards, and in the ensuing year made his first voyage on board a slave-trader bound for the coast of Guinea. On his return, he took service on board an East Indiaman; and in 1709 returned to Copenhagen, having earned the highest recommendations from his captain for his exemplary conduct and excellent seamanship. In right hereof, he was inscribed as midshipman on the rolls of the royal navy, and, in accordance with the usages of the times and country, made in this capacity a second voyage to the East Indies. On the homeward voyage, in 1710, the captain of the East Indiaman learned from a ship hailed in the North Sea, that war had again broken out between Denmark and Sweden; and loath to expose his rich cargo to capture, he put into the port of Bergen, in Norway, instead of continuing the voyage to Copenhagen. From this moment commences a new era in the history of Peter Wessel.

Yielding to an irresistible impulse, and strengthened by the same naïve trustfulness which on his first outset in life had given him courage to address himself directly to the king, the young midshipman now repaired to Christiania, and sought an interview with General Lövendal, the commander of the forces in Norway. With glowing cheeks but modest self-possession, he presented himself before the man who for the time wielded the royal power in the country, and solicited nothing less than to be intrusted with the command of some craft with which he might keep the Swedish cruisers off the Norwegian coast. General Lövendal possessed considerable knowledge of human nature; a few searching questions sufficed to convince him that it was the fire of genius, and not the presumption of vanity, that inspired this startling boldness; and having descried in the fearless tone of the young sailor, and in the military ardour and manly self-reliance that lighted up his frank and handsome countenance, a character of no ordinary power and energy, he determined to give him the trial he solicited, and appointed him at once to the command of a small vessel carrying four guns, which he had just fitted out as a privateer.

The activity, skill, enterprise, and vigilance displayed by General Lövendal's young protégé—the number of prizes he brought into port—the quick and correct intelligence of the movements of the enemy which he was able to impart—his disregard of danger, together with the resolution, presence of mind, and intrepidity displayed by him on all occasions—soon attracted general attention, and his reputation grew rapidly, when, in 1712, after having been promoted to lieutenant, he was further intrusted by his protector with the command of an 18-gun frigate, built and equipped at his expense. At length Wessel found himself in a position to measure his strength with the enemy's ships of war; and though his first feat was the capture of a Swedish privateer, mounting nine guns only, he did his best subsequently to shew his indomitable pluck in engagements with vessels of superior force. Such, indeed, was his adventurous spirit, that it is a question whether he would not have engaged, single-handed, with a whole fleet had an opportunity occurred. On one occasion, feeling tired of the peaceful occupation imposed upon him of convoying fleets of merchantmen, he left his convoys while taking in their cargoes in Holland, and made a little excursion to Gottenburg, where, laying his ship outside, he sent in a challenge to some one of the Swedish men-of-war in harbour there to come out and fight him. The challenge was not accepted; but the disappointment he suffered was compensated for the next day, by an encounter with two Swedish ships-of-the-line, which having shewed Danish colours until he was within range of their guns, then opened fire on him. Nothing daunted, Wessel returned their fire for several hours with his eighteen 4-pounders, even returning to the attack after once having got clear of his adversaries; and only eventually taking advantage of the wind, when the hull of his little frigate was so riddled with shot that he no longer considered it safe to hold the sea. The ensuing year witnessed another of those exploits, that were already acquiring for him the name of 'the Sea-hussar'—or what we would term the Naval Hotspur—from those whose envy was awakened by the rapid rise of an obscure individual into so prominent a place in public esteem. On the 26th of July 1714, while cruising in the North Sea, he ran unsuspectingly close in to a frigate bearing the neutral flag of England, but which, being in reality a Swedish privateer, though commanded and partially manned by Englishmen, sent two shot after him as soon as it had got into his wake. Delighted at the prospect of a fight, our hero immediately put about, and prepared for action, though the English frigate was greatly superior in bulk and armament to his own. The engagement which ensued lasted from six o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, when the English captain stood away before the wind; but Wessel stood after him, though his own ship was already severely damaged, and the action recommenced at 6 A.M. the following day, and lasted until 2 P.M., when Wessel was informed that his powder-magazine was very nearly empty. Knowing by unmistakable signs that his antagonist was even worse off, Wessel now, with a humour that characterised him even in the midst of danger, ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered, and a trumpeter of the ship's band to be despatched to the side of the enemy's vessel with his compliments, and regrets that he was obliged to let his gallant foe off this time, as his ammunition was running low; which confession he renewed a few minutes later, by asking the English captain, through the speaking-trumpet, to lend him some powder, that they might recommence the fight. The service was declined in the same jocose tone as it was asked; and entering into the spirit of his adversary, the Englishman called for a glass of wine, and emptied it to the health of the gallant Dane, amid the deafening cheers of the crew. In his report on this action, Wessel says that had the enemy's ship been manned by Swedes alone, and not by Englishmen, he would, 'with God's help, have taken her;' and it was, indeed, subsequently proved that the Swedish part of the crew had advised surrender several times during the engagement, but had been overruled by the English.

In 1715, a Swedish squadron of six sail, carrying 318 guns, was captured by the Danish fleet at Colberger Heide; and Wessel, whose vigilance and presence of mind had prevented the escape of one of these, a frigate of 30 guns, was rewarded with the command of this prize. Wherever there was a service of importance to be performed, and danger to be encountered, Wessel and his new frigate, *Hvidte Örnen* (the White Eagle), were employed; and wherever a daring and vigilant cruiser was required, our hero proved himself in his proper place, his growing honours having in nowise damped his adventurous spirit. A few days before the battle of Jasmund, in which he supplied for some hours with remarkable efficiency the place of a ship-of-the-line, which was obliged to withdraw from the combat, he sustained, single-handed, an action against a Swedish liner and frigate, from which he escaped with very slight damage. The night before the battle, he captured the launch of one of the enemy's ships-of-the-line, and by means of the crew obtained information of the utmost importance for the proceedings of the next day. The night after the battle, having been ordered to cruise between the two fleets, and observe the movements of the enemy, he availed himself of the darkness to sail into the very midst of the hostile squadron, and unfortunately ran so close in to a line-of-battle-ship, that his bowsprit carried away some of her rigging. On being hailed, Wessel, with ready wit, gave the name of a Swedish frigate of the same size as his own; and perceiving that great confusion reigned on board the enemy he had so unexpectedly come upon, he urged his crew to take advantage of the lucky chance to board and capture her. But the sailors, less resolute than their commander, refused to obey an order which, they said, would lead them to certain death. Beginning, apparently, to feel some surprise at the pertinacity with which the frigate continued to keep close alongside of him, the Swedish commander now put some further questions, to which Wessel returned so ambiguous an answer, that he threatened to send a broadside into the frigate if she did not at once withdraw. To this Wessel replied, that if he did he would receive one in return; and a salvo of musketry being immediately after discharged on board the liner, where something seems to have been wrong with the guns, the frigate answered with a broadside that raked her bulky antagonist's deck, and caused her to crowd sail. In vain our pugnacious hero sought with taunting words to rouse the Swedish commander's spirit, and make him stand fight; and thus, between the pusillanimity of his own crew and that of the enemy, he lost a prize which would otherwise no doubt have been his. A few days later, the *White Eagle* was again engaged, single-handed, with two of the enemy's ships of superior force, and at such close quarters that musketry as well as cannon was brought into play; and again the Swedes were obliged to desist from the combat without having vanquished their daring foe, although the *White Eagle* was almost in a foundering state when she rejoined the Danish squadron to which she belonged.

The apparently reckless courage of the ci-devant tailor's apprentice—which, however, had never led to any disastrous consequences—now caused the admiral in command of the fleet again to lay his injunctions on him never to engage with a superior force; but Wessel's blood seems to have been too hot to allow of his being as good a model of subordination, as he was of other seamanlike qualities, for very shortly after his having received this injunction, we again find him at close quarters with a frigate and a ship-of-the-line off the island of Rügen. On this occasion he lost his main-mast and all its rigging, and forfeited the good-will of his crew, who complained of his exposing them without necessity. Frederick IV., however, was fully alive to the important services which his daring had rendered during the war, and immediately after he had cleared himself of the imputations cast upon him by his crew, whose discontent arose more from the consequences of the faults of an inefficient commissariat department than from any dislike of their brave commander, Wessel was raised to the order of the nobles under the name of Tordenskjold (Thundershield), symbolical of his warlike deeds. Wessel himself seemed delighted with his new name, and assured his royal master that he would prove himself worthy of it, by thundering in the ears of the Swedes in a manner that his majesty should soon hear of.

The ensuing year Tordenskjold, as we must now call our hero, found himself for the first time in independent command at the head of a flotilla, consisting of four small vessels carrying 116 guns, and three armed galleys, all of small draught, with which he was despatched to the North Sea, to intercept a fleet of Swedish transports and men-of-war, fitted out at Gottenburg, built to go inside the skjærs, or small rocky islands, that guard the coast of Sweden and Norway, and destined to carry provisions and reinforcements to Charles XII., who was then besieging Frederickshald. The Swedish squadron, consisting of thirteen vessels of war, of various strength and bulk, some skjær-boats, and twenty-one transports, had left the port of Gottenburg by the time Tordenskjold arrived, and lay at anchor in Dynö harbour, two Danish miles further in than the outermost line of skjærs—the last quarter-mile of the inlet being only from fifty to sixty fathoms broad, and hedged in by high cliffs, lined on both sides with soldiers, while two armed galleys guarded the entrance, and the mouth of the harbour was defended by a battery of 12-pounders erected on a small island. Such was the position which Tordenskjold, without a moment's hesitation, determined to attack with his small flotilla; and his usual luck did not abandon him on the occasion. Having by prompt decision succeeded in entering the long narrow inlet without suffering any loss, he was able to place his ships in order of battle in spite of the murderous fire with which they were assailed; and after the lapse of a few hours, the island-battery was in his hands, and the enemy, driven to extremities, had run his ships ashore, where they were abandoned by their crews. The combat was thus at an end, but the victory could not be said to be gained before the grounded vessels were either captured or destroyed. To accomplish this was not the least dangerous part of the undertaking, for by this time all the Swedish troops in the neighbourhood had been marched up to the spot, and no less than 5000 men now lined the cliffs that surrounded the harbour, and kept up an unceasing fire. But Tordenskjold knew how to infuse his own spirit into his subordinates, and after a struggle of some hours, in which instances of the most daring bravery occurred, they succeeded in gaining possession of eleven of the enemy's armed vessels, and nineteen richly laden transports, the rest of the fleet having been totally destroyed. At nine o'clock in the evening, Tordenskjold withdrew with his prizes, having lost only nineteen killed and fifty-seven wounded. Not only was Dynö harbour cleared, but Frederickshald was saved. The ensuing day Charles XII. withdrew from Norway; and a few days later, Tordenskjold, on reporting the complete success of the undertaking to the king, was promoted to the rank of commodore.

The next year, 1717, Tordenskjold being intrusted with the chief command in the North Sea, made an attempt to destroy a Swedish squadron in Gottenburg harbour; but in spite of the bravery and skill evinced by him on this occasion also, his usual success did not attend him, and again the intrepid sailor was warned not to engage with a superior force without the especial commands of the king. Later in the year, a plan was laid to surprise Strömstad, where Charles XII. was erecting fortifications, with a view to a renewed invasion of Norway. Here, again, Tordenskjold's luck forsook him, as far as regards the attainment of the object in view; but he succeeded in inflicting considerable injury on the enemy, and in bringing his own ships out of danger without great loss. One anecdote connected with this undertaking is so curiously illustrative of the humorous character of the Danish sailor, that we must find space for it. During the attempt to effect a landing, two galleys had got aground. The Swedes immediately sought to get possession of them; but the one was rescued by the noble intrepidity of a midshipman, by name Woodroff; the other, in which one officer and one sailor only survived, was saved in the following manner:—The galley had drifted so far from shore, that the Swedish troops were unable to board; but they continued to discharge their muskets at the two sole survivors of the crew whenever they ventured to shew themselves in trying to get their vessel afloat again. Seeing this, one of the men on board of a Danish half-galley, which was proceeding to the rescue, threw off his clothes, and presenting himself in a state of nature in the stern of the boat, succeeded, by his uncouth gestures and abusive language, in attracting towards himself the attention of the Swedish sharpshooters, while his comrades, rowing resolutely forward, threw a rope to the galley, and the endangered vessel was thus towed out—the man to whose curious expedient its rescue was chiefly due having escaped without a single wound.

His failure before Strömstad having caused new complaints to be made against him, Tordenskjold, anxious to meet his detractors face to face, solicited and obtained leave to repair to Copenhagen. Fearing to weaken the fleet by the absence of any of the larger ships, he went on board a small prize-cutter, carrying two 3-pounders, and with a crew of twenty men, only eight of whom were able-bodied seamen. Off Varberg, a Swedish frigate of sixteen guns and sixty men gave chase to the cutter, and though he found it difficult to refuse battle even against such odds, Tordenskjold, being on his way home to disprove accusations of foolhardiness, considered it most prudent to endeavour to escape; but the frigate having overtaken him, and the choice being now only between fighting or surrendering, he no longer hesitated. Being called upon to surrender, he answered: 'It is Tordenskjold with whom you have to deal, and he never surrenders.' And he then, with a school-boy's love of fun, invited his adversary to lay his ship alongside of the cutter, and board her; but when the Swede, anxious for the honour of capturing the far-famed Dane, endeavoured to do so, he managed by dexterous manœuvres to avoid the danger. However, after several hours of close fighting, when Tordenskjold had been reduced to cut up his tin platters to feed his guns, and the mast and rigging of his little craft had been most severely handled, the Swedish captain became so sure of victory, that, swinging his hat, he congratulated himself upon being destined to enjoy the honour of carrying Commodore Tordenskjold into Gottenburg. With the exclamation: 'Never shall a Swede do that,' Tordenskjold raised his rifle to his cheek, took aim, and the Swedish captain fell, pierced by the deadly bullet. The Danish trumpeters—of whom there were no less than six among Tordenskjold's motley crew—sounded a triumphant fanfare; the whole crew sent up a tremendous cheer; and the Swedish frigate put about, and steered her former course. Having distributed some bottles of wine among his men, our hero withdrew to his cabin to take some rest; and in the meanwhile, his subordinates, having become too elated to mind the points of the heavens, let the little craft run on shore on the southernmost point of the Swedish coast. The shock was so violent, that a plank was stove in, and the cutter filled rapidly with water; but Tordenskjold, by no means inclined to become a Swedish prisoner of war by this awkward blunder, having recommended his men to defend the wreck until he sent them help from the guardship in the Sound, continued his voyage in a crazy little boat, out of which he was obliged to bale the water with his hat.

The inquiry into his conduct at Strömstad having led to his exoneration from all blame, our hero was enabled, during the last two years of the war, to continue his course of bravery and activity—his crowning exploit being the reduction of the town of Marstrand and the fortress of Carlsberg, until then considered impregnable, and which, indeed, were captured, not so much by military force, as by the individual daring and the never-failing presence of mind of the young rear-admiral who commanded the attacking squadron. Never during his whole career, so rich in extemporised expedients, had Tordenskjold developed such fertility of resources as he displayed during his operations against this the strongest fortress in Sweden, and which he had determined to capture with a force not exceeding 700 men. At one moment we find him disguised as a vender of fish, perambulating the town and the citadel, haggling with cooks and housewives, but taking care not to sell his catch, until he has well noted all the local circumstances that might be turned to advantage; at another time we see him superintending in person the erection of land-batteries, under circumstances of so much danger, that the engineer-officers of the expedition refused to take upon themselves the responsibility. Next, having already made himself master of the town and the harbour-batteries, he is inditing a German letter to the Saxon prisoners, who, he has ascertained, form the major part of the garrison of the fortress, promising them such advantages as would be most likely to make them incline towards capitulation; then, under an assumed character, he is enjoying an interview with a lady of indifferent repute, said to exercise great influence over the commandant, and instilling into her mind the most exaggerated notions of the force over which Admiral Tordenskjold disposes, and of the fate that awaits all the inmates of the fortress when it should fall into his hands, as eventually it must. Then, again, we find him, having thus prepared the soil, taking occasion of the explosion of a powder-magazine in the fortress, fired by a bomb from one of his ships, to write to the commandant himself, whom he knew to be a man of weak character, and very anxious about the fate of his family, shut up with him in the fortress, representing to him the danger he was incurring by protracted resistance, and inviting him to come and inspect the means of attack prepared, which would convince him that this resistance was vain, and the more so as 20,000 men were already advancing to invest the fortress from the land-side also. This latter assertion was as false as the invitation was insincere; but the commandant having taken him at his word, and sent an officer to examine the means of attack, our hero, though taken by surprise, did not lose his presence of mind. Inviting the Swedish officer to lunch with him before proceeding to the inspection, he let the bottle pass round freely, until he ascertained that there would be but little to fear from the keen-sightedness of this gentleman. In the meanwhile, the 700 marines and sailors had been drawn up in two lines in the streets of Marstrand; and when the Swedish captain, surrounded by a number of lively young Danish officers, who kept up an incessant volley of wit and fun, had passed through their ranks, they quietly slipped away through the back-streets, and reappeared on some other point as a new detachment; and so on, until the Swedish captain had received a most imposing idea of the Danish force. His report, together with the opportune explosion of another magazine, determined Commandant Dankwaert to surrender; and a few days later, Tordenskjold delivered over the fortress into the hands of his royal master, who promoted him on the spot to the rank of vice-admiral, and fastened in his button-hole a miniature of himself set in brilliants.

In 1720, peace was concluded; and a few months later, at the age of twenty-nine, the hero who had passed unscathed through so many a peril by land and by sea, found an inglorious death at the hand of a swindler, whom he met in Hanover, and whom he first horse-whipped for having defrauded a young friend with whom he was travelling, but with whom he afterwards consented to fight, as he was represented to be a military man.

The romance of Tordenskjold's life, as it met the eye, was that of wild adventure and warlike enterprise; but if tradition speak true, he cherished in his heart, during the whole of his career, a romance of a more tender and silent nature. A beautiful English girl, whom he beheld the first day he entered General Lövendal's house, where she was on a visit, is said to have made a deep impression on his youthful imagination; and he was on his way to England to sue for her hand, when he met with his untimely death.

BYGONES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The palm-trees of the East no more give out
Their morning wine to slake my thirst: I see
No lemon-bowers, where bright birds every tree
Stud with quaint hanging nests; and all about,
Jasmine runs, fragrant—like an acolyte
Scattering sweet incense from rich censers white.

The choleric squirrel on my path no more
Dashes the ripe guavas from the bough,
Where the green parrot screams discordant lore,
And silvery lizards flit where fireflies glow
In the fast-falling twilight. From the shrine,
Where lamps burn dim, no shadow crosses mine!

The sound of soft kitār, by fingers dear
Struck gently in the dusk by some fair stream,
I hear not now—nor voice beloved and clear,
Murmuring like bees in some sweet honey-dream;
Nor midst the dark waves of *thy* fragrant hair
Bathe I my tremulous hands in transport there!

All past—all gone! joys of an early time
When youth in India was one long bright day
Of health and happiness, and love—sublime,
By reason of its pure and earnest ray!
All past—all gone—all but a grave below
The palm-trees, where by night the fireflies glow!

DEATH OF A DESCENDANT OF MEG MERRILEES.

Meg Gordon, relict of William Young, died at Greenlaw on the 21st of February, aged eighty. William Young and his gipsy progenitors have been known for generations all along the Borders of Scotland and England, either as horners, muggers, or besom and basket makers. His relict, Meg Gordon, belongs to the same race, and is a lineal descendant of the Meg Merrilees, or Jean Gordon, one of the principal characters in Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Guy Mannering*. She, like many of her tribe, either had, or pretended to have, a knowledge of palmistry. The relict of Dandie Dinmont died at Snawdon, East Lothian, on the 30th of January; Mrs Janet Wilson, aged seventy-two, relict of Mr James Davidson, farmer, Hindlee, Roxburghshire. It was at the hospitable farmhouse of Hindlee that Sir Walter Scott was wont to spend the night in his incursions into Liddesdale in quest of Border ballads; and it has long been accepted that the husband of the deceased sat for a well-known portrait in the pages of *Guy Mannering*. All connected with the life of the Last Minstrel are fast disappearing from the earthly scene.—*Notes and Queries*.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

In the Ionian Islands, where there are no streams suitable to the angler, the natives of one of them—those of Paxo—practise an aërial kind of angling, not indeed for fish, but for birds. Sitting on the edge of a lofty cliff, with all the appliances of the art—rod, line, and baited hook—a natural fly the bait—they make their casts, and effect the capture of many a deluded swallow. In the West Indies, there is a more exciting kind practised; in Barbadoes, for the shark; and at Trinidad, in the Gulf of Paria, for the whale. Both these are fierce struggles; the one carried on, the performer standing on a rock or cliff washed by deep water, the other in boats. Neither of these kinds of sport have I myself witnessed, but I have been where they were practised, and I have heard accounts of them from those who engaged in them, narrated with an animation strongly betokening the zest with which they were followed.—*Davy's Angler and his Friend*.

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KARL HARTMANN:

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I HAVE the liveliest recollection of the 3d of July 1854; more so, perhaps, than of any other day in the calendar of my life, wherein it is emphatically marked with a distinguishing stone—the colour whereof the reader may guess from the tale I have to tell. It was not at all, I may premise, because the morrow was 'Independence Day,' that that particular eve of a glorious anniversary dwells so freshly in my memory. So far from that, I am pretty sure—true-blooded American as I am—my mother at least was a Boston girl, and I was born there—that on that morning the old stirring watchwords, 'Our heroic forefathers,' 'The saviour of his country,' 'Bunker's Hill,' and so on, would have jarred disagreeably on my ear, so utterly out of unison would they have been with the heavenly frame of mind in which I awoke from delightful dreams to paradisiacal consciousness of waking bliss.

As I leaped out of bed, the bright young day, cloudless, beautiful, as my hopes, was thrusting aside the summer night-curtains, and coming forth a jocund bridegroom to embrace his slumbering bride the earth, and with his glowing kisses awaking her to life and loveliness. It will be easily understood, from this shining similitude, what my head was running upon; but the dawn was really a brilliant one, and the picturesque villas and gay gardens of Staten Island, apparelled in its golden light, shone out in their most attractive aspect. Staten Island, the reader may or may not be aware, is a kind of southern suburb of New York, separated from its sister isle Manhattan, whereon the empire city stretches its huge, restless, ever-swelling bulk, along about five miles of sheltered sea—New York Bay—across which you may be ferried for a few cents in a floating steam-palace. My father, Joshua Henderson, master-mariner, and for many years prosperous ship-owner of New York, had, not long before my mother's death, purchased a pleasant dwelling there—Hope Cottage, so named by himself, where he was every day becoming more and more a fixture. The chief and active share in the business of Henderson & Co. had been some time since ceded to his partners; and my father, moreover, was growing, with increasing years and substance, proportionably chary in his shipping ventures, most of which had latterly been participated by Aunt Martha, his widowed and wealthy sister, located, with her daughter Ruth, at Sherborne Villa, within scarcely more than a stone's-throw of Hope Cottage—and about as sensible and sharp a dame as ever trod in shoe-leather. As for my noble self, I had been intended for a profession—my father inclined to law, my aunt to divinity—but as it was soon abundantly clear that I should never make a particularly bright figure in either of these, that notion was reluctantly given up. Aunt Martha especially—she was the relict of Silas Garstone, wholesale-dealer in dry goods, Broadway, and major in the New York Militia—resented the family disappointment to a most unreasonable degree. I was a failure, she said, and she hated failures: and as regarded Ruth, I must prove myself worth my salt, which she doubted I ever should do, in some calling or other, before she could bring herself to look upon me as her daughter's future husband; a sentiment, she savagely added, which Ruth fully endorsed. To this un-aunt-like estimate of her only nephew, I, of course, sturdily demurred. I reckoned myself up very differently. I stood five-feet-eleven in my stockings, enjoyed robust health, and a flow of spirits sufficient, if commercially available, to set up a first-rate liquor-store in Broadway, and was, besides, sole heir to at least 2000 dollars per annum—Hope Cottage and fixings over the bargain. What on earth, therefore, could it signify, in a husbandly sense, that I had not come off with exactly flying-colours at Harvard University, or as yet shewn signs of a gift for preaching! When I was at home, Ruth and I had been for years inseparable companions; and it thus came to pass that I, unconsciously, as it were, but in perfect accordance, I apprehend, with a law of nature, very early arrived at a decided conclusion that we were especially created for each other, and that to sunder or mate us with uncongenial souls would be an inexpiable crime, alike against humanity and Heaven. Certainly I had always misgivings as to Ruth's entire accordance with those views; and upon reaching home on Sunday forenoon, 2d July, after bidding final farewell to Harvard, I determined to bring the damsel to the test without delay. For this purpose, I seized the opportunity afforded by the dropping in, soon after dinner, of one of my father's old cronies, to slip quietly off to Sherborne Villa. The reception awaiting me was a gratifying one. My aunt's manner was decidedly less grim and gritty than at my last visit, and Ruth was wonderfully gracious—actually proposed—mamma not objecting—that we should take a long walk together!

To be sure, the afternoon was fine and cool; all the world abroad, and she had not yet sported the new dress sent her from New York—considerations which, I doubted not, had something to do with the flattering proposal. However that might be, the walk was a very pleasant one, and would have been much more so but that Ruth, as usual, laughed off every attempt at serious discourse. Still, I was in high feather when we returned, and sat down to tea with dear Dame Garstone. Soon, however, it proved to be sweetly combed down. A tall, handsome, military-looking man, forty years old or so, charged into the room, and was received with all the honours. 'Mr Hartmann'—'My nephew, Mark Henderson.' The fellow merely glanced at me, in a *de haut en bas* sort of way, but to the ladies he was immensely courteous, especially to Ruth, who received his common-place compliments with evident gratification—but whether only to torment me, I was soon too hot and angry to determine clearly. I stood it pretty well for about half an hour, and then went off with a bounce, and was so little cooled when I entered the parlour of Hope Cottage, a quarter of an hour or so afterwards—I had taken one or two restless turns about the neighbourhood before going in—as to exclaim in a key absurdly loud, except as affording some slight relief to the irritation which was choking me: 'Confound that saucy gipsy! Certainly the most distracting riddle of a girl that ever plagued and puzzled susceptible ingenuous man!'

My father was sitting at an open window, intently scrutinising through his telescope a large vessel entering the bay from the Narrows. As his deafness had greatly increased upon him of late, I did not suppose, vehemently as I expressed myself, that he could have heard me. I was mistaken: he had caught a portion, at all events, of my words and meaning; for immediately turning from the window, and eyeing me with a grimly smiling expression as he seated himself, and in his slow deliberate way refilled his pipe and grog-glass, he said: 'You have seen the saucy gipsy, then?'

'Confound her!—yes,' I growled; but as he did not hear me, I nodded affirmation.

'That's well,' he replied, adding in his usual sea-slang dialect: 'She's a handsome craft, Mark, no doubt, but a little cranky, I fear, and wants more ballast to bring her down to her proper bearings.'

'And a skilful captain too,' I bawled, falling in with his humour.

'That *is* right, lad; and then, I reckon, she'll behave very prettily.'

'Doubtful,' thought I, as I helped myself to a cigar and a tumbler of rum and water. Whenever thoroughly ryled, I am always thirsty.

'They've bedizened her out with a deal of finery,' resumed the ancient mariner.

'That's New York fashion,' I shouted at the top of my voice. 'She must not be out of the fashion, you know.'

'Pray don't scream so, Mark: a stranger would suppose I was as deaf as a post. As to New York fashions, the Boston folk aint much behind in expensive fal-the-rals.' Here the dialogue was suspended, I being in no mood for talk, and the governor hardly prepared to translate in words the astounding intelligence which I, much wondering what on earth was coming, saw gradually pierce through and illumine his weather-beaten phiz.

'Mark!' said he at last, when the aurora had reached its fullest intensity—'Mark!'

I did mark, and silently intimated as much.

'I have great news for you, Mark,' he went on to say. 'You're in wonderful luck, my lad—that's a fact, and so you'll say yourself presently. Your aunt, who is, you know, principally interested, was dead against you all along, and required a mortal deal of persuading. "Here," I kept a saying whenever I had a chance—"here's Mark coming home from college with, they say, no gift of tongues whatever, and unfit, consequently, for either law or gospel. The question is, then, how to settle him in the world, and what he's fit for?" I shan't vex you, Mark,' continued my father, 'by repeating the answer I got, particularly as your aunt veered round all of a sudden—the very day, I mind, that fellow Hartmann or Shartmann came over to Staten Island; and the long and short of it is, that we've agreed you shall be set going in life at once, with an allowance to start with of sixty dollars a month, in—in consideration,' added the veteran with exultant glee, 'that you consent to take legal charge of the craft you were talking of—— Hollo! I say—what now!'

My arms were clasped in a trice round the astounded ship-owner's neck, arresting further speech by a grasp, which he only got rid of by an exertion of strength that sent me reeling, till brought up by a sofa, on which I sat down involuntarily.

'Plague take the boy!' growled my father, hitching his discomposed vestments together, and eyeing me with angry surprise—'has he taken leave of his senses?' Confused, dizzy, overwhelmed, I could only gasp out a jumble of excuses, blessings, thanks, which he could not have heard, but seemed nevertheless to comprehend dimly.

'Well, well,' he interrupted; 'enough said, enough said, Mark. It's a good thing, no doubt, to be set up handsomely in life at your age. Still, there's for and against; and, in fact, it's a venturesome risk for all parties.' With that he turned to the window and his telescope, and I rushed into the garden to shout, leap, cry—unheard, unseen. I was but a boy, you know.

The stars were looking forth when, still very nervous and excited, I knocked at my aunt's door. The mulatto help, in reply to my inquiry for her young mistress, pointed to an inner apartment, where, finding Ruth alone, I threw myself at her feet, and poured forth a torrent of wild, wordy rhapsody, to which she hearkened like one in a dream. Presently recovering from the shock and surprise of such a salutation, she forcibly disengaged her dress from my grasp, and angrily exclaimed: 'Mark Henderson! you have been drinking; you are positively tipsy, sir!'

'Drinking! yes; joy from golden goblets, which'——

'Absurd!' interrupted Ruth with increasing displeasure. 'Pray have done with such senseless rhodomontade, and tell me quietly, soberly, if you can, what it is my uncle has been saying to you?'

I did so, as nearly as I could, in my father's own words. So overflowing was Ruth Garstone's mirthful gaiety of heart, that I saw she had the greatest difficulty as I proceeded to repress a burst of girlish merriment. But my evident sincerity, the fervour of a true affection, which must have been apparent through all the high-flown fustian in which it was expressed, touched the dear girl's better nature—a shade, so to speak, of kindliness and sympathy gathered over her beaming face; and when I had concluded, she said gently: 'I perfectly understand, Mark: we will speak further upon the subject to-morrow; you are too excited now; and hark! that is mamma's step. I would not have you see her at this moment for the world. This way, through the garden. My dear Mark,' she added, caressingly, seeing that I hesitated, 'do come, let me beg of you, and at once.'

The reader is now in possession of the why and wherefore of the blissful state of being in which I awoke from soft slumbers on the 3d of July 1854; though why I got up so very early, I cannot precisely say. Awfully slow, I remember, the time seemed to pass till eight o'clock struck, the hour at which, I knew, my Aunt Martha and Ruth were expected. When I entered the breakfast-room, my father was there alone, and a little sourish-tempered.

'If sister and her gal don't come soon, I shan't wait,' he grumbled. 'I suppose they're staying to get breakfast for that stranger they're so sweet upon. And, by the by, Mark, that free-and-easy-going chap is bound on the same pleasant vy'ge as yourself.'

'The deuce! Surely he's not going to marry Aunt Martha!'

'What's that?' said my father, forming his left hand into an ear-trumpet.

I repeated what I had said in a louder key.

'Marry your Aunt Martha! Who was talking about marrying aunts or uncles'——

He was stopped by the entrance of the dame herself. I jumped up all of a tremble, shook hands with her, and then gazed stupidly at the reclosed door.

The good lady looked at me in a queer, quizzical sort of way, as she said, in answer to my blank aspect: 'Ruth wouldn't come; she will have it there is some strange mistake.'

'What's all that about?' demanded my father, impatient for his coffee.

'I was telling Mark,' said his sister, seating herself, and placing her lips close to his ear, 'that Ruth wouldn't come.'

'Then let Ruth stay away,' was the gruff response. 'You, and I, and Mark can settle the business we are upon without her, I hope.'

'Without Ruth!' I exclaimed, a hot qualm flushing through me. 'That would indeed be, as they say, the play of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince left out.'

'Don't talk of plays!' interrupted Aunt Garstone, with a nervous shudder, and still fixing me with that odd, quizzical look: 'they've crazed the wits of wiser folk than you, my poor boy. Why, what ails the lad?' she continued in a much louder tone. 'It can't surely be true, Joshua Henderson, that you've been telling him we've agreed that he's to marry my Ruth?'

Joshua Henderson looked as if apprehensive that his deafness had assumed a new and more disastrous phase—that of totally perverting the sound and sense of words addressed to him, and Aunt Martha iterated her query twice or thrice before he replied to it.

'I tell Mark,' he at length said, 'that he was to marry thy Ruth! Pooh! I don't believe I mentioned the gal's name!' This was too much.

'What!' I fairly screamed, 'you did not assure me, yester-evening, that my aunt, after much persuasion, had agreed that the best thing to be done was for me to marry Ruth at once—take legal charge of her, were your words—and that we were to have an allowance, to start with, of sixty dollars a month, besides a reasonable outfitting: do you mean seriously to deny that?'

'You young varmint!' shouted my father; 'if I haven't a mind to'——

'Well, but what, Joshua, *did* you tell him?' interrupted my aunt, springing up and interposing between us. 'As Ruth says, a strange mistake has been made by somebody.'

'What did I tell him, sister?—why, this: that our new clipper-brig, the *Saucy Gipsy*, loaded with sorted sundries for Constantinople and elsewhere, was to be placed under his legal charge as supercargo, with'——

Enough! more than enough! A sensation akin to sea-sickness came over me; and it was only by a great effort that I retained sufficient strength to leave the room, stagger up stairs, and throw myself, in bitter anguish, upon the bed, from which so short a time before I had risen in such elation of mind.

Two or three bitter hours brought healing on their wings, suggesting as they did that, after all, I had no right to rave in that mad way of cruel fate and unpropitious stars! The air-drawn prospect, existing only in my own imagination, had vanished—that was all, leaving me, so far as Ruth was concerned, in the same position as before; whilst Aunt Martha's opinion of my discretion and ability must have greatly improved, since she had consented to invest me with so important a charge as the one proposed. These and similar cogitations were interrupted by a tap at the door, and 'Can I come in now, Mark?' sharply demanded by Dame Garstone herself. She was instantly admitted; and I was glad to see that, in place of the mocking, quizzical look, as I interpreted it, her countenance wore an expression of kindliness and benignity. 'I shall not let Ruth know,' she began, 'how crazily you behaved this morning: she is quite vain enough already. But I may tell you, that it has much inclined me to believe you capable of—that you do, in fact, love your cousin with a sincere and lasting affection.'

'Ah, my dear aunt, if I might only express to you how fervently'——

'No, don't, Mark,' she hastily interrupted: 'I would much rather not. I feel increased confidence, I was about to say, that I shall not have reason to regret placing you in charge of the large venture embarked in the *Saucy Gipsy*—you may well blush and wince at that ridiculous blunder—unless this, her first voyage, should be permanently associated in our minds with calamitous tidings, as I much fear may be the case.'

'What the deuce is coming now?' thought I, as my aunt paused, in some embarrassment, it seemed.

'I cannot give you,' she resumed, 'a stronger proof that I already look upon you as my son—pray, sit still —than by placing that confidence in you which I deem it prudent to withhold from my own brother. I have never, indeed, doubted your manliness and courage, Mark, and that conviction first suggested to me that you would not be an unfit person to take care that Karl Hartmann—whom you saw yesterday at my house, and who is to sail with you in the *Saucy Gipsy* —does not play me and others false.'

'I am to be a kind of supercargo, then, to Mr Karl Hartmann, am I?'

'Something, as you say, of that kind. But that we may thoroughly understand each other, I must begin at the beginning. You are aware, Mark, that your father and I arrived in America from England now about five-and-thirty years ago, he being then in his twenty-sixth, I in my fifteenth year. Joshua had long made up his mind to emigrate, but I should hardly have done so, had my home continued to be what it once was. Our father kept a shop in the small town where we were born, and where our mother died, soon after the birth of her youngest child, myself. Matters went on pretty much as usual, till about my ninth year, when our father gradually yielded himself up to dissipated, or, perhaps, I should say desultory, idle habits, delighting especially in theatrical entertainments, so that whenever a troop of players entered the town, we were sure to have two or three of them living at rack and manger with us. The upshot was—but we are none of us our own keepers—that my father married an actress, of no great skill in her profession, I understood, but young, showy, and of course artful—successfully assuming to be the essence of her craft. This is, I know, according to you, mere unreasoning prejudice; but let that pass. From that time, my father's house was no longer a home to me, and I soon decided upon accepting the repeated invitation of my uncle Philipps, to come over to Boston, and take up my abode in his childless home. It was well,' continued Aunt Martha in a subdued tone, 'that my brother was free to come away at the time he did, for there was fast strengthening a link of love binding me to that unhappy household which a few more years would have rendered indissoluble. God, as we all know, sends his rain alike upon the just and the unjust, and his choicest creations are scattered with the same all-embracing bounteousness. One of the loveliest human flowers that ever blossomed upon earth sprang from that else unblest union. Viola, the child was named after some character in a play, and, bitter grief to me, her mother, with my weak father's concurrence, began, from the first hour the pure, intelligent child was capable of receiving instruction, to train and educate her for the stage! I left Sherborne when Viola was in her fifth year, and her subsequent history, so far as it has been made known to me by her letters, of which I have received many, may soon be told. My father died in embarrassed circumstances; Mrs Henderson returned to the stage; and Viola made her first appearance at one of the inferior London theatres with but partial success. This disappointment greatly soured the mother's temper, never a very lamb-like one, and she led her daughter such a wretched life, that the poor, unguided child threw herself away upon a wild young fellow of the name of Dalzell—Arthur Dalzell.'

'Dalzell! a rather fine name that,' I interjected; 'but an assumed one, perhaps.'

'No; he was a young man of good family, who had lost both his parents in his nonage, and upon reaching the ripe maturity of twenty-one, was cast upon the world to scramble through it as he best could, with a fortune of five or six hundred pounds, and habits of expense requiring five times as much as that yearly. He had, however, the good taste, though himself what is called a gentleman-amateur, to withdraw his wife from the stage. Finding himself, but a few months after marriage, in imminent danger of a jail, he managed to procure a commission in the English force serving under General Evans in Spain. There he speedily acquired a character for reckless daring; and when General Evans's troops were disbanded, he transferred his services to the French Foreign Legion, employed in Africa. A long interval passed, and then I heard of them from Southern Russia; and that Captain Dalzell was an officer in the army of the czar.'

'Verily, a roving, adventurous gentleman! But did Aunt Viola share his wanderings?'

'She was his inseparable companion. Captain Dalzell's employment in Russia was not, if I rightly understood Viola, entirely of a military character. He had something to do with government contracts, in which he failed, in consequence, it seemed, of the bad faith of a partner. This I learned from the last letter I ever received from my sister: it was dated from Odessa!'

'I know: the place which the French and Britishers have lately cannonaded in a considerate, merciful sort of way, as if desirous of hurting the Russians as little as possible.'

'That letter,' continued my aunt, 'informed me that Captain Dalzell had left Russia for ever, and that she and their only surviving child, Marian, were about to follow, whither she did not precisely know, but very probably to America. This, it proved, was their destination; but unhappily, whilst Ruth and I were absent in Boston, Captain Dalzell arrived at New York, made himself known to my husband, who received him most cordially; lent him five hundred dollars, mainly for the alleged purpose of sending for his wife and daughter; which sum the unhappy man appears to have lost at a gaming-house in one night. The next day, he set off, as a curt note apprised your uncle, to join the Mexicans, in arms to defend their country against the braggart Yankees!'

'My stars! but such a note as that from a man that had choused him out of five hundred dollars, must have got the major's dander up alarmingly!'

'My husband was, and naturally so, very wroth; but he acted unjustly in his anger, by writing an unkind, reproachful letter to Viola, whose address he found in my writing-desk, indirectly upbraiding her with Captain Dalzell's misdeeds. I knew of all this too late. The excusatory letter I immediately wrote was returned after a long interval, with a postal intimation that Madame Dalzell had left Odessa; and from her continued silence, I was fain to conclude that Viola had finished her sad earthly pilgrimage, till a few days since, when this Karl Hartmann came over to Staten Island, bringing a long letter addressed to me from Arthur Dalzell, who, it appears, is dying at San Francisco, and, repentant too late, is anxious to induce his long-abandoned wife, who is still living somewhere in South Russia, to come over to America, that he may see her and his child once more before his eyes close upon a world in which he has played so unworthy a part. Karl Hartmann, his friend, knows, he writes, South Russia well, and with my assistance will be able to discover the present whereabout of Viola, and bring her safely here. She has, it appears, supported herself and Marian for several years past by teaching music, but of late her eyesight had begun to fail her; and thus whilst I, her own sister, have been wrapped in ease, comfort, luxury, the sweet, beauteous child—for, Mark, dear Mark,' sobbed my aunt, giving way to the choking grief which for some minutes had rendered her speech almost unintelligible—'I cannot realise her to myself but as I saw her last, God's radiant angel-child—she, I say, has the while been hopelessly struggling with calamity—abandoned, blind! O heavenly Father! thy ways, thy dispensations are indeed inscrutable!'

'This is a strange story, dear aunt,' I ventured to remark after a while. 'Does Mr Hartmann require funds of you for his journey?'

'Yes; and large funds too, Mark.'

'I thought so. But how comes it that Captain Dalzell does not know his wife's precise address? Merely that she may be heard of somewhere in South Russia—a pleasant country, I guess, to hunt over upon such an errand just now.'

'I asked that very question,' said my aunt; 'and the answer was, that Dalzell had not for a very long time heard from my sister, except indirectly. I, however, positively refused, from the first, to advance the money, except through you, and from time to time as the exigency might arise. This Mr Hartmann strongly demurred to; but after seeing you yester afternoon—you have rather a raw, boyish look, Mark—he made no further objection to that arrangement.'

'Mr Hartmann may find, when the push comes, that he has mistaken his man, or boy, since boy I am seemingly doomed to remain all my days.'

'Ruth says you will prove yourself a match for half-a-dozen German Hartmanns,' said Aunt Martha, pitching a very soothing, soft-sawdering note. 'And it is certain that, in prosecuting the search after your aunt Viola, you will incur no danger. The czar is anxious just now to cultivate friendly relations with this country, and you will be provided with letters from strongly influential parties here to Mr Brown, the American representative at Constantinople.'

'I shall do my best, be assured, dear aunt, to deserve Ruth's flattering opinion, and to accomplish your wishes.'

Aunt Martha's quivering lips pressed mine in acceptance of that pledge, and we then went down stairs, where we found my father hob-nobbing with the said Karl Hartmann, unquestionably a man of superior, commanding aspect; and no one could look upon his sun-bronzed, scarred visage—two sword-cuts, not at all disfiguring—and tall, well set-up figure, without instantly recognising a soldier of service.

The brief conversation that ensued turned upon the war, to the theatre whereof we were bound, the stranger displaying not only an intimate knowledge of the countries to which it was likely to extend, but an inveterate, supercilious John Bullism, as surprising in a German as the perfection of his pronunciation.

'You speak English wonderfully well, Mr Hartmann,' I remarked.

'Not at all wonderfully, Mr Henderson,' he replied, 'when you remember that I have passed several years in these United States, where, as you know, the genuine accent can alone be acquired.'

The sneering tone and emphasis with which this was said, made my blood tingle again; and cudgelling my brains for a smart retort, I came out with the following brilliant, if not quite novel, home-thrust: 'It is certainly very amusing to find Great Britain, with India and half a world besides in her omnivorous grasp, affecting such righteous horror of aggressive war.'

Before Hartmann's flashing glance could be interpreted by words, Dame Garstone interposed with—'There is, at all events, a mighty difference in favour of England as against Russia, in one respect: England did not invade India and other countries in simulated vindication of the gospel of God—solemnly inaugurate the work of the devil in the name of Christ.'

'Just so, madam,' said Hartmann, rising to go away. 'Cotton would be a more appropriate inscription upon Britain's aggressive banner than the name invoked by the czar. The *Saucy Gipsy*,' he added, with a mockingly merry glance at the indignant supercargo, 'will, it is understood, sail, wind and weather permitting, the day after to-morrow, at about noon. I shall not fail to be punctual.' Mr Hartmann then, after a brief private conference with my aunt, left the house; and so did I, a few minutes subsequently, with Aunt Martha.

The wind blew fresh from the south-west; the blue-Peter had been for some time flying at the foretop-mast-head of the *Saucy Gipsy*—the brig, by the by, *had* been so named after Ruth's household and familiar sobriquet—now moored off the landing-place at Staten Island, and the order was at length given to cast off; whereupon Aunt Martha, who had been urging her counsels and commands over and over again, hastened from the cabin upon deck, bidding Ruth follow.

'Good-by, Cousin Mark,' said Ruth, holding out her little hand, and speaking with a lightness of tone I was sure was only assumed. 'We shall think of the *Saucy Gipsy* oftener, I daresay, than you will.'

'Ah, Ruth, if you only felt as I feel'——

'Mercy forbid! Not, at least, as you felt ten minutes ago—fit to murder poor Mr Hartmann; and all because I was commonly civil to the man.'

'Ruth! Ruth!'

'Just as if a girl of my angelic sweetness of disposition *could* look cross or forbidding, if she tried.'

'Oh, come, I'll be darned if'——

'Nonsense! Hold your tongue—do! You've nothing more to say to me, I suppose, Mark?' she added, balancing herself upon one foot, and holding the cabin-door in her hand. 'Coming, mamma!'

'Nothing—but that I must have a kiss at parting.'

'I daresay! For shame, you rude boy! Did you ever! Why, Mark! Here I am, mamma!'

A HAPPY MAN.

Who does not know the tale so truly Oriental, of a king blest with all the gifts of fortune, and yet so far from feeling them the source of happiness, that he promised his kingdom to him who would prove himself really, thoroughly happy? He was wise enough to feel that in making such an offer he did not risk much, and he was perhaps also wise enough not to attach too much value to the possession of what so many envied. He had nevertheless to discover, that he would have forfeited his kingdom to a beggar, with whom he once fell in, if the latter had not felt too happy to change—living, as he did, humbly, but without care or sorrow, heartily enjoying the gifts of public charity and of nature, together with unbounded liberty.

A very few of my readers know, perhaps, of the deep enjoyment there is when toiling through this life to miss many a comfort, yet to feel above their want—to find that a strong mind is able to conquer difficulties, and keep above the miseries of the world. Readily will they allow, that the greatest misfortune which can befall a man, is never to have had his bad days—never to have looked stern adversity in the face—and, consequently, never to have been forged, and hammered, and tempered, into bearing up unhurt and untouched against any turn of fate—looking satisfied on the past, gaily on the present, and calmly into the future.

During years of wandering among different nations, in many a country, in republics and in monarchies, constitutional and absolute, I have here and there met with a contented and gay character; and I have also had the good-fortune to conquer this happy man, not for my slave, as the despot might, nor for my flatterer, as the rich and mighty would—but, what neither power nor wealth could achieve, for my own warm friend.

A really happy man! that is not possible; such a being can exist but in the realm of fiction. Well, some incredulity must be excused in a case I myself would not believe, if I had not seen, and felt, and studied it, musing deep and long on its phenomena. But those who cannot believe will at least listen, and then they will perhaps allow that I am not so far wrong as they now suppose.

That the happy human being in question cannot be rich, is plain; he is poor, and has been born and bred in absolute poverty. But that would not be enough to constitute a happy being, for he has two brothers, sound and healthy, who are bad characters; a third brother is deaf and dumb; and this one lives as an engraver, humbly, but respectably, with a nice wife and two pretty children. But still, I would hardly call the latter more than contented: to be really happy in the higher, nobler meaning, it requires more. My friend Edward Meystre is not only deaf, dumb, but likewise blind: the only senses he has left are those of touch, and the less important ones of smell and taste. Let us make acquaintance with him.

Built on an eminence, and commanding a splendid view on the Lake of Geneva, together with a grand panorama from the Alps to the Jura, stands the Blind Asylum of Lausanne, founded by an Englishman of Swiss descent. You traverse the gravel-walk encircling the house, and you see groups of boys and girls enjoying themselves, their happy faces speaking louder than any printed report the praise of the director of the establishment. But one figure strikes you—a young man of about thirty, of strong frame and middle stature, striding about with firm military gait; his head high, and occasionally turned to the sun, as if boldly looking at it; his features, though hardy, and deeply scarred with the small-pox, beaming with intelligent, reflecting joy. Follow him to his work, when he has had his share in enjoying the fine weather, and you will see him actively occupied in turning the best-finished articles, doing everything for himself, even preparing the wood with the hatchet in a manner which it makes you shudder to look at. If you are present at the proper hour, you may see him taking a lesson with the director, and you will be at a loss which of the two to admire most—the director, for his genius in teaching; or the pupil, for his intelligence in learning. When you have thus seen the man enjoying, labouring, and learning, and when you consider that he is healthy and without care, you will lay your hand on your heart, and wish you were as happy as he is.

Let us now inquire into his history, and consider the ways of Providence in producing so admirable a result. Edward Meystre was born at Lausanne, on the

25th of November 1826. His father was a carpenter of talent, but of bad conduct, who abandoned his family. The mother, on the contrary, was an excellent woman, who struggled nobly with poverty, and provided for her children. Her second son, Edward, was born healthy and sound, but at the age of eleven months the small-pox bereft him of his hearing, and so he remained dumb. When he was seven years old, a play-fellow handling a loaded gun, discharged the contents by accident into Edward's face, destroying both eyes. The impression of living in constant darkness was at first strong and painful for the boy, but he soon got used to it. Active and poor as he was, he used to turn the penny by carrying wood for the neighbours, and even by manufacturing some rude objects, such as little benches and mouse-traps, with a few carpenter's tools, which his mother had kept for him from out of the father's shipwreck. She succeeded in getting him, at the age of eighteen, admitted into the Blind Asylum, founded recently at Lausanne by M. Haldimand, and directed by M. Hirzel. The latter immediately set about instructing Edward, devoting an hour or two every day to him, and leaving him the rest of his time to practise manual labour in the shape of turning. In three weeks, Edward learned the meaning and the use of the alphabet; and in three months, he learned to pronounce—thanks to the well-directed, and next to hopeless efforts of M. Hirzel. From that moment, the study of the manner of communicating his ideas by means of alphabetical and spoken language has been laboriously pursued, together with the business of educating his mind by means of that language—no inconsiderable undertaking with one who had arrived at the age of eighteen, without even knowing that men could communicate by any other means than by pantomimic gestures. The admirable results obtained by M. Hirzel are best described by that gentleman himself, in a French paper, and the article has been published in an English translation in America. I will dwell chiefly, however, on a few of my own direct observations.

I made Edward's acquaintance three years ago; and my first impression upon standing before him, as before a wall, without any means of communicating with his mind, was humiliating, and almost painful. My first care was to let him teach me his finger-alphabet. At the same time, I practised the more or less intuitive language of gestures, which is not the less interesting of the class, as it is extensively practised by animals. I also accustomed my ear to Edward's vocal speech, which one very soon understands as well as that of any person not deaf and dumb. Indeed, I have met with a lady who understood Edward's speech well enough the very first time she heard him. Once familiar with him, with his mode of expressing his ideas, and, what was not less important, with the range and peculiar turn of his mind, as also with M. Hirzel's manner of communicating new ideas to him, I felt quite at home with my friend; and I think there is nothing one could not undertake to teach him with success. To be sure, the communication of abstract notions often proves most difficult, although never impossible, if properly managed.

I took Edward several times to the museum of natural history, and let him touch specimens in the principal classes of the animal kingdom. He examined everything in the most intelligent manner, feeling, for instance, immediately for the claws and teeth, to see whether an animal was carnivorous; so that he forcibly reminded me of Cuvier and his method. The skeleton of a cow offered a good opportunity for unfolding some elementary notions of comparative anatomy, by comparing with his own limbs. This was done by means of a few gestures, without one word of alphabetical language, and at least as rapidly and easily as it would have been by means of the vocal language with a pupil possessed of hearing and sight. When set before a fine stuffed calf, with two regular and well-constituted heads, he began feeling one head; but when, following the neck, he came to the second head, he started as he had never done before, and immediately expressed by signs that it was a very voracious animal, asking whether it had also two stomachs. I told him it had but one stomach, bade him feel the feet, to shew him that it was not a carnivorous animal; and then I explained to him it was a *lusus naturæ*. The ethnological department of the museum, small as it is, proved very useful in helping to give him clear notions of what man in his savage state is. Upon seeing so many implements of murder, he made the remark: 'Sauvage méchant.' When told by his blind companions of Napoleon's wars, although following with eagerness, being very fond of stories, he asked, striking his bosom: 'Et la conscience?' Full of courage and manliness as he is, killing does not agree with his notions of conscience any more than with those of a child.

I gave Edward his first lesson in history—of which he, as yet, had no conception—by taking him to my friend M. Troyon, the celebrated antiquary. Here he was made to touch the remains of the Stone Age—flint-axes, knives, spear and arrow heads, &c. He was taught with a piece of rude flint how these implements were made; and he was told that they were very, very old—three, four, five thousand years old, having belonged to the first inhabitants of Europe, when these were mere savages, and having been found in the ground, chiefly in graves. Next came the Bronze Age, of which he was told that it was two, three thousand years old; then the Iron Age, to which the modern period belongs; lastly, he was shewn a Merovingian grave, preserved open, with the skeleton lying in it, being at the same time made to touch the antiquities found in the grave. He understood this elementary lesson extremely well. What struck Edward most in M. Troyon's collection was a series of human skulls, with holes and other marks of the violent death their owners had met. This seemed to impress him with a feeling of horror, judging at least from his expressive pantomime, and from the way in which he related the facts to his blind companions.

I could not miss the opportunity of making Edward acquainted with the elementary notions of geology. I began by cultivating, in our walks, his practical sense of geography; then I taught him how running water, and how the action of the waves on the shore of the lake rounded off the stones, and formed gravel and shingle. I next had the opportunity of teaching him how an overflowing torrent had deposited its gravel and shingle in sensibly horizontal strata—a remark which struck him a good deal. The next step—which I have not yet taken, because it first requires finding a very good, distinct, and accessible example—will be to shew him a rock composed of alternate layers of conglomerate and sandstone and marl, and to let him feel some fossils imbedded in the stone. Once this is properly achieved, the rest will follow easily, by means of gestures and signs, alphabetical words, sticks, wires, and clay moulded into different forms. The deaf, dumb, and blind will thus acquire an elementary, but clear and satisfactory idea of the history of creation, with practical notions of the geology of Switzerland, including even the glacier theory. He might be told about it already, by mere words, if the greatest care was not taken to convey no ideas to him but such as are made thoroughly clear and definite, and these require to rest upon matter of fact—which to him is what he can touch.

Spending the last winter at Berne, I sent him at the New-year a cake, with a letter which I got printed by the blind of the asylum at Berne. Here is the answer, composed and printed by Edward himself, without any help or aid. I give it textually, with the few insignificant faults it contains. It is the more interesting, as it is the first regular letter he has ever written:—

'LAUSANNE MERCREDI LE 24 JANVIER. 1855.

MON CHER MONSIEUR M.—JE VOUS REMERCIE POUR CETTE BOITE DE BISCOME ET POUR CETTE LETTRE DE QUATRE FEUILLES QUE VOUS M'AVEZ ENVOYE. J'AI TRES BIEN PU LIRE VOTRE LETTRE ELLE M'A FAIT BIEN PLAISIR. JE L'AI APPRISE PAR COEUR. IL Y A TRES LONGTEMPS QUE JE NE VOUS AI PAS TOUCHE LA MAIN. J'AI PENSE SEUL MOI CETTE LETTRE. VOUS DEMEUREZ A BERNE. VOUS REVIENDREZ BIENTOT.

ADIEU MON CHER MONSIEUR M.
EDOUARD MEYSTRE.'

Let us conclude with a review of Edward's character. It is eminently that of the deaf and dumb, not of the blind. He is active in body and mind; has a noble, firm bearing; is gay-spirited, communicative, and looks at the bright side of things. He seems not to reckon himself among the blind, and speaking of his companions, calls them *les aveugles;* whilst he has a strong kindred feeling for the deaf and dumb, his greatest pleasure being in shewing about the house a deaf and dumb stranger. His intellectual capacities, although very good, cannot be called brilliant; but then he has a vast deal of plain common sense, supported by a thoroughly inquisitive turn of mind. His questions, as well as his answers, are sometimes striking. M. Hirzel once asked him what was the meaning of *rich* and *poor*. Edward described a man who had bags of money, good clothes, and plenty of food; and another who had empty pockets, bad clothes, and little to eat. M. Hirzel then proceeded to ask: 'And thou, art thou rich or poor?' Upon that, Edward struck his forehead, said: 'Je pense;' and after a moment's reflection, answered: 'Pas pauvre, je travaille.' An answer worthy of any philosopher of ancient or modern times. When taught to embody the idea of thinking in the word *penser*, he inquired whether the animals think and dream, and whether they have a language of their own. The power of thinking is of paramount importance to him, and he estimates men according to their more or less capacity in that respect; thus he does not care much for children, because, says he, they think but little. For the same reason, he finds one ought not to cry when children die; he was, however, affected, though perhaps more from the grief of the parents, when M. Hirzel lost a child. When his own mother died, he was deeply affected, for she had been everything to him through youth. Once, when we were returning home at a late hour, passing near the house where he had lived with his mother brought her to his mind, and he spoke of her death, and how she had been long ill, and very white in the face, and how he had worked hard to give her money. It was enough to move a stone.

A very curious circumstance is, that Edward is possessed of some sort of intuitive phrenological notions of his own; for when allowed to touch a person's head, he forms a tolerably true estimate of its character, particularly with respect to the reflective faculties. When I asked him how he judged of the latter, he explained, by expressive signs, that the forehead of men who think much is peculiarly protuberant.

The excellence of Edward's character results from the combination of the perfect simplicity of a child with the power and intelligence of manhood. This may be called the secret of happiness. No wonder, then, if we see our friend always gay, happy, and contented, and without care or sorrow—thanks to the ways of Providence, which, by depriving him of his ear and eye, has preserved him from the contagion which surrounded him in poverty, and which would scarcely have spared him had he been rich. To adhere to truth, however, to the end in my narrative, I must confess that I once, but once only, observed that my happy friend could actually feel a pang. It was in the winter of 1854, when he told me that bread was very dear, and that his sister had not enough for her children.

MY LION-FRIEND.

Among the adventurous Frenchmen whose daring spirit has won reputation in the army of Algeria, there is scarcely one better known than M. Gérard, called the Lion-slayer. His skill and good-fortune equal that of Gordon Cumming, the South-African Nimrod, whom he surpasses in modesty. Gérard has lately published his experiences and adventures, highly amusing in their details, but monotonous as a whole. Whoever has read the first chapters, knows beforehand that nearly every one of them is to end with the death of the lion; and even the hairbreadth escapes of the hero are all alike. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his book is the following biography of a lion:—

In February 1846, Monsieur de Tourville, commander of Ghelma, sent for me, and told me that the tribe of Beni-Bughal requested my assistance to free them from the ravages of a lioness, which, with her cubs, had established her head-quarters within the pasture-grounds of their tribe. I immediately mounted my horse, and rode with the sheik to the tent-village of the tribe, encamped at the foot of the Jebel Mezrur.

At dawn, I reconnoitred the wood in which the lioness and her cubs usually hid themselves; and in the thicket, upon a carefully arranged heap of leaves, I found a small female cub, about one month old, not larger than a cat. I took it up in my burnoose, carried it to the tents, and again went back to the neighbourhood of the lair, to await there the return of the lioness. When I reached the forest, the sun was setting. I hastened to find the thicket, and sat down under a cork-tree. But now I observed that the thicket was so dense as to afford me no room to take aim with my rifle; I had therefore to cut the branches of the trees, with my double-edged dagger, to the extent of the length of my rifle.

My plan of attack was simple. When the lioness shewed her head between the bushes, I intended at once to blow out her brains. Night came on, and I listened attentively to every noise around. A bear passed me first; I nearly mistook him for the lioness, but his slow unwieldy steps soon undeceived me. Again a jackal glided to the lair, and snuffed about for the provisions of the lion-cubs. But now there was no mistake possible; I thought I heard distinctly my expected victim breaking the bones of a sheep with its teeth, and leisurely feeding upon the carcass, which I had noticed in the thicket. For two hours I waited in strong excitement, and still I was deceived. My arm grew stiff; I could no longer keep my rifle to my shoulder; I leant against the tree, waiting till I should see the eyes of the lioness shining through the darkness.

It may have been eight o'clock, when I suddenly heard the sound of heavy steps and the rustling of the branches. I could not doubt that it was the lioness. The noise ceased at about twenty yards' distance. I apprehended that she might have observed me, and that, with one sudden leap, she might clear the distance which separated us. I jumped up, in the hope of seeing perhaps her eyes. Leaning against the tree, the rifle in readiness, I fixed my glance upon the bushes, which rose before me as dense as a wall; but I neither saw nor heard anything. My imagination, excited by the recollection of former adventures, pierced through the darkness and the obstacles which obstructed my sight, and presented to me the lioness, with neck strained, ears back, and body trembling, ready to spring. I got nervous. Though it was bitingly cold, I felt the perspiration on my forehead, when a sudden thought restored my presence of mind, and calmed my nerves. Why, thought I, have I not climbed the tree, instead of posting myself under it? —why should I not seize one of the branches, and in a few seconds be thirty feet above ground, in perfect safety? But I recollected that in the daytime I should not have thought of the tree, and should have believed it unworthy of myself to seek such a refuge. This thought restored my self-possession and self-reliance.

But what was my rage and surprise when, instead of the terrible roar of a lioness, maddened by the loss of her cub, I heard the whine of a young lion crying for his absent nurse! I cannot help laughing when I recollect the excitement into which this little fellow had put me. The lioness not coming forth, I caught hold of the cub. I put it into my pocket, and returned in the direction of the tents. Straggling for three hours through woods and ravines, and often fancying I heard the roar of the lioness following the scent of her cubs, I arrived at last at the Duar—Arab tent-village—guided by the barking of the dogs.

Settled here, the first thing I did was to compare the two cubs. The male was about a third larger than his sister, and a very fine animal he was. I gave him the name of Hubert, in honour of the patron saint of the chase. While the little lioness avoided men, and scratched whosoever dared to touch her, Hubert remained quite quiet at the hearth, and looked about with an astonished, but not savage stare. The Arab females were never tired of petting him, and rewarding his amiability. They tied up a she-goat to suckle him. At first, he was very awkward; but as soon as he had fairly tasted the milk, he attached himself to his nurse, and followed her everywhere. His sister would not profit by her brother's experience, and could not be kept quiet. Hubert at length grew sleepy, and lay down upon my burnoose as quietly as if he had been with his mother.

The next day, I reconnoitred the ravines and hills of the neighbourhood, followed by the Arabs. In the evening, I partook of a meal in the tent of a shepherd, and returned to my former ambush. I waited in vain till dawn—the lioness did not appear. I was told afterwards, that on the loss of her two cubs, she had left the country with a third. The disappearance of the dreaded beast restored calm in the tribe Beni-Bughal, and I left them with my two adopted pets to proceed to Ghelma. But the young lioness soon died in teething, which is always a critical, and often fatal period to lion-cubs.

As to Hubert, he did very well, and was growing so fast that the milk of three goats was scarcely sufficient for him. He became the pet of all the camp, especially of Lehman the trumpeter, Bibart the blacksmith, and poor Rustan the spahi, who, one year after, was terribly maimed by the lions of Medjez Ammar. A register was opened for Hubert, in which his services were entered: he was originally put down as a horseman of the second class, waiting for advancement. I extract from the register, in which every fact and service of Hubert was faithfully recorded, the following feats:—

'*April* 20, 1846.—When Hubert was three months old, the squadron stood this day in the courtyard of the head-quarters, ready to proceed to the drill-ground; the trumpeter sounded the call; and horseman Hubert, shut up in his room on the second floor, leaps to the window, and shouts "Here!" but he is not heard, and he is set down as absent. The captain orders—*march;* the trumpeter sounds; and Hubert, jumping from the window down into the courtyard, appears with the squadron. For such excellent conduct, the entry, that he was absent at the call, is cancelled.

'*May* 15.—Hubert kills his nurse, the old goat, and is therefore nominated a horseman of the first class.

'*Sept.* 8.—He makes a sortie on the market-place; puts the Arabs to flight; kills several sheep and a donkey; fells a guardsman to the ground; and surrenders only to his friends Lehman, Bibart, and Rustan. For this gallantry, he is promoted to be a non-commissioned officer; gets an iron chain of honour round his neck; and is attached to the door-posts of the stable as permanent sentinel.

'*Jan.* 16, 1847.—A Bedouin was prowling about the stables; Hubert, suspecting him to be a robber, breaks the chain, seizes the Arab, and keeps him on the ground till the officer comes, to whom he delivers up his prisoner in a wretched condition. For this feat, Hubert is made a colour-sergeant, and gets two chains of honour round his neck. In April, he kills a horse, and fells two soldiers; and thus rises to be an officer, and is put into a cage.'

Poor Hubert! And I, his best friend, was ordered to imprison him! The authorities, lenient to him because he was so amiable, could not longer ignore his escapades: he could not but be sentenced to death, or to imprisonment for life.

My first idea was to let him escape; but I feared that, accustomed to intercourse with men, he might return to the camp, and be killed. During the first months of his punishment, I sometimes came at night and opened his cage. He leaped out with delight, and we played at hide-and-seek. But one evening, when he was in his best spirits, he hugged me so fondly that he would certainly have strangled me, had not my comrades come and delivered me from his caresses. It was the last time we played together. Nevertheless, I must confess that he had no bad intentions: he did not make use either of his claws or of his teeth, and always behaved kindly and gently to his friends. Still, displeased that he could not leave the cage without a heavy chain fastened to the irons, he became sad, and often excited. His character changed for the worse; I began to think that I must part with him. An officer offered me 8000 francs, on behalf of the king of Sardinia; but I could not sell my friend Hubert as I sell the skins of the lions I kill. The Prince of Aumale had been kind to me. I offered Hubert to him, requesting that he would provide for him in the Zoological Gardens at Algiers.

Hubert left Ghelma in October 1847, to the great distress of the ladies, towards whom he had displayed the utmost politeness, and of all the soldiers, who loved him nearly as much as I did myself. Lehman and Bibart got drunk intentionally, in order to bear more easily the pangs of parting; still, they were so overwhelmed with grief at taking leave, and made such a row, that they had to be given into custody, to enable Hubert to be got off.

At Algiers, they found Hubert too tall and magnificent to remain in the Zoological Gardens; he was to be sent to Paris, and I was ordered to accompany him to France. Poor animal! Indeed he was tall—a horse-collar was scarcely big enough for his neck—and far too magnificent for the wretched life to which he was doomed.

The captain of the vessel in which Hubert was transported across the sea, allowed me to open his cage while he took his meals; the passengers being kept away beyond the reach of his chain. As soon as I opened the door, he darted forth, thanked me in his way, and took a walk as far as the chain permitted him to go. Now a beef-steak was brought, of about eight to ten pounds. He ate it, and lay down in the sun for digestion. After his hour of recreation was past, he crept back into his cage, allowed himself to be pulled by the ears, and waited patiently for his next meal. Thus passed the last pleasant days between us. At Toulon, we parted. He was sent to Marseille, and I went on a visit to my family to Cuers. In a few weeks, I came likewise to Marseille; but although so short a time had elapsed, my friend was no longer the same. Joy, indeed, lighted up his fine face, but he seemed suffering, and worn out. His eyes appeared to ask with reproach: 'Why hast thou forsaken me? Where am I? Whither am I to be carried? Wilt thou remain with me?' I was grieved at his unhappy looks; and scarcely was I out of sight, when I heard him roaring, and shaking furiously the bars of the cage. I returned; and when he saw me, he became calm, and clung to the railing, that I might pat him. A few minutes afterwards, he fell asleep. I retreated slowly, not to disturb his slumber. Sleep is forgetfulness for the animal as well as for man.

In three months after, I was in Paris. My first visit, of course, was to M. Leo Bertrand, editor of the journal for sportsmen; my second, to the Jardin des Plantes. Coming to the gallery of the wild beasts, I was surprised by the smallness of the cages, and displeased by the bad smell, easily endured by hyænas and jackals, but which must kill lions and panthers, to which cleanliness is life. I could not understand why, in the Zoological Gardens of Paris, which should be the model institution of the kind, bears are comfortably lodged in spacious wards, while the lions must linger in small cages, where they cannot thrive. I immediately made some suggestions in this respect to M. Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, which he received with kindness; and but for the Revolution of February, my petition for Hubert and his comrades would have resulted in salutary reform.

Under such disagreeable impressions, I arrived at the cage of my lion-friend, who, half dozing, looked indifferently at the crowd before him. Suddenly, he raised his head, his eyes sparkled, the muscles of his face throbbed, the top of his tail moved: he had seen the regimentals of a spahi, but did not yet recognise his old comrade. I came nearer; and unable to control my emotion, I put my hand through the rails. It was really a most touching meeting for myself and all who witnessed it. Hubert's eyes were rivetted on my features; now he put his nose to my hand; his eyes became clearer and fonder; he guessed that it was his friend. One word, I knew, would dispel all uncertainty.

'Hubert, old fellow!' said I. This was enough. With a terrible leap, he jumped against the bars, so that they nearly broke. My friends fled in terror, and tried to drag me away. Noble animal! even by your joy you inspire fear! Hubert stood erect, his neck on the railing, which he shook with his paws, as if he wished to break through every obstacle that separated us. He looked glorious, roaring for joy and anger. His red tongue licked my hand with delight, and he tried to put his enormous paws out of the cage to hug me. Some strangers came nearer—he became wild and furious; but when we were left alone, he again grew calm and caressing. I cannot tell how trying it was for me to part. Twenty times I came back, to make it understood to Hubert that I should return; but as often as I left him, the whole gallery trembled with his furious leaps and roars.

I often visited the poor prisoner, and we remained together for hours; but I soon saw that he became sadder and more weary. The officers of the garden thought that my visits brought nostalgia upon him, and I determined not to see him so often. On one of the days of May, I came as usual, and the keeper said: 'Sir, do not come any more: Hubert is dead.' I hastened away; but now I often go to the gardens, to indulge in thoughts of my poor friend.

Thus died Hubert, born for freedom and for the air of the mountains. Civilisation killed him. But, oh ye lionesses of the Atlas, never shall I again steal your cubs! Better for them to be killed at once, as if by lightning, in the forest, under the free sky of their home, than to linger in captivity. The lead of the hunter is preferable to consumption in a cage.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIFE-ASSURANCE.

When a private citizen in the middle or humbler ranks of life effects an insurance upon his life, he usually makes some sacrifice of present personal enjoyments for the sake of a future good to his wife and children. The act is in all respects so praiseworthy, that any disappointment in one case tending to discourage it in others, is much to be deprecated. We would rather see such security invariably attending the business, that not the slightest apprehension could be entertained as to the realisation of the good results. True it is, nevertheless, and of verity, that one cannot now step at random into a life-assurance office, and be sure that the bread he there throws on the waters will ever be gathered again. He would need to take some care in the selection of an office, before he could calculate with safety on his good design in behalf of those dear to him being fulfilled.

In old times, the starting of a new life-assurance office was a rare and notable event. During the last ten years, they have sprung up in scores. It seems all fair, as only in accordance with our maxims of unrestricted competition. Grant this, there is, nevertheless, so small a proportion of sound business for each, that the receipts of the office, instead of being reserved as a fund for the liquidation of claims, are in many instances absorbed in the payment of salaries, advertising, and other expenses. They look like concerns which have been got up merely in order to pay salaries to certain officers. Where the plan of assurance is the *mutual* one, this of course leaves the members a poor prospect. Where there is some admixture of the *proprietary* plan, the danger is primarily to the shareholders, and only secondarily to the policy-holders. Take the system of these adventurer-offices overhead, it is full of fallacy and danger; nor can we allow that this is in all cases unknown to the persons immediately charged with the management. The annual accounts, which from time to time appear, are in many cases adjusted in a manner obviously calculated to gloss over deficiencies, and give cheerful views where nothing but ruin can be expected. As a hypothetical case, an office which started with a certain sum of paid-up capital, and has for a few years been drawing large but unstated sums for premiums of life-assurance and annuities, will shew an amount of real assets considerably below even the original capital, out of which to gratify its shareholders and discharge its numerous prospective obligations; but by one expedient or another, as by the adding into the assets a sum of unpaid-up capital, all will be made to look so straight, that none but a skilled arithmetician is competent to detect the fallacy. In fact, managers, actuaries, directors, and agents, appear to be all involved in one whirl of mutual make-believe and mystification, which none but a cool and sagacious few can unravel. One of the saddest features of the whole affair, is the facility with which men of some social, and even political standing, lend their names to countenance these concerns. They cannot be always aware of the unsoundness; but if they were to take due care before granting permission to have their names printed in the prospectuses and advertisements, they could not fail to be warned of the real character of the act they are requested to commit. There is, in fact, a loose morality on the subject of giving names to public institutions, without at the same time giving personal attention to their concerns, which is altogether reprehensible.

Out of the multitude of offices established during the last ten years, there must, of course, be some which are entitled to support from shareholders and the public. We should be sorry to say anything calculated to injure the prospects of such respectable concerns. The circumstances, however, are certainly such as to suggest caution, generally, in the case of offices of comparatively recent establishment; more particularly since, for the most part, those of earlier date are entitled to confidence. Where so many safe old offices offer equal advantages, it is surely the height of folly to listen to the siren voices of those numerous concerns of which so large a proportion are manifestly unsound.

'DAMAGES.'

Great surprise has lately been excited in Scotland by the overturn given in the House of Lords to a decision of the native court, inflicting on the owner of a dog the payment of damages for some sheep which the animal had destroyed. The principle proceeded upon in the ultimate decision was, that damages are only exigible in the case of the master of a dog who is aware of a tendency in the animal to destroy sheep. Now, it seems to us that this principle is strictly accordant with justice, though the fact has not as yet been acknowledged in the northern and more sagacious part of the island. The keeping of a dog is admitted to be perfectly lawful. But if it were ruled that the damage which might arise from every occasional freak of these animals must needs be repaired by their owners, it would be equivalent to saying that the keeping of a dog is *not* lawful. It would land us in an absurdity. The exceptional tendencies of the animal, in as far as they cannot be foreseen and guarded against, are simply occurrences in the course of Providence, for which it would be unjust to make the owner responsible. Society may undertake to compensate them, if it thinks they ought not to fall upon the owners of the animals destroyed; but certainly the owner of the dog, if he has had no reason to apprehend any destructive outbreak on the part of his canine protégé, ought to be exempt.

Society perhaps requires to have some of its other ideas about damages corrected. It appears to us, that the owners of public conveyances, including the everywhere used and *abused* railways, are sometimes treated with signal injustice by juries. It seems to be assumed that *every* accident by which damage is produced, was avoidable under a system of due care. Now, this is surely absurd. While the movements of human nature remain, as hitherto, not quite so mechanical as those of a planet (a watch is out of the question), it will be quite impossible to obtain officials—as drivers, guards, &c.—absolutely beyond committing mistakes and oversights. So, also, horses will stumble and fall under certain circumstances, which it is not possible always to foresee. Metals the strongest, and leather-straps the toughest, will break unexpectedly and unaccountably. Accidents, in short, *will* happen even in the best-regulated vehicles. Some allowance ought surely to be made on this account, and damages only assigned when it is proved that the proprietors of the vehicle chose or retained incompetent servants, or recklessly overlooked the decay of some essential part of their machinery. To do otherwise, is to pronounce that we expect coaches, horses, locomotives, and drivers to partake of an angelic character.

It is clear to us that, when any person ventures into a public conveyance, he subjects himself to a certain amount of risk absolutely unavoidable, for the sake of a benefit to himself, and has no title to expect more of the proprietors than that they shall have everything in decently good order for the insurance of safety—a point to which their own interest is clearly engaged, in the risk which they are making of their own property. All of those risks, which may be called strictly providential, or which may be said to depend on the imperfection of ordinary sublunary things, he is entitled to take upon himself.

It is to be feared that the public does not, in general, reason quite wisely for itself on this subject. When it rejoices in hearing of an old lady getting a thousand pounds as compensation for a broken leg, incurred in the course of a journey which implied, perhaps, a sixpenny-fare, or echoes with delight the threat of a stupid judge 'to bring up the directors next time,' it does not reflect on the effects which these things must inevitably have on the future management and condition of systems of public conveyance. One certain consequence must be, the withdrawal of the best men from a business where there is little but kicks to be gained. The business will sink down and down in the scale of mercantile men, till a set of sharpers and adventurers shall alone remain. Are there not some symptoms of this process having already been commenced? That it is not for the interest of the public that the conductors and proprietors of railways, or any other kind of public conveyances, should be thus lowered in character, must, to the reasonable, be only too apparent.

A SEA-SIDE PICTURE.

We have come but lately from beautiful scenes, where our eyes drank in the glory of the mountain-top and the moonlit fairness of the lake; we have seen the valley flooded with light, the hillside black with shadow, and higher, veiling the summit, the thick-falling snows; we have wandered by the cold dumb stream, under the leafless trees, and viewed it on the morrow white with wrath, and swift as the arrow from the bow; on the firm smooth surface of the tranced mere, set with fair islets green from June to June, we have but lately seen the skaters, torch in hand, and heard, through the deep night, their voices echoed from a hundred hills: nor ever did we think to see elsewhere such beauteous sights, nor that we ever should cease to grieve their loss. It is not so. There are no mountains here, no lakes, no vales; but before us lies the sea, and its glorious burdens. As we look from our window, eastward, in the early morning, we see the first gleams 'glittering on the sail that brings our friends up from the under world;' and spar by spar the vessel grows upon our sight, and 'the bright flag blushes above,' and gun by gun her broadside can be counted, and one by one her crew. More frequently, a cloud on the horizon, darker than the rest, becomes a stream of smoke, and blacker and broader yet; and alongside of the looming ship we mark the white line from the beating of her wheels, or at her stern the foam-wreath from her screw; signal after signal runs to her masthead, and by one of the assembled fleet is repeated to the port, whence answer is returned; and sometimes the newly arrived vessel remains to swell the armada in the offing, and sometimes the small steam-tugs come creeping out along the shore, and drag the huge ships in. 'Sick and wounded from the East on board'—that is the most common news; the last leviathan that steamed in yesterday, brought two dead corpses and a crowd of cases wherein hope but flickered weakly, though all that could be done on board of her was done, and all her pitiable freight seemed grateful and contented.

A fleet, which these vast units hardly seem to increase, has been anchored here in front of us for weeks—a long array of three-deckers and two-deckers, double or treble line, as it may happen, of the flower of our great navy. Most of these were independent of the winds and tides, with engines of gigantic power asleep within them; bowels of iron, requiring for their active nourishment tons of coal per hour. The bulk of that great power has left us for the Baltic; but enough remains. Among these Titans, all day long, are threading yachts and fishing-craft; and men-of-war boats, to and from the port, pass and repass our beach; the roll of their rowlocks, and even beat of their oars, sound pleasantly enough; the cadenced shout of some crew about their anchor, the bands that play for hours on board, swell over the narrow sea to us right cheerily. Between the ships are pleasant prospects of that island, fitly called the Garden of our Land; each gleam that strikes the white sails lights upon the town beyond, and the long pier is plainly visible, and the white cliffs to eastward; the whole fleet seems to stand out in relief, with that fair coast for background. The vast ships outward-bound are mostly filled with militia, taking the posts of the regulars in the Mediterranean; or with stores, clothing, horses, and soldiers, for the camp before Sebastopol. It is for them chiefly that we upon the beach reserve our cheers, and they, on their part, are not slow to return them; an adieu of the pleasantest kind that countrymen can make, and of great comfort to all concerned.

On the great common betwixt us and the beach, the foreground of our Sea-side Picture, there is much to be seen also. From early morning, when the cheery bugle proclaims there is warlike company afoot, to sunset and the evening-gun, there is always some exciting spectacle. A great machine, like a huge vessel stranded, with decks and guns, and even a flag flying, is the exercising-place of the Marine Artillery; these, we think, are our earliest visitors. That even tramp, the most solemn national music possible, which we hear between sleeping and waking, is made by companies of that regiment marching to the 'Fire Barn;' their men are the finest we see. Towards noon, our little plain is covered with brilliant masses—regulars in every variety of costume: for this man wears the ancient uniform, and that the last but one; and there is another in the newest fashion yet; one shako differeth from another in ugliness considerably, but culminates, for actual hideousness, in the new helmet. Having endowed our army with this last, the authorities stuck a spike in it, to draw people's attention and derision, or for purposes of butting when other arms should fail, or to do the work of lightning-conductors: beyond these three suggestions, imagination fails. That corps yonder, with the flames of fire on their heads, and short red tunics, are not provided with buckets, but bayonets: they are not firemen, as might be supposed, but soldiers. The majority of the squads, however, are militiamen, by this time not to be distinguished in steadiness and discipline from the line itself. A great many of their officers are only temporarily attached to the regiments here, and their difference of uniform is a pleasing contrast. The red scarf worn diagonally, instead of round the waist, is pleasantest to us, who are looking to the picturesque effect; but we miss the glitter of the sun upon the scales—the undress epaulets. All day long, there is a sad sight, but not unpicturesque, of convicts and their heavy burdens. Later in the afternoon, a dropping fire and continual bugle-calls are sure to bring us to our windows, and we see three companies of Rifles spread over the whole common in apparent disarray. Their dress is a little too plain for 'a spectacle;' but their drill, the most interesting of any. For purposes of ambuscade, however, the common is rather unsuited; and kneeling in a gutter, and getting behind a very small stone, in hopes to be in ambush, is 'making believe very much indeed.' During this exercise, we always observe the plain to be kept free from old ladies and Bath-chairs; and we confess to feeling ourselves a little uncomfortable when 'covered' by about seven muskets, as we pass upon some peaceful errand from our lodgings into the town. Nevertheless, it is worth the chance of being spitted by a forgotten ramrod to be amongst these pleasant sights and sounds from day to day. There certainly can be little danger, save from our own countrymen: for mark the strong castle to the east, with guns at every angle; and the long, low batteries to westward, snow-white in the sun; and that high green line of fortification inland, circling about for miles. Above these last, a mass of masts uprise from the craft in harbour; and from each of them, and as it seems from every tower and height, there floats our *semper eadem*—the Union Jack.

Such is our Sea-side Picture until evening; and not till the gun has boomed over the sea from its high place, and the roll of the drums has altogether ceased, does it lose its tone and colour, and grow dim; and still through the twilight we watch the huge shapes upon the waters, looming strange and solemn, like the guardian genii of our land.

THE GREAT NEEDLE WITHOUT AN EYE.

Are we ever to have Cleopatra's Needle in England? There are three or four circumstances which bring the question to one's thoughts. In the first place, the newspapers announced to us, a year or two ago, that the Crystal Palace Company had pondered and consulted respecting the borrowing of this monster-needle, to add to the attractions of their palace of glass: in the next place, we know that they have already dragged heavy masses into their domain, for they harnessed thirty or forty horses to a palm-tree, and brought it in triumph from Hackney to Sydenham: in the third place, when we are told in all sober seriousness, that the Monument at London Bridge could stand snugly covered in beneath the crystal vault of the centre transept, we are led to speculate whether another specimen of the tall genus, Cleopatra's Needle, could take up a like position: and, lastly, when we see that the casts of the two gigantic figures from Thebes, although 75 feet in height, can find a comfortable home within one of the smaller transepts, without knocking off their dark red heads or bright blue caps—when we see these things, we feel half-inclined to think that an Egyptian Colossus, of any kind, or any shape, or any colour, might easily find itself in friendly vicinity to other specimens of greatness at Sydenham.

Most readers know something about this Cleopatra's Needle; but a few details may not be unacceptable, to refresh one's memory. In Egypt, then, there is a tall quadrangular pillar or obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle. In what manner that famous lady could ever have used such a needle, must be left among the myths of antiquity. There are, indeed, two needles—one upright, and one prostrate; but it is only to the latter of these that any projects for removal relate.

The *Englishwoman in Egypt* (Mrs Poole, sister to Mr Lane) tells us, that one of her rambles from Alexandria was to see these two obelisks. She entered a kind of field of ruins wherein they are situated, and found a number of peasants loitering among miserable huts; while a few children, in a state of nudity, and extremely unsightly in form, were standing or sitting in the entrances of their dwellings. The obelisks, she found, were situated at the angle of an enclosure, almost close to the shore of the new harbour. As she found them, so they had been for a long period. Each obelisk is formed of a monolith or single block of porphyry, between 60 and 70 feet in length, and nearly 8 feet square at the base. Three lines of hieroglyphics adorn each of the four faces of each obelisk. The central line bears the title and name of Thothmos III., who is supposed to have reigned in Egypt shortly before the exodus of the Israelites. The lateral lines bear the name of Sesostris or Rameses the Great, a monarch of much later date, but still very ancient according to our ideas. These obelisks are supposed to have been two of four which Sesostris set up at Heliopolis, and to have been afterwards removed from that (now) extinct city to Alexandria; another of these obelisks is now in the Piazza di Monte Citario at Rome; while the fourth still remains standing at Heliopolis. The whole four are believed to have been placed at the entrance either of a palace or a temple. Beneath the obelisk which still stands is a cubical base about six feet square, and beneath this again is a pedestal of steps. There is no record, so far as we remember, of the period when the prostrate obelisk received its downfall; but down it is, and there is no probability that the Egyptians will ever raise it again. There is no quarry of this porphyry nearer to Alexandria than 600 miles' distance; and it has formed a subject of much speculation, by what means the ancient dwellers in the land could have transported such enormous masses. Belzoni, however, achieved something similar with the aid of a large number of men.

It is not surprising that the thought should once now and then have occurred, whether or not one of these two obelisks could be brought to England. The prostrate obelisk—supposed by many persons in England to be *the* Cleopatra's Needle, the only one—is the property of our nation: it was presented to George IV. by Mehemet Ali in 1820, and has thus for thirty-four years remained as unclaimed British property. Our leading statesmen have not forgotten it, although they have not seen their way clearly to any positive introduction of it into England. And when we remember what wretched management we throw into all such matters as the Nelson Column and the Wellington Statue, the recollection cools down any wish we may entertain to see the government attempt any achievement with Cleopatra's Needle. Nevertheless, the wish to see something done, by some authority, and in some fashion, has been pretty extensively expressed. The late Sir George Murray stated, that 'he joined with all military friends who desired that the obelisk should be removed to London. Its intrinsic value might not be great, but as a monument and a trophy, it possessed a value peculiarly its own.' The late Sir Robert Peel thought 'that this obelisk ought to be removed to this country, and erected as a memorial to Sir Ralph Abercromby and the other British officers who fought and fell in Egypt.'

In 1852, as is well known, the Crystal Palace Company were organising their arrangements for the illustration of ancient art generally, and of Egyptian art as a species; and while Bonomi and Fergusson, Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt, were planning their temples and columns, sphinxes and deities, it was not unnatural that the thought should occur to them that possibly Cleopatra's Needle might form one of the treasures of Sydenham. The company resolved to make an application to the government on the subject; and the Earl of Derby, who was at that time premier, agreed to *lend* the obelisk, on these two conditions—that the company should pay all the expenses of removal to England, and that the government should be at liberty to claim the obelisk at some future period, on repayment of the expenses which the company had incurred. The company thus knew what they had to effect in the event of their proceeding further in the matter. They, consequently, advertised for plans and tenders, from persons willing to bring the obelisk from Egypt to London. They knew, of course, that the enterprise would be both difficult and costly; and it was quite right that they should reckon up the pence required and the pence forthcoming before committing themselves in the matter.

Mr Elmes, the architect, was one of those who responded to the invitation of the company. He sent in detailed descriptions and estimates; but the company declined the adoption of his plan, probably startled by the prospective outlay of L.3000. He then transmitted a notice of his plan to the *Practical Mechanics' Journal*, in the pages of which it appeared. All the minute details about caissons, tackle, levers, and so forth, may be dispensed with here; but every one will be able to understand, and many will be interested in, a general sketch of the method proposed—especially as an opinion has been since expressed in many quarters, that the method might be valuably employed in transporting trees and other large masses.

Mr Elmes begins by laying it down as a proposition, that such a mass as Cleopatra's Needle ought not to be intrusted to any ship for its transmission to England. The weight of the obelisk is nearly 200 tons. The mass must be laid along either on the larboard or the starboard side of the masts, and a counterpoise of equal weight, and somewhat similar general dimensions, must be laid on the other side of the masts, in order that the ship may preserve its trim. This would, in effect, nearly double the labour of shipping and unshipping the obelisk. There are other reasons which seem to render an ordinary ship unfitted for such an undertaking, and Mr Elmes sought about for means in some different direction.

Some years ago, the late Alderman Thomas Johnson, contractor for the Plymouth Breakwater, was engaged in extensive plans for transporting blocks of granite from Devonshire to Plymouth Sound, to form the breakwater. He and some others became the possessors of the largest unwrought block of granite, of obelisk form, at present known, at the summit of one of the loftiest *tors* or hills in Devonshire. As it seemed a pity to break up such a mass, and as it was large enough to form an obelisk 102 feet in height by 9 feet square at the base, a project was started for bringing it to the banks of the Thames, and erecting it for some commemorative purpose near Windsor. Mr Elmes, at the suggestion of Alderman Johnson, drew out the particulars of a scheme for the transport of the block; but various circumstances, among which was the death of the great contractor, led to the abandonment of the project; and the huge block remains, where it has lain for countless ages—on the top of a rude hill, in a rude district.

When, therefore, the Crystal Palace Company's advertisement appeared, Mr Elmes thought of his old project, and considered whether the Egyptian block might be made amenable to the same mechanical laws as the Devonshire one. He estimated the differences in all the circumstances respecting the two masses, and then worked out his plan as follows:—

Let there be constructed, he says, a dry-dock, at a few feet distance from the obelisk. Let this dock be 40 feet longer than the obelisk, 25 feet wide at the bottom, 10 feet deep, and having sloping sides and ends. Lay nine stout balks of timber transversely across the bottom of the dry-dock, at equal distances one from another. On these timbers lay another, 64 feet long by 14 inches square, along the middle of the dock, to form a kind of keel. On this keel lay a succession of stout timbers, across the dock, about 7½ feet long, and packed and bolted side by side as close as they can lie: thus forming a kind of platform bolted to the keel. On this platform arrange nine longitudinal timbers side by side, to form a second platform, 9 or 10 feet in length, and stretching out to a length far greater than that of the obelisk—each end of the platform tapering off to a point. On this second platform lay timbers crosswise, as close as they can be side by side, and 24 feet long: thus will be formed a third platform, projecting at each side 7 or 8 feet over the second platform, which in its turn projects a little over the lowermost. In a similar way form a fourth platform, by arranging bulky timbers longitudinally, and bolting them down to the third; and lastly, form a fifth or upper platform, by similarly laying timbers transversely. There would thus be formed a solid mass of timber several feet thick, longer and wider than the obelisk, and bolted down to a kind of keel; its measures would be about 80 feet long, 24 feet wide, 6 feet deep along the centre, and 3 feet deep along the sides. Its weight to that of an equal bulk of sea-water would be as 70 to 103; and it is assumed by Mr Elmes that such a mass would be compact, buoyant, and unimmersible.

Now, how to get the obelisk upon this platform or caisson? The obelisk is 64 feet long, 8 feet square at the base, and 4½ feet square at the top. The surface of the platform will be about 4 feet below the level of the ground whereon the obelisk lies. Clear away the ground carefully from around the obelisk, and construct an inclined plane of stout timbers from thence to the platform, which henceforward we will call a raft. Shore up the raft from beneath, and cover the deck or upper surface with a soft and thick layer of Egyptian cotton. Then for the pulling-force—a formidable part of the affair. Capstans will work flat ropes bound round the obelisk, and will draw it gently down upon the raft. The obelisk is then to be completely built around or wedged in with timbers, prevented from abrading it by intervening layers of cotton. By this arrangement, the obelisk will be completely enveloped on every side with enormous timbers; all these timbers are to be bolted together, and a sheathing of three-inch deals is to cover the whole mass.

Next comes the question of the navigation—the floating and piloting of the bulky mass over wide and perhaps stormy seas. Mr Elmes estimates that the timber would weigh 600 tons, and that a load of 430 tons would be required to sink it in sea-water; whereas the obelisk and all the ironwork would barely weigh 200 tons, leaving a margin of 230 tons in favour of the flotation of the mass. On and around the mass are to be adjusted bulwarks, rudder, wheel, bowsprit, two masts, yards, braces, spars, blocks, and sails; with cabins, store-rooms, berths, tanks, lockers, and provisions; in fact, the mass of timber, with its precious core of porphyry, is to be converted into a ship, or, more properly, a sailing-raft; and the outer seams of this ship are to be calked, payed, and painted, for preservation. A channel is to be dug from the dry-dock to the sea-shore, and the dock thus filled with water, the raft and its burden will then float; and it will be for captain and seamen to navigate it in safety to England.

Supposing it to be arrived in the Thames, the raft will float into the Collier Dock at Deptford, close to the spot where a branch-railway ends belonging to the Brighton Company. Take the raft to pieces, removing the timbers one by one, until the obelisk remains exposed and free. Then, by capstans and ropes, draw it up, and deposit it upon a range of six strong railway-trucks, with timbers under and alongside of the obelisk. A powerful goods-locomotive or two would then be able to draw the whole load from Deptford to the Crystal Palace grounds, where tackle of an ordinary kind, but in abundant quantity, would suffice to lift up the obelisk upon its broader end in any chosen spot. Mr Elmes states, that this final task need only be an expansion of the method whereby he raised the monolith granite obelisk, made by the Haytor Granite Company, on its pedestal, at the southern end of Farringdon Street.

The important affair of pounds, shillings, and pence, then comes for consideration. Mr Elmes estimates the cost of the timber—yellow fir—at L.2713; masts and rigging, L.350; labour and small materials on shore, L.490; wages and provisions on the voyage, L.116; landing and transport in England, L.250; engineer's commission, L.300; engineer's and assistants' expenses out and home, L.500; incidental expenses, L.290; making a total of about L.5000. But, he says, 'the fir timber proposed to be used in the construction of the caisson being, for full five-sixths of its quantity, as good as when first taken over, is, with the used or deteriorated portion, the ironwork, masts, rigging, sails, stores, anchors, chain-cables, equipments, &c., to be sold by tender or by auction;' and he estimates that the company ought thus to obtain L.1500 for the perfect timber, L.200 for the damaged timber, and L.400 for everything else—thus bringing in L.2100, and reducing the cost to L.2900.

This was Mr Elmes's plan—a plan which the company declined to adopt, for reasons which, we may suppose, appeared to them sufficient. In the spring of 1853, Mr Anderson, the managing director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and also one of the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, went over to Egypt to examine personally into the facilities for removing the prostrate obelisk. He found, however, that the Needle is actually built into a part of the sea-wall and ramparts forming the fortification of the city of Alexandria; and to pull down so much of the fortification as would be required to disinter the obelisk, and to launch it, and afterwards to rebuild the wall, would not only occupy a great space of time, but must involve a very great outlay. The pacha, also, not unnaturally, objected strongly against having any such large breach made in his city-walls, and kept open perhaps for some weeks, especially at a time when European politics began to look troubled. The idea was, therefore, abandoned or postponed—whichever may be the proper term; and we are not aware that any further steps have been taken towards the transport of Cleopatra's Needle to England.

That such masses *can* be brought to Europe, is well known; the only point is, whether there are any persons willing to bear the expense. A very remarkable instance was the transfer of the Luxor Obelisk to Paris—a task which our government would shrink from attempting, and which they would probably effect clumsily and expensively, if they effected it at all. In front of the Temple of Luxor at Thebes, are (or were) two obelisks of great beauty, apparently much superior to Cleopatra's Needles. When Napoleon was in Egypt, at the beginning of the century, he was struck with the grand appearance of these obelisks, and conceived the bold idea of sending one of them to France. The fortune of war turned against him, however, and he had more important matters than obelisks to engage his attention. Thirty years afterwards, when Charles X. was king, an application was made to Mehemet Ali for a gift of one of these obelisks. Perhaps the French thought, that as England had obtained one of the Alexandria obelisks, 'la grande nation' ought to obtain one of the Luxor obelisks; but be this as it may, Mehemet Ali made the present, and the French formed a plan for its removal. Charles X. began the enterprise, but Louis-Philippe carried it on to completion. A vessel was built of fir, strong enough to bear the storms of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, but shallow enough to float down the Nile and up the Seine. The vessel and 140 persons left Toulon in April 1831, and reached Thebes in August of the same year. To navigate the vessel up from Alexandria to the Nile was a work of great difficulty; and the men suffered much from heat, sand-storms, cholera, and ophthalmia during the voyage. Arrived at Thebes, the officers, like true Frenchmen, soon made snug arrangements with their barracks, sheds, tents, bread-ovens, and provision-stores. The obelisk was 70 feet high, 240 tonweights, and situated 1200 feet from the bank of the Nile, with difficult intervening ground. Seven hundred Frenchmen and Arabs were engaged for three months in making an inclined plane from the obelisk to the river; the obelisk was incased in timber; and by immense manual labour it was lowered, dragged down the inclined plane, and placed on board the vessel, the bow-end of which was temporarily cut off, to allow of the obelisk being thrust in, as into a tunnel. All this was done by November 1831, but it was not until August 1832 that the Nile contained water enough for the navigation of the vessel. They were three months getting down the Nile, and various delays brought it to May 1833 before they reached Toulon, and August 1834 before they anchored at Cherbourg. The vessel was towed from Cherbourg to Havre, and from Havre up the Seine to Paris. Preparations were in progress during 1835 for erecting it; and finally, in the summer of 1836, it was set up in its position in the Place de la Concorde, or Place Louis XVI.

The Luxor Obelisk remains, then, a standing proof that such ponderous masses can be safely removed from Egypt to Western Europe. But the expenditure of time and money was awful; and we may conclude, that British governments and British companies will either find out some cheaper and quicker plan, or let Cleopatra's Needle alone.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

I AM one of the few voters who have never solicited place, pension, or favour from their representatives in parliament; I can lay my hand upon my heart, and assert without a quaver, that my representative puts up his legs along the Treasury benches, and sleeps his sleep unhaunted by a dream of promise or of pledge to Theophilus Meltinmouth. I have had my eye upon him, of course, through the medium of the public press, but he has never had cause to shrink beneath it, like a guilty thing; I therefore asked him for an order for the Speaker's Gallery the other night, with confidence, and I got it. Very different were the antecedents of my friend Boomrang, who accompanied me; as 1-5000th part of the motive-power that had propelled our representative into the House of Commons, he has ever since considered himself entitled to a high official position, and his sons to various offices of emolument.

'MY LORD,' he writes, 'my communication of the day before yesterday still remains unanswered, in which I requested a place in the senior department of the Tape Board. My son Frederic has received no reply to his application for the Sealing-wax appointment: forgive me, my Lord, if I say that courtesy and attention should at least be observed by a representative to those who have got him in *and may also turn him out*. Your obedient servant,

BUMPSHUS BOOMRANG.'

He has written about two hundred letters of the above description since the last election, and obtained at last his order for the Speaker's Gallery.

I arrived, as is my usual custom, about two hours and forty minutes before it was necessary, and amused myself in the interval with contemplating the furniture and decorations of Westminster Hall. Lord Mansfield, a very heavy nobleman, with only one hand exposed to the public, was being seduced throughout that time from the entrance to the steps by means of iron levers; I was anxious beyond measure to see how he would get up the steps, but by the door being flung back with violence, and the consequent expostulations of the policeman, I knew that Boomrang was come, who never waits. I had modestly inquired my way to the right door, so that he might not be exacerbated, which he is apt to be at any hinderance. The Speaker's Gallery was already open; and the official, as the different candidates presented themselves, was ticking their names off the list. He was a stately person, with the collar of St George and the Dragon (I think), and I did not know but that he was the Speaker himself, keeping watch at his own door, so I tendered him my name, Meltinmouth, with much respect—Theophilus Meltinmouth.

'There's a Thomas Meltinmouth; no Theophilus that I can see upon my list.'

I ventured to explain to him that the noble Lord the Member for the City of London, was unacquainted with my baptismal name, and might have taken my brief signature Th for Thomas, by mistake. The official said it was a doubtful question, but permitted me to pass upon the understanding, that if another Meltinmouth appeared, I should be given into custody. Boomrang's name was not upon the list!

'Boomrang, Bumpshus Boomrang, it is on the list; it must be. Let me look at it. I will go up!' My dear friend was foaming at the lips, and uttering these words when I last saw him at the foot of the Gallery steps. The next moment, I was in the palladium of British liberty.

Two rows of comfortable benches await us who have Speaker's orders; and behind us is the Strangers' Gallery. On either side the House run the galleries for members; and opposite, above the Speaker's chair, are boxes for the reporters. Above these, again, are beautifully screened receptacles for the fair sex, with charming glimpses of their varied plumage shewing through the cage. A great deal of petition business is in progress, not interesting in itself, except that, as the names of the presenters are severally called out, we have the opportunity of marking down a celebrity or two. Of the Speaker's formula, delivered like the telling of beads, we can catch only the concluding words, 'lie on the table;' but I don't think we lose much either. Presently the body of the House begins to fill, especially the ministerial benches to the right of the chair; and the lowest bench is soon entirely occupied. On the corresponding seats, also, there is a close array, and from them presently rises a dark gentleman in a tightly buttoned coat, with his arms now crossed, now buried in his tail-pockets, addressing himself to ministers, but turning his face anywhere else, and requesting to hear what the noble lord had brought with him all the way from Vienna: there is a dead silence while Mr Disraeli is speaking. Then, as a small figure rises to reply, and lays his tremendous hat upon the table, a great 'Hear, hear' breaks forth from all the House, for it is my own representative, the late Plenipotentiary, with news. Amidst an almost unnatural stillness, he states, in low and solemn tones, that his mission has utterly failed. This man, although no orator, is as dignified and impressive a speaker as we shall hear to-night, and but for the sadness of his news, would have been cheered enough. A single combat then ensues between Mr Disraeli and a lively-looking old gentleman in a white waistcoat, speaking loudly and distinctly, and spreading out his ample chest, most peacock-like, to every quarter of the House. Eventually, by a well-directed personal remark, he disposes of his adversary amidst cheers: he is the Prime Minister.

A law orator, evidently well accustomed to public speaking, now addresses us about the Loan Bill, which I don't understand. I am startled from a pleasant sleep by a conflict between the official personage and somebody behind me. Amongst the knees of the second row, and over the back of the bench, struggles Bumpshus Boomrang. As it would evidently make a great disturbance, and take a good deal of force to expel him, he is allowed to retain his post, at the risk of squeezing his neighbour to a jelly. His expressions during this escalade were horrible:

'That is my friend, sir; there, sir, the little man with the squint. Meltinmouth, make room for me, if you please.' When seated, he began to explain his grievances.

'My name was on the second list, sir—the list that comes out at half-past five, and Lord John shall hear of it—my name on the second list'—— The official here whispered, in a voice hoarse with passion, that Mr Boomrang should be borne forth by the police, if he breathed another syllable. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must not be interrupted, who is now glancing, in a delicate agreeable style, at the fact of his borrowing sixteen millions. Against him rises a tall, handsome gentleman, who extricates his parenthetical sentences with consummate skill, and delivers them with the most distinct clearness. His action, however, like that of almost all we shall hear to-night, is monotonous, and resembles the working of machinery; but he sits down at last, amidst loud cheers, for it is Gladstone. Next to him, and upon the same side, rises Cardwell, than whom no orator in the House is more harmonious and silver-toned; and after him a heap of City capitalists. During the addresses of these last gentlemen, Boomrang takes out, with some ostentation, a small Chartist publication, and consoles himself with the cud of bitterness. Almost instantly the official's powdered head is at the barrier, with 'No reading in the Speaker's Gallery.' Presently, poor Boomrang, who is getting tamed by hunger, offers a cold sausage, which he has brought with him in some quantities, to his next neighbour: again swoops down the janitor, who keeps his eye upon us like a vulture of the obscenest kind, with an order against eating anything, and renewed threats of the police.

The fluttering noise which has agitated the House this long time, now resolves itself into a loud 'Divide! divide!' and 'Ayes to the right, and Noes to the left'—which sounds like squinting. The House divides accordingly, and goes into either lobby. The Speaker, after the division, vacates the chair, and the House goes into committee. A strange-looking gentleman, with heaps of hair, except upon his head, is now upon his legs. Our friend *Punch* is not so faithful in this portrait as in most others; but when we catch a hope expressed that 'ministers should be always compelled to pay treble Income-tax,' and that the present speaker hates 'every innovation, whether Crystal Palaces or what not,' we may be sure it is Colonel Sibthorp.

The Newspaper Copyright Bill is now before us, on which an Irish gentleman opens the debate. He has a capital brogue, and exaggerates it, to the great amusement and 'much laughter' of the House. It is rather a relief after the Loan Bill; but the *Times* will take them to task for 'trifling with the feelings of the nation' to-morrow morning. Mr Milner Gibson, in a straightforward, decisive manner, such as seems to be peculiar to the members in his immediate vicinity, also opposes the ministerial measure. Lord Stanley, from the other side of the House, but to the same purpose, speaks well and sensibly, though with bad delivery and ungraceful action, and is much cheered. Against him, from the Manchester benches, rises a stout, thoughtful-looking person, with long white hair, divided in the centre, simultaneously with an attenuated, faded gentleman opposite, with notes in his hand. At a great cry of 'Fox! Fox!' the former keeps his position, and pours forth an eloquent philosophic discourse—less fit, perhaps, for the House of Commons, than for an assembly of students in morals. Basing his opinion upon broad principles of justice, and little regarding the arguments already advanced, he advocates the ministerial measure, while drawing cheers from the Opposition itself. Then the faded gentleman has his turn, and reads off a bad speech, with indifferent delivery, amidst cries of 'Divide! divide!' The House does not want to divide; but it wants to make the faded gentleman stop. There are no shouts of divide when the good-natured-looking person rises from the back-benches to the far right, and with incredible confidence and familiarity, glances over every feature of the subject: now he laments pathetically his cause of difference with some of his own party; now hurls a broad invective against the ministry, and the House itself; now rises into eloquence upon the right of unrestricted competition; and now, with a *jeu-d'esprit* that strikes him on the instant, and is introduced without scruple or hesitation, convulses both the ins and outs. This is the favourite speaker in the House of Commons, whose ideas are yet less in accordance with those of his audience than perhaps any other member's—this is John Bright the Quaker. Once again, too, Mr Disraeli is upon his legs—no longer captious and uneasy, but luminous, and fair, and poetical—to speak upon the rights of authors; and those two men, to my taste, were well worth the coming to hear, despite the pains and penalties of seven mortal hours in the Speaker's Gallery, without sleep, or food, or literature.

I did not take Boomrang with me a day or two after, when I went to the House of Lords. He said he knew better than to grovel at the feet of an insolent and brutal aristocracy, to obtain even the favour of a seat in their gallery. Mrs Meltinmouth is first-cousin to the wife of one of the door-keepers, and he spared me that humiliation. Such a silken gentleman I never saw—so courtly-calm and graceful, that I could hardly help calling him 'My Lord.' He ushered me up the staircase like an elegant enchanter, and pointed me out a front-seat with his wand, where I was by all means to be silent, and not venture to stand up. This House is far grander than the Commons'—a mass of gold and carved wood, and the roof most beautiful—not barn-shaped, as it is 'in another place.' Nevertheless, it is very ill adapted for us to hear what the noble Lords are talking about; though *that*, as Boomrang would remark, may not be such a misfortune after all. Below us are a dozen little pens for the reporters, and a little passage wherein the relays bide their time. On either side, as in the other House, run the Peers' Galleries; and opposite sit the ladies, screened from view. In the body of the place, the bar is allotted to such of the Commons as desire it; and the steps and space beneath the throne, to the elder sons of peers. In place of the Speaker's chair, is a comfortless ottoman, with a back made up of a single cushion. If the Lord Chancellor had ventured to lean against it, over he would have gone, 'head over tip,' as I believe. This incident did not, however, happen; nevertheless, I noticed him yawning now and then, as is rather the custom in their Lordships' House, and 'changing his legs,' as men, and even chancellors, are wont to do when harassed and fidgeted. The black coats of the peers looked a little incongruous with so splendid a place; and it was well to rest the eye upon the further benches, where sat the bishops in full episcopal costume. These last, I don't know for what reason, kept incessantly going out and coming in again. I don't at all believe, as Boomrang does, or says he does, that it could possibly have been for beer. On the right of the chair, as before, and on the lowest bench, the ministers chiefly sit. That theatrical but gentlemanly person in the centre, is Baron Panmure; and by him sits the Indian warrior, Lord Hardinge. Beyond, with a heap of books and papers by him, is a fine-browed, restless-looking young man, who is the Duke of Argyle. Besides my liking for his public character, I have a private leaning towards him as the lord of Inverary and Loch Fyne, of which we have discoursed in this same Journal months ago; and there comes over me, at the sight of him, as I sit in the dull gallery, a dream of purple mountain-tops and green burn-sides.

These romantic feelings, however, must not be indulged, for a long-locked, striking-looking old man is 'up' on the Opposition side, and discoursing upon the Indian army. As he has been governor-general in his time, he should know something about it. It is the Earl of Ellenborough. He also puts some questions about mismanagement in the Crimea. To him replies Lord Panmure very slowly—that he is not quite sure upon this subject, and has received no certain information about that; he is perfectly convinced, however, that he has not had sufficient notice given him of the intention of the noble earl to put such disagreeable questions. This is his shield against all weapons. As soon as one assailant has been evaded, the poor War Minister has to listen, with his hat drawn well over his brows, to another and another. Lord Hardinge prompts him once or twice in his replies, whereupon a noble lord denounces such a practice as 'cramming' a war minister; then there is a laugh, and a 'Hear, hear;' the first laugh, the first 'Hear, hear' I have yet heard. Certainly, after the noise of the Commons, a debate without expressions of approval or disapproval seems rather a dull affair. Titles of bills are now rehearsed with electric speed by an officer of the House; the Chancellor says, 'Read a second time;' and the bills are all shot into red baize funnels, which may or may not communicate with the Thames. Then came the eternal Loan Bill again; and a noble lord, who said he did not wish to throw any difficulty in its way, which, nevertheless, he took great pains to do. Then a noble lord made his first maiden speech, and procured a great 'Hear, hear' when it was ended; and all this time the entire House fluctuated from about forty to sixty. There was a little temporary excitement amongst us at the entrance of the Earl of Cardigan, a fine, dashing-looking fellow, such as Lever delights to picture; and a little more when the Duke of Cambridge appeared, whom the *Illustrated News* easily enables us to recognise. But, upon the whole, it was very dreary; there was, indeed, so much more Loan Bill, that I at last came away in despair—just like my luck, too. Immediately afterwards—as I see by the papers—began the debate about the Vienna Conference between Lords Clarendon, Derby, and Lansdowne. Boomrang says he is very glad of it.

THE GORDONS IN RUSSIA.

The end of the seventeenth century witnessed Russia preparing to become a great power on the Baltic and in Europe, under the auspices of the extraordinary semi-barbarian, Peter the Great—an event to which his intercourse with natives of Great Britain in no slight degree contributed. A Scotchman, called Menesius, probably a corruption of Menzies, was his governor in boyhood. Patrick Gordon, who rose to the rank of general, was one of the social companions and chief advisers of the youthful czar, as he had been of his father, Alexis. He was present when Peter made his first experiment in navigation after the European fashion, embarked with him on board the same vessel on the Lake Peipus, and kept a log of the proceedings. A namesake, Alexander Gordon, probably a youthful relative, likewise attained the rank of general, and obtained his commission in a very characteristic manner. It was about the year 1693 that he arrived at Moscow; and, having been introduced to the czar, he was invited to a festive party at which several young Russian nobles were present. Hearing disrespectful language applied to foreigners, especially to his own countrymen, the blood of the Scot warmed, and with a blow of his fist one of the most impertinent was laid sprawling on the floor. Five others were capsized in the same manner, in the general row that ensued. The affair was soon carried to the ears of Peter, who ordered the combative Scot to appear before him. He expected nothing short of the knout or Siberia; but acknowledged his indiscretion, apologised for it, and so conciliated the czar, that he responded: 'Well, sir, your accusers have done you justice by admitting that you beat six of them. I will also do you justice.' Having retired for a few minutes, he returned with a major's commission, and handed it to the astonished foreigner. Both the Gordons were actively employed in organising a standing army for the czar, and were present at the capture of Azof, in his first campaign, an important fortress, then belonging to the Turks, on the Black Sea. The younger Gordon was also in the battle of Narva, and a prisoner for some time in the hands of the Swedes. He finally left the Russian service, and spent his last days in his native country, Scotland.

A FIELD-WALK IN MARCH.

We never had believed, I wis,
  At primrose-time, when west winds stole
  Like thoughts of youth across the soul,
In such an altered time as this:

When if a little flower could peep
  Up through the brown and wintry grass
  We should look on it, and then pass
As if we saw it in our sleep;

Feeling as sure as that this light,
  Which cottage-children call the sun,
  Colours the white clouds one by one—
One touch, and it would vanish quite.

We never could have looked, I say,
  In April-time, or when June trees
  Shook full-leafed in the evening breeze,
Upon the face of this To-day;

Still, soft, familiar: shining bleak
  On naked branches, sodden ground,
  Yet shining—as if one had found
A smile upon a dead friend's cheek:

A friend, forgot for years; now, strange
  In pallid guise brought sudden back,
  Confronting us with our great lack,
Till loss seems lesser far than change.

Yet though Hope's blind eyes did not see
  The winter skeleton through the leaves,
  Out of this bareness Faith perceives
Possible life in field and tree:

When in old boughs the sap 'gins move,
  And the mould breaks o'er springing flowers:
  Nature revives with all her powers,
But only Nature. Never Love!

So, walking mute with listless hands
  Both Faith and Hope glide soft away,
  And in long shadows cool and gray,
The sun sets o'er the barren lands.

IMPORTANCE OF REGIMEN IN DISEASE.

In the treatment of diseases, regimen—that is, the regulation of the various functions of the body, as affected by rest or exercise, by temperature, by air, by mental excitement or quietude, &c.—has always been considered as of great importance. The tendency of modern medical practice is to set a higher value upon it than ever. 'The regulation of the diet alone (forming one single subsidiary department of the general doctrine of the regimen) is, indeed, sometimes in itself sufficient to arrest the action and progress of disease. In the first day of a catarrh, for instance, simple abstinence from fluids generally effects a rapid and speedy cure; a proper vegetable diet is sufficient, in most instances, to remove the most aggravated cases of scorbutus; the inculcation of a due animal diet forms, in the same way, the sheet-anchor of the physician in the treatment of diabetes; and there are few cases of constipation or of dyspepsia, however chronic or obstinate, that cannot be ultimately rectified by dietetic means alone, and without the aid of medicine.'—*Dr Simpson on Homœopathy.*

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THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

I NEVER meet the knife-grinder's equipage, or hear the hoarse dull cry with which its owner announces his presence in the neighbourhood, without the revival of reminiscences partaking both of the rural and the artistic. Of the rural, because, times out of number, I have encountered the knife-grinder on his pilgrimages in high-roads, green lanes, and villages—at the back-doors of country mansions, and at retired dwellings and far-away homesteads, remote from cities and towns: of artistic, because I remember him and his wheel, grindstone and treddle, in a hundred pictures, at least, of the Flemish school, at public-house doors, in riotous fairs; or, as in the famous picture of Teniers, all alone in his glory, filling the whole canvas himself. Whether he is so very ancient, however, as the Dutch artists would make him out to be, I cannot say; but there is a picture by Van Watsnym, of the exodus from Egypt, in which one of the liberated Goshenites appears in the character of a knife-grinder, sturdily propelling his apparatus towards the Red Sea.

In our towns and villages, the knife-grinder proclaims his advent by bawling, 'Knives gri-i-ind! Razors gri-i-ind!' but in London he rarely puts his lungs to such violent exercise, preferring to advertise his presence by setting his wheel rapidly in motion, and applying to its rough-hewn side the broad blade of a cleaver. The din suddenly raised by this simple means is perfectly astounding; it sets the windows shaking as though a sou'-wester were blowing—rattles the crockery on the dinner-table, and lifts your nervous landlady clean off her seat; but it is too frequent to excite much surprise, and too well known to need any interpretation. If the operations of this wandering professor were conducted with as much skill as he exhibits in making a disturbance, his visits would be more welcome than they are; but, if the truth must be told, there is very little of the craftsman about him; he is a grinder rather than a sharpener of the various kinds of small blades intrusted to his care. If you have a razor with a doubtful edge, he will settle the doubt fast enough by grinding completely off what edge it has; if you offer him a penknife, he cannot conceive that he has done his duty by it until he has ground off three-fourths of its substance; and you will find it to your advantage to limit his services to table-knives, shears, and such larger ware as may require his art. For any shortcomings in the niceties of his profession, however, he atones in some degree by the exercise of various subsidiary callings, for one or other of which, as a housekeeper, you will be sure to have occasional use. Thus you will see hanging beside his wheel a pot of burning coal, shewing that he adds to the profession of knife-grinder that of tinker; and he is just as ready to administer to the necessities of a leaky sauce-pan, as to those of a notched carving-knife. Then, in a long box, fastened to the frame of his wheel, he has all the means and appliances for the repair, even to the re-boning, of defeated umbrellas, and for the ferruling of walking-sticks; and in the chest of small tools in front of his breast, he has picklocks of all sizes, and can open your bureau if you happen to have lost the key. Besides all this, he will cobble bell-wires, bell-handles, and garden-gates—will fasten a ring to a patten, or a hinge to a clog—or do any other little odd job in a make-shift way, by which he may earn a few coppers, and 'a glass of beer, your honour,' if you choose to give him that into the bargain. The London knife-grinder, it must be observed, is not always, in the common sense of the word, a pedestrian. Frequently he appears mounted on a seat in the rear of a four or three wheeled equipage, which he propels, after the manner of a velocipede, by working a couple of treddles with his feet. This machine is his own manufacture—probably, had it been the production of another, he would have discovered long ere this, what is undoubtedly the fact, that it costs him just as much labour to make his way by stepping perpendicularly as horizontally.

It is a complaint among knife-grinders, that their trade is overdone. This may arise from two causes. In the first place, the occupation is one which serves as a sort of refuge for the destitute; no apprenticeship is required for it, and no more ingenuity than necessity very speedily teaches. A moderate capital will enable an aspirant to commence business, and the returns are forthcoming at once. In the second place, there can be no doubt that a business which promises a continual change of scene—which is controlled by no masters, guilds, or trades-unions, but is gloriously independent of them all, has very enticing charms for a considerable class, in whom the old nomadic instinct is active and strong. These two causes are probably sufficient to explain the alleged superabundance of knife-grinders. It is not to be supposed that there is anything superlatively fascinating in the practice of the art; abstractedly, the tread-wheel in any shape is not a delightful exercise; and the pressing of cold steel against a dripping stone, in the open air, in all weathers, can awaken few pleasurable emotions. No; the man who is a knife-grinder by choice, must be something of a vagabond in his instincts—fond of the romance that is an element of continual change of scene, and impatient of the routine and the restraints of a settled life. Accordingly, we find in many parts of the country, that the knife-grinding, like the tinkering trade, is in the hands of the gipsies; and we find, too, that they have the reputation, whether justly earned or not, of making it a convenient cover for petty thefts, and the means of spying out the land, as a preliminary to more serious depredations.

In France, the knife-grinder is not known by that name. If you look for him in the dictionary, you will find him denominated *Gagne-petit;* which is, in fact, his popular name. He is called *gagne-petit*, or little gains, doubtless because he does not gain much; he is entitled, however, to the designation of *Rémouleur*, which truly means grinder. When the French grinder comes upon the scene, he announces himself with the shrill cry, 'Répass*ir* ciseaux!'—which is abominable French for 'scissors to grind;' but he says nothing about knives. Whether knives in France are ever ground, I do not pretend to say; but that, as a general rule, they do not cut, I am bound to affirm. I remember the time when Paris could boast a goodly number of grinders—when the shrill notes 'Répassir—ciseaux!' were to be heard daily, and at an early hour of the day especially, along the quays and markets, and in the quiet and fashionable quarters of the Marais and St Germain at a later hour. The trade was exclusively in the hands of immigrants from the southern provinces of France, who spoke a miserable patois, hard to be understood by the Parisian, and totally unintelligible to a stranger. They were, however, well-meaning, simple-hearted fellows, free from the vices of the metropolis, and inured to a life of the severest abstinence and self-denial. The grinders of Paris, though not yet extinct, have considerably diminished in number. They have been driven to adopt some other occupation, in consequence of the cutlers appointing each a certain day in the week for grinding—notifying the same by a placard in their shop-windows. Any of my readers who search the municipal archives of Paris, will find a little history recorded concerning one of them who had driven his grindstone through the streets and suburbs of the city for more than fifteen years; which I see no reason why I should not reproduce here. It runs to the following effect:—

Antoine Bonafoux was a grinder, living frugally upon the produce of his precarious industry. Upon the same lofty floor of the house in which he lodged, dwelt a poor widow of the name of Drouillant, who had once seen better days. The death of her husband had deprived her of her resources, and driven her to a garret, where, with an only child—a boy too young to labour—she worked early and late at her needle for the means of subsistence. Bonafoux, whose instinct led him to comprehend and sympathise with her misfortunes, if he passed her on the stairs, would manifest his respect by a low bow, and his sympathy by a courteous inquiry after the little boy; though he sought no further acquaintance. But the widow grew too feeble to work, and seeing her suffering from want, he called on her one morning, and insisted on her borrowing a portion of his savings, alleging that he had a sum in the bank to which he was constantly adding something, and that he could well spare it. The brave fellow knew well enough that he was depositing his earnings in a sinking-fund; but it was not for him to stand by and see a poor lady and a mother pining for assistance which he could render. So she became his pensioner, with the understanding that she was to repay him when she could. Suddenly, during the absence of the grinder, a stroke of apoplexy prostrated the poor widow. The whole house was in alarm; the doctor was sent for; and as soon as he had administered to her present wants, arrangements were made for carrying her to the hospital—that ante-chamber of the tomb to the unfortunate poor of Paris. At this moment Bonafoux came in. 'Stop,' said he, 'that lady must not go to the hospital; I know her better than you do; it would kill her to take her there. Doctor, attend to her here, and do your utmost; I will defray your charges.' The poor lady recovered slowly under the careful nursing which the grinder procured for her; but was never able to resume her needle-work. Bonafoux supplied all her wants. When the boy grew old enough, he apprenticed him to a stove-maker, and cut up his own garments, to provide him with an outfit. A second attack of apoplexy deprived the poor mother of the use of her limbs. The grinder continued his benefactions to the last hour of her life—nor relaxed his guardianship of her son until he was able to earn his own maintenance. It was for this act of truly Christian charity, extending over a long period, that the French Academy, in 1821, awarded to Antoine Bonafoux a gold medal and a prize of 400 francs. The historian who records the deed, declares that the grinder was worthy of the honour, and, in addition to that, of the esteem of all good men; a judgment in which the reader will probably concur.

Another story in which the French grinder is concerned, was told me some years ago by the son of the person chiefly implicated. It was in these terms: My father was a surgeon in the English army, under the Duke, and served in the beginning of the Peninsular war. At one of the skirmishes near Salamanca, he was out seeking for wounded, and was taken prisoner. With two others, he was put on horseback, and, under charge of an escort, marched into France. Towards evening on the third day after crossing the Pyrenees, he managed to give his guardians the slip, and hid himself in a wood. There he waited till the hue-and-cry was over, and till night grew dark. With the stars only for guidance, he travelled all night, concealing himself again in a wood when day dawned. Covering himself with leaves and branches, he lay down to rest, and slept soundly for several hours. Noon had gone by, when he was awoke by the heat of the sun's rays. On looking round him, he perceived that he had made his lair close to a footpath which wound through the forest; and in the distance he could see, through the brambles, a grinder approaching with his wheel. He lay still, expecting the man to pass; but the fellow stopped under a tree, gathered a few dry sticks, and made a fire, put on a pot to boil, dropped sundry savoury ingredients into it, and fed the flame at intervals with fuel. While the soup was preparing, he busied himself with some repairs to his machine—now soldering with a hot iron—now driving a nail or two with a hammer. My father had eaten nothing since the day before at noon, and was never in his life good at starving or cheating his stomach. When the savoury fumes of the soup were borne to him by the wind, it was as much as he could possibly do to remain quietly in his covert; but when he saw the fellow produce a huge hunch of bread, cut it into strips, begin sopping them in the soup, pour the latter into a tin bowl, and apply himself to spooning out the succulent morsels—flesh and blood could endure it no longer. With a terrific shout, he bounced from his lair, seized the soldering-iron with one hand, grasped the affrighted grinder by the throat with the other, and laid him sprawling. The poor man begged for mercy.

'My good fellow, I don't want to rob you,' said my father—who compassionated his wild terror—'but I must share your dinner.' My father spoke French fluently, but he brought about a clearer understanding of the subject by the display of a few coins. The dinner was shared on the communistic principle, and having dined, the two strangers soon became good friends. The grinder knew well enough whom he had fallen in with; he had heard the story of the prisoner's escape, and expressed his conviction that he would be taken again, as the whole country would be on the look-out for him. This was far from a consolatory prospect for my poor papa, who had six of us waiting for him at home. But he took heart, and resolved to defeat his pursuers, if possible. He began to draw out the grinder, with a view to make the best use of any information he could get. He learned that the man was not known in the neighbourhood; that he was travelling from Auvergne towards Brittany; and could maintain himself well on the road by his trade. My father's plan was soon formed.

'Now, Monsieur Jacques,' said he, 'you must sell me your grindstone and traps, and teach me how to use them. You must let me have your blouse and cap, and wooden shoes and etceteras; and I must be the grinder who is going to Brittany, and you must get back to the Cantal how you can.' Jacques laughed at this as the maddest proposition that could be thought of; but finding that it was perfectly serious, endeavoured to dissuade his new friend from an attempt promising nothing but defeat and disgrace. But my father would not be deterred from the enterprise; and the grinder at length agreed, for ten guineas, to dispose of his equipage, and indoctrinate the purchaser in its use. That evening he went off to the nearest town, leaving his kit in my father's care, and bought new clothing for himself, together with a stock of provisions enough for several days for the escaped prisoner. The next morning, after a few lessons in the art of grinding to one who had been too well used to the mechanical arts to need much teaching, Jacques set my father forward on his route. Before parting, he shewed him a secret cavity in one of the solid legs of his machine, from which he took a few francs, the produce of his savings, and recommended him to make it the depository of his remaining gold, as a safe place of concealment, should he meet with robbers.

It was thus as a grinder that my father perambulated the heart of France. He made as little use of his tongue as possible on his route, but was obliged to labour for his subsistence, as he dared not incur suspicion by changing English gold. The passport of honest Jacques stood him in good stead, and he luckily escaped questioning. On approaching the coast of the Channel, he made for a town where he knew that English officers were at liberty on parole, and was so fortunate as to fall in with a lieutenant in the navy, with whom, but a few years before, he had entered the Tagus.

In spite of the watchfulness of Napoleon's police, and of the severity of his decrees wherever the English were concerned, there were men to be met with along the coast, who, for a sufficient consideration, were always ready to incur the risk of aiding the escape of a prisoner, or assisting in any other exploit by which a round sum was to be made. To an adventurer of this class the lieutenant introduced my father. The man was a smuggler by profession, and it mattered little to him whether he smuggled English goods into his country, or an English gentleman out of it. He agreed, for a hundred guineas, to put my father either on board of a British man-of-war, or on shore on the English coast, within a few weeks. When the bargain was struck, my father, who was by this time sick of his lumbering machine, wheeled it, by the smuggler's advice, into a deep pond, and took to a comfortable hiding-place in a cavern high up in a cliff that overlooked the sea. It was fortunate he did so. He was hardly safe in his retreat when his pursuers, who had contrived to extract a confession out of honest Jacques, tracked him to the town, and commenced a rigorous search for the pretended grinder. Had they found the machine, they would have known that the owner was not far off; but deceived by false intelligence from the scouts of the smuggler, they started off again on a wrong track, and left the coast clear. For five weeks, my father sat brooding alone in his eyrie; his sole employment, watching for the desired signal by day, and drawing up provisions in a basket at midnight. The signal gladdened his eyes at last in the early dawn of morning. He uncoiled his rope—slid down by it—stepped on board the smuggler's boat—mounted a fast-sailing cutter in the offing—and in less than forty-eight hours stood safe on his native soil. He had a tenderness for vagabond knife-grinders to the last day of his life, and would give them a job whenever they came in his way.

With this veritable history I may close my account of the knife-grinder. Were I disposed to pursue the subject further, I might recall to the recollection of the reader that well-known German vagabond of a grinder whose boast it was—

> Ich schleife die Scheeren und drehe geschwind,
> Und hänge mein Mäntelchen nach dem Wind;

who prated so glibly of his independence and his generosity, and illustrated both by swindling poor Hans out of his fat goose: I might speculate on the antecedents of the knife-grinders of the metropolis, and weigh probabilities with regard to those ingenious lads dimly pointed at in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, who are supposed to bind themselves apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel for seven years; and might exhaust a deal of valuable conjecture as to whether, at the end of that time, *they* were quite qualified for knife-grinders: and lastly, I might point to the 'Needy Knife-grinder' of Canning, whose 'hat had a hole in it—so had his breeches;' who had a taste for beer, but none for politics; and who was denounced and kicked by the 'friend of humanity,' as a 'sordid, unfeeling reprobate, degraded, spiritless outcast,' because he was insensible to the misery of his lot. But these things the reader knows already, and I need not dwell upon them. Let the knife-grinder, then, pass on; and let us listen in silence, and not without some good-will, to his cry—'Knives gri-i-nd! Knives gri-i-ind!'

THE GREAT CARRAC.

One of the most important events recorded in the earlier naval annals of England, is the capture of a large Portuguese ship, named the *Madre del Dios*, but better known to our ancestors by the more familiar appellation of the Great Carrac.* We use the word important advisedly, though, as a feat of arms, a distinguished demonstration of nautical skill and indomitable valour, the capture of this vessel was merely one among the long series of naval victories that, from an early period, had attended the auspicious fortunes of the British flag. From the time of King Alfred, the English had ever claimed the supremacy of, at least, the narrow seas; and the defeat and destruction of the Spanish Armada, just four years previous to the period of which we write, proved to the world that the claim could be well substantiated. The importance of this capture may, however, be more readily recognised in another point of view, when we state that it opened up to the nation an entirely new branch of commerce, and directly led to the establishment of the first East India Company. The valuable productions of the East were at that time almost unknown in England, a few only finding their way hither by the two ships that once a year voyaged from London to the Mediterranean. The carrac, the largest and richest prize that had ever been brought to England, first exhibited the rich treasures of the East to the wondering and greedy eyes of Englishmen, and stimulated the commencement of that direct traffic with India which has since formed so important a feature in British commercial enterprise and political power. Quaint old Hakluyt, alluding to the carrac, says: 'She first discovered those secret trades and

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* Portuguese, *Carraca*.

Indian riches which hitherto lay strangely hidden and cunningly concealed from us; whereof there was, among some few of us, some small and imperfect glimpse only, which now is turned into the broad light of perfect knowledge.'

Connected with great historical names, followed by remarkable results, and exhibiting a picture of our early naval adventurers—of ideas and practices so different from those of the present period—the story of the Great Carrac—an important though forgotten episode in the annals of Queen Elizabeth, is not without its peculiar interest—we may say its moral. The history of the past has been compared to a lofty and spacious gallery, the walls of which are embellished with splendid life-size pictures, representing virtuous actions and heroic achievements, while its floor is covered with the vile corruption and repulsive remains of the noisome charnel-house. From the paintings, we should derive a stronger impulse to honourable exertion; from the rotten bones of the charnel-house, a more decided repugnance to their still existing representatives.

The expedition which ultimately led to the capture of the carrac, though designed for a very different purpose, was planned by the chivalrous but unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh. Its original object was to intercept the silver ships belonging to the king of Spain, on their homeward passage from Mexico, and to plunder Panama by a spirited land movement across the narrow isthmus which separates, as well as joins, the two Americas. It was got up on a principle somewhat similar to the joint-stock companies of the present day. Raleigh embarked his whole fortune in it; Sir John Hawkins, and several merchants of London, joined in the adventure; Queen Elizabeth herself became what we would now-a-days term a shareholder, supplying two ships with L.1500, and granting the authority of her Royal Commission. To use a modern phrase, the stock of the company consisted, in all, of 5005 tons of shipping, and L.18,000.

The fleet, under the command of Raleigh, was fully equipped, and ready to sail in the February of 1592; but a long series of westerly winds confined the ships in Plymouth Harbour till the greater part of their provisions were consumed. The necessity for procuring fresh supplies brought on further delays, so that the May-day merry-makings had passed and gone ere Raleigh, distressed and disgusted by the loss of so much valuable time, was enabled to put to sea.

He was destined to experience a still severer trial. The very day after the expedition sailed, it was overtaken by Sir Martin Frobisher, bearing the queen's orders to Raleigh, desiring him to give up the command, and return immediately to England. Eager to distinguish himself, and trusting to return with a success that would excuse his breach of duty, Sir Walter refused to comply with the queen's commands, alleging, as a palliation of his disobedience, that the mariners had no confidence in any other leader.

The cause of Raleigh's disgrace and recall was one of the principal events in his romantic life. The queen had discovered, when it could be no longer concealed, his marriage with Miss Throckmorton, one of the maids of honour. Elizabeth was highly incensed at the weakness of her attendant, and the boldness of Raleigh in presuming to fall in love and marry without the royal consent; for she ever insisted that the whole admiration of her courtiers should be concentrated on herself; and if any lady of her court, or officer of her household, dared to infringe upon this regal monopoly of gallantry, the consequence was her most severe displeasure. It is pleasing to have to relate, that whatever indiscretion Miss Throckmorton may have been guilty of, by her private marriage, it was fully atoned for in after-life. In all her husband's misfortunes, she was ever an attached and devoted wife, and he always regarded her with the most implicit confidence and respect. In short, she was a woman eminently fitted, by her virtues and abilities, to be the partner of the unfortunate courtier, soldier, and scholar—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The expedition continued on its course, and in the mouth of the Channel met a French ship returning from Spain to Calais. On board this vessel there was one Davies, an Englishman, who had escaped from 'a long and miserable captivity' in Spain. From this person, and the captain of the French ship, Raleigh learned that delay had been fatal to the object of the expedition. The king of Spain hearing of it, had sent orders to America, forbidding the treasure-ships to sail that year. Notwithstanding this intelligence, Raleigh proceeded till off Cape Finisterre, when, considering the season too far advanced for the attack on Panama, he divided his fleet into two squadrons, one of which, under the command of Frobisher, he ordered to cruise off the coast of Spain; the other, under Sir John Burrowes, to cruise off the Western Islands. He then returned to England, and was immediately, with Miss Throckmorton, committed to close confinement in the Tower.

The division commanded by Burrowes consisted of but three ships—the *Foresight*, belonging to the queen; the *Roebuck*, to Raleigh; and the *Dainty*, to Sir J. Hawkins. On reaching the island of Flores, Burrowes found there two small vessels, the *Golden Dragon* and *Prudence*, belonging to one Moore and some merchant adventurers in London. These vessels had arrived, the day previous, 'on an intended purpose to tarry there for purchase,' as plunder was quaintly termed in those days. Burrowes entered into a written agreement with the commanders of these vessels, 'to have, possess, enjoy, and partake of all such prizes as should be taken, jointly or severally' by them or his own ships for a certain period. The day after this 'consortment,' as it was termed, the reports of cannon were heard booming in the offing; and the admiral, putting to sea, discovered a Portuguese vessel chased by an English squadron. The Portuguese captain, finding his flight intercepted by Burrowes, resolved to run his ship on shore, and destroy her, rather than allow her to be captured by the English. He accordingly did so, and then immediately began removing the most valuable part of his cargo. Burrowes, on joining the English squadron that had so unexpectedly made its appearance, found it to consist of five ships belonging to Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, and engaged, like himself, in the pursuit of *purchase*.

It does not appear very clearly that we were actually at war with Portugal at that period. Indeed, Elizabeth was then anxious to enter into an alliance with that nation, to aid her against her great enemy—Spain; but in the olden time it frequently happened that nations were at war in one part of the world, while at peace in another—at war on the sea, while at peace on the land. The pope, in the plenitude of his power, having divided the world, presenting India to Portugal, and America to Spain, those nations claimed the privilege of capturing the vessels of any other powers that presumed to pass certain very badly-defined boundaries; and the ships of the other powers, naturally enough, retaliated by capturing Spanish and Portuguese vessels wherever they met with them. The great and sudden development of English maritime enterprise in the reign of Elizabeth, may be partly ascribed to this state of continual warfare with Spain and Portugal on the ocean. The high nobility, who, in that semi-feudal age, still ruffled with troops of retainers, did not disdain to engage in this system of legalised piracy, and found a profitable employment for their needy followers, by sending them out to capture the rich treasure-ships returning from India and America. Drake, Frobisher, and almost all our early naval heroes, started in life as the retainers of some adventurous noble. Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, was the most celebrated of the latter class. He commanded his own ships at the defeat of the Armada, and distinguished himself so greatly, that Elizabeth ever after termed him her captain.

The Portuguese, landing his cargo before their very eyes, was no doubt a galling sight to the English adventurers, but a rising gale prevented them from approaching the land. The next morning, however, the wind having fallen, they sent in their boats well manned and armed, but were again disappointed, the Portuguese having set his vessel on fire. The English boats were, consequently, compelled to return to their vessels without acquiring plunder, but they made two prisoners, Dutchmen, who had served as gunners on board the Portuguese ship. The prisoners would give no information, until threatened with torture; they then acknowledged that the burning vessel was the *Santa Cruz*, a richly laden Indiaman, and that her consort, the *Madre del Dios*, a much larger and richer ship, might be daily expected in the same track.

On receiving this important intelligence, Lord Cumberland's captains agreed to unite their forces with Burrowes, and endeavour to capture the *Madre del Dios*. The ships, under the command of Burrowes, being now ten in number, he stationed them two leagues apart, covering upwards of a degree of longitude, so as to insure the greatest range of vision, and impatiently waited for the expected prize. He did not wait long. At daylight, on the 3d of August, the captain of the *Dainty* espied the wished-for carrac, and immediately bore down towards her. The carrac was the largest ship of the period, and from the description given of her, must have resembled a Chinese junk more than any other existing specimen of naval architecture. She was 1600 tons burden, drew 31 feet of water, had seven decks, and carried 800 men, besides a large number of passengers returning to Portugal, enriched with the treasures of the East. Notwithstanding the immense disproportion in size and force, the *Dainty*, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, began, single-handed, to engage her formidable adversary, but sustained severe damage and loss in the unequal contest. The *Roebuck* next came into action, and was soon afterwards supported by the *Golden Dragon;* but the carrac, making a running-fight, ably defended herself. As the day wore on, the combat continued, the carrac, from her great size, armament, and number of men, keeping her enemies at bay. Towards evening, Captain Cross, in the *Foresight*, came up. Burrowes, who was in the *Roebuck*, hailed Cross, asking what was best to be done. 'We must lay her aboard,' Cross replied, 'or she shall escape to the land, and we will lose her like the *Santa Cruz*.' Acting upon this advice, the English ships closed to board the enemy; but in the manœuvre, the *Roebuck* and *Dainty* fell foul of each other, the *Dainty's* mainmast was shot away, and the *Roebuck* received a shot between wind and water which caused her to leak so fast that all hands had to be called to the pumps. The *Foresight* was now the only undisabled English ship engaged with the carrac. It was seven o'clock in the evening; the carrac was fast approaching the land, and Cumberland's ships were still far from the scene of action. In this emergency, Cross adopted the desperate expedient of laying his ship athwart the bows of his immense enemy. Succeeding in this bold attempt, he lashed the carrac's bowsprit to the mainmast of the *Foresight*, and withdrawing his men into their close quarters, kept up the engagement with small-arms for the space of three hours. The carrac's way through the water being completely deadened by the *Foresight* lying across her bows, gave time for two of Cumberland's ships to come up; and at ten at night the Portuguese was carried by boarding, after a desperate contest of twelve hours.

The carrac was now taken, but a scarcely less terrible scene followed, the sanguinary horrors of the combat. As in a town taken by storm, the victors commenced a general pillage of the ill-fated ship and her unfortunate passengers. So eager were they, so recklessly did they seek for spoil, that in their infuriated rapacity they madly risked their own lives, and all the wealth they had so hardly contended for. It being night, each man lighted a candle to aid his search. A fight ensuing among some of the plunderers, their candles were thrown down, setting fire to a cabin containing 600 great gun-cartridges; and if it had not been for the presence of mind and active exertions of Captain Cross, the prize and its captors would have been blown into the air. The plunder continued till next morning, when Burrowes' ship having come up, the admiral claimed all pillage in the queen's name. But the Earl of Cumberland's men denied the queen's authority, alleging that they had not fought for the queen, but for their lord, whose retainers they were; and he always allowed them their rightful purchase, which was all the plate, money, and jewels found on the upper decks.

Burrowes, however, succeeded in stopping further pillage, and then turned his attention to the wounded of the enemy, whom he treated with great kindness, compelling his own surgeons to attend upon them. To the Portuguese captain, Don Fernando de Mendoza —'a gentleman well stricken in years, well spoken, of good stature, and comely personage, but of hard fortune'—his passengers, and crew, Burrowes gave a small vessel to carry them to Portugal, and permitted them to take away their personal effects. The 'hard fortune' of these poor people was not even then over. On their way to Lisbon, they fell in with another English vessel, and were stripped almost naked, losing 900 diamonds and other 'odd ends' that they had managed to take with them from their captured ship. Burrowes made the best of his way to England with his rich prize, and after narrowly escaping shipwreck on the Scilly Islands, arrived at Dartmouth in the month of August.

The bells of England had not rung a merrier peal since the defeat of the Armada, than they did when the news arrived of the carrac's capture. The value of the prize was estimated at fabulous amounts; even Raleigh, who was still a prisoner in the Tower, calculated her to be worth L.500,000. Traders of all descriptions flocked to the seaports, and purchased plate, diamonds, rubies, pearls, musk, ambergris, silks, and gold-embroidered stuffs from the fortunate sailors. The queen immediately appointed a commission to take charge of the prize, and issued a proclamation, commanding all plunder to be delivered up to the commissioners in ten days, 'the same, if considered to be lawful pillage, to be returned to the captors.' The commissioners, on arriving at Dartmouth, found the carrac gutted to the lower-deck; and though Portsmouth resembled Bartholomew Fair, not one particle of plunder was delivered up to them. They, however, proceeded to examine witnesses relative to the pillage, but were disgusted by the gross perjuries committed in the evidence. When the commissioners cautioned the witnesses, and pointed out the sinfulness of such conduct, the latter profanely replied, that 'they had rather venture their souls in the hands of a merciful God, by perjury, than their fortunes, gotten with the peril and hazard of their lives, in the hands of unmerciful men.'

A large folio volume of the Lansdowne manuscripts is nearly filled with documents relative to these proceedings. A complete mania seems to have sprung up all over England to possess something that had been taken in the Great Carrac. The most abject letters were written by ladies of the highest rank to the officers and men of the expedition, begging for any trifling article of plunder, but especially mentioning porcelain, then almost unknown in England.

The queen finding the labours of the commissioners utterly fruitless, and also suspecting them of receiving bribes, suffered her love of money to overcome her resentful feelings against Raleigh, and liberated him from the Tower, giving him authority to use the most stringent means to recover the missing plunder. On his arrival at Portsmouth, the sailors surrounded him with shouts of joy and congratulation, but he replied: 'I am still the queen's poor prisoner,' pointing to Blunt, a warden of the Tower, under whose surveillance he still was. Raleigh immediately instituted the most vigorous measures. All coasting-vessels, wagons, and travellers were searched, and letters opened. By these means, a large cross, formed of a single emerald, sixty-one diamonds, and 1400 pearls, with an immense quantity of other valuable property, were reclaimed.

Burrowes' ship was searched, and in the admiral's own cabin were found several large chests filled with damasks, taffetas, and porcelain. The commissioners seized these goods, but Burrowes claimed them on the plea, that he was a 'gentleman of quality, and the queen's admiral, and required them to make presents therewith to his friends.' One of Cumberland's men then stated to the commissioners, that he had secured, as part of his spoil, an agate-hafted dagger, mounted with diamonds and rubies, but that Burrowes had taken it from him, and he trusted that, in equal justice, the admiral would be compelled to give it up. Burrowes complied by producing a common dagger of English manufacture as the one alluded to; and this 'ringing the change,' as a modern swindler would term it, was considered rather a clever and laughable trick of the gallant admiral. The commissioners also reported that Burrowes wore in a ring a large white stone, but, 'though it be hard, and write in glass,' they could not tell if it were a diamond, and so they permitted him to keep it.

Captain Cross, of the *Foresight*, seems to have obtained the greatest share of the plunder—'as much as loaded a small vessel.' The captains of Cumberland's ships had also a large share. Silver basins, shields covered with beaten gold, porcelain, mother-of-pearl spoons, silks, and tapestry were taken from them; but they succeeded in retaining a great number of other valuable articles. The captain of the *Dainty* put into Harwich, assigning as his reason for doing so, that his men were so determined 'to see the bottom of the carrac,' he could not trust them near her. But his real reason was, that Harwich being near London, he had a greater facility of disposing of his spoil. Before officers were sent down to search his vessel, he sold spices to the amount of L.1400; and even afterwards, several wagons were seized laden with cinnamon and calicoes, that had been discharged from his ship.

Thomson, the captain of the *Dainty*, considered himself, as he expressed it, to have been very hardly dealt with. The *Dainty's* mainmast being shot away in the engagement, she fell to leeward, and five days elapsed before she could rig a jurymast and rejoin the fleet. Then Thomson found, as he stated to the commissioners, that all the money, silk, jewels, apparel, and chains of gold had been divided among the other captains. He complained to Burrowes, who replied that the plunder was over, and proclamation made for the queen, and that he (Burrowes) was for the queen. 'So am I, too, I hope,' said Thomson; 'but is there never a chain of gold or suit of apparel for a man—no porcelain or silk stuffs for a man's wife?'

'I kept something for you,' said the admiral, 'because you were away;' which something was a common sailor's chest, that had been broken up before.

The cargo of the carrac, left after the general plunder, was brought to London, and sold at Leadenhall. The spices, drugs, and dye-stuffs fetched L.114,000; the remainder, consisting of silks, calicoes, carpets, and ebony furniture, sold for L.27,200—making in all, L.141,200. The grand question then arose—how should this sum be divided among the captors? The Earl of Cumberland claimed it all, on the plea that his ships had made the capture, the *Foresight* being 'as good as taken' by the carrac when they came up. The queen anxiously wished to have the whole, for the purpose, as she stated, of defending England and the Protestant Church against the Catholic king of Spain. But the sagacious Burleigh, her Lord Treasurer, and Sir John Fortescue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, urged upon her the impolicy of doing so; stating that adventurers, if not treated in a princely manner, would be discouraged from future enterprises. The queen, however, claimed the privilege of dividing the spoil as she thought proper, and finally apportioned it in the following manner:—Cumberland received L.18,000; Raleigh, L.15,900; Moore, L.2000; and the merchant-adventurers of London, L.12,000. It does not appear how much Hawkins received, and there were a number of minor claimants, who received small sums, making the amount divided L.57,600. The queen retained to herself the lion's share, amounting to L.83,600. The unfairness of this distribution gave general dissatisfaction; but Raleigh, the head and planner of the expedition, did not dare to remonstrate. In fact, he purchased his release from the Tower, and renewal of the queen's favour, by his silence. In a letter to Lord Burleigh, now before us, he writes: 'Fourscore thousand pounds is more than ever a man presented her majesty yet. If God has sent it as my ransom, I hope her majesty, of her abundant goodness, will accept it.'

The *Madre del Dios* remained in the harbour of Dartmouth for two years after her capture; the expenses of pumping and taking care of her during that time amounting to L.216. The corporation of Dartmouth then offered L.200 for her, promising that whatever profits she might gain, would be invested in an hospital for the poor of the town. Whether her stout timbers rotted in the mud of Dartmouth, or were ultimately broken up for firewood, the manuscript records, from which we have gleaned the preceding particulars, are silent. We know that the proposal of the corporation was rejected, and this is the last we can learn of the 'Great Carrac.'

HOW TO SEE THE WORLD.

Among the valuable lessons which travellers teach, is the art of making the best of everything just at the time when most wanted. A traveller, especially in thinly-inhabited or semi-barbarous countries, is perpetually put to his wits to devise a mode of overcoming difficulties. His food fails, his beverage fails, his fuel fails, his clothing fails—his instruments, his arms, his cooking-vessels, his tents, his wagons, his beasts of burden, his guides, his servants, his money, his health—any of these may fail him at a pinch; and it is a part of his duty as a traveller, an almost indispensable condition of his success, to possess a facility of contriving make-shifts, instead of sitting down hopelessly to mourn over something which is lost, or used up, or broken. To catalogue such probable make-shifts, and to supply hints for surmounting difficulties, are the objects of Mr Galton's remarkable volume, lately published.[*] It is a small book, but is stuffed full of facts; and many of these facts are not only of great value to a traveller, but are worth knowing by those whose travels extend only a little way beyond their own firesides. He treats in succession of water, fire, bivouac, clothes, food, cookery, discipline, defence, hiding-places, boats and rafts, paths, carrying weights, carpentry, smith's-work, skins and horns, writing-materials, riding and draught animals, saddles and harness, wagons and vehicles, guns, trapping, fishing, medicines, presents, articles for barter, and mapping implements. It may be interesting to jot down a few curiosities from this budget.

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[*] *The Art of Travel; or, Shifts and Contrivances available in Wild Countries.* By Francis Galton, Author of *Explorations in Tropical South Africa.* With Wood-cuts. London: John Murray. 1855.

When an exhausted traveller is in want of water, the converging flight of birds, or the converging fresh tracks of animals, may often guide him to a spring or pool: it is about nightfall that desert-birds usually drink, and the thirsty traveller looks out for their course of flight at such a time. If a thirsty man strips, and exposes his person to a shower of rain, his thirst is greatly allayed. If he has nothing to drink but muddy water, let him tie together a good handful of grass in the form of a cone, place the large end of the cone up the stream, and the water will become partially filtered in the act of passing through the grass. If a traveller be short of water-vessels, a canvas-bag, well greased, will hold water for a considerable time.

For striking a light in the bush or the desert, agate is better than flint: it makes a hotter spark. Cigar-fusees are not worth taking: wet spoils them. The crystalline lens of a dead animal's eye has been sometimes used as a burning-glass, wherewith to obtain fire. The ashes of a cigar rubbed into a piece of paper will qualify the paper to serve as tinder. In the absence of wood fuel, dried animal manure makes an excellent substitute. The same may be said of bones: the Falkland Islanders often cook part of the meat of a slaughtered ox by the heat of his own bones; and the Russians, when in Turkey in 1829, were driven to use bones from the cemetery at Adrianople as fuel. In bivouacking for the night, 'the oldest travellers will ever be found to be those who go the most systematically to work in making their sleeping-places dry and warm.' A bush is not a good shelter for a sleeping-man; it may be leafy and close at a yard from the ground, but it lets through the cutting wind lower down. 'A man, as he lies down upon his mother-earth, is but a small low object, and a screen of eighteen inches high will guard him securely from the strength of a storm;' a broad sod, seven feet by two, and turned up on end, will form such a screen. If nothing better offers, 'a European can live through a bitter night, on a sandy plain, without any clothes besides those he has on, if he buries his body pretty deeply in the sand, keeping only his head above ground;' and Mr Moffat speaks of 'the real comfort, even luxury,' which he once found in such a sandy blanket. That sleepers find snow to be a warm bed in a bitter climate, is well known.

Woven cloaks and coverlets admit the wind as through a sieve, unless the texture be close. 'It is in order to make their coverings wind-proof that shepherd lads on the hills in Scotland, when the nights are cold, dip their plaids in water before sitting or lying down in them: the wet swells up the fibres of the plaid, and makes the texture of it perfectly dense and close.' The Highland poachers adopt an odd mode of 'tucking' each other in at night: when on the moor-side on a frosty night, they cut quantities of heather, and strew part of it as a bed on the ground; then all the party lie down, side by side, excepting one man, whose place among the rest is kept vacant for him; his business is to spread plaids upon them as they lie, and to heap up the rest of the heather upon the plaids; this being accomplished, the man wriggles and works himself into the gap that has been left for him in the midst of his comrades. The importance of flannel next the skin cannot be overrated: in the statistics of expeditions, it has been found that men without this comfort sicken and die in greater number than those provided with it. Mr Parkyns, the Abyssinian traveller, adopted a very primitive mode of keeping his apparel dry, at a time when he had no change of suit: he simply took off his clothes, and sat upon them in a bundle until the rain was over! The following sounds oddly to stay-at-home people:—'There is no denying the fact, though it be not agreeable to confess it, that dirt and grease are great protectors of the skin against inclement weather; and that, therefore, the leader of a party should not be too exacting about the appearance of his less warmly clad followers. Daily washing, if not followed by oiling, must be compensated for by wearing clothes. Take the instance of a dog: he will sleep out under any bush, and thrive there, so long as he is not washed, groomed, and kept clean; but if he be, he must have a kennel to lie in. A savage will never wash unless he can grease himself afterwards—grease takes the place of clothing to him. . . . . . We can afford to wash, but naked men cannot.'

Nettles make a dish which travellers welcome if other food be scarce; when gathered quite young, and boiled, they are innocuous; and Messrs Huc and Gabet 'were able to enjoy this delightful variety of esculent more than a month.' The young stems of fern, boiled in pure water, 'realise a dish of delicious asparagus.' Old hides and skins, untanned, 'improve all soup, by being mixed with it, or they may be toasted and *hammered!*' Travellers in thinly inhabited districts are frequently taught by their daily wants to make *jerked* meat, consisting of dried pieces; or *pemmican*, made of meat dried, pounded, and mixed with grease and meal; or *caviare*, consisting of dried fish-roe, or the whole of a fish dried; or dried and pounded eggs. An animal may be boiled *in his own hide*, in default of a caldron or saucepan. Stick four stakes in the ground, and tie the four corners of the hide up to them, leaving the hide hollow or concave in the middle; then cut up your animal into small pieces, and put it into the hollow of the hide, with a sufficiency of water; put in several large very hot stones, and in due time there is your soup and *bouilli*. A kind of haggis may be made in the stomach of an animal: blood, fat, lean, heart, lungs, all the solids cut or torn into small fragments, are put into the stomach, and roasted by being suspended before the fire with a string. We are assured that 'it is a most delicious morsel, even without pepper, salt, or any seasoning.' Mr Galton recommends a traveller, heading a party of natives, to interrupt the monotony of travel by marked days, extra tobacco, sugar, &c.; avoid constant good feeding, but rather have frequent slight fasts to insure occasional good feasts, especially on those great gala-days, when marked stages of the journey have been reached.

The sort of attention paid to women in rude countries is, it must be confessed, nearly akin to that which is paid to useful animals of lower grade. 'Take the wives of a few of the natives with your party, if you can,' says Mr Galton; 'for they are of very great service, and cause no delay, for the body of a caravan must always travel at a foot's pace, and a woman will endure a long journey nearly as well as a man, and certainly better than a horse or a bullock. They are invaluable in packing up, and in retailing information and hearsay gossip, which will give clues to much of importance that, unassisted, you might miss.' An American chief told Hearne the traveller, that women were made for labour; that one of them can carry or haul as much as two men; and that they are maintained at a trifling expense, for 'as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times is sufficient for their subsistence.' The 'rights of women' are now being advocated in the self-same continent where these wrongs of women were thus eulogised. The morals of travelling are sometimes rather queer. Mr Galton says: 'On arriving at an encampment, the natives usually run away in fright: if you are hungry, or in any need of what they have, go boldly into their huts, take just what you want, and leave fully adequate payment. It is absurd to be overscrupulous in these cases.' So think also the Filibustiers in respect to Cuba. In travelling through a hostile neighbourhood, cattle keep guard very well: the habits of bush-life make a traveller, though otherwise sound asleep, start up directly at a very slight rustle of alarm among his cattle. A person riding a journey for his life sleeps most safely—'for he *must* sometimes sleep,' as Mr Galton assures us—with his horse's head tied short up to his wrist; the horse, if he hears anything, tosses his head, and jerks the rider's arm; while he will seldom be so careless as to tread upon his sleeping master.

A sylvan post-office for the wilds. If you want to leave a letter in a pre-arranged tree, 'clamber up the tree when it is dark to the first large bough, and sitting astride it, cut with a chisel a deep hole right into the substance of the wood, or you may make one by firing a bullet down into it; in this hole the letter, rolled up or folded quite small, is to be pushed, and the bark nailed down over it. No savage would ever dream of looking there for it.' So we should think. If you wish to cross a deep river with your horse, drive or push him in, jump in yourself, seize him by the tail, and let him tow you across: if he turns his head to try and change his course, splash water in his face with your right or left hand, as the case may be, holding on with one hand and splashing with the other, and you will in this way direct him just as you like. Captain Fitzroy's men once, in a difficulty, collected some boughs, wove them into a sort of large basket, covered it with their canvas-tent, puddled the inside with clay, and were out at sea eighteen hours in this fragile substitute for a boat. The following is curious:—'If caught by a gale, recollect that a boat will lie-to and live through almost any weather, if you can make a bundle of a few spare spars, oars, &c., and secure them to the boat's head, so as to float in front of and across the bow; they will act very sensibly as a breakwater, and the boat's head will always be kept to wind.' Water that is slightly frozen may be made to bear a heavy wagon by cutting reeds, strewing them thickly on the ice, and pouring water upon them; the whole by degrees becomes frozen into a solid mass.

Mr Galton's chapter concerning trapping is full of curious information. In relation to the power of animals to scent the approach of man, he says: 'Our own senses do not make us aware of what is disagreeable enough to confess, that the whole species of mankind yields a powerful and wide-spreading emanation that is utterly disgusting and repulsive to every animal in its wild state. It requires some experience to realise this fact: a man must frequently have watched the heads of a herd of far-distant animals tossed up in alarm the moment that they catch his wind. He must have observed the tracks of animals—how, when they crossed his own of the preceding day, the beast that made them has stopped, scrutinised, and shunned it—before he can believe what a Yahoo he is among the brute creation. No cleanliness of the individual seems to diminish this remarkable odour; indeed, the more civilised the man, the more subtile it appears to be. The touch of a gamekeeper scares less than that of the master, and the touch of a negro or bushman less than that of a traveller from Europe.' Were it not for Mr Galton's great experience in this subject, we might have ventured to suggest, that the horror of the animals is perhaps rather moral than sensorial, resulting rather from an instinctive dread of man's power, than from an olfactory sense of man's personal unwelcomeness. The catching of condors and vultures is managed in a singular way. A raw ox-hide is spread upon the ground; one man creeps under it with a string in his hand, while one or two other men are posted in ambush close by; the bird flies down upon a bait placed on the hide, and the man seizes the legs, and binds them tight in the hide, when the poor bird becomes powerless.

Pedestrians, whose feet are apt to blister during long journeys, are thus advised: Rub the feet at going to bed with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a candle into the palm of the hand; on the following morning no blister will exist, for the spirits seem to possess the healing power, while the tallow serves to keep the skin soft and pliant. 'Ease before elegance'—that is, soap the inside of your stocking before setting out, and break a raw egg into a boot before putting it on. It is impossible to glance over the pages of this book, without being struck with the number and variety of the disasters to which such travellers as Mr Galton are subject, and with the untiring patience exhibited in devising cures and substitutes whenever the disasters arise. If ever travelling can become an 'Art,' then will Mr Galton's little volume serve as a Manual, a Handbook, a Vade-mecum. But it is also full of readable bits for others.

PARIS IN MAY 1855.

PARIS is certainly a most amusing place. Every time we visit it, we find it in a violently new phase. The last time we were there was in September 1848, when, chancing to be at an evening *reception* of an ex-member of the celebrated Provisional Government, we found the leading subject of conversation to be the announced coming of Louis Napoleon to France, and a doubt whether he would be allowed to enter. Coming back in less than seven years after—but, after all, seven years is a long time in French history—we find this same Louis Napoleon the emperor of France—the almost autocrat of the country; and yet, to all appearance, a more popular ruler than any of the constitutional sovereigns of the last forty years. Paris, then sad and empty, with the dismal marks of intestine war pitting its walls, was now full and gay, all past troubles and damages repaired and forgotten. Most surprising change of all, we now visited it as the city of an intimate ally and friend of England! To what possible new aspects and conditions may it introduce us after another period of seven years!

We arrived at the end of the week in which the Exposition had been opened. Leaving leafless trees and inch-long crops in England, we found laughing summer on the banks of the Seine, the lilac in full blossom, blue skies, fleecy clouds, and an agreeable temperature. Open-air life was already in full current, though, we were told, it had been so for only a few days, for here the season was comparatively late also. All the characteristic features of the place—the lofty white buildings cutting the clear air, the picturesque shops, the multitudes of women and children in the Tuileries gardens, the groups of men seated in front of the cafés, the good-humoured air of the entire population, making it so difficult to understand whence arise the occasional revolutionary violences—each attracted their share of a gratified attention: so passed the first day. At length we were able to give our full care to the prime object of our visit—the superb structure which has been erected in the Champs Elysées, for the exhibition of the products of the industry of all nations.

The *Palais de l'Industrie*, as it is called by an inscription on its own front, is a substantial oblong building, having a double row of windows along each side, and a vaulted roof of glass. The principal entrance is in the centre of the north side, where it adjoins the carriage-way of the Champs Elysées. At the east end, outside, is erected a bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor.

On the south side, connected by a raised gallery over the Cour la Reine, is a much longer, but perfectly plain building, for the show of machines and other articles of a cumbrous nature. At the distance of half a mile to the west, is a third and detached building, for the exhibition of articles in the Fine Arts from all nations. Such are the material arrangements. You pay five francs (4s. 2d.) for admission to the first two buildings, and an equal sum for admission to the third; so that, when you have provided yourself with catalogues, you find that a day in the Exposition costs you the greater part of a pound sterling. On Sundays, if your English feelings can bear the profanity and the *profanum vulgus* together, you may go over the whole for four sous—that is, twopence.

On entering, we found something greatly different from the exciting bewilderment of the Hyde Park Exhibition. The building being not more than half the length, and capable of being taken in at a glance, we lose that poetry of indefinite space which gave such a charm to the Crystal Palace of 1851. The suggestion of the nationalities by flags comes here less prominently before the eye. The central line of large objects, which formed so gallant a row in our own original house of glass, is here comparatively lost in the greater breadth. Finally, and above all, whether from the high price of admission, or from a disposition to wait till the collection is more complete, there was here no crowd, nothing but a mere handful of people mixing with the numerous groups of carpenters and glaziers engaged in fitting up the stands and cases. Hence, you scarcely felt as in a public place at all. One seemed to be merely looking over a piece of work in progress. Perhaps there is a greater and more hopeless want about this Paris exhibition of the industry (and sight-seers) of all nations—that it is not the novel and original scene our Crystal Palace was. Does not every one who saw that wonderful place, acknowledge that there was something about it quite peculiar, and which, no matter under what circumstances of additional splendour, could never in this generation be repeated?

When it is known, however, that articles had, up to 12th May, come from 9237 French, and 8742 foreign expositors, and that a large proportion of these were already placed, it will be understood that the house, far from complete as it was, yet presented such a show as it would take no small time to inspect thoroughly. We could not attempt anything like a critical inspection; but we saw enough to give rise to a few general remarks. Among the French articles, occupying one entire side of the ground-floor, and nearly an equal proportion of the galleries, it seemed to us that the silks of Lyon, the shawls of Nîmes, the porcelain and crystal products, and generally all objects contributing to personal and domestic decoration, were of an excellence unapproached in our country. The silks and velvet stuffs particularly arrested our attention from their extreme richness and beauty. In the laces of Brussels, there was fascination for the entire corps of the representatives of Eve. The English products of this kind did not strike us as remarkable; but there was a most pleasant surprise in finding that the lace-works of various kinds produced under the care of a charitable society in Ireland, were of a degree of merit relatively remarkable, and which might well give encouragement to other societies aiming, in remote situations, at obtaining a lucrative employment for females. In the British department, which was in tolerable completeness, there was an abundant show of every kind of linen, cotton, and woollen stuffs; and it was pleasant, at this distance from home, to recognise such well-known names as Chadwick of Manchester; Kelsall of Rochdale; Lupton of Leeds; Monteath, Crum, of Glasgow; Pease of Darlington; Baxter, Neish, Norrie, of Dundee; Lees of Galashiels; and Beveridge of Dunfermline—all connected with the respective products of their several districts. Even from Shetland had a Mr Linklater sent some of the peculiar wool-shawls which have of late years been worked by the neat female fingers of that remote archipelago. It were endless to particularise the articles of attire, made and unmade, which England had sent to the World-show. We trust they will speak for themselves before the assembled nations, and help to open the way for that universal freedom of commercial intercourse by which the general interests of humanity may be so much advanced. At the same time, while we smile complacently at the obvious superiority of the Sheffield cutlery, and of English articles of utility generally, over the corresponding products of other nations, and entertain hopes of their making their way over the continent, let us not slight the many proofs given on our part of inferiority to the foreign workers, especially in the decorative arts. The many beautiful articles of furniture, bijouterie, and ornamentation generally, here presented from Belgium, from Austria, and from Berlin, ought to be an instruction and a stimulus to all who aim at even a respectable rank in the production of domestic elegancies.

The exhibition of articles in the Fine Arts, standing, as has been said, at a little distance from the principal building, is a congeries of galleries, in which space is distributed according to the requirements of the various nations. The best collections of France and other countries have been laid under contribution for this grand show; and when the reader is told that there are 5112 articles to be seen, he may have some idea of what a duty the visit will entail upon him. Entering the English Gallery between the busts of two much-esteemed friends, William Fairbairn and Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester—faces of manly worth and genius, which it is always delightful to meet with—we found a vast assemblage of what might equally be called old friends—namely, a large selection of pictures by the Landseers, the Millaises, Maclises, the Wards, and the Noel Patons, which have been most noted in our exhibitions during the last twenty years. One cannot but be satisfied with these works of the English school; yet it becomes apparent that few European countries leave us much to boast of in this department. The French, if we do not greatly mistake, are now painting in a better tone of colouring than they were accustomed to do a few years ago, as well as reaching a higher grade of sentiment. The great distinction that now remains, is the comparatively large size of their pictures, particularly those of a historical or scriptural kind—a consequence of the large spaces in churches and public galleries which they are allowed to cover.

Our peep at the Exposition accomplished, we tore ourselves away with reluctance from Paris, and groaningly plunged back into the murky atmosphere of London. We had had but a saunter amongst the street improvements of the French capital, but saw enough to put us a little out of conceit with our national custom of parliamenting and journalising over every obviously needful thing for twenty years before it can be done. There, a thing is seen to be desirable: the Emperor says the word, and it is done. How done, we cannot tell; but done it is, and then all are gratified. Here, need we say how many parochialisms have to be consulted and gained over? Verily, this atrocious system of centralisation is not without its good results; despotism itself is not quite an unmixed evil. There is often a great need for irresistible power in this world, and when guided by intelligence and good meaning to all, it becomes like a divine work. At present, for instance, it is fully proved amongst us that smoke, that poison and degradation of all our great cities, is a remediable evil: power alone is wanting to enforce the means of remedy. Were we a pure republic, like America, we should be still worse off in all such respects. However, it is not alone in public matters that the French excel us. Look at the good behaviour of all large crowds of holiday-makers in Paris, in contrast with the brutal intemperance of an excursion-train in England or Scotland. Look at the *trottoirs* of the Rue St Honoré, washed clean every morning, in comparison with the hardened mud-paste of years on the pavements of some similar streets of London. Let us, dear countrymen, learn the first lesson in national self-improvement—that possibly our institutions and manners are not quite that model of all such things which we are but too apt to think them.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AS A LYRIC POET.

Few readers acquainted with the prose-writings of Mr Kingsley can be ignorant of the fact, that he is a true poet. The stream of his prose continually reveals the golden sand of poetry sparkling through it. In his pictures, taken from the many-coloured landscape of life, and in his transcripts of natural scenery, we feel that he has selected with the poet's eye, and painted with the hand of a poetic artist. But it is not as a writer of poetry in prose we purpose speaking of him now, so much as a writer of poems—in fact, as a lyric poet. The *Saint's Tragedy*, which was Mr Kingsley's first literary work, contained great poetic promise, both dramatic and lyric. It evinced a subtle knowledge of human emotion, especially of the mental workings and heart-burnings of humanity, wrestling with the views inculcated by Catholic ascetics. In addition to its dramatic interest and truthful delineation of character, there were scattered throughout it some drops of song, which, minute as they were, seemed to us to mirror the broad, deep nature of a lyric poet, even as the dew-drops reflect the overarching span of the broad, deep sky. In his prose works, Mr Kingsley has also printed several fine lyrics, the beauty and strength of which have been the subject of almost universal remark. *Alton Locke* contains a ballad, *Mary, go and call the Cattle Home*, which is akin in its simplicity to those old Scotch ballads that melt us into tears with their thrilling, wild-wailing music. In *Yeast* appeared the *Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter*. It is the cry of a poacher's widow, the passionate protest of a broken heart against the game-laws—poured forth to the great silence of midnight as she is sitting near the spot where her husband was killed. It is distinguished by intensity of feeling, and a Dantean distinctness, not frequently met with in the sophistication of modern poetry. Few that have read it will ever forget it. The lyrics we have mentioned are probably all the reader will have seen of Mr Kingsley as a lyric poet: other pieces, however, have appeared in print. The chief of these were published in the *Christian Socialist*, a journal started by the promoters of Working-Men's Associations some few years since, which had but a small circulation and a brief existence. It is from these we select most of our specimens of our author's lyrical genius, although not all of them.

Mr Kingsley is the descendant of a family of fervent Puritans, and the spirit which lived in them still flashes out: the hot, earnest life which beat so impetuously beneath the armour of the Ironsides, still throbs in his writings. For example, here is a lyric worthy to have been chanted by a company of the Puritan soldiers the night before a battle, and their loftiest feelings might have found in it fitting utterance:—

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,
  Its storms roll up the sky.
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
  All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
      Of the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
  Chivalry, Justice, and Truth;
Come, for the Earth is grown coward and old—
  Come down and renew us her youth.
Freedom, Self-sacrifice, Mercy, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above
      To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
  Famine, and Plague, and War;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
  Gather, and fall in the snare.
Hirelings and Mammonites, Pedants and Knaves,
Crawl to the battle-field—sneak to your graves
      In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
  While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
  And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each past age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
      In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Is this not grand writing? The martial swing and the religious soaring of it make the soul rock to its rhythm.

The next quotation will illustrate how perfect is Mr Kingsley's mastery over the lyric as a form of expression, and with what consummate ease he has put a tragedy into three stanzas.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
  Out into the West as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
      Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
  And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
  And the rack it came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
      And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
  In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
  For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep—
      And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

This is a true ballad. It is clearly conceived, clearly finished, simply worded, and it contains neither metaphor nor conceit. These two lyrics alone will amply shew that their author possesses the fire and force, the cunning art and the beauty of expression, of a lyrical master—in addition to which qualities, his Muse has at times a wondrous witchery and most subtle grace. Some of his dainty little lilts of song are so full of melody, they sing of themselves, which is the rarest of all lyrical attributes. They remind us of the sweet things done by the old dramatists, when they have dallied with airy fancies in a lyrical mood. Here is one:—

SONG.

There sits a bird on every tree,
With a heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
Sings to his love as I to thee;
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

There blooms a flower on every bough,
With a heigh-ho!
There blooms a flower on every bough,
Its gay leaves kiss—I 'll shew you how:
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

The sun 's a groom, the earth 's a bride,
With a heigh-ho!
The sun 's a groom, the earth 's a bride,
The earth shall pass—but love abide,
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

We conclude our quotations with a brief strain of pathetic minor music, so like the tenderness of some Scottish music, which must have been struck out of the strong national heart, like waters out of the smitten rock, through rent and fissure. These eight lines bring out another quality of the lyric poet—that of suggestiveness—the power to convey a double meaning—to make a sigh or a sob speak more than words—to hint more than can be uttered—to express the inexpressible by veiling the mortal features, as did the old Greek artist:

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the church-yard,
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

If these specimens are not sufficient to prove that a powerful lyrist is among us, we do not know what evidence would be necessary. 'Tell Mr Kingsley to leave novels, and write nothing but lyrics,' said one of our greatest living writers to us the other day, when we shewed him some of these songs. Often has the distinguished Chevalier Bunsen, in speaking of the song-literature of Germany and its influence on the people, urged Mr Kingsley to devote his powers to becoming a Poet for the People, and a writer of songs to be sung by them. England has no Burns, no Béranger, not even a Moore: she waits for her national lyrist. Although not as yet, perhaps, thoroughly tried, we know no man who appears to be so fittingly endowed to ascend into this sphere of song, that is dark and silent, awaiting his advent, as Mr Kingsley. He is an intense man, large in heart and brain, a passionate worshipper of truth and beauty. His heart has a twin-pulse beating with that of the people; his song has a direct heart-homeness, and is that of a singer born. The verses we have given, be it remembered, do not constitute the choicest picked from a larger quantity: they are the most of what we have seen, and are taken as they came. We claim for them the rare merit of originality: there is no echo of an imitation, no reverberation of an echo. The melody has a bird-like spontaneity. It will be found that each repetition serves to increase their beauty. Observe, too, how essential everything is that belongs to them: there is nothing accidental. Mr Kingsley has the self-denial to reject all that is superfluous in thought or word, which is a most rare virtue in a young poet, and without which no one can ever become a writer of national songs. He has also acquired the young writer's last attained grace—simplicity. Many of our young writers seek to clothe their thoughts all in purple words, thinking thus to become poets. A man might just as well think of becoming king by putting on the royal purple.

KARL HARTMANN:

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

The *Saucy Gipsy* got away in first-rate style: she was evidently a racer; and Joel Brystone, the skipper, was one of the most skilful and experienced seamen of New York. The voyage had at anyrate commenced auspiciously. After patrolling the deck in a state of misty excitement, which for two or three hours neutralised emotions of another kind, I was observed by Captain Brystone to catch wildly at the mizzen-ratlins, the region about my lips assuming at the same moment a hue of yellowish-white; whereupon I was forthwith handed below, and laid out in my sleeping-berth. I don't think my sighs and groans ran much upon dear Ruth during the following six or seven days and nights, but her image returned in undiminished lustre and freshness with the restoration of my mental and bodily faculties, and I silently pledged her over and over again in joyous bumpers, after the very first dinner I sat down to at sea. By that time, we had made the Atlas Mountains on the Morocco coast; and the wind continuing favourable, the *Saucy Gipsy* was soon slipping through the Straits of Gibraltar, towards the Mediterranean, where we at once became intermingled with the tide of war sweeping eastward to drive back the legions of the czar. Specimens of the whole art and range of ship-craft—from the swift, stupendous screw line-of-battle-ship to the slight and sluggish sailing transport—passed or was passed by the *Saucy Gipsy* during the remainder of the voyage, all full of red and blue soldiers, or freighted with the dumb and equally indispensable instruments of mortal conflict; the red cross and tricolor floating proudly from the mastheads; the national airs of France and England resounding from the crowded decks of the coalesced armadas.

'What think you, Mr Hartmann,' said I, early one morning, as we were both intently watching the huge *Himalaya* sweep past with the Scots Greys on board, their band playing *Partant pour la Syrie*, in complimentary recognition of *God save the Queen*, indifferently performed by the amateur musicians of a French mail-boat from Malta—'what think you of the stability of this, but a few years since, impossible alliance of the two great Western nations? According to some of the more solemn and second-sighted of the quidnuncs on our side the Atlantic, it amounts to a redistribution of the forces of Europe, not only subversive of the balance of power in the Old, but full of menace to the peace of the New World.'

'It is an alliance,' replied Hartmann, 'dictated by the awakened common sense and the permanent interests of the two nations, and depending for permanence, therefore, neither upon princes nor parchments. As to its menacing America, that is all bosh! unless, indeed, the United States should be conceit-crazed enough to challenge civilised Europe to mortal combat in defence of sacred slavery; as the Muscovite has in vindication of red-handed violence and the precepts of Christianity: then, indeed—— But I eschew prophecy.'

'As to conceit,' chimed in Captain Brystone, who was standing close by, 'I'll back the Britishers against all creation for that; and yet, with all their prancing and trumpeting about this war, they are setting about it, according to their own newspapers, like a parcel of old women, rather than men of sense and pluck.'

'There is a tinge of truth in that,' said Hartmann; 'but as, no doubt, your sagacity will have already suggested, military departmental deficiencies—the cankers of a long peace—will find a sharp and sure remedy in the experience of actual war.'

'That "long-peace" excuse,' persisted Brystone, 'won't do at any price; or how is it we never hear of such bungling mismanagement in the French and Russian services?'

'Because, my dear sir, they hold by the Napoleonic maxim—*qu'il faut laver son linge sale chez soi;* a rule there is much to be said in favour of. Still, I prefer, on the whole, unfettered, independent criticism, frequently savage and unjust as it may be towards individuals. Sir John Moore is a notable instance in point—the most furiously abused, and one of the ablest generals England ever sent forth. But it is time to see about breakfast, I think.'

'That's a feller, now,' remarked the captain, as Hartmann disappeared below, 'that would take some time to correctly post up. I agree with you, however, Master Henderson, that he is a Britisher, hail from wherever he may.'

We were becalmed for nearly a week in the Mediterranean, save for a brief land-puff now and then; and the days being intensely hot, Hartmann and I, the only idlers on board, used to take our deck-exercise after sunset, he often reading scenes of plays, or snatches of poetry aloud, the brilliance of the night enabling him to read the smallest print with ease. Suddenly breaking in one evening upon his favourite pastime, I said: 'What sort of a man is the Arthur Dalzell said to be dying at San Francisco?'

'What sort of a man is the Arthur Dalzell said to be dying at San Francisco,' quietly replied Hartmann, folding down the page he had been reading, and closing the book: 'well, in person, well-looking enough, and about my own height and age; in character and disposition, a mingled yarn of good and evil—the evil, as I think, greatly predominating.'

'Come, that's candid, at all events.'

'You must think so, believing as you do that *I* am Arthur Dalzell.'

'Ha! How did you infer that?'

The man smiled, and taking me in a patronising way by the arm, said: 'My young friend—for a friend I am determined to make of you—that ingenuous face of yours can be read by duller eyes than those of Ruth Garstone. Nay, don't be foolish! You naturally wish to know something of your Aunt Viola's husband—Arthur Dalzell. Here, then, in a few rough strokes, is the man's moral picture in little:—Dalzell is a soldier, daring by temperament, a generous fellow too, from the same prompting. He is not thought to be a hard or cruel man—certainly, he would not strike a woman or a child; yet he has abandoned his wife and daughter for years, in order that he might be more free to follow the adventurous, vagabond life he loves. Altogether, he is a man of ardent impulses, not without some pleasant, perhaps good qualities, but utterly destitute of governing principle. Nay, I verily believe,' continued Hartmann with strange vehemence, 'that although he does love, always has loved his wife—and monster, indeed, must he be, did he not love that gentle long-suffering woman—yet, I say, I verily believe that there mingles with his fervent longing for reconciliation a base hope, that in the event of his at least *possible* recovery, he may revel once more in riches by participation in the large sum which, by the death-bed remorse of the man by whom her husband was ruined in the matter of some government contracts, has lately devolved to Mrs Dalzell.'

'Did you inform Mrs Garstone of the legacy you speak of?'

'Yes, but she seemed not to heed the information, although the bequest is comparatively a large one: silver rubles amounting to nearly five thousand pounds of your money.'

'And you are not sure that the vicious maniac you describe is really dying after all!'

'Well, yes, I think he is. We all are, for that matter; but with Arthur Dalzell, I cannot doubt that the wine of life draws near the lees. I agree with you also, that he must be at least partially insane.'

We were silent for some minutes, and then I said quickly: 'Am I right in supposing that you are personally known to my aunt, Mrs Dalzell?'

'I know Mrs Dalzell well; and she knows me, much too well: I mean, that her esteem can hardly equal her knowledge of me. Of less consequence, you are aware, inasmuch as any business I may have with her can be transacted by proxy—you being that proxy. And if, by chance, I should find myself in her presence, she, unhappy lady, will not, of course, be cognizant of that fact.'

Our conversation, after this, turned upon indifferent matters, and it was not long before we retired below, and turned in for the night. Nothing of importance occurred till the *Saucy Gipsy* was safely moored in the Golden Horn—not much then. The cargo was speedily disposed of; all matters of business satisfactorily adjusted; and I was ready to address myself seriously to the fulfilment of my good Aunt Martha's chief behest. But no step could, of course, be taken in the absence of Karl Hartmann, who had disappeared the very day we arrived at Constantinople, after making a bold draw upon the funds in my possession, and promising to return in ten days at the very latest. That time expired, and still no Mr Hartmann was to be seen or heard of; and I was becoming ferociously impatient, when a letter was placed in my hands by a clerk in a Greek house. It informed me that—but as the letter is before me, and sufficiently concise, I had better simply copy it:

'YALTA, CRIMEA, *August* 18, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR—This note will reach you by a sure hand, and will, I trust, decide you upon coming here without delay. I have obtained exact intelligence of (here there is a blotted erasure) your Aunt Dalzell and her daughter, still, as ever, the chosen companion of calamity—Viola, I mean, not Marian—completely blind, I am told; total eclipse—from cataract, it is said. My position here is a peculiar, and rather menacing one, though, after Ingraham's exploit at Smyrna, I should think my certificate of American naturalisation would pull me through. Perhaps not. There are grave circumstances, which I will explain when I see you. By the by, Prince Menschikoff, who commands here, is making tremendous preparations for the prompt carrying out of his proclaimed intention to drive the red and blue devils now at Varna into the sea, should they dare pollute the sacred soil of Russia with their profane footsteps, or hoofsteps; an announcement which, being indorsed by a unanimous and orthodox clergy, is received with undoubting faith by all here; even by the poor Tatars, who, like the devils—not the aforesaid red and blue ones—believe and tremble. There is one infidel exception—your obedient servant,

KARL HARTMANN.

N.B.—The roadstead here is a safe one at this time of the year, and I think the *Saucy Gipsy* might pick up a profitable cargo of morocco leathers and lambskins just now.'

I determined to start at once; and first giving the necessary directions to Captain Brystone, I hurried off to Pera with my letters of especial introduction to Mr Brown. I found our excellent representative at home, and sufficiently at leisure to listen to a brief exposition of my purpose in visiting the Heracleian Chersonesus.

'A simple affair enough in itself,' he remarked; 'but you should, I think, keep a wary eye upon Master Hartmann's movements. A note I will give you to Prince Menschikoff, with whom, when here, I had something more than an official acquaintance, will enable you to do so effectually.'

I thanked Mr Brown for his kindness, received the all-important note, and sailed the next day for Yalta with a light heart and a spanking breeze.

By this time the steam and sailing vessels required for the transportation of the British and French troops were assembled before Varna—a motley, multitudinous fleet, numbering from 400 to 500 vessels. We passed them on the 4th of September, at about three leagues to windward; for, luckily for that crowded mass of shipping, the wind, half a gale, was blowing *off* the shore. The embarkation was, we saw, vigorously progressing to the sound of martial music, exuberant cheering, and not unfrequent cannon-fire—in enforcement, no doubt, of the orders signaled by the fluttering bunting of a screw two-decker, bearing a rear-admiral's flag. By sun-down, we had dropped the whole of the vast armament, with the exception of the top spars of the largest men-of-war: these presently disappeared in the gathering gloom, and not a sail was visible in any other quarter save those imaginary ones which landsmen such as I conjure up in the distance out of flashing foam-horses chasing each other over a wild waste of sea.

'Steam,' I remarked to Captain Brystone, as he shut up his glass after a long scrutinising look towards every point of the compass—'steam has, I daresay, greatly increased the facilities for such an enterprise; still, it is quite clear, even to my unskilled judgment, that the gigantic embarkation going on yonder is a terribly hazardous affair.'

'That's a fact, Master Henderson,' rejoined the captain; 'and the boldest Britisher there would think twice of such a venture if the Russian men-of-war, instead of skulking off to hide themselves at Sebastopol, shewed they meant to have a downright shindy with their enemies at sea.'

'You cannot suppose the Muscovites would have a chance with the British fleet in a sea-fight, not to reckon the French!'

'Not the ghost of a chance, in a regular sea-fight, I am quite sure; but that's not what I'm speaking of. I have seen service with a convoy before now; and I tell you, Master Henderson, that let the men-of-war look them up as smartly as they may, that thundering fleet of transports won't have been at sea six hours, before they are a straggling, higgledy-piggledy line, leagues in length and width. Ten or a dozen swift steam-frigates, or half that number of such frisky fellows as the two-decker we saw cutting about yonder, well placed and smartly handled, would find opportunities of dashing in amongst them; scatter death and destruction on all sides, create the wildest confusion, and be off again, especially at night, before the war-ships could interfere to any effectual purpose. Just fancy the heavy metal of a frigate or a two-decker crashing through the brown paper-sides of merchant-vessels chock full of soldiers—transports running into one another to get out of the way—and ask yourself what sort of a plight the army would be in to effect a landing in an enemy's country, after two or three turns at such a game as that!'

Having thus delivered himself, Joel Brystone turned to the mate, and ordered him to call the hands to shorten sail, and make all snug for the night, as a 'sneezer' was evidently coming on. He himself took the wheel. I dived below out of the way, and was soon, spite of creaking timbers and a roaring sea, in a sound sleep, and dreaming of ——

'Precisely.' And that capital guess of yours suggests to me that Ruth Garstone's pretty face was not more changeful in its aspect of smiles and frowns, candour and coquettishness, than is the equally capricious Euxine in passing from wildest fury to gentlest calm. The morning shewed no trace of the previous night's gale, save in the slowly subsiding wave-swell, through which the *Saucy Gipsy*, feebly sustained by a light, fitful breeze, helplessly pitched and rolled. The wind freshened about noon, continued fair; and early the next morning the low flat shore of Kalamita Bay, on the south-west coast of the Crimea, close by the northern horn of which nestles the old Tatar town of Koslov, now Eupatoria, was visible from the deck. It was still far away, however, on our larboard-beam, stretching southward in sinuous outline to Cape Cherson, and backed up by the hill-region of the peninsula, which rising precipitately on the south, reaches inland as far as Simferopol, whence a vast steppe or plain extends in unbroken sterility to Perekop. As the day advanced, Eupatoria and the villages along the coast lit up into clearer distinctness—the hill-tops to the south and east sparkled with sun-fire, and by and by we could discern, through the glass, numbers of country-people busy getting in the harvest, with the help of camels and bullock-carts. Everything betokened peace, quiet, security, utter ignorance, or utter carelessness of the storm of war about to burst upon them. Not a soldier was to be seen, unless some fellows riding about upon ponies, with what to us looked like slender rods, borne in an upright position, or across their saddles, were lance-armed Cossacks. This strange apathy or disdain called forth numerous, and far from complimentary, comments from Joel Brystone, especially after we opened up Sebastopol, and he had counted from the mast-head the numerous fleet skulking idly there. 'A tremendous strong fortress, though, this Sebastopol!' he added, 'as that fellow Hartmann said, and about the only sensible thing he did say: not a place to be taken by the collar even by the Western Colossians.'

'Western Colossi, was it not?'

'Colossi or Colossians,' rejoined the captain, 'it comes to pretty much the same thing, I believe—which is, that the British and Frenchers will find Sebastopol a cussed hard nut to crack.' So saying, and feeling, I could see, a little pouty at having the correctness of his language questioned, the commander of the *Saucy Gipsy* walked away.

The following day, the *Saucy Gipsy* dropped her anchor in Yalta roadstead; and after the brig had been boarded and ransacked by an inferior crew of officials, we were visited by a sort of amphibious officer, inasmuch as, although a seaman by profession, as he told us, he wore a soldier's uniform, and called himself Major Kriloff. A civil sort of person the major proved to be, after satisfying himself of the genuineness of our nationality, and the legitimacy of our purpose in visiting the czar's dominions. That civility grew instantly to graciousness when he was shewn the letter to Prince Menschikoff, with the wax impressed by Mr Brown's official signet. There would, he said, be some difficulty in obtaining an interview with his excellency, who was just then incessantly occupied in marshalling the imperial forces for the signal chastisement of the sacrilegious Allies of the Turk; but every consideration, consistent with the military and police regulations, would meanwhile be shewn to a gentleman officially commended to the prince by the representative of a great, friendly power. 'The delay will not be very long,' added the major; 'for his excellency will quickly finish with the audacious invaders should they, which I think doubtful, be mad enough to set foot upon Russian territory.'

Captain Brystone, who understood French very well, though he did not speak it, gave a sarcastic sniff at hearing this; and I assured the major there was little doubt that the Allies really meant landing in the Crimea, and shortly too.'

'So much the better,' he briskly replied: 'they come to their graves!—though not in one sense, for we shall toss them like dead dogs into the sea,' added the gallant officer, tossing down a bumper of champagne emblematically at the same time. 'The French,' continued the major, kindling with the subject, 'the heroic children of the czar chased before them like sheep in 1812; and a very intelligent countryman of yours assures me, that the English soldiers will be panic-stricken at the mere sight of our invincible veterans!'

'A countryman of ours?'

'Yes; that is, a naturalised American, though a German by descent—a most intelligent person, I assure you. He has given me a lively description of your famous battle of New Orleans, where he tells me General Jackson, with only about fourteen hundred American militia, put to rout a whole host—upwards of twenty thousand English regulars—though posted behind walls of cotton bags! He himself was a very young drummer-boy at the time, and helped to beat the advance at the decisive bayonet-charge. His name is Karl Hartmann. Perhaps you know him.'

'Well!' exclaimed Brystone, as soon as he could fetch breath—mine was quite gone—and bringing his fist down upon the table with tremendous force—'well! if that don't bang Barnum, I'll be ——.'

The major, not understanding English, evidently mistook the captain's words and action for a vehement confirmation of Karl Hartmann's bulletin of the battle, for he immediately said: 'I am happy to find you can corroborate my friend's statement. One of the most agreeable, gentlemanlike men I have ever met with is Karl Hartmann, and an ardent admirer of Russia and her glorious emperor. He has been confined to his hotel by a slight indisposition for the last five or six days, or I should have endeavoured to bring him with me; but as you, Mr Henderson, are going on shore with me, I shall have much pleasure in presenting you to each other.'

'Thank you, Major Kriloff, but Mr Hartmann and I are old acquaintances. I shall be very glad to see him, let me add.'

The major was delighted to hear that, and soon afterwards we landed in company on Yalta pier. Yalta is, or was, a favourite resort of the Russian families who during the summer visit the Crimea; and, previous to the entry of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, a steamer plied regularly twice a week between it and Odessa, touching at Sebastopol on its way. The town is partly built upon the plateau and western side of a rather lofty promontory, and runs considerably inland through a charming valley sheltered on each side by wooded heights. Many of the houses are built up the hillside in a kind of step-terrace fashion, the flat roofs of a lower tier forming a promenade to the tier above. The permanent inhabitants are, I believe, chiefly Russians and Greeks, though the Tatar element of the Crimean population—chiefly agriculturists, sullen, swarthy fellows, with high cheek-bones, flat spreading noses, and narrow, long, cunning eyes—were numerous enough about the streets; and now and then a woman of that race shuffled past, her features concealed by white cotton bandages. The main street was full of soldiers, drawn up in heavy marching-order; and of course Major Kriloff was inexhaustibly voluble in his admiration of their fine soldierly appearance—an estimate which, though I did not endorse, I took care not to contradict; and the patriotic monologue terminated only at the door of the principal hotel, where temporarily resided Mr Karl Hartmann, and where the courteous major left me, after readily promising to return and dine with me and '*ce cher Hartmann*,' whose appetite, it appeared, was not in the slightest degree affected by the ailment which confined him within doors.

Karl Hartmann's indisposition, as I suspected, was a mere pretence, except in so far that an unexpected incident had in some slight degree shaken his steel-strung nerves.

'The truth is, my dear Mark,' said he, with an effort at familiar frankness, as soon as we had shaken hands—'for in future there must be no concealments between you and me—that I chanced to meet a fellow the other evening who, I thought, was a thousand miles away. Had he recognised me as I did him, and my revolver had not put in effectual bail for its owner, as I daresay it might have done, I should have been strung up in a trice to the nearest tree; or, had he chanced to be in a very gracious mood, have been despatched to the other world with military honours—*videlicet*, a close volley and a dozen bullets through my head.'

'Nonsense! This must be a reckless, extravagant jest, like your drummer-boy doings at the battle of New Orleans.'

He laughed out, the light merry laugh of a light-hearted merry boy. 'Kriloff has told you of that already, has he! Well, he is one in authority here: it was desirable to win his favour, and I have succeeded in doing so to admiration, by simply humouring his prejudices. But as to the *rencontre* I was speaking of, and its possible consequences, all that is true as doom.'

'What crime, then, have you committed, or been charged with?'

'None whatever! I mean no moral crime—one against the military code only. It thus fell out: You are aware that I once held the czar's commission?'

'No; but I have heard that Dalzell did.'

'I served in the same regiment with Dalzell, and he and I were not only bosom-friends and brother-officers, but, in conjunction with one Basil Ypslanti, a wealthy Greek, brother-contractors. We were stationed in Bessarabia at the time, and both knowing something of military engineering, we, after much ado, obtained a contract for some extensive works connected with the defences of Ismail. The affair wound up disastrously, Ypslanti, whose name did not appear in the business, having cheated us outrageously in the purchase of material. This we were as certain of as that we had life and breath, but legal proof thereof was difficult; and one of the consequences was, that General Korkasoff, meeting me one day about a mile outside of Ismail, called me, after asking a few questions, "*un sacré escroc*." He was on horseback, and accompanied by an officer of his staff—the man I met the other evening. I also was on horseback. Now, in my mildest mood I could hardly have tamely borne being called a cheat; but at that moment my brain was in a whirl of fiery excitement from wine and loss by play; and the offensive epithet had scarcely left the general's lips, when I answered it by a fierce stroke across his face with a stout riding-whip, followed by a shower of blows, which, aided by astonishment at the incredible audacity of such an attack, deprived him of all power of resistance. The aid-de-camp was at first equally stupified and paralysed, but presently rallying his startled senses, he drew his sword, and rode at me, shouting, as he did so, to an infantry picket not far off. I parried his thrust, and returned it by a blow on his head that must have set it ringing for some time, and to divers tunes; then set spurs to my horse, and, being capitally mounted, went off like the wind. I escaped, and found my way to America, where I read in the *Invalide Russe* that, as usual with deserters, I had been tried in my absence by court-martial, and condemned to death, "*mort infamante*," which in the vulgate is *sus. per col.*

You think, no doubt,' he added, 'that I must be crazy to come here under such circumstances; and perhaps it was an act of madness; but something, I thought, might be trusted to the fact, that the corps to which I belonged is now stationed in Poland; to the change produced in my appearance by difference of years, dress, the absence of beard, moustaches, and so on. Besides, the inveterate gamester ever delights in *le grand jeu*, though the stake be his own life.'

'Yes, I can understand that, when the possible gain is in some degree commensurate with the possible loss; but in the present case, you hazard your life for positively nothing—as regards yourself.'

'May be so; but the cards are dealt, and the game must be played out. And now to other and more pressing topics. Gabriel Derjarvin, half-Tatar, half-Russ—Ypslanti's executor and trustee—is, I find, a much greater rascal than I had supposed, and I allowed a wide margin too. He will give us plenty of trouble, if nothing worse. He is now, I believe, at Simferopol; and there or elsewhere we must seek, find, and try conclusions with him. Your aunt, Mrs Dalzell, and her daughter, are lately gone, he tells me, and by his advice, to reside for a time in Sebastopol.'

'Sebastopol! To a place about to be besieged—perhaps stormed!'

'An entirely absurd supposition, my good young man,' replied Hartmann, with an explosion of bitter mirth. 'A grand council of war has been held, at which the programme of the coming campaign has been definitively settled. It runs thus: The Allies are to be permitted to leave the safe security of their ships, to find their presumptuous march arrested before one of the formidable positions in the vicinage of Sebastopol, whence hurled back, discomfited, overthrown, amazed, by the Russian hosts, all those who escape the sword will be drowned in the sea; a modern illustration, according to a printed address, signed by the archimandrite of Odessa, of the catastrophe which in ancient times overtook swine possessed of devils. Of course, the unsavoury similitude offends your British olfactories—well, on the father's side at anyrate, if not on the mother's—but it is not the less certain for all that—that—dinner is served, and Major Kriloff impatient to fall to. Come along, Master Henderson.'

In the forenoon of the following day, Karl Hartmann, Major Kriloff, and I, set out for Simferopol, Menschikoff's head-quarters, in a *tarantas*—a two-horse vehicle, consisting of a coupé and a box-seat. I was not quite sure whether the major looked upon us as companions or captives—possibly as both; but it was very plain that he did not intend to lose sight of *me* till the genuineness of the letter to the prince had been verified. He was exceedingly gracious, however; and travelling in the Crimea under his authoritative guidance, was much more expeditious and agreeable than it might have been had we journeyed alone. And a delightful drive it was, through one of the most placidly picturesque regions it is possible to imagine: fertile valleys, shut in with finely wooded heights; one—that of Baidar, some ten miles long by five in width—cultivated like a garden, and waving with luxuriant crops of wheat, rye, millet, tobacco, interspersed with plantations of vine, mulberry, quince, pomegranate, apple trees: mountain table-lands, or plateaux, called *yailas* by the Tatars, rich in summer-pasture, and covered with long-tailed sheep, buffaloes, camels, and horses. The numerous Tatar huts, of lime-washed clay, are for the most part built amidst patches of mulberry, walnut, or other fruit-trees. At that season of the year, green tobacco-leaf was hanging to dry upon rough trellis-work in front of most of them. Upon several of the flat roofs, Tatar girls were winnowing corn; and other industries—turning, for example, with a bow and string—are pursued after a like primitive fashion. The day was splendid, and the sun-lit panorama of valley, mountain, forest, river, was further enlivened by the glittering arms and accoutrements of numerous bodies of military, horse, and horse-artillery chiefly, galloping past on the direct road, or glancing across a distant opening in the forest—all hurrying westward, to share in the coming triumph of the Russian arms. At Baghtsche-serai, the ancient residence of the Tatar khans, where we slept, or rather should have slept, if permitted by the swarms of fleas, cockroaches, with a sprinkling of scorpions, domiciled hereditarily in the bed-rooms, the same excitement and exultation appeared to pervade the soldiery temporarily halting there; whilst the scowling looks of the Tatar habitants seemed to express a savage hope, controlled by equally savage servile fear. Major Kriloff introduced us to a party of Russian officers, who were all, and quite naturally, brimming over with indignation at the threatened insult to the sacred soil of Russia. Their eager talk and questioning referred not so much to the French, who, in connection with the campaign of 1812, they affected to hold very cheap, as to the English, with whom they had not yet measured swords; and certainly Hartmann fooled them upon the subject to the top of their bent. His precious battle of New Orleans, which always stirred my bile, by the ridiculous version it gave of a really creditable affair, absurdly overpuffed as it may have been by Old Hickory's partisan admirers, was repeated over and over again, with never-ending variations; and by midnight, when the reckoning for champagne—towards which they would not hear of our contributing a cent—must have reached a handsome figure, it was firmly impressed upon every confused brain there that the English of these days, though still formidable at sea, were as inept as Chinese at land-fighting, and would certainly scamper off at the first flash of the Russian bayonets. Hartmann was in his glory, and concluded the evening's entertainment as follows:—

'I think you hinted just now,' said he, confidentially addressing the only Russian officer remaining in the room—and who, it had struck me, was very young looking for his rank—'I think you hinted a short time ago that your uncle, being a general of division, you could have your gallant Arofsky regiment placed in whatever part of the field seemed likely to yield the thickest crop of laurels?'

'I have little doubt I could.'

'In which case,' continued Hartmann, 'I can give you useful counsel: no thanks, my dear Colonel Softenuff, I'——'

'Puhmpenuff'—this is no word-play of mine; Puhmpenuff is a well known Russian surname—'Puhmpenuff, if you please, Monsieur Hartmann.'

'Ah, *oui*, Puhmpenuff—a highly distinguished name, it struck me at first.'

'One of the *most* distinguished names in the empire,' said Puhmpenuff, stroking his moustache complacently.

'And very deservedly so, I have no doubt,' rejoined Hartmann; 'but, returning to the counsel or advice I have to give you. It must, to begin with, be clear to you that my opinion of the qualities and composition of an English army is entitled to respect; I, who, when a mere boy, assisted—so far as vigorously beating the *pas de charge* can be called assisting—a mere handful, comparatively speaking, of my countrymen to rout and pepper twenty thousand English red-coats, intrenched though they were behind ramparts of cotton-bales.'

'Thirty thousand, you said just now,' remarked the colonel.

'Did I? Well, I daresay there might have been thirty thousand; but the truth is, they ran so fast that it was difficult to ascertain their numbers with more than approximate accuracy. To proceed, however. Although nineteen out of twenty of the British soldiers you will soon be in face of have never in their lives heard a gun fired in anger, and won't stop when they do to hear a second, there are, you must bear in mind, two or three regiments which, as a matter of prudence, should be avoided. Not—understand me, Colonel Puhmpenuff—that I for a moment believe a soldier of your heroic name and chivalric character cares one straw how brave or how numerous may be the enemies opposed to him; but it is your duty to economise the blood of your valiant Arofskys, prodigal as you may be of your own.'

'*Certainement.* There I agree with you entirely, Monsieur Hartmann.'

'The regiments I allude to are those that have seen service in India'——

'India!' interrupted the colonel—'I know—we shall go there some day.'

'To be sure you will, and back again!' exclaimed Hartmann with a burst which I saw rather startled the colonel, wine-wildered as he was. 'You and your Arofskys are just the fellows to do that; and here'—tossing off a glass of champagne—'here's wishing with all my heart and soul that I may live to be there, and give them a hearty welcome when they do go. But I shall never finish if you interrupt me so. The question remains, how to discover which are those India regiments, and I confess I hardly know how that is to be done. There is, however, one plain course to pursue, which will answer the purpose of that knowledge. You must pit the Arofskys against the show-soldiers who never go abroad, and have no more fight in them than hares. They are brigaded together, I see by the papers, and you cannot fail to recognise them. Half of them, and the tallest fellows—six feet of bad stuff every one of them—all wear bear-skin caps; the others wear petticoats.'

'Petticoats! *Allons donc!*'

'But I say they do; and not so much as a pair of drawers beneath! There is hardly a pin's difference between the bear-skin caps and them, but I should recommend the petticoats for choice. Good-night, Colonel Puhmpenuff. Should you not,' added Hartmann, 'be able yourself to profit by the hint I have given you, impart it to such of your friends as may be able to do so, with my compliments, and if they don't ever afterwards remember me in their prayers, they are not the men I take them for—— Ha! Major Kriloff! you here!'

I was even more startled than Hartmann at suddenly confronting that officer, as we rose from our chairs. He had, I was sure, been silently standing there some time; had heard, and, his lowering visage convinced me, appreciated Hartmann's mocking persiflage. He betrayed neither anger nor suspicion by words—contenting himself with telling a lie instead: 'I have this moment stepped in to remind you both that we start at dawn of day. Good-night, again, messieurs.'

'Well, Mr Hartmann,' said I, as soon as we were alone, 'that reckless, gibing tongue of yours cannot be governed, it seems, even by the menace of a halter, or a levelled row of muskets! For the future, you may be sure that Major Kriloff will not only be our jailer, but an indefatigable spy over all our motions.'

'Possibly; but don't be angry. I would not, and luckily I cannot, compromise you; and I am, as you say, reckless—mad! or nearly so. In fact, Mark Henderson,' he went on to say, 'I have a strong presentiment that, do what I may, I *must* lose the game—the game of life—I am playing here. Well thought of!' he added, taking a small sealed packet of papers from his breast-pocket. 'You had better at once take charge of these papers. They will inform you of everything it is necessary you should know relative to your Aunt Viola and myself; the understanding being, remember, that you do not break the seal of the envelope whilst I am alive and at liberty. And now, let us try to sleep.'

NICHOLAS SOLD.

During an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with the Prince [Volkhonsky, high-steward], the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents, and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. This feat was performed with so much gusto, that the emperor laughed immoderately; and then, to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself 'taken off.'—''Tis physically impossible,' pleaded Martineff.—'Nonsense,' said Nicholas: 'I insist on its being done.' Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace, and with a promptitude and presence of mind that probably saved him, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head, and assuming the imperial port to the best of his power, strode across the room and back; then, stopping opposite the minister, he cried, in the exact tone and manner of the czar: 'Volkhonsky! pay Monsieur Martineff one thousand silver rubles.' The emperor for a moment was disconcerted; but recovering himself with a faint smile, he ordered the money to be paid.—*Harrison's Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia.*

ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

John of Irwyn had landed possessions in the parish of Holm, in Orkney, in 1438, when the county was still an appanage of the crown of Denmark and Norway. The Irvines of Sebay are very frequently mentioned in the times of Robert and Patrick Stewart, Earls of Orkney, and suffered very severely from the outrages of these rapacious nobles. They became extinct in the direct male line, *tempore* Charles I.; but one collateral branch had immediately before settled in the island of Sanday, and another, the Irvines of Gairstay, in the island of Shapinshay. They lost the estate of Gairstay several generations back, and sank down into the condition of mere peasants, tenants of Quhome, where some of them reside at this day. I was there lately with Mr Balfour, the proprietor of Shapinshay, who pointed out the old and modest house at Quhome where was born William Irvine, father of Washington Irving. Is it not somewhat singular that Sir Robert Strange and the author of *Bracebridge Hall* can be almost demonstrated of the same blood? I *guess*, if Irving knew his pedigree could be traced step by step up to John Erwyn of 1438, he would readily claim and vindicate his Orcadian descent.—*Dennistoun's Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange.*

'ROW, BROTHERS, ROW.'

Here is the scene of Moore's undying *Canadian Boat-song*, which he wrote on the fifth day of his descent of the St Lawrence from Kingston. Thirty-three years after he wrote this song, I had the pleasure of shewing Moore the original manuscript, which he had entirely forgotten. He had pencilled the lines, nearly as they stand in his works, in the blank page of a book which happened to be in his canoe, from whence he transcribed them at night. The sight of the original copy of these famous lines, recalling youthful days and happy associations, produced a great effect on the poet, who alluded in a touching manner to his passage down the rapids of life.—*Weld's Vacation Tour.*

RHUBARB MARMALADE.

Now that a supply of rhubarb is at hand, we present our readers with a recipe, which has been furnished us, and which we have had tested, and can therefore recommend, for making a delicious marmalade:—Pare and cut into very small pieces 2 lbs. of rhubarb; add 1½ lb. of loaf-sugar, and the rind of one lemon, cut very fine, and into very small pieces. Put the whole into a dish, or other deep vessel, and let it stand until next day. Then strain off the juice, and boil from half an hour to three-quarters; after which, add the rhubarb, and boil altogether ten minutes.—*Preston Guardian.*

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MEDICAL FAITH.

IN Egypt there have been, of late years, a few English and French physicians, who practise according to the rules of modern medicine, as taught in the most enlightened parts of the world. There is at the same time a vast number of the old native practitioners, who pretend to cure everything by charms and amulets, or by such therapeutics as the swallowing of a masked prayer or extract from the Koran. We were much struck lately on hearing an intelligent native of Egypt declare, that it often appeared as if the old practitioners achieved the greater proportion of cures.

The fact—for we can well believe it to be one—seems worthy of some philosophic consideration. It is, we think, generally overlooked by writers on quackery in medicine, that it is not simple credulity that is concerned in supporting the trade of the quack. This credulity is attended with a certain effect, which reacts in justifying the credulous to himself, and making him even bear ridicule with a sort of heroism. It supplies him, in short, with facts, which he believes to be good ground for his faith. The denouncer of quackery, neglecting this point, and proclaiming war against his convictions as wholly composed of delusion, leaves him as he found him, and makes but little way in guarding the public against similar absurdities.

The career of all great quackeries has been, for the most part, the same. An ignorant person, in or out of the medical profession, is accidentally impressed with the belief that some particular thing or process is attended with a curative effect. As an example: 'A young man, who had been brought up as a journeyman cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of *shampooing*. Shampooing, and other modes of friction, have been long known as useful remedies in certain cases of stiff joints and weakened limbs, and as a substitute for exercise in bedridden patients; and there are many respectable females of the class of nurses in London who practise the art very successfully, and think themselves amply remunerated by earning a few shillings daily. But this youth was more fortunate. One or two cures, which it was reported he had made, caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art—that shampooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. Not only those to whose cases the treatment was really applicable, but those to whose cases it was not applicable at all—patients with diseases of the hip and spine, of the lungs and liver—patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever—went to be shampooed. The time of the artist, being fully occupied, rose in value; and we have no doubt that we do not overestimate his gains in saying that, for one or two years, his receipts were at the rate of L.6000 annually. Matters went on thus for two or three years, when the delusion ceased as suddenly as it had leapt into vigour, and the shampooer found himself all at once deprived of his vocation.'*

As another and equally instructive example. It was about the close of the last century, that Benjamin D. Perkins, an American surgeon practising in London, announced the sanative virtues of what he called his *Metallic Tractors*. They were a couple of small tapering pieces of metal—one zinc, the other copper—which the practitioner drew along in repeated passes near the part of the patient affected by disease, giving out that thus the disease was somehow drawn or magnetised away. For a time, persons afflicted with gout, rheumatism, and other disorders, came in vast numbers to Mr Perkins to be healed. His tractors, for which he had taken out a patent, were sold at five guineas a pair. The Society of Friends, to which body he belonged, benevolently raised an hospital, in which he might practise on the poor. At length a Dr Haygarth, of Bath, hit upon a method of exposing the fallacy of the tractors. 'He suggested to Dr Falconer that they should make wooden tractors, paint them to resemble the steel [?] ones, and see if the very same effects would not be produced. Five patients were chosen from the hospital in Bath, upon whom to operate. Four of them suffered severely from chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, and the fifth had been afflicted for several months with the gout. On the day appointed for the experiments, Dr Haygarth and his friends assembled at the hospital, and with much solemnity brought forth the fictitious tractors. Four out of the five patients said their pains were immediately relieved; and three of them said they were not only relieved, but very much benefited. One felt his knee warmer, and said he could walk across the room. He tried and succeeded, although on the previous day he had not been able to stir. The gouty man felt his pains diminish rapidly, and was quite easy for nine hours, until he went to bed, when the twitching began again. On the following day, the real tractors were applied to all the patients, when they described their symptoms in nearly the same terms.

'To make still more sure, the experiment was tried in the Bristol Infirmary, a few weeks afterwards, on a man who had a rheumatic affection in the shoulder, so severe as to incapacitate him from lifting his hand from his knee. The fictitious tractors were brought and applied to the afflicted part, one of the physicians, to add solemnity to the scene, drawing a stop-watch from his pocket to calculate the time exactly, while another, with a pen in his hand, sat down to write the change of symptoms from minute to minute as they occurred. In less than four minutes, the man felt so much relieved, that he lifted his hand several inches without any pain in the shoulder.'*

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* From an article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxi., p. 90), understood to have been written by Sir Benjamin Brodie.

In our own day, we have seen a gigantic system of what may be called uncanonical medicine arise under the name of Homœopathy; and it is still running its course. Its leading dogmas are—that diseases are curable by the articles which naturally produce similar affections in healthy persons, and that these must be administered in infinitesimally small doses. The explanation of an infinitesimally small dose, gives a key to the character of the system. Take a grain of aconite, for example, and mix it up in a certain quantity of water; then take a drop of this water, and diffuse it through a similar quantity of pure water; then let a drop of that again be diluted in like manner; and so on, for *thirty times*, in which case it is arithmetically demonstrable that you have the original grain diffused through a mass of water many millions of millions of times larger than the whole earth: a globule or small pill containing some of this infusion becomes the approved dose! At this moment, there are hundreds of respectable men practising homœopathy: as one remarkable fact, there are three shops for the sale of its peculiar medicines in our own city. It is understood to be in many instances more lucrative than the ordinary practice; yet we see no reason to doubt that the practitioners are, in general, well-meaning and earnest men. There are many curious stories told illustrative of the illusory character of the system. We shall not repeat them, because we do not wish unnecessarily to give offence. But we may be allowed to say that, according to the best judgment we can form regarding homœopathy, we are left no room to doubt that the views of its practitioners are founded in almost unmixed error.

Now, it appears to us, that no such processes as shampooing and magnetising, no such practice as that of homœopathy, nor any of the many pills, ointments, and other appliances which seek the public favour, could have the least chance of success, if they were wholly illusory—that is to say, if no positive effect, at least, *appeared to follow* from them. The superstitious practitioners of Egypt could not possibly, in our opinion, maintain their ground against the newly introduced English and French physicians, if they in every case left their patients just as they found them. Men in no stage of society are quite so weak and irrational as to continue from age unto age under a pure deception. The opponents, however, of quack-medicines and quack-practices, are usually so weak and irrational (for really it is little less), as to suppose that the bulk of their fellow-creatures are capable of this monstrous amount of delusion; and hence, we believe, their small success in disabusing the public of such deception as really exists.

One first, but hitherto neglected step is, in our opinion, necessary, in order to guard mankind against empiricisms in medicine; and this is an acknowledgment of the fact that, in many instances, a cure *has* followed the medicine or treatment, joined, however, with an explanation as to this cure.

In the first place, it may be connected with the taking of the medicine, or the submission to the treatment, merely in point of time. Contrary to the common notion, that a disease, if left to itself, will go on to a fatal conclusion, it is much more apt to go on to a recovery. 'Men,' says Dr Simpson, 'labouring under diseases, even the most acute, and consequently much more so under slighter ailments, do not as a general rule die, even when left without any medicinal treatment whatever.' There is an internal energy in the system, recognised as the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, which constantly works to the effecting of a cure; and often it does so with so much success, that the less positive interference from without the better. Such being the case, it is evident that where a medical attendant merely rubs some part of the body, administers a visionary or otherwise innocuous medicine, or acts in any other way indifferently to the actual disease, that disease may be all the time abating of itself, not in any way affected by the treatment, to which, accordingly, the cure can only be attributed under a mistake.

In the second place, there are cases in which the medicine or treatment may be said to have really effected a cure, more or less thorough and permanent, but in a wholly indirect manner. Its effect in these cases is owing to the intervention of a mental affection on the part of the patient. The maladies to which this principle applies are chiefly of a nervous character. The treatment is an application to the nervous system, which may be called the mainspring of the human constitution; it is so far, then, an intelligible process. At one time, we see a Valentine Greatrakes giving out that he can cure all diseases by stroking the affected part with his hand; at another, we have a Prince Hohenlöe undertaking to heal the whole of a certain class of ailments in a distant province by his prayers, on the sole condition that the patients have faith in him, and pray to the same purpose at the same time. Or, perhaps, there is a belief, connected with the religious creed of the individual, that if he pilgrimise to a certain saint's well, or tomb, or shrine, and there go through certain ceremonies, his malady will leave him. Or it may simply be, that some mystical-looking system of therapeutics, like homœopathy, has acquired a hold upon the faith of the patient. In all cases, the patients are taught to expect something wonderful. A real effect is consequently wrought in them; and under the powerful impulse given for the moment to the nervous system, the bedrid finds he can rise, the paralytic throws away his crutches, the deaf hears, and even tumours and ulcers subside and are dried up. The possibility of such cures by such means is established beyond all contradiction. One noted case, often alluded to in medical works, is that of the besieged inhabitants of Breda, who, when invalided and bedrid with scurvy and other complaints, were rapidly restored to health by drinking of the solution of what they were told was a very precious drug smuggled into the town, for their especial benefit, by the Prince of Orange, but which was confessedly only a little coloured water. We are told that Sir Humphry Davy cured a paralytic man in a fortnight, by placing daily under his tongue the bulb of a pocket thermometer, from which the patient was led to believe that he inhaled a gas of sovereign virtue. M. Huc informs us, in his amusing *Travels in Tartary*, that the Lama there cures all diseases by vegetable pills; but 'if he happens not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted: he writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down with the same perfect confidence as if they were genuine medicaments. To swallow the *name* of a remedy, or the *remedy itself*, comes, say the Tartars, to precisely the same thing!'

It is, we conceive, entirely owing to the fact that diseases thus so frequently vanish under empiric treatment, either in a mere connection of time, or through an indirect efficacy in the treatment, that empiricism takes such a hold of the public mind—nay, that so many medical men, from whom better things are expected, adopt empiric styles of practice. The alleged facts are real; they are candidly accepted, and honestly acted on; only, they are all the time misinterpreted. What is first, and above all, required, accordingly, in order to save the world from quackery, is, that we meet its practitioners, defenders, and victims, on the ground of an acknowledgment and explanation of these facts. Till this is done, it will, we believe, be quite in vain to hold up to ridicule or lamentation the attestations given by nobles, clergymen, professors, and others, in favour of the cures effected by the Perkinses and the St John Longs, or to deplore that homœopathy brings some men their six thousand a year, while honourable allopathists can sometimes hardly obtain a subsistence. When this is done, and medicine has become a scientific system, we may hope to see true therapeutics aided by the imagination as much as quackeries have been, and the orthodox doctor allowed the full gain which he deserves.

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* *Mackay's Extraordinary Popular Delusions.*

KARL HARTMANN:

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

We reached Simferopol (formerly Akmedshid), a mean, straggling town, situated in a valley near the source of the tiny Salghir, early in the afternoon of the following day. The inhabitants we found in a state of panic-terror, ill concealed in the presence of strangers by a show of contemptuous bravado; news having arrived that the Allies had actually landed in great force near Eupatoria. Menschikoff had set out for the scene of expected action a week previously; and as nothing less than an order from the prince himself could procure us admittance into Sebastopol, the disappointment was a vexatious, depressing one. Major Kriloff proposed, or, more properly, decided, that we should follow the prince to the head-quarters of the Russian army, which, he said, would not only procure the required mandate much earlier than if we awaited his excellency's return to Simferopol, but enable us to be eye-witnesses of the signal overthrow preparing for the impious abettors of the Crescent against the Cross. It was so settled; and after dinner, Hartmann and I strolled, as if with no definite purpose, towards the Tatar division of the town (Ak-Metchet), where, if anywhere, Gabriel Derjarvin was to be found. A filthy, ill-kept, inodorous locality is Ak-Metchet, wherein the Helots of the Crimea seem to burrow rather than dwell. The narrow streets are neither paved nor lighted—the best shop-fronts are wooden shutters opening horizontally; and the principal coffee-house, to which we, with much difficulty, found our way, consisted of one large, low, dingy apartment, divided, by rudely carpentered railings, about three feet high, into compartments floored within, and crammed full of dirty, bearded, loose-robed, loose-slippered, hang-dog-looking fellows, each with a cherry-stick pipe in his mouth, smoking in apathetic sullenness round a low table, upon which stood a brazier containing lighted charcoal, and utensils of various shapes and sizes filled with ink-coloured coffee. As soon as Hartmann could distinctly discern faces through the thick, stifling atmosphere, he beckoned to about the only decent-looking, respectably-attired guest there, who at once rose and followed us into the street.

'This, Monsieur Derjarvin,' said Hartmann stiffly, 'is the American gentleman, Mr Mark Henderson, who, I informed you, was expected here to make inquiries after his aunt, Madame Dalzell, and her daughter.'

A constrainedly civil but sinister smile lurked about the man's eyes and lips whilst Hartmann was speaking: not a positively ill-looking countenance, but strongly indicative of the fellow's mixed origin. 'Grattez le Russe et vous verrez le Tartare,' said Napoleon; and a very slight scratching of the super-varnish would, it was abundantly plain, have made that discovery in the case of Gabriel Derjarvin.

'I should be most happy, sir,' said Derjarvin, addressing himself directly to me, 'to assist in furthering your pious views, were it in my power to do so; but the truth is, that Madame Dalzell, in order to consult and be near an eminent oculist, is gone with her daughter to reside in Sebastopol, where no stranger can, under present circumstances, be admitted. And they say, too,' he added, with thinly masked insolence, 'that Sebastopol will be soon besieged, perhaps stormed, in which case God only knows what may happen.'

'You mean,' said Hartmann in a calm voice, though his face was white, and his frame quivering with scorn, hate, rage—'you mean that Madame Dalzell and her daughter may be killed; in which case Ypslanti's legacy might remain in the hands of the trustee.'

'It certainly,' replied Derjarvin with a devilish jeer, 'would not pass to the dastard husband, who'——

'Hartmann!' I interrupted, with difficulty arresting the uplifted hand, that would in another moment have dashed Derjarvin to the ground; 'for Heaven's sake, control yourself! And you, sir,' I added in French, 'might avoid insulting an absent man, and this gentleman's friend.'

'Is truth an insult?' he retorted. 'Yes, in this instance, I admit, the bitterest that could be offered! I shall endeavour,' he added, 'to acquaint Madame Dalzell with the interesting fact, that her nephew, having heard of the happy change in his aunt's fortunes, has arrived in the Crimea with the amiable object of cultivating her acquaintance. And now, au plaisir, messieurs, I happen to have important business to transact within.' He then re-entered the café.

'I am glad,' said Hartmann, as soon as his choking rage permitted speech—'I am glad you did not tell the scoundrel of your introduction to Prince Menschikoff.'

'It was as well, perhaps; but there is something of much more importance. Does Gabriel Derjarvin know who you are?'

'No, I think not; but it may be that he suspects. You, at all events, he cannot harm, nor ultimately baffle. And there are reasons why he would not denounce me, even if he were sure—— He knows, too, if he knows anything, that he plays with his own life who threatens mine—— Major Kriloff!' In turning the corner of a street, we had come full butt upon the major. He was slightly confused, but for a moment only.

'Ah, messieurs,' said he, 'you are like me, then, out for a quiet stroll; and a curious, tumble-down part of the town it is we have hit upon. I shall soon rejoin you at the hotel.'

'Dogged!' I exclaimed, as soon as we were out of hearing, 'as I told you we should be. Depend upon it, he will find out whom we have been talking with, and have a chat himself with Derjarvin!'

'Very likely; but I am, as you see, fastened to the stake, and, bear-like, *must* fight the course. The end is in the stars.'

We rose before the dawn, and were on the road to the Russian camp before Tchatir-Dagh, the loftiest of the Crimean mountains, displayed his morning sun-crown. The weather continued fine, though, as we neared our destination, the state of the roads shewed that rain had recently fallen in that part of the country. The district through which we were passing was a pleasant, diversified one, very similar to that before described, with the addition, that openings in the hills gave now and then to view patches of blue, glittering sea in the distance, shut in again, almost as soon as caught, by the devious road; but with the exception of the ubiquitous Cossacks, we saw no soldiers whatever: they were all, no doubt, concentrated for the now imminent conflict. About noon, on our second day's journey—the reader must understand that we did not travel with the speed of a mail-coach over a macadamised road—we heard the booming of distant cannon, which the major and I took to be the commencement of that conflict, but which Hartmann pronounced to be merely artillery-practice, not a sustained battle cannonade—two very different things. His opinion we afterwards knew to be a correct one. The firing we heard, was that of the Russian guns at the Alma trying their range over the ground which the Allies must necessarily pass in assailing the Russian position.

We reached that position on the eve of the memorable battle; when Major Kriloff, first giving us in strict charge to a subaltern, peremptorily demanded my letter to Prince Menschikoff, with which he forthwith disappeared through the dense masses of soldiery, in the direction of two or three white tents near the centre of the encampment, and the only ones I saw.

A solemn, fearful, thrilling sight was that which presented itself upon the now historic heights of Alma, and the acclivity beyond that river—a space easily, from the vantage-ground upon which we stood, swept throughout its whole extent by the naked eye—yet within which narrow verge a hundred thousand combatants were already marshalled. Here, the sullen satellites of the czar; yonder, the eager soldiers of the West, armed with all the modern enginery of war—offerings of science at the shrine of Moloch—and impatient for the signal that would launch them at each other's throats. Who shall foretell the issue of the coming strife—dare predict aught thereof, save that the now fast-sinking sun, whose receding rays are at this moment but faintly reflected from bayonet-points, glittering epaulettes, and the bright scarlet uniforms of the British array, fronting the Russian right and centre, will to-morrow light thousands of brave fools to dark, untimely graves!

It was thus the raw youth, fresh from his father's home, felt rather than reasoned. The war-accustomed soldier by my side, a stranger to such commonplaces, felt and argued after another fashion; and whilst I was awed, oppressed, by the magnitude, the mightiness of the spectacle, with its bodeful associations, its dire shadows cast before, he was coolly mastering its details, weighing the advantages or otherwise of the rival positions in a purely military sense; and when I turned sharply towards him, startled, shocked in my sentimental mood by the ringing tone in which he spoke, I read in Captain Dalzell's brightly-flushing face and sparkling eyes—I had for some time quite made up my mind as to who Karl Hartmann really was—that the soldiers of the West, those ranks of red especially, my father's countrymen, were not, as I had feared, doomed to inevitable defeat.

'Before this hour to-morrow, Master Henderson,' said he, 'a great fact, which, indeed, none but fools have ever questioned—but then fools are so large a majority everywhere—namely, the immense physical and moral superiority of the western to the northern and eastern races of Europe in the present day—will have received a new and brilliant illustration, and a new and brilliant page of military history will also have been inscribed by the victorious swords of France and England. And worthy of those great deeds is the magnificent theatre in which they will be performed—magnificent in a soldier sense as well as in natural grandeur. Let me sketch it in rough outline, so that, when you return to America, you may be able to describe to your aunt and father—and the Saucy Gipsy of course—a position which twenty thousand of our, of their race would have held against a world; but from which, to-morrow, you will see some fifty thousand Russians driven like sheep.'

'There is an adage, Mr Hartmann, relative to slaying the bear before you sell its skin.'

'And a very respectable adage it is,' rejoined the confident soldier; 'but, spite of its ancient wisdom, we will take the liberty, for once, of forestalling the spoil, now that the Lion and the Eagle are so close upon the quarry. But with respect to this position of Menschikoff's: really, it speaks highly for the old fellow's military judgment, particularly as he is only a sea-officer by profession. We are standing on the ridge, and at about the centre, of a vast and rugged amphitheatre, shut in seaward by precipitous cliffs, and on the right by hilly ground, fissured by impassable rifts. This amphitheatre slopes roughly, jumpingly down to a river, which my obliging friend, the officer in whose charge or custody we are left, informs me is called the Alma. Now, these heights cannot be less than three hundred feet above the level of that river; whilst the surface of the slope is, moreover, you perceive, broken into sharp ridges, rugged ravines scooped out by winter floods. On this side of the river, and in front of the British position, is a scattered village, vine-fields, and other wooded cover, occupied, my friend informs me, by thousands, but say hundreds of riflemen. In addition to these defences, many earthworks have been thrown up, and batteries of heavy cannon so placed as to sweep every practicable way of approach.'

'How, then, are the Allies to attack a force so posted with any chance of success?'

'The "how," my young friend, presents itself very simply. The French on the right of the Allies, their own right resting on the sea, will, I apprehend, if the cliffs are accessible seaward, endeavour to scale them, under cover of the ships' guns, and turn the Russian left. The British have nothing for it but to fairly take the bull by the horns, ford the river in their front, clear the village and wood, and charge boldly up these broken, hilly, cannon-swept heights. The bayonet will make a road.'

Having so far settled the affair to his own satisfaction, Mr Hartmann turned to 'my friend,' the Russian subaltern, with whom he immediately commenced an animated conversation in Russ.

Meanwhile, evening, with its calming, subduing power, was falling over all things, the vast, restless masses of men around us inclusive; and gradually the deafening Babel of shouts, orders, imprecations, the measured march of armed men, the gallop of horse, the hurrying to and fro, the bugle-calls, the roll of drums, all subsided to comparative silence, and was succeeded by a low, wide-spread hum and murmur of many voices, varied now and then by peals of laughter or rough snatches of song, as the men settled themselves for the night. Presently, innumerable watch-fires glanced brightly forth, and repeated in the distant French and English bivouacs, seemed to meet and mingle with the lights of the firmament.

'The next time, Mark,' curtly observed Hartmann, 'the bright stars look down upon this particular spot of earth, their lovers' light will fall upon sounder sleepers than the wearied fellows that will to-night dream around their watch-fires. Really a splendid night, though, but deuced chilly! I hope Major Kriloff will soon turn up. Oh, here he comes.'

The major apologised for his long absence. It was only after much delay that he could obtain a few moments' interview with the prince. 'Your letter, Mr Henderson,' he added, with double-refined politeness, 'is entirely satisfactory; but his Excellency will not be able to see you personally till after to-morrow's battle—I might say, since of that there can be no doubt whatever, to-morrow's victory: and, gentlemen, I have further to say, that Colonel Puhmpenuff sends his compliments, and will be glad of your company for an hour or two this evening.'

'We accept the invitation with the greatest pleasure,' promptly replied Hartmann. 'Come along, Mark! Depend upon it, my lad,' he added, as we followed a few paces behind the major, 'that if there is a snug, snoozy bivouac to be had on such a field as this, a rich Puhmpenuff will be sure to have secured it.'—Colonel Puhmpenuff, who *was* snugly bivouacked, received us very cordially, and we made a convivial night of it, no one appearing to think of bed. The colonel himself, however, though I suppose as brave as others, seemed ill at ease after a while; and more than once, when he thought himself unobserved, I noticed him rapidly make the sign of the cross, and, judging by the motion of his lips, ejaculate a prayer. Poor fellow! the shadow of a near and premature death chilled and depressed his boding spirit.

With the first rays of the dawn, the *réveille* rang through the Russian host, which immediately started into life and activity. Major Kriloff procured three Cossack horses for himself and us, and a clump of Cossacks proper, to escort or guard us; and bidding farewell to our hospitable entertainer, we took our way to some high ground, not far from the village of Almatomak, and near the Russian centre, which commanded a view of a large portion of the field. Breakfast over, the troops—green infantry, green artillery, green cannon, green tumbrils, green cavalry, with the exception of a few squadrons of dragoons clothed in white—took up their assigned positions, and immediately numerous processions of splendidly-habited popes or priests, bearing sacred pictures, passed slowly before the lines of kneeling soldiers, blessing them with uplifted, outstretched hands, and no doubt appropriate words, though these were inaudible; a reverential roll of the drums, as if muffled, continuing throughout the ceremony—which over, the pictures and popes were sent to the rear, out of the range of heterodox cannon-balls. There were no colours that I saw, and the officers concealed their rank and honours beneath the gray greatcoats of the common soldier—a useless, as well as degrading device, according to Hartmann; an officer, armed with a sword, being always easily distinguishable from the musket-bearing rank-and-file, particularly if he does his duty—that of encouraging and rallying his men.

The oppressive pause which followed the close of the religious ceremonial, was at length broken by the booming of heavy artillery, far away on the Russian left. This proved to be the guns of the fleet supporting the attempt of the French to scale the cliffs on that side, as Hartmann had anticipated. Mounted officers were soon galloping to and fro; large bodies of troops moved off to sustain and strengthen the Russian resistance; and the struggle in that quarter rapidly developed itself. The English, meanwhile, after having some time before closely approached the Alma, lay motionless upon the ground, partially concealed from view by the inequalities of its surface, their left terminated by a brilliant body of cavalry, though numbering only—Hartmann reckoned—about a thousand sabres. Fiercer with every passing minute grew the din of battle on the left; still the English gave no sign, and this, to me, inexplicable tardiness to engage, sent the hot blood in a gallop through my veins. Hartmann was also greatly agitated: his face as white as paper, his eyes aflame with excitement; and even Kriloff was indulging himself with a jest at the scarlet soldiers' expense, when he was silenced by a shout like an explosion from Hartmann, followed by—'The British bugles at last! Now for the tug of war!'

As the words left his lips, the red-coated battalions rose up out of the earth, as it were—formed, with the Rifles in front, the artillery in the intervals of divisions—and with banners displayed, came on in all the pomp and glory of war. I can merely indicate by a few brief pen-strokes, my own very partial experience of the battle itself. The Rifles had, I judged, reached the river when the hurricane of fire reserved for that moment burst forth, and must, it seemed to me, have swept away every soldier within range; and how, I asked myself, shall men of mortal mould withstand, defy, that continuous, incessant iron tempest? Yet to my amazement did the volleyed thunder of the invisible battle—the war-cloud of driving smoke and glancing flame which shrouded the actual combatants—manifestly advance up the cannon and rifle swept heights, in vast whirling eddies, as it were, for a moment driven back, again sweeping onwards, and opening, dividing, lifting into rifts, layers, of flame-smoke. And there gave indistinctly to view, crowds of men struggling together in confused masses, or writhing on the ground—lines of flashing bayonets, of shakos, bear-skin caps, Highland bonnets; while the uproar of shrieks, yells, imprecations, cheers—was maddened, so to speak, by the crashing thunder of an artillery, which for a long time seemed to multiply itself with the exigencies of the fearful strife. Thus confused and fragmentary, but vivid, was my individual impression of the battle of the Alma. Yet, fascinated as I was by the dread spectacle, I well remember to have felt, after the first quarter of an hour, an instinctive conviction that the rout of the Russians, in a given time, so many minutes more or less, was the assured, the immutable conclusion of the furious struggle—a conviction which, as the day advanced, was shared by the Russians themselves. This was evident from the exclamations of rage and astonishment I heard on all sides; the galloping of mounted officers here and there, without purpose or result; the hurrying far to the rear of wounded officers rescued from the mêlée; and by and by from the anxious withdrawal, beyond chance of capture, of the numerously-horsed artillery. Whilst I was rooted, as it were, to one spot, Hartmann was moving restlessly about—to the extent of the tether permitted by a dozen Cossacks, who never left him for an instant—in a state of wild excitement. Twice only during the battle did I hear his voice: once, soon after its commencement, exclaiming: 'They have fired the village! Fools! they should have held it with their teeth.' And again, just as the hour of final victory and defeat was about to strike: 'This way, Mark!' cried he; 'only for a moment, or you will miss the grandest act of the play, and about the last, too, for on this side in a few minutes it will be, or I am much deceived, *exeunt omnes*.' I mechanically obeyed in time to see, in the direction to which he pointed on the right of the position, a vast and solid mass of Russian infantry drawn up in reserve in the rear of a battery—cleft, riven asunder, by two pieces of heavy artillery brought to bear upon them from a near eminence, at point-blank range; and to hear the tumultuous yell of mortal agony, rising high above the general roar of the battle, till, at the third or fourth discharge, the serried mass, which there was no attempt to deploy into line, broke asunder, and fled in confusion and dismay. On the left, the French battle had been equally successful and decisive, though by no means so obstinate or bloody; and presently a thundering cheer, heralding the swift advance of a line of flashing steel along the whole British front, completed the panic of the Russians, who, giving way in all directions, were in a few minutes, with the exception of their numerous cavalry, who made a show, and a show only, of interposing between the victors and the vanquished—a mob of terror-stricken fugitives, throwing away muskets, knapsacks, even shuffling off their heavy boots as they ran in their frenzied flight.

'There go the valiant Russ!' exclaimed Hartmann, 'as I told you they would, like a flock of frightened sheep; and our friends here are naturally impatient to follow; so come along, Mark, or some of the unrespecting bullets flying about may chance to mistake you for one of the runaways. Hi! hi! hip, hip, hurrah!' shouted the untamable man, as he set spurs to his horse, flourished his cane above his head, and rode off at the head of the wondering but watchful Cossacks.

Kriloff had absquatulated sometime before, and we did not see him again till the second day after the battle; by which time, something like order was restored among the Russian troops. He came to say, that Prince Menschikoff was about to move with the bulk of his army in the direction of Simferopol; and that he, the major, Hartmann, and myself, would set out direct for Sebastopol in an hour from that time. He had not left us more than ten minutes, when a subaltern of the Arofsky regiment came to say, that Colonel Puhmpenuff, who was in *extremis*, desired to see us immediately. We found the good-natured, if not very bright, young officer extended on the green-sward, his head propped up by knapsacks, and evidently upon the threshold of his last long home. He was dying from a hurt in the hip, received at the Alma, which, from improper treatment, had gangrened. He had a letter in his hand, which he placed, with a faint smile, in Hartmann's.

'Deliver this,' he slowly murmured, 'to Admiral Korniloff, my relative, at Sebastopol. He may befriend you: you will have need of friends. Kriloff, though a noble—Heaven pity such nobles!—is an agent of the secret police. He suspects you to be—bend down your ear—— Ha! As I feared, it is true! No matter; I, who shall soon need mercy, would fain shew some whilst yet I may. Kriloff but suspects, remember. He saw somebody at Simferopol who hinted—who hinted'—— He stopped suddenly; a shadow fell and rested upon his face; a slight shudder thrilled his frame; he faintly ejaculated: 'Marie! God!' and died. The letter was directed in a female hand to himself; the envelope was stained with blood; and so was a lock of bright chestnut hair—the colour of Ruth's!—which it contained.

ARTIFICER-SOLDIERS.

Before the year 1772, the sole trade of the English army was fighting; and when handicraft industry came to be in requisition in the course of the service, civil mechanics were employed. During the progress of the works at Gibraltar, this arrangement was found to be highly inconvenient; for men who felt their services to be indispensable, and who were not amenable to military discipline, took the law into their own hands. It was in consequence determined to organise a company of soldier-artificers, to consist of stone-cutters, masons, miners, lime-burners, carpenters, smiths, and gardeners. This was accordingly done; the whole body mustering 68 men, officered by the Engineers. This number was slightly augmented, and did such good service in the works at Gibraltar, that, in 1787, a corps of six companies, of 100 men each, was added to the army, but not without violent opposition both in and out of parliament, and not without much clever sarcasm from Mr Sheridan, directed at the ludicrous idea of depriving artificers of their liberty, and putting them under martial law. In six years after, four companies were added for service abroad; in 1811, another addition was made, which brought up the strength of the corps to 2861; and in 1813, the name was changed, and the artificers became the Royal Sappers and Miners of to-day.

A quarter-master-sergeant presents the public with a regular history of this corps, in two goodly octavo volumes, with numerous engravings, and written in a style that will pass the ordeal of a corps of critics.* But this is not surprising; for the duties of these soldier-workmen necessarily lead the higher spirits among them into science, and open out a boundless field for ambition. Still, while in the corps, they are sergeants at the best, being officered by the Engineers; and after the most distinguished career of civil and military service, extending over a space of twenty years and more, they may think themselves well off if they are discharged with a pension of two shillings a day.

Hear this history of *Second-corporal* William Beal: 'He was educated for a Baptist minister; but an introduction to Dr Olinthus Gregory failing to realise his hopes, he enlisted in the corps in 1828. His intelligence caused him to be chosen for the two surveys of Ascension. He afterwards served at Bermuda, and at Halifax, Nova Scotia. At the former station, he was wounded by the accidental firing of a mine whilst blasting rock, and submitted to the amputation of portions of his fingers with stoical composure. Wherever he went, he took with him a small but valuable library, and was well read in the latest issues from the press. Byron, Carlyle, and some abstruse German writers, were his favourite authors. No man in his condition of life was, perhaps, as conversant with the roots and eccentricities of the English language as Beal; and his mental endowments rendered him capable of grasping any subject, however deep, and turning it to profit both in his duties and in his daily intercourse with men. Late in his service, he attained proficiency as a draughtsman; and later still, an enterprising engineer in London submitted a plan for a system of sewers in the metropolis, which was accompanied by a report drawn up by this sergeant. He left the corps in April 1849, with a pension of 2s.; and the knowledge and experience he acquired by application and travel, are now being employed, with advantage to his interests, in one of the settlements on the Rideau Canal, in Canada.'

As a fellow to this, we present another second-corporal:—'Greenhill was an intelligent man, pleasantly eccentric, and fond of antiquities. While with the expedition, he made a collection of silver coins of remote times, which, with laudable feelings of attachment to his native place, he presented to the Perth Museum. His hair was as white as silver; but his beard, full and flowing, was as black as ebony. To the Arabs, he was quite a phenomenon; but the singularity which made him so, did not save him on one occasion from being rudely seized by a horde of banditti, and plundered, with almost fabulous dexterity, of the gilt buttons on his frock-coat. They had nearly finished their work, when Greenhill tore himself from their grasp; but finding a button still remained on the cuff, he, with audacious daring, pulled off the frock and threw it at them. Suspecting that their work was incomplete, the Arabs pounced on the coat, and tearing off the remaining button, scampered away to the hills again. When, some years later, the Niger Expedition was forming, Greenhill volunteered to accompany it. He had a notion that the service would be one of suffering and vicissitude; and the better to inure himself to its contemplated hardships, he submitted his body to rigorous experiments of exposure and self-denial, which, inducing erysipelas, caused his premature decease in October 1840.'

Another singular character, who may yet be heard of in the world, is 'Colour-sergeant John Ross, a very ingenious mechanic, who, after his discharge in April 1848, was appointed engineer at Runcorn, to attend to a small steam-fleet in the canal, under the Bridgewater Trust. He invented the drawbridge at the entrance of Fort Albert, Bermuda, the largest of its class in any military fortification, and which can be easily worked by two men, either in throwing it across the ditch, or pulling it in. Many years of his life had been spent in perfecting a new system of locomotion for ships. His great idea was the construction of a vessel which should ride above the control of the waves, resting upon an arrangement of large cylinders, to serve, like the piers of a bridge, as the natural supports of the ship, and within which should be placed his revolving paddle-wheels, to be moved by steam appliances. By a very ingenious contrivance, he provided that the sea, which should come in contact with the paddles, should not only be deprived of its resistance, but made to assist in the propulsion of the vessel. The speed he calculated to obtain by his system was almost incredible. Personal trials of an imperfect model, in the waters at Bermuda, convinced him of the practicability of his bold scheme. After quitting Runcorn, ambitious of higher employment, he emigrated to Canada, where he is pursuing the study and development of his novel notions of ship-building and locomotion. He received a gratuity and medal for his services in the corps, and might have been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, but, restless and speculative, he preferred to try what his mechanical genius would yield him in civil life.'

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* *The History of the Corps of Royal Sappers and Miners.* By T. W. J. Connolly. In Two Volumes. London: Longman. 1855.

In addition to these, we may mention Corporal John M'Laren, who, after a service of twenty-three years, was discharged upon a pension of 1s. 7d. a day. He emigrated to South Australia, and became one of the pioneer-surveyors of the colony, where he still flourishes in the office of deputy-surveyor general, at an income of L.700 a year.

The adventures of the artificer-soldiers are sometimes very curious, their duties leading them into novel and interesting situations. When Sir Ralph Abercromby was devising measures for reducing Porto Rico, it was thought that if the lagoon bounding the eastern side of the island was fordable, it might be possible by its means to force the troops into the town. To ascertain the practicability of the passage, it was necessary to make the survey in the middle of the night; and a private of the corps, David Sinclair, volunteered to accompany an officer of Sir Ralph's staff on this service. At the appointed hour, these adventurous men entered the lagoon together, and with the aid of a long staff, pushed their way across to the opposite slope, where they heard the sentries conversing as they walked their rounds. They returned in the same way; then coolly throwing away their staves, repeated the feat; and having returned in safety, reported the ford to be practicable. It is recorded that Sir Ralph praised our private for his gallantry, and presented him with a johannes—a piece of eight dollars.

At the removal of the wreck of the *Royal George*, commencing in 1839, some of the iron cylinders, filled with powder, to be fired against the wreck, were damaged; and in this case the duty of unloading the cylinder to preserve the good powder was very hazardous. 'Having removed part of the outer casing of lead, Corporal David Harris cut a hole through the side of the wood-work, by which, after emptying a part of its contents, he got *into* the cylinder, and continually kept filling a copper shovel with powder, which he handed out from time to time when full. At these periods only could any portion of him be seen. When rising up in his hole, he was as black as a sweep. To knock off the powder, which had become caked either by wet or compression, he was provided with a wooden wedge and a copper hammer. Every precaution was taken to prevent accident—such as putting out the fires, laying hides on the deck, and wetting them occasionally, as well as working in slippers. The duty was very unpleasant, and required in the operation more than ordinary courage. Soldering the loading-hole of the cylinder was also a dangerous service. The neck and loading-hole were of brass soldered to the ironwork. As the hole was to have a disk of metal soldered over it, after the cylinder was filled with powder, with a plug and some clay between the powder and the disk, Mr Taplin, a foreman in Portsmouth Dockyard, was requested to send one of his artificers to do it who was accustomed to that sort of soldering; but the man sent to do it was horror-struck at the idea of the thing, and declared he would not attempt it for a thousand pounds! The hole was eventually soldered by one of the sappers, though unused to the work.' This poor man was a person of varied acquirements, and assisted in executing the wood-engravings in Colonel Pasley's *Practical Operations of a Siege;* but he was given to habits of irregularity, and was pensioned a few years ago on 1s. a day.

In 1842, the diving operations against the same were resumed; and the following scene will give a further insight into the varied duties and dangers of the Sappers and Miners:—'A dangerous but curious incident occurred this summer between Corporal Jones and private Girvan—two rival divers, who, in a moment of irritation, engaged in a conflict at the bottom of the sea, having both got hold of the same floor-timber of the wreck, which neither would yield to the other. Jones, at length fearful of a collision with Girvan, he being a powerful man, made his bull-rope fast, and attempted to escape by it; but before he could do so, Girvan seized him by the legs, and tried to draw him down. A scuffle ensued, and Jones succeeding in extricating his legs from the grasp of his antagonist, took a firmer hold of the bull-rope, and kicked at Girvan several times with all the strength his suspended position permitted. One of the kicks broke an eye or lens of Girvan's helmet, and as water instantly rushed into his dress, he was likely to have been drowned, had he not at once been hauled on board. Two or three days in Haslar Hospital, however, completely cured him of the injuries he thus sustained, and these two submarine combatants ever afterwards carried on their duties with the greatest cordiality.'

We now exhibit these fearless men in quite the opposite field of adventure: 'Private James Weir was perhaps the most daring sapper in building the stages for the observatories. Like the chamois, he could climb heights almost inaccessible, and stand or sit at work on ledges, copings, pinnacles, vanes, and pieces of timber, where scarcely any human being would dare to venture without all the accessories and appliances which precaution could command for insuring safety and preventing alarm. At Ely minster, the tower of which is about 200 feet high, and at Norwich cathedral, the spire of which is the most elevated in England, being 327 feet from the ground, he was as agile and self-possessed as in an ordinary workshop. At Norwich spire, a brace broke under him, and he fell a distance of nine feet; but in his descent he caught hold of another brace, and thus saved his life. The accident did not in the least daunt him, for the next moment he was at work again, as cool and as brisk as ever. At Keysoe, in Bedfordshire, the builder who contracted to take down a portion of the spire was about to relinquish his engagement as hopeless, but our adventurous scaffold-builder was lent for the occasion, and the removal was soon accomplished. Weir took up his ladders and fixed them; but before placing the last one, he climbed the spire, unaided by scaffolding or supports, and, to crown his success, took off the vane, and brought it down with him. He achieved a still bolder feat at Swaffham, in Norfolk. Upon a projecting joist which he had fixed, and the dimensions of which were 4 inches wide by 12 feet long, he walked steadily forward to its end, at a height of about 120 feet, and with astounding coolness and dexterity performed his hazardous duty. At Thaxted, in Essex, he climbed the outside of the spire by the crockets, and at the giddy altitude of about 210 feet from the ground, sat upon the creaking vane, and whirled himself round upon its grating pivot. This was on the 11th April 1844. A drawing of the scaffold and stage was given in the *Illustrated London News* of that date. At Danbury, in July 1844, his services were very distinguished. To take the initiative or first step in any one of these perilous services, was always the most important task; but however difficult or dangerous it promised to be, Weir never shrank from its performance. Climbing the inside of the steeple, he reached its topmost sounding aperture, in which he secured a piece of timber. This projected some feet beyond the spire. Upon the end of this joist he stood, and after hauling up a ladder, fixed it upon the projecting timber, and then ascended by the shaking ladder to the top of the spire. There he hauled up the block and tackle, made it fast to the steeple, and descended amid the cheers and wonder of the crowd who witnessed his fearful exploits. The services of this daring man were frequently alluded to with especial particularity by the provincial press, and alike insured the applause of his comrades and the approbation of his officers. He afterwards served on the exploration survey for a railway in North America. In May 1848, he purchased his discharge, and set himself up in business in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His industry and mechanical ingenuity soon brought him success in his new line of life, and he received the appointment of superintendent to the Water Company in that town, which he now fills, at a salary, with other emoluments, of about L.200 a year. On receiving this appointment, the company purchased his stock of goods from him for about L.700; and he bids fair in a few years to be a wealthy man.'

Throughout the volumes are many military anecdotes of the Sappers and Miners, which reflect equal credit on the corps. In the following, we see them not only pioneering an escalade, but acting as the forlorn-hope:—'In the surprise of Bergen-op-Zoom, on the 8th March, parties of the company were attached to each of the columns appointed for the attack. There were about forty men in all, who were provided with axes, saws, and crow-bars, and also a few ladders to scale the walls of the fortress. At about half-past ten o'clock, the attack was made. The Sappers cut down the palisades, crossed the ditches, planted the ladders, and leading the way in the escalade, were the first soldiers on the enemy's ramparts. They then pushed forward to remove any obstacle that opposed the advance of the assailants, and persevered in their several duties till the place was captured.'

'MEAT, DRINK, AND ENTERTAINMENT.'

Civilised man is pre-eminently a dinner-eating animal. Just in the ratio that man becomes civilised, he dines. There is no risk in asserting, that 'when wild in woods the noble savage ran,' he was innocent of mulligatawney and turtle soup—that the delicious perplexities of discriminating between the merits of calipash and calipee never embarrassed him—that visions of *pâtés chauds aux bécassines*, or *noix de veau en daube*, never lay in nightmare guise upon his soul, or roused him from his bed of leaves in some cavern dormitory, his heart dismayed and his flesh creeping with the avenging horrors of indigestion. The noble savage, poor wretch! (as Pepys says) had no gentlemanly experiences of this kind, we may be sure. If he knew anything of cookery, which he did not in all cases, it was not as a science, but as a matter of tough necessity. Mrs Glass's joke was to him the serious business of his life—he had first to 'catch his hare,' or whatever else the fortune of the chase might throw in his way, and then to cook it, if he could, and how he could, or to eat it raw, according to the urgency of the occasion. It would depend upon circumstances whether he baked his joint in a hole in the earth, or, cutting it into strips, cudgelled the morsels into a condition of comparative tenderness, and so devoured them. But he loved roast pork; and when the spolia opima were a pig, piggy was pretty sure to consummate his career in the primitive kind of oven above mentioned, whence arose that savoury odour which in all ages and among all ranks of Gentile society elicits a spontaneous response from the salivary glands. But our noble friend knew nothing of dinner, as we know it. How could he? With his hare continually to catch ere the demands of appetite could be satisfied, his meals, we take it, must have been a series, few and too far between, of everlasting breakfasts. With a larder always alive and kicking—perversely objecting to be served up—and giving no end of trouble ere it would succumb to the spit—if spit there were—how was it possible he could get up such a thing even as three courses and a dessert, which, as all the world knows, is the least that is necessary to constitute a dinner?

No, the noble savage did not dine. When man sat down to dinner, he had ceased to be a savage. As his palate grew by slow degrees, and as the result of long experience and experiment, capable of appreciating the numberless delicacies which bountiful Nature had in store for her children, he rose step by step in the scale of being. As one generation passed away and another came, he learned gradually to eat; and the noble savage, as a consummation which it required ages to bring about, eventuated, as the Americans have it, in the gastronome. Who shall undertake to say to what extent the human family has profited by the education of the appetite? Contemporaneous with the dawn of dinner was the dawn of enterprise, adventure, and that spirit of investigation and research which has ransacked the surface of the earth and the depths of the ocean for new viands and still untried luxuries; and with the spread of the table-cloth was coeval the spread of intelligence and refinement. As dinner grew into a household custom, society grew more social and genial—conversation became an art, politeness a habit; selfishness had to shrink from observation—and mankind were taught the regulation and control of their appetites by the very means they had acquired for their gratification. The dinner, from being a domestic necessity, became a public institution, hedged round with so much of ceremonial as guarded it from coarseness and an unseemly display of the instincts of appetite. Conviviality, in becoming general, grew by necessity to some extent refined. To dine, is no longer the sole object of a dinner: with the gratification of one sense, we have learned to unite the indulgence of others; and the animal propensities of our nature are secondary to the intellectual faculties and the acquired mental tastes. When we feast in the present day, we feast not only the palate, but the eye, the ear, the mind—exquisite flowers blossom around us, strains of delicious music float above us, and the charms of wit or the magic of oratory captivate and delight the soul. Such, at anyrate, would appear to be the beau-idéal we aim at in preparing a modern dinner. How far we succeed, is another question; and how much of the original savage element mingles with our enjoyment of the modern banquet, is for those to decide who have had most experience in the matter. Into that branch of the subject we have no disposition to inquire. Perhaps if the noble savage could be recalled from his primeval forest after the lapse of a few score centuries, and dropped suddenly into the climax of a lord-mayor's feast at the Mansion House, he might fail to recognise some of the constituents we have mentioned as forming the symposium of to-day. But that is neither here nor there.

The above discursive talk upon an appetising subject, the reader must take for what it is worth, and no more. We have been led into it by alighting accidentally upon what would be called a 'full, true, and particular account' of a dinner given to a distinguished personage by the corporation of the city of London—not such an account, be it understood, as would be, and no doubt was, afforded by the newspapers of the day, but a document of very different signification. In the form of a thin folio volume, this matter-of-fact voucher lets us behind the scenes, and makes us familiar with the secret machinery that sets in motion the grand municipal spectacle which the Londoner loves to look upon, and which leads him, by its constant and gorgeous repetition, to connect the ideas of civic grandeur and inexhaustible resources with a corporation dinner.

We learn first of all, from the Report of the Police Committee, that as the result of their deliberations, they had sent deputations to the Secretary of State, to know at what hour it would please the distinguished guest to arrive at the Guildhall—to the Commander of the Forces, for detachments of troops to line the streets—to the Master General of the Ordnance, for the loan of so many manège horses for the use of the lord-mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs—and to the benchers of the Middle Temple, for the use of Temple Lane as a horse-station—and that, having arranged the order of the procession, and supplied all parties interested with a copy of the printed programme, they, at the hour appointed, repaired severally to their posts, and performed, with others, the parts allotted them. Then follow the details of the procession, much as given in the reports of the day, with the order observed on the return of the distinguished personage, when the feast was concluded. The Report winds up with votes of thanks to the officials in high places who had acceded to the requests of the committee, and recommends the award of some substantial gratuities to certain superintendents and inspectors who had manifested their zeal for the honour of the City authorities. An appendix to this Report is very diffuse on subjects relating to the gravelling of the line of route—the barricading of lateral streets—the designing, printing, and engraving of the invitation-cards—the disposition of carriages and 'horses' heads' in going and returning—the ordering of policemen, firemen, constables, watchmen, &c.—and a score of other matters which must be difficult enough to manage, but which the reader would not thank us for recapitulating.

Then follows the Report of the Entertainment Committee, consisting of the aldermen and commoners upon whom had devolved the duty of providing all things enjoyable on a scale commensurate with the dignity of the corporation. Their first care was the cleansing and beautifying of the Guildhall with new decorations, the refitting it with an entirely new set of gas-tubing, the stirring up of such of the city companies as had pageants, and the borrowing of plate from the guilds which had it to lend. Then the conductors of Her Majesty's concerts were engaged for the musical department, and the tickets, sealed with the seal of the committee, were issued to the guests. Orders were then given for illuminations at certain points of the route westward, and various other preparations carried out, not forgetting the borrowing of armour, flags, and banners, from the Ordnance Board to decorate the banqueting-hall.

The Report then cites a long list of the guests, embracing well-nigh all the dignitaries of the kingdom—the royal household, the royal dukes and duchesses, the foreign ambassadors, the officers of state, the judges of the realm, the highest official personages, with the two archbishops, and a whole column of dukes, earls, and right honourables, terminating with the corporation's own officers. For the delectation of this brilliant assembly, we learn that about 150 dozen of Claret, Burgundy, Hock, Champagne, and other wines, including Blanco-Tinto Madeira, Tokay, Paxaretta, and Sherries above a hundred years old, were provided. The viands, of which an accurate catalogue is appended, were on a proportionate scale, including, besides some fifty chefs-d'œuvre of the culinary science, designated by a nomenclature in the kitchen-French tongue, which is intelligible only to the initiated, above two thousand tureens and dishes of the choicest delicacies. Among these, we notice 220 tureens of turtle, 50 boiled turkeys, 60 roast ditto, 80 pheasants, 40 dishes of partridge, 40 capons, 140 jellies, 100 pine-apples, 200 dishes of hot-house grapes, as many of ice-creams, and a corresponding array of other indispensable luxuries. The cost of this magnificent display of hospitality, including the sums disbursed to wine-merchants, cooks, and confectioners, was barely under L.2000; enough, in all conscience, one would think, for a dinner; but, in fact, the eating and drinking expenses bore but a small proportion to the entire cost of the banquet, which amounted to above L.8000. The eye and the ear, as we before remarked, had to be charmed as well as the palate; and of this large sum, the upholsterers took above L.1800; the artificers and decorators, nearly as much; the illuminations cost above L.1000; L.300 was awarded in gratuities; and the expenses of plate, music, printing, stationery, &c., swallowed up the remainder—not omitting L.40 for flowers and flowering-shrubs.

Such a dinner as this is not, of course, an every-day concern; but the general reader might hardly be prepared to hear that, in addition to its committees of management, its controllers, directors, and superintendents, it had also its historian, by whom every particular connected with its preparation, conduct, and consummation, has been chronicled in a folio of the standard blue-book dimensions. But so it is; and the details of a great dinner, eaten in honour of the municipality of the capital, are recorded with all the precision, and a great deal more, of those of a great battle, upon which might depend the destiny of a people. So accurate, in fact, is the account rendered, by means of illustrations shewing the separate covers of each guest, his or her situation at the tables being marked with the name or title in full—that posterity, to the remotest era to which print and paper will endure, will be freed from the possibility of any doubt as to the exact position at table of each eminent person. It will be known at a glance, for ages to come, that at that memorable meal the Duke of Norfolk hob-a-nobbed with Mrs Brown, while Mr Brown had for his vis-à-vis the Iron Duke himself; that Viscount Palmerston took wine with Mrs Copeland, and Sir David Wilkie exchanged civilities with John Johnson; that Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir William Follett, and Sir Charles Wetherell, sat together—and so on and on; such interesting facts, to the number of several hundreds, being placed beyond the risk of oblivion by the labours of the corporation's historian and the corporation's printer. If the reputation got by eating a great dinner is not of so heroic a kind as that achieved by fighting a great battle, it is, at anyrate, more definite and certain. A grenadier shot dead in storming a redoubt, may have answered all his life to the name of John Jones, and yet get immortalised in the Gazette as Tom James. Such injustice the corporation of London disdain to inflict upon their recruits—do your duty at their dinner-table, and whether you survive the encounter or not, you are inscribed in the rolls of fame, and your honoured name transmitted to the admiration of posterity.

On turning to the printed records of entertainments given by the same municipal body at periods dating further back, we find them conducted on a similar principle, yet exhibiting such differences as mark an improved taste in the later examples. The amount of money disbursed for mere eating and drinking, a generation or two back, was much larger in proportion to the total expense than it is in the case under review. The cost of a grand city-banquet appears to vary from something under L.5000 to something above L.20,000. At the dinner to which we have taken the liberty of introducing the reader, the expenditure on behalf of the palate was considerably under a fourth of the entire cost; while at one which took place on a corresponding scale in a preceding reign, it was almost one-third; and at another still earlier, approached to one-half of the grand total. These gradual changes evince a tendency in the right direction—they are indicative of a more just and intellectual appreciation of the pleasures of the festive board, than could have obtained where the guests were merely eating and drinking animals; and they point to ultimate perfection in the science, for it is nothing less, of social conviviality.

We have had various treatises lately on the art of dining, from men who, boasting considerable experience that way, have undertaken to lay down the law for the benefit of the public. But we cannot even allude to their sage maxims at the present moment, being under an engagement to dine with our good friend Alderman Sidebone, and having barely time enough left to dress for dinner.

BOU-MAZA—THE FATHER OF THE GOAT.

For the latest and the fullest news, for the most correct appreciation and the most intimate knowledge of the Algerian Arabs, the European world is at present compelled of necessity to apply to French sources of information; and there is enough that is curious and interesting in the tenure by our neighbours of *their* Indian Empire, to make the real truth of the case a desirable acquisition. The Arab has been too long regarded as a purely poetic object; too long has he been flatteringly beheld through the hazy splendour of an ideal medium. A faithful picture of his real character will at first startle the prejudiced reader. Justice, however, requires that it should be presented to him. Perhaps the French are not so unpardonably blamable for many things they have done in Algeria; perhaps, even, they could not help doing much that has been harshly criticised. This, at least, must be remembered—that if the inhabitants of the north coast of Africa had been allowed to have their own way, without control or interference, the Mediterranean waters might still be swarming with the pirates of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, and many a Christian family might have to mourn a member still pining in Mohammedan slavery.

The following abstract of an *Étude sur l'Insurrection du Dhara*—which broke out in 1845–6—by Charles Richard, captain of engineers, and resident magistrate at Orleanville, will serve to throw a little light upon the subject.

A young dervish had been living for some time in the midst of the Cheurfa tribe with an old widow woman—a good Mussulman, who took him into her house from religious motives. This man, of an ardent and fanatical temper, concealed, beneath an appearance of calm meditation, projects too vast for the scope of his intellect. In fact, he proved to be no less a personage than Si Mohammed ben Abd-Alla himself, the instigator and chief of the revolt of the Dhara. He led the most edifying life possible, spoke to nobody, prayed from morning till night, and lived on the offerings that were brought to him. His mode of living, his ecstasies, his unceasing prayers, and even the filthiness of his garments, acquired him at last a certain reputation for holiness, which steadily increased from day to day, and which, little by little, extended to the Dhara. A goat which shared the hermit's meals as well as his solitude, and which also performed at word of command a few exceedingly simple tricks, was a marvel in the eyes of the stupid Kabyles, and completed the mystery and the originality of the dervish's character, and procured for him the surname of Bou-Maza—the Father of the Goat.

When the dervish had thoroughly studied the disposition of the people around him, one dark evening, which threatened a severe tempest, at the hour when he usually retired to the widow's tent in order to take his accustomed repose, he announced to her in the tone of inspiration, that the time was come for him to reveal himself; that he was now about to leave her; but that in a very short time she would hear talk about the envoy of Allah, the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd-Alla. He then departed, leaving the poor credulous woman in the surprise and delight which such a declaration was likely to cause. He quitted the Cheurfa, passed the Oued Aberi, and proceeded straight to the Souhalia, a fraction of the Ouled-Jounes, to the tent of El Hadj Hamed el Jounsi, a simple-minded man, whose general credulity and special faith in the Arab traditions and holy writings were probably well known to him. At the barking of the dogs, the poor man stepped out, and found himself face to face with the new sultan, who told him that, knowing the fervour of his faith and purity of his conscience, he had selected him before all other Arabs for a distinguished honour, of which his posterity would be proud hereafter. He was sultan, he declared, by the grace of God; sent by Allah to exterminate the Christians, and all the Mussulmans who obeyed them; and he had chosen El Hadj Hamed's tent as the starting-place for the execution of the projects which it was his mission to accomplish.

The credulous Hadj Hamed received every word as a voice from Heaven, when a flash of lightning, illuminating his sacred guest, shewed in detail a costume far from magnificent. Ben Abd-Alla, however, told him not to be troubled on account of his dress; that he presented himself in this disguise purposely to test his faith; and that in good time he would see his dirty and ragged *derbal* transformed before his eyes into a *burnous* of gold. This at once sufficed to restore the confidence of El Hadj Hamed. The shérif, it seems, was not mistaken in his man; here was evidently the very tool to work with at the outset of his career.

On the following day, a feast was prepared with some goats borrowed from the master of the hospitable tent; who also undertook to invite the guests to eat them. Whatever may be its temperance at other times and other places, the Arab appetite is always ready to attack good things that are set before it gratuitously. Crowds responded to the invitation, and the shérif soon found himself in the midst of an audience fit to listen to his inaugural discourse, and to witness his metamorphosis from a dervish to a sultan. He told the assembly that he was chosen by God to exterminate the French, and to found a new Mussulman monarchy. He declared that he was sure of victory; that gunpowder had no power to harm him; that every true believer who aided his divine mission, would be sure to enjoy the same privilege; and that the time had arrived when all good Mussulmans ought to make common cause against the infidels. He urged them to get their arms in readiness, and to prepare themselves by fasting and prayer for the great work they were about to undertake. He promised them the plunder of Orleanville, of Tenez, of all the wealth possessed by Christians, and by every Mussulman who sided with them. He assured them that the gates of heaven were opened to all who might perish in the struggle. In short, to irreproachable believers he promised invulnerability; to others less pure, what joys the next world has to give; and, lastly, to those who had the luck to survive, the riches and the pleasures of the present life. These three promises—the last especially—made in a tone of inspiration, and given with the air of complete confidence, produced an extraordinary sensation in the rude and superstitious people to whose apprehension they were addressed.

The prophecy ended, the crowd dispersed with a vague presentiment that strange events were about to happen. The news flew from mountain to mountain; and soon under every tent of the Dhara, nothing was talked of but the envoy of the Prophet, the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd-Alla. Arab poetry, which, even more than our own, feeds upon fables and marvels, was delighted to embellish the stories that were circulated respecting the stranger. He was young, handsome, and had a star on his forehead. He was reported to have performed miracles; and plenty of eye-witnesses came forward to affirm the statements on the Koran. It was said that he caused a gun to be fired at himself at two paces' distance, and that the only discharge was a stream of water, which fell at his feet, and then vanished. It was asserted that he came from the Cheurfa—the Flittas—Morocco—Mecca—heaven itself.

People flocked in from all quarters, to see and hear the mysterious stranger about whom such marvellous tales were told. As he was a saint, a maraboot, a shérif, it was impossible to approach him decently with empty hands; and, according to ancient custom, every one brought his visit-offering, according to his means. The poor man gave his small copper coin; the rich man his large silver one. Family hatreds, and old debts of blood, were forgotten before the grand affair of the moment; and the surest safe-conduct an Arab could have, was the pretext that he was going to make his call on Si Mohammed ben Abd-Alla. The crowd of visitors multiplied; the dervish's purse swelled satisfactorily. He was then able to purchase oxen, and organise his entertainments on a vaster scale. An immense multitude thronged to these religious feasts, which always concluded with a few prophecies, wherein the intelligent shérif caused to vibrate with admirable skill the only chords of feeling which the burnous covers.

Hitherto these manifestations had been almost entirely made by natives who had no connection with the French; but subsequently the friends and appointed agents of the Christian power, who had maintained at first a wavering and restless neutrality, joined in the general enthusiasm, and testified their sympathy for the young sultan, not indeed openly, but with crafty secrecy. Letters bearing their seal reached him, and were purposely shewn to the group of first-rate believers who surrounded him, to excite their ardour, and inspire the confidence which they needed at the outset of so bold and dangerous an enterprise. The visit-offerings increased in value. Money was plentiful; horses, arms, and military stores began to arrive. One great personage sent a red silk banner; another, a handsome horse, ready saddled and caparisoned; a third, a beautiful silver goblet, and other precious articles for the outfit of the rising sultan.

Mohammed ben Abd-Alla next endeavoured to introduce order among the crowds that gathered around him as if by magic. He promised them regular pay, but, above all, plenty of *grazias*, or plundering excursions. All the bandits with whom Africa swarms, came to enlist under the flag of the shérif, who promised them pardon for their crimes, with wealth and heaven in perspective. These precious auxiliaries constituted the bold and vigorous portion of his soldiery; and it was with fellows, who can distinguish a horseman at telescopic distance—who can sustain a conversation a couple of leagues off—who recognise unknown pathways when they are hidden under snow or shrouded by fogs—it was with such picked troops that he was able afterwards to perform the terrible exploits which curdled the blood of the Arabs, and made them yield as submissively to his authority as if they had been prisoners bound hand and foot.

To crown his good-luck, not only the thieves came to him, but the property they stole. Thefts multiplied in a frightful manner, and passed the bounds of ordinary audacity. All the Arab adventurers who had attached themselves to the service of the shérif, prowled by night amongst the neighbouring tribes; and even in towns under French protection, committed robberies of extraordinary daring and address.

Bou-Maza was one day in his tent, surrounded by the principal dignitaries of his future government, when a Kabyle of rough and determined aspect presented himself, and demanded to speak with him. The shérif gave orders that he should be admitted. As soon as the stranger entered the tent, he drew a pistol from his girdle.

'You say you are the envoy of Allah,' said he, 'sent to conquer the Christians, and to expel them from the country: if you speak falsely, the fact ought to be exposed; if truly, I desire to have unmistakable proof, because I shall then claim the honour to be the first of your soldiers.' The Kabyle presented—pulled the trigger—missed fire. The murderous attempt was thrice repeated, and thrice the pistol refused to act. He then threw the weapon away, shouted out 'A miracle!' and cast himself at the feet of Bou-Maza, who during the perilous experiment did not manifest the slightest emotion.

After remaining several days encamped in the Oued-Oukhelal, the shérif, now feeling sure of his men, determined to strike the opening blow. He departed secretly by night, with the necessary number of attendants, and fell at daybreak on the *douar* of El-Hhadj-Cadok, the kaïd of Mediouna, whom he put to death with his own hand. It was asserted that the kaïd, before breathing his last, snapped a pistol at him, which would not go off. The circumstance confirmed the belief that gunpowder had no power to hurt him. After having performed his grazia, he returned to the camp of Oued-Oukhelal, boasting aloud, in order that his words might be reported, that he reserved for every kaïd who took part with the French the fate of Hhadj-Cadok. El-Hhadj-Cadok having been slain because of his devotion to the Christians, it was manifest that no other such kaïd could hope for mercy in the eyes of the shérif. The information of the murder spread universal terror amongst all who had entered into European service.

The news of the assassination of the kaïd of Mediouna attracted to the insurrectionary banner multitudes who had hitherto remained neutral. Of this number were Aïssa bel Djin, Hhadj-Fegraul, and several other powerful chiefs of the Mecheïa. These men thirsted for vengeance on their former kaïd, Hhadj-bel-Kassem, against whom they cherished an ancient hatred.

The principal profession of these Sebehhas has always been theft and plunder, practised either on those travellers whom necessity compelled to cross their territory, and amongst whom they did not respect even the pilgrims from Mecca, or on their neighbours, with whom they have always lived in open hostility. In the time of the Turks, a Sebehha when applied to for payment of a debt, always put off the evil day till the arrival of the caravan from Oran, on its way to Algiers with tribute to the pasha. At that time the debtor glided during the night into the Turkish camp, and stole enough to pay what he owed, and to supply his own little private exigencies.

In consequence of such force of character, the Sebehhas are the head of the tribes of the subdivision, and are, to a certain degree, the barometer of public opinion. If they are calm, others make no attempt at disturbance; but if they are restless, their neighbours feel a terrible itching to follow their example. Consequently, it will be understood what importance Bou-Maza attached to the submission of such a tribe as this, which, in spite of the enormous losses it had suffered in the late wars, could still place at his disposal 300 efficient cavalry, and at least 2000 foot-soldiers.

Aïssa bel Djin and his companions were, therefore, received with unequivocal marks of joy. They were promised the satisfaction of all their old grudges; they were honoured with a speech especially addressed to them; they were surrounded by the faithful who had witnessed miracles; they were all converted, and that so well, that Aïssa bel Djin—who is the most corrupt and incredulous Arab who ever drunk a jar of sour milk, but who, like all Arabs, is extremely superstitious—at last believed himself in the divine mission of Si Mohammed ben Abd-Alla, and found an unexpected pleasure in reconciling his evil projects with the declared will of the Almighty.

During the first burst of public enthusiasm, the shérif was able to combine a considerable force, and engage in regular battles with the French. Their result, however, soon disgusted him; he ceased to present himself thus face to face; and unless when possessing a great numerical advantage, he quite gave up this mode of contest. He had now recourse to the various methods which Abd-el-Kader employed with continued success, and which, in the actual state of Arab institutions, furnish a terrible means of resistance. He made war upon the tribes, to force them to make war against the Christian enemy; he struck with terror, and murdered with dreadful tortures, all those who remained faithful to their European allies. Every kaïd, every agent of the French, were at once converted into a traitor, and gave information of the slightest movement of his masters. The French, therefore, after having tried in vain all other methods of reducing their enemy to submission, were at last obliged to adopt the same tactics; and between the two, the tribes were decimated.

After this protracted struggle, peace became the general wish. Bou-Maza felt that he had drawn from the country all the energy it had to place at his disposal; and fearing an untoward change of opinion, and the natural consequence of a murderous bullet, he escaped towards the south with a few faithful horsemen, taking away with him, as the remnants of his grandeur, his banner folded in a chest, and his treasure carried by a couple of mules. Unfortunately for him, he decided upon traversing the country of the agha of the Ouersenis, who watched, pursued, and, after an unparalleled chase of a dozen leagues across the mountains, succeeded in reaching him at the very moment when he was entering the territory of the Beni Tigrerin. Hadj Hamed dismounted or killed the handful of horsemen, and laid hands on the treasure, which was divided amongst his followers. But it was impossible to take the shérif himself, for he was mounted, as usual, on an excellent horse. He fled by the merest goat-paths in the direction of the Beni Tigrerin; and a few days afterwards, a party of cavalry travelling from the south, stated for certain that he had been killed by the people of that tribe. Confirmatory reports came in from day to day, and the country began to turn its thoughts towards the advantages of peace.

Hadj Hamed, who, while passing near the town of Mazouna with his *goum*, or retinue, had arranged the marriage of his son with the daughter of a rich inhabitant of the place, was desirous of profiting by the return of peace to go and fetch the bride himself, with all suitable pomp and circumstance. After having got together about 150 horses, he set out under the escort of all the great families of the neighbourhood, who wished to pay him the compliment of their presence. He arrived at Mazouna in the evening, and was perfectly well received. The bride was made over to the females who accompanied him, and next day, at an early hour, they were again upon the road. Just before they reached the river Oued Meroui, he observed a considerable party of horse approaching in excellent order. He thought it was the Sebehhas, led by the Agha Si Mohammed, coming, as had been agreed, to perform a *fantasia*, or games on horseback, before the cortège of the new-married lady. Under this belief, he ordered his cavalry to form a double row, to allow those who arrived sufficient space to perform between the two lines. The approaching party then rushed full gallop into the opening made for it; and when fairly in the midst, made a general discharge of firearms, loaded with ball, at the agha's horsemen, with the battle-shout: 'Mohammed ben Abd-Alla!' It was, in truth, the shérif, who by a night-march of perhaps twenty leagues, had come from the extreme part of the Flittas tribe, where he had rallied a new band of partisans. The shout of 'Treason!' soon answered to that of 'Mohammed ben Abd-Alla!'

The agha's cavalry dispersed immediately after having made a useless discharge of their guns, which were loaded with powder only, in honour of the wedding-festivities. They rushed to the narrow and difficult passage of the Oued Meroui, where they encountered an ambuscade of 400 or 500 Sebehhas foot-soldiers, and were decimated without the possibility of making an honourable defence. Several isolated horsemen performed prodigies of valour; but the great body thought more about flight than combat. The agha, who remained to the last by his daughter's side, died defending her. A score of horsemen were left dead in the bed of the Oued Meroui; the rest escaped separately, pursued by the entire force of the Sebehhas. The shérif carried off all the women, a considerable number of mules and baggage-horses; and after this astounding resurrection, which was attended by the death of the most devoted servant of the French, he established himself in the plain of Mtaougrits.

It may be easily conceived what effect the apparition of Bou-Maza produced in the country. It was impossible not to recognise in this miraculous event the results of the divine protection. Everything that had occurred could, therefore, have no other effect than to increase the awe with which the sultan was regarded, and the terror which his name inspired. The insurrection, which had been hitherto restricted within the limits of a province, now assumed colossal proportions, and embraced the whole of Algeria. And finally, Abd-el-Kader, the hero of Arab independence, long forgotten amidst the sands of the Sahara and the mountains of the Rif—Abd-el-Kader, whom the French believed they had driven from the country of the Tell for ever—profiting by the general enthusiasm, threw into the course of events the whole weight of his strength and reputation. Bou-Maza was absorbed, and lost in the glory of the superior luminary. What subsequently followed, is known to every one: the stream of war swelled to a mighty river, whose destructive current was visible from afar. Our object has been to discover some of the secret springs, and to follow the less conspicuous streamlet, by giving the early history of the fanatic

Bou-Maza, the sanguinary Father of the Goat. Not the least singular part of his story is its conclusion—that he should survive to enjoy a quiet residence in France, with a pension from the government.

A PANIC ABOUT PIGS.

In these busy times, a man may pick up scraps of information which do not fall to his share in days of peace and tranquillity. There is continually occurring that which either illustrates some great but almost forgotten natural principle, or lays bare to us some of our glaring deficiencies, either national or social. It is a good thing that such should be the case; else should we, indeed, have little return for the miseries, costliness, national hatreds, interruptions to commerce, and misdirected energies, almost inseparable from a state of war. It is a duty to pick out the good lessons from the bad events. In order to effect this, however, it is necessary to check the morbid taste for horrors engendered by the whirl of events at and near the scene of actual conflict. The mind is in a very poor state for gathering up the crumbs of wisdom, when thrown into this unhealthy excitement. We know a family among whom a dish of horrors is now an expected daily feast; and we doubt not that many readers of the *Journal* could point to parallel instances. The father of the family, living somewhat beyond easy reach of the newspapers, has made special arrangements for receiving an early copy of the *Times;* and not content with this, he procures a 'second edition,' at a later hour of the day. Both copies are read out aloud—not a Crimean letter being omitted, or a dispatch from 'our own correspondent.' Father, mother, children, all drink greedily in the horrors; all imbibe a sort of conviction, that there is a ferocious and deliberate intention somewhere to murder 50,000 men by neglect; all (though they have no relatives or friends out in the Crimea) get into a kind of nervous irritable excitement, which quite unfits them for appreciating any of the columns of the *Times*, except those which relate to the disasters of the army. It need hardly be said, that this is ruinous to any exercise of sound judgment, and hurtful to the gentle natures and gentle thoughts of children.

But the reader may wonder what these serious admonitions can possibly have to do with *pigs*. The truth is, however, that this is exactly one of the instances shadowed forth in our opening paragraph. If we may learn much about many things during stirring times, a pig may be one of the links in the chain of knowledge, for aught we can say to the contrary. Now, a pig—or rather pigs plural instead of pigs singular—may be made use of to assist in developing this truth, that peace, in matters of business, may possibly be regarded as a disastrous affair, just as a bad season would be to the farmer. Every man, in this world of ours, looks out for as much of his particular employment as will afford him the means of support; and whatever brings the amount below this level, is to him an evil, however it may benefit others. In this sense, there is much truth in the two old proverbs concerning the 'one man's meat' and the 'ill wind.' If the war ceases, the demand for certain commodities will lessen; if the demand lessens, the market-price will fall; if the market-price falls, the profit will be reduced; if—— But the reader can see the result without any more ifs.

It will be remembered that, towards the close of 1854, the diplomatic hocus pocus at Vienna assumed such a form as to give a sort of faint shadow of a shade of a chance that peace might be restored. One of the Russian princes with the unpronounceable names, was said to have agreed provisionally to certain 'notes' which might mean anything that his czarship chose. Whether the agreement and the notes are worth more than the drop of ink which it took to write them, is not for us to say; but the very rumour caused a panic about pigs, and that it is which we are concerned with here. Let the reader glance through the following from the *Cork Constitution* of the day following that on which the news of the so-called agreement reached this country, and say whether it does not appear that peace would be a very terrible thing:—'Pork, which had previously fetched 43s., had to be sold at 38s., which was the top price obtained. Owing to the large numbers which remained unsold, the scroves in the market were quite inadequate to store them; and they had to be crowded on ladders, where they remained during the night. The receipt of news, either confirmatory or in denial of the previous intelligence, was anxiously looked for; but no information could be obtained. The consequence was, that yesterday the panic continued, and the sellers were forced to dispose of the stocks in market at a ruinously low figure.' It seems to be something more than a mere temporary reduction of price that the dealers would have had to submit to, according to a further observation made: 'Should the news of peace prove true, the consequences to the large provision-houses in this city [Cork] will be serious. They have had heretofore difficulties to contend against, one of which is the great scarcity of casks. The journeymen coopers have been at cross-purposes with their employers, and frequently a bounty of L.5 or L.6 has had to be given to a good workman for consenting to enter upon an employment. The consequence of the scarcity of casks has been, that in the stores of the principal provision-merchants the provisions are piled up, uncasked, in immense quantities. . . . . If five casks in any "lot" are condemned by the examiners, the entire lot may be refused. It is also stated, that from the casks in which the provisions are packed being made of new timber, the pickle quickly turns black, and produces an apparent discoloration of the meat.'

The government contracts for salt pork are intimately connected with the pork-trade of Ireland, concerning which a few words may be said.

It is well known how Paddy prizes his pig: he has good reason to do so, for the pig is one of the few commodities possessed by him which can be exchanged for money. In the New Forest, the pigs are allowed to forage for themselves; they are placed under a swineherd, who agrees at so much a head to look after the swine during a certain number of weeks' residence in the Forest. The animals are fed almost wholly on the beechmast and acorns which they pick up, and are scarcely any expense to their owners, who pay a small sum to the Steward's Court at Lyndhurst for this privilege of 'masting' in the Forest. But in Ireland, matters are differently managed: piggy is as much a gentleman as Paddy; he finds a corner in the same hut; and if he does not eat out of the same dish, there is in hard times a very near approach to this state of things. A pig has many merits over a sheep or a bullock: he will live on anything; he will not trouble his master to look much after him; and almost every atom of his slaughtered carcass is valuable for some purposes or other. He is a scavenger, in addition to his other merits; for he gobbles down offal which would otherwise be a nuisance. It is a very curious circumstance, too, that notwithstanding the gross feeding of the pig, the ratio of offal to carcass is less in him than in the sheep or the bullock—namely, one-third of the live weight; while in the sheep and the bullock, it is seldom much less than one-half.

This, then, is another reason why pigs are somewhat in the light of favourites among cottagers, and Irish cottagers or cottiers in particular. There are pig-dealers who go about from fair to fair in Ireland, to purchase the porcine wealth of the peasantry. A man having a pig to sell, will drive or entice him (for it is hard to tell how to get a pig to 'move on' in the wished-for direction) to a neighbouring fair, where the shrewd dealer makes as close a bargain as he can. There is a vast deal of blarney, and often a considerable amount of whisky, consumed during the bargaining. When the purchase is made, the dealer either transmits the pig to the nearest shipping-place, and sells it to merchants for the English market; or he sells it to fatteners, from whom the pig is purchased by the provision-curers of Cork, where salt pork is prepared and sold in immense quantities.

The distinction between 'sucking-pigs,' 'porkers,' and 'bacon-hogs,' may be easily understood. Sucking-pigs, like infants, have their age designated by weeks rather than by months or years; they are killed before the age for weaning, and have a tenderness and delicacy due to a milk diet. The porkers are weaned at about two months old, and are suffered to live on, with such food as they may best obtain, to an age varying from three to seven months—the older animals weighing most, but the younger bringing a better price per pound. The bacon-hogs are fed on odds and ends of refuse, to an age varying from twelve to eighteen months; after which they are fattened on a more carefully selected diet. This fattening process goes on for about two or three months; after which occurs the transformation of hog into bacon. One of the curiosities of free commerce is, that while nearly all the better kinds of Irish bacon are shipped to England, much of the commoner kinds of American bacon are consumed in Ireland. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say, that bacon is cured by a combined action of salt, heat, and smoke; whereas salt or pickled pork is exposed simply to the action of brine or salt solution.

Ireland looks to England as the great customer for all such produce. Mr M'Culloch estimates that, between 1838 and 1844, Ireland sent annually to England 8280 tierces of salt beef, 22,920 barrels of salt pork, and 83,540 cwts. of bacon and ham—worth collectively about L.300,000. In all probability, the quantities have been larger since 1844. In war-time, however, as at present, the demand for salt pork undergoes a sudden and large increase; because both sailors and soldiers require to be provided with meat that will keep several months. True, it was never intended that salt pork should be eaten raw, for want of fuel to cook it, as seems to have been in some instances the case in the Crimea; but enough of that sad tale. At various periods during the year 1854, the provision-merchants at Cork took vast contracts for salt pork, in some cases amounting to many hundred thousand poundweights. An advanced price was, of course, obtained at such a time; but even at this price, a loss would be incurred if any circumstances were suddenly and unexpectedly to check the demand. Hence the nervous apprehension of the merchants at the bare possibility of a sudden declaration of peace.

In what manner war may raise the market-value of commodities, is not difficult to comprehend. Without entering into the dry details of political economy, a few words from Mr Tooke's *History of Prices* will shew the nature of the disturbance. In the event of a war breaking out, 'there would be a disturbance of the proportion of the prices of commodities, relatively to each other, and relatively also to the price of labour. The articles which might suddenly be the objects of government demand would rise; but, on the other hand, those articles which would, but for the war, have been purchased by individuals from the fund which is withdrawn from them, would experience an equivalent fall. In general, on such occasions, the demand by government being sudden, and on a large scale, for commodities of which the supply has not had time to accommodate itself to such extra demand, may produce a considerable rise in the price of such commodities; while the corresponding abstraction of demand being spread over an infinitely greater surface, would operate in a manner that might be hardly perceptible, but would not be the less real on the run of general prices.' The gist of this is, to shew that when the prices of a few articles rise in consequence of a government demand in war-time, there is a corresponding diminution of prices in the great bulk of other articles; but that, nevertheless, as the new demand is sudden and violent, and the diminution in other articles is gradual, and spread over an extensive surface, there always *seems* to be a sort of general dearness at such a time.

But, eschewing these economical teachings, no one wants to be taught that a sudden demand for a great deal of pork would raise the price of that pork, as of any other commodity under parallel circumstances. Whether it is all owing to the war, or to the war combined with other circumstances, that sensitive barometer, the breeches-pocket, tells us that prices of articles in great demand have undergone a serious rise in price. Take the end of January in 1853, when the Aberdeen ministry was scarcely a month old; and the end of January in 1855, when the same ministry died a sort of violent death. In the former, we had the best Essex white wheat at 60s., and in the latter, at 80s. per quarter; in the former, the best town-made flour at 46s., and in the latter, at 78s. per 280 lbs.; in the former, the best wheaten-bread at 8d., and in the latter, at 11d. the 4-lb. loaf; in the former, the best beef at Newgate Market at 3s. 6d., and in the latter, at 4s. 4d. per stone; in the former, the best tallow at 45s., and in the latter, at 57s. per cwt. And so it is in respect to the barrels and tierces of salted meat—the war affected the demand, and the demand affected the price, and the price affected the supply, and the supply affected the hopes and fears of the dealers; and these hopes and fears became very sensitive at any prospect of sudden alternation from war to peace.

And thus does a Panic about Pigs become a more important affair than at first thought it might appear.

THE SIEGE OF THE SWALLOWS.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate.

The swallow of this kind, however, is not always a temple-haunting or church-going swallow. Occasionally, he contents himself with the abode of the priest; and some years ago, when staying at the rectory of Stanbourne, a retired village in Essex, I was greatly interested in a siege he and some of his neighbours gallantly sustained in dwellings they had built under the eaves of the house.

In the latter part of spring, these birds make their appearance with us in England, if the weather is fine; but whence they come, it would be more difficult to tell. Many years ago, an anonymous 'Person of Learning and Piety' propounded the theory, that they spent their hybernation either in the moon, or in some intermediate planet, too small to be visible from the earth, lying in the gulf of space, just as rocky islands are found in the middle of the sea, of no other obvious use than for fowls to rest and breed upon. This idea, however, after being thoroughly sifted by the naturalist Ray and his correspondents, was dismissed as untenable; even the nearest planet being too far off for such a purpose. Olaus Magnus was the first who proposed the submarine theory—or, rather, who stated as a simple fact, what was received as such by the descending line of philosophers, including Linnæus and his rival Klein, down to Baron Cuvier, that the swallow, like the little old man of German tradition, tucked himself under the water for his winter's sleep. The most authentic narratives were given—one of them read to our Royal Society—of the bunches of swallows that were dragged up from the bottom by fishermen; and it was stated that, although the birds were insensible, their hearts were still pulsating! At length, it occurred to some person in Germany to bring the question to a practical test, and he at once offered an equal weight in silver for a haul of the submarine swallows. No reply was received, and the authentic stories ceased.

Let us get to the building, however. Whether he comes from the moon or the bottom of the water, the swallow is here, and sets to work at his nest, in the fashion thus described by White:—'The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws, to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall, without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion, the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. . . . . By this method, in about ten or twelve days, is formed a hemispheric nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm, and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic-work, full of knobs and protuberances on the outside; nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all, but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bedding of moss interwoven with wool. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it generally serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready-finished house, get the start in hatching of those that build new by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning; when they fix their materials, they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion.'

The locality chosen by the swallows we have now our eye upon, was, in the year in question, as in various former years, under the eaves of the rectory of Stanbourne. The house is an old-fashioned lathed and plastered parsonage; its projecting gables united by a transverse body, and this protected from the mid-day sun by a pretty veranda, covered with roses, clematis, and woodbine. The progress of the architecture of their summer-visitors had been watched with interest, year after year, by the worthy rector and his wife—by the latter more especially, a close observer of the habits of animals; and the operation usually amused them for ten days or a fortnight. The swallow, in fact, is necessarily a slow builder; for each layer of mud he places, requires some considerable time to dry, before anything can be superadded with safety. Notwithstanding all his caution, however, the difficult job frequently fails; and occasionally he has to begin several nests anew, before getting one to hold. Some folk think him an idle workman, because he is seen so much upon the wing, flashing hither and thither, with no other apparent object than amusement; but all this time his nest is drying, and he knows he must not yet venture to touch it.

The nests were at length completed, and we thought there was nothing more to be seen, till the young ones should be peeping curiously out of their doors at a world into which they were called, they could not tell how or wherefore. But one morning our attention was aroused by an unusual clatter—by sounds, there was no doubt, of aërial strife; and running out, we saw the stronghold of the swallows attacked by a troop of sparrows, whose obvious design was to gain possession of the ready-built comfortable nests. We are not aware that this proceeding is in accordance with the ordinary habits of sparrows. They build skilfully their own nests, and are more careful in the choice of a locality than the swallows; and we are driven, therefore, to the conclusion, that this was entirely an exceptional case, and that the besiegers were a colony whose dwellings had been either rendered uncomfortable, or wholly destroyed, by some accidental interference of man or nature.

It might be thought that the marauding-party would have had no chance at all with creatures so strong, and so wonderfully quick that it was doubtless in reference to them the orator alluded confidently to the fact of a bird's being in two places at once. But there are some considerations that tell in favour of the sparrows. They are a more united body than the others: they go to work in concert, and live under fixed social laws: when they are engaged in plundering, they have outlying pickets to give the alarm in case of need; and they have secret courts of justice for the trial and punishment of criminals. On these solemn occasions, they betake themselves to some solitary place—perhaps at the outskirts of a wood; and the whole community gather and vociferate round the offender, reproaching him, no doubt, with his baseness. What punishment follows, we are unable to tell; for this secret tribunal has its spies and sentinels posted around, and on the slightest alarm the court breaks up, and changes the venue to some more solitary spot. The very mystery of the proceedings, however, is ominous of some terrible catastrophe; and we turn away with a shudder from speculating on the doom of the guilty sparrow.

The sparrows, besides, are obstinate and determined to the last degree; they think nothing of repulse, but return again and again to their attempt, of whatever nature it be. They have a Zouavian boldness and impudence; they hold in utter contempt the laws of property; and, in fact, they have every characteristic of reckless banditti or roving bucaneers. It is not wonderful that a body of this nature should become formidable by more than numbers, even to more powerful and agile creatures. In spite of the gallant sorties of the garrison—in spite of their lightning sweeps among the enemy—the nests were sometimes reached, and received considerable damage; and although the besiegers were always driven back, they were always sure to return. The swallows were at work by the earliest dawn in repairing the breaches in their earthworks; but as soon as this was accomplished, the sparrows, being of the nature of a light guerilla force, and therefore unburdened with a commissariat, which would have obliged them to wait for supplies that never came, and of the orders of a war-minister who gave no orders at all, were upon them again on the instant.

The brave swallows, it may be supposed, were much harassed; but by and by, they had recourse to an engineering expedient, which shewed a very extraordinary degree of intelligence. The sparrows, they knew, had no chance with them in personal conflict—the object of the assailants was to get possession of their fastnesses; and in order to render this more difficult, the swallows actually built up the door of their nests in front, and made an opening behind, where they joined the wall!

The chagrin of the assailants, when they discovered this clever manœuvre, was ludicrously evident; but nevertheless, with the obstinacy of true sparrows, they continued their attack with unabated vigour; repeatedly attempting to take the place by storm, and being as repeatedly repulsed. The conduct of one swallow was the special subject of our admiration—for we need not say that, day after day, we returned to the spectacle with all the eagerness of the combatants themselves—and often we wished we had the power of individualising him in some way or other. This champion posted himself within one of the newly-made doors, from which his tail-feathers protruded; and, well knowing that the sparrows would not hazard a personal conflict, there he remained with incredible perseverance, so far as we know, morning, noon, and night. To say that we watched him every hour of the day, would be an exaggeration; but the tail-feathers were the first object we saw in the morning, and the last that waved over the retreat of the assailants in the afternoon: these tail-feathers were the true standard of the besieged—a flag so immovable, that it gave us the idea of its being nailed to the mast.

Curious as it may seem, this singular siege continued, till the appearance of the young swallows shewed the assailants that all hope was over; and they at length took their departure, and we saw them no more. But the champion was not so easily moved. Perhaps he considered the young to be in danger; perhaps he had become accustomed to his gallant watch; perhaps he was proud of the distinction he had gained; perhaps—— But we could not tell what might be his inducement: all we knew was, that whenever we chanced to look at the nest, there was he, as alert as ever, with the tail-feathers standing out in triumph from the door.

Surely this was a kind of monomania! We wondered what were really the hours he chose for his food and recreation; and the idea even occurred to us—we acknowledge it was a wild one—that his grateful brethren provided him with everything necessary, leaving him to indulge, as his sole pleasure in life, in recollections of his glory. Week after week passed away, but not so the tail; September came, but the tail did not go; the leaves fell, but the tail stood; and in October, when the colony flitted to the moon, or to the bottom of the waters, this heroic sentinel remained behind.

Was he asleep? Had his feet been so long rooted to the spot that instead of migrating like the rest, he had sunk into torpidity at home? Our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, and at length placing a ladder against the wall, we crept cautiously up. The tail-feathers did not stir, even when our breath was upon them; we touched them with our finger—they were cold and motionless. Dead! thought we—brave sentinel—he died at his post! We removed the nest gently, and bringing it down to our friends, the rector and his family—we found the tail in it, but nothing more! Three feathers, arranged so as to represent exactly a swallow's tail, were firmly fixed in the threshold of the door![*]

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

You have come back to us, my brother,
With your pale and thoughtful brow:
Is the joy of old about your path?
Is your 'life-rose' blooming now?

You left us, dear, for a fairer clime,
And a brighter sun than ours;
For the deep repose of forest shades,
And the gold of orange bowers.

We half rejoiced that you were not here
When our winter's skies grew dim;
For we rightly deemed—'A glorious sun
There shines afar for him!'

And oh! when your first dear letter came,
How the gladness flashed through tears;
For each word of cheer and blessing fell
Like a silence on our fears.

And although you said that clime was bright,
And although that land was fair;
'There was no place like your own dear home
To be met with anywhere!'

You have come back to us, my brother,
To your childhood's home once more;
To the music of the loving voice,
To the warm, true hearts of yore.

You have come back to us, my brother,
With your pale and thoughtful brow;
And the star of Hope about your path,
Is it beaming brighter now?

Does it point from earth to that fair clime
Where the sunshine shineth best?
Where the wanderer's weary soul may find
Both a refuge and a rest?

We bid you welcome back, my brother,
To your childhood's home once more;
To the music of the loving voice,
To the warm, true hearts of yore!

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale in appearance is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman who may have seen perhaps rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet, and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. Her nerve is wonderful: I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion; I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful, to every sense, any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his ease in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him.—*Osborne's Scutari.*

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[*] The main facts of the above curious siege, including the removal of the doorways, and the imitative sentinel, were communicated to us by a gentleman of respectability, who refers us to the rector and his lady, as well as to other friends.—ED.

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PATERNOSTER ROW AND MAGAZINE-DAY.

PATERNOSTER Row, which, as most people know, stands north of St Paul's Churchyard, began its career as a straggling row or rank of dumpy wooden houses, inhabited by the turners of beads and rosaries, and the writers of Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds, in days prior to the invention of printing. Its proximity to the metropolitan church, and its central position in the capital, made it a desirable situation for the scribes and the artificers of those days, whose occupation it was to supply the literature and the machinery of devotion. The Row then consisted but of a single rank of houses, looking out upon old St Paul's Church; and the sale of its merchandise, we may reasonably conclude, augmented or declined with the religious fervour of the people, and with the periodical celebration of ecclesiastical ceremonies.

When the Reformation came, and England grew Protestant, the beads and the rosaries, the Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds—and the poor friars of the religious houses, 'white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,' had to decamp without beat of drum. In their place came a swarm of mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and tirewomen and seamstresses. Church-goers no longer wanted beads and breviaries, but handsome Sunday-garments—and the new tenants of the Row administered to the necessities of a new species of devotion, not much better, it is to be feared, than the old. The Row now began to grow famous as a market for rich velvets and stuffs. It was here the gentry of the court of Charles II. came a-shopping in their equipages; and by this time the Row must have become, to some extent, what it is at the present day—a narrow lane, unsuitable for the passage of vehicles—for we read that the thoroughfare was often blocked up by the carriages of the court ladies. Pepys records, in his diary (1660), that he came here to buy 'moyre for a morning waistcoat;' and again, in 1662, that he came on foot to purchase 'satin for a petticoat for his wife against the queen's coming.'

But the mercers, lacemen, &c., had not the whole place to themselves. A century before Pepys bought his wife's satin petticoat, one Henry Denham, a bookseller, had opened shop at the sign of the Star, and had written on his sign-board the motto: *Os homini sublime dedit.* It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the booksellers in a body removed to the Row from Little Britain. From that time to this, the reputation of the Row has spread further and wider through the world with each revolving year; and for many generations past, the well-known name has been familiar to the eye of every man, woman, and child of the realm to whom a book is either a necessary or a luxury of life. It is not our purpose to trace the history of the commerce in books, of which the Row is the great centre, and where as many as five millions of volumes have been sold in a year by a single firm. To do that, would require more space than we have at command, and would involve researches and calculations that might perplex and appal a Bidder. The Row is fed, now-a-days, by fifty thousand authors at least, and a thousand or so of steam-presses; and what the amount of printed paper may be which is turned into it and turned out of it in the course of a year, let those declare, if there be such, who have the means of judging. There are firms there of above a century's standing, who might throw some light on that subject, if they chose; and to them we leave it—preferring, on the present occasion, to introduce the reader to Paternoster Row under its existing aspect, and contemplate at leisure such of its activities as may help us to some general idea of its way of life.

The aspect of the Row, enter it from what quarter you may—and you may take your choice of very numerous different entrances—is pretty sure to disappoint the expectations of a stranger. To say the best of it, it is but a narrow, curving, irregular thoroughfare, leading from near Ludgate Hill to Cheapside—a lane of brick and mortar, with erections of all dates and all styles and no-styles of building—with a foot-pavement scarcely wide enough for two individuals to pass each other, and a roadway through a good part of which vehicles can pass only in single-file. The shops, which, with the exception of two or three, are all those of publishers, have a business rather than an attractive air, and except on certain periodical occasions, are not much troubled by the rush of customers. Into this lane, a number of narrower lanes, of courts and alleys, disembogue themselves—some leading to Newgate market, whose shambles are in unpleasant contiguity to the rears of the houses on the northern side—some into St Paul's Churchyard, some into Newgate Street and Warwick Square, and some to nowhere particular, only to a *cul-de-sac*, which sends the wanderer back again into the Row. At the west end, in a small dusty square, accessible through close-paved courts, leading by a byway to Ludgate Hill, stands a noble sycamore of perhaps a century's growth, whose leaves rustle pleasantly in hot summer-time, and whose leafless boughs in the winter are the parliament of the sparrows of the ward, which are observed to sit there in deafening convocation daily during the short half-hour of winter's twilight.

Viewed, then, in connection with the immediate neighbourhoods of Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and Newgate Street, which, from early morn to midnight, are resounding with the continuous roar and rumble of wheels, the Row is, in general, a remarkably quiet place. The fever of business is intermittent, and the crises occur only at regular intervals. During the quiet times, the place is frequented chiefly by two classes: the publishers, their booksellers and their agents—and literary men. There is a good deal of gossipping in the shops among clerical-looking gentlemen in white ties, and much lounging and reading of newspapers and magazines over the counter among clerks and shopmen. Now and then, the old blind fiddler strays into the Row, and tunes up a sentimental air, followed by rapid variations, in a masterly style, to whom his regular patrons are not slow in awarding the customary meed of coin. Anon comes a brass band of Germans, who draw up in rank on the kerb, intoning the patriotic harmonies of Fatherland, and who, in their turn, gather a shower of coppers, cunningly aimed from upper stories into the open throat of French horn or ophicleide by publishers' clerks in want of more profitable amusement. Here and there, a collector, bag on shoulder, strolls from shop to shop, to make up some extra parcel for a country customer—or a hungry bookworm lounges from window to window, to catch a glimpse of some new work; but there are no great signs of activity—except it be the sudden taking to his heels of the bookworm aforesaid, from a sudden effluvium that hits him clean off the pavement, and sends him staggering down the nearest court; and which proceeds from a tallow-melting establishment, as appropriately fixed, as would be a pig in an Opera-box, in the very focus and centre of the literary world. Once a week, however, the Row puts on a vivacious look, and bustle and business are the order of the hour. By post-time on Friday, the weekly papers march off in sacks, bags, and parcels to the post-office, and of these the Row furnishes a liberal quota. The procuring of the papers from the publishers of each, which is often attended with no small amount of squabbling and delay—the packing for agents—the addressing to private customers—the invoicing and final bundling off on the back of the boy to the post-office—all together put the whole force of the publisher upon their mettle, and make his shop-counter the arena of a contest against time, in which, if he come off the winner by a minute or so, he is perfectly satisfied. Before the clock strikes six, the whole affair is over—the crisis past, and the Row has relapsed into its former state of tranquillity.

But the grandest demonstration of all occurs on that day of days, which is the test and touchstone of the publisher's commerce, known among printers, binders, booksellers, and men of the Row of all denominations, as Magazine-day. On this day, which is the last day of every month, the Row is as much alive as an Egyptian pot of vipers, and far more wide awake. Every house, from garret to cellar, is in a thrill of agitation that stirs the dust in the remotest crannies. Such pulling and lugging and hauling, and unpacking and brown-papering and pigeon-holing, as then takes place, upstairs and down, is a thing to be seen only then and there, and at no other time or place. It is a thing worth seeing, too, only we would advise no unauthorised intrusion of spectators who cannot compromise their dignity, and consent to be carried with the tide.

The business of Magazine-day invariably commences on the night before the important day dawns—a night which goes among the trade by the denomination of 'late night,' from the fact that its duties, when business is brisk, rarely terminate before twelve or one o'clock. By the morning post of this day of preparation, the orders of the country booksellers have all arrived. From their orders the invoices have to be made out; a process which, in some houses, is facilitated by means of printed lists of the monthly magazines and of the publisher's own books. Each regular customer has his allotted pigeon-hole, or other place of deposit, into which his invoice is put as soon as it is copied, together with such of the books he has ordered as the publisher has on his premises. In this way, a considerable part of the work of Magazine-day is done during 'late night;' and in houses where the business is extensive, it is indispensable that all that can possibly be done should be done before the labours of the night cease. Because, in a case where a man has to supply in one day the monthly parcel of a hundred or more of country booksellers, each of whom would think there was a design to ruin him if his parcel did not arrive on the first of the month, he cannot afford the risk of a moment's avoidable delay.

As soon as breakfast is swallowed on Magazine-day, the business of despatch begins. The printers have sent the magazines perhaps overnight, or, at the latest, by early morning. The object is now to complete the order of each customer; and the moment it is completed, to pack it up with the invoice, and direct the parcel. Were nothing more to be done than to add the magazines and monthly publications to such books as form part of the publisher's own stock, the affair would be comparatively easy and simple; but as country booksellers deal mostly with but one publisher, each publisher has to supply his customers with all they want; and it will happen that, for one book of his own, he is compelled to procure ten or a dozen of other people's, upon which all the profit he gets is a trifling commission. Let him be as provident as he will in reference to this contingency, he finds, on Magazine-day, that he has to send not only to every house in the Row, but to half the publishers scattered over the metropolis besides, for books or pamphlets he has not got. His hands are so busy packing, sorting, and arranging, that he cannot spare enough of them to run half over the town for the whole day; so he has recourse to the book-collector, who at this moment comes forward with his services, and of whom, notwithstanding the hurry of the occasion, we must say a word or two before we proceed.

The 'collector,' so indispensable to the Row, is a rather anomalous subject, and may rank as a curiosity among London industrials. He is, for the most part, neither man nor boy, but in that transition period of existence known as hobbledehoyhood. For the outward and visible signs of respectability, judging from appearances, he cares not a doit. He wears a seedy suit, surmounted by a cloth cap or a crushed hat; and he carries on his shoulders a dust-coloured canvas-bag, which had parted with its original and legal hue before it came into his possession. His voice is loud, his bearing independent, and his speech sharp, rapid, and abbreviated. Perhaps you would not be inclined to trust him with much, measuring him by your instincts; but if you were a publisher, you would be compelled to trust him often, and with a good deal. In the financial conduct of small and serial publications, ready cash is the standing rule; and you must give your collector the cash, or he can't collect the goods. Fortunately, you *may* trust him without incurring any great risk: there is honesty in him, and a proud feeling of caste, and he will account for your cash to the last fraction; and if he should do so with an air as though, if there were any delinquency to be suspected, it would be on your part, and not on his, you need not be surprised—it is his way. When you have given him your cash and your commission, he knows what to do, and is off like a shot. A specific sort of knowledge he has in perfection—a knowledge of little books and low-priced publications, and who their publishers are, and where they may be got. He will not travel half the distance for the things you want that your own clerk would do if you were to send him after them. Then, he can crush into a crowd, and 'chaff' and bully his way to the counters in a style which your clerk would never learn, and get his business done all the quicker for it—and he will fill his bag, and return with the load, leaving you ample time for packing before the carts come for the parcels. He is well known at all the news-offices—was, in fact, a news-boy himself as long as he was a boy at all—is well used to accounts, and the mental addition of fractions especially; and though more than a trifle pert and slangy, and given to stare at you in a way that savours of impudence, he is, upon the whole, a reasonably reliable, indifferent, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow enough.

As fast as the several orders are completed, the collected books and publications, together with the invoices, are carried to the packing-department, which may be a cellar, gas-lighted, below the shop, to be packed. The packets of the smaller traders are mostly cleared off early in the day, and stacked ready for the carters; but the completion of a large order is a thing not to be got over in a hurry, and is only effected at last by the success of the collectors in their rambling mission. Often enough, as country booksellers know to their mortification, an order is not completed at all—tracts and pamphlets being returned as 'out of print' when they are only 'out of reach,' far off on the shelves of some West-end publisher, to whom there is not time to send.

As the day grows older, faster and more furious grows the strife of business. Every publisher has not only his own dozens, scores, or hundreds of parcels to despatch, but he is himself a quarry of more or less importance to fifty other publishers, whose agents and collectors are goading him on all sides with eager and hurried demands, which it is as much to his interest to supply instantaneously as it is to execute the orders he has himself received. Within doors, the shops are crammed with messengers, bag-laden and clamorous, from all parts of London; and without, the Row is thronged like a market with figures darting to and fro, and across and back again—with bulging sacks on shoulder—with paper-parcels and glittering volumes grasped under each arm—and with piles of new books a yard high resting on clasped hands, and steadied beneath the chin. It is of no use now for the blind fiddler or the brass band to make their appearance, and they know that perfectly well, being never caught in the Row on Magazine-day.

Let us enter one of the shops while the business of the day is at its height, and note what is going on. The apartment is not particularly large, the convenience of space being the one thing in which the Row is awkwardly deficient; but it is well furnished with goods, the walls, from floor to ceiling, being on all sides one conglomerate of pigeon-holes; further, there are screens of double-sided pigeon-holes dividing the shop from the offices, and all are stuffed to repletion with books, mostly of small size, and tracts or pamphlets in prodigious numbers. A crowd of boys and lads are pressing to the counter, behind which clerks, with pen in hand or ear, and shopmen, now climbing ladders, now ducking and diving into dark corners, are busy in supplying their clamorous demands. From a trap-door in the floor, the gaslight glimmers pale from the cellar below, whence now and then a head emerges, and descends again with an unpacked pile. Amid the jingle of cash, the shuffling of feet, and the lumping of books on the counter, rise the imperative voices of the collectors, in tones none of the gentlest, and in terms not the most intelligible to the ear of the uninitiated.

'Come, it's my turn,' bawls one: 'am I to wait here all day? Pots of manna, six; and phials of wrath, thirteen as twelve. Look alive, will you?'

While the shopman is rummaging for the pots and phials, another voice ejaculates: 'Coming struggles, twenty-six as twenty-four; two devices of satan; and one little Tommy Tubbs.'

'Do you keep the pious pieman?' roars a lanky 'lither-lad,' half doubled up beneath his corpulent bag.

'No,' says the shopman—'over the way for the pious pieman.'

'Well, give us a dozen blaspheming blacksmiths—thirteen, you know. Anything off the blacksmith?'

Shopman shakes his head.

'Nine broken pitchers and Jacob's well!' screams a shrill youth; 'and what's a church, and wheat or chaff.'

'Ten garments of faith, and fifty bands of hope,' cries another.

'Come,' adds a third, 'give us old brown and the new jerusalem, and I'll be off.'

'Do you keep the two thieves?' asks a fourth.

'Yes; how many?'

'Two two thieves and thoughts in prison.'

The traffic here, as you perceive, is of a peculiar kind, being mostly in publications of a low price, and of a religious character. The moment a customer gets what he wants, he is off elsewhere for serials or volumes of a different description. The demand of the present day being chiefly for cheap or low-priced literature of one kind or another, we find the greatest crowds where that is dispensed in the greatest quantity. In places where volumes and the dear magazines form the whole, or nearly the whole, of the materials of traffic, there is time, even on Magazine-day, to conduct the business with more deliberation and decorum. But time must not be lost; and the dinner-hour comes and goes at this particular crisis with but an apology for dinner, or not even that, to the majority of the actors in the busy scene.

As the afternoon wanes, the collectors gradually disappear; and that for an obvious reason, as their burdens have to be sorted, packed, and sent off before six o'clock. As other people's collectors desert the publisher's shop, his own begin to return, having fulfilled their commissions; and now there is an hour and a half, or two hours, in which the work of packing has to be completed. The packing of books is an art, not an intuition. If it is not well done, the books suffer in their transit to the bookseller, and may be refused by the customer; and if it is not done quickly on Magazine-day, it may as well not be done at all. Practice, however, renders the packers adroit; and it is amusing as well as surprising to note how rapidly a heap of books, of all sizes and all shapes, of damp magazines and flimsy sheets, is transformed into a neat brown paper-parcel, corded and directed, and ready for carriage. This all-important work employs all hands, and consumes the last labouring-hours of the day. As time draws on, symptoms begin to appear of the conclusion of the labour. Head-clerks and shopmen button on their coats, and march off to a late dinner; chops, steaks, and cups of coffee walk in to the solace of those who are left behind to see to the termination of the day's business; and carts and wagons begin to defile into the Row from the western entrance, to carry off the parcels to the carriers' depôts. According to a very necessary regulation, well understood, the carts and vehicles performing this service enter the Row from the western or Ludgate Hill end, and draw up with horses' heads towards Cheapside. As a compensation for any trouble this rule may occasion, the carters have a small monthly gratuity allowed them. The carriers send for the goods at their own expense, receiving only the usual booking-fee for each parcel. Notwithstanding these regulations, however, the carting-process rarely goes off without a bout at wrangling and squabbling among the drivers. Now and then, an unsalaried carter, hired for the single job, and ignorant of the etiquette which requires that all vehicles shall depart at the Cheapside end of the Row, will obstinately persist in crushing his way in the contrary direction—and though he is generally defeated in the attempt, he does not submit to fate without the usual demonstrations characteristic of his class. When the carts have all been filled and driven off, the Row assumes a sudden tranquillity, in remarkable contrast with the bustle and turmoil of the past day. By the time its shops are finally closed for the night, some million or so of copies of the latest productions of the press have taken to themselves wings of steam, and are all flying from London, as a common centre, to all parts of the realm; and before to-morrow night, the greater portion of them will be affording to the reading-public their monthly literary treat.

The above glance at the operations of the publishing-trade, furnishes us with a reason sufficiently obvious why publishers should congregate—in so doing, they do but practise what is mutually convenient and profitable. It shews us, moreover, that the convenience at present derived from association, is capable of very considerable enhancement. What, to us, appears to be wanting, is the establishment of a publishers' hall of commerce, in which, of everything published, not only in London but in all parts of the country, copies should be deposited for sale at the wholesale-prices to all the members. The establishment need not be large, nor its management expensive; and the expense should be defrayed by a rate chargeable to each member, and deducted from the sums handed over to him in payment for his deposits. If the publishing-trade goes on increasing for the next thirty years in the same proportion as during the last thirty years, Paternoster Row, with its present limits, cannot long continue to form its principal store-house. As other nuclei arise in other places, the necessity for some common area for the despatch of business will become more imperative and indisputable; and something equivalent to what we here suggest will arise, as most improvements in commercial systems have arisen, out of the urgent requirements of the hour.

THE ZOUAVES.

'What are the Zouaves?' is a question frequently asked when the name of the three brave regiments occurs in the accounts from the Crimea. An answer to this inquiry appears in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the shape of a history of these remarkable warriors. We present our readers with some extracts translated from it, which we think will prove interesting.

In the month of August 1830, General Chausel took the command of the French army in Africa, the mission with which he was charged not being very easy of fulfilment, nor even very clearly defined. He found himself at the head of a reduced army, without precise instructions; surrounded by intrigues and various difficulties; having before him an unknown country, scarcely described by a few forgotten travellers, with a population savage and warlike, but accustomed to receive its laws from Algiers, and now plunged into anarchy by the fall of the dey. All the Turks had been expelled, and this completed his embarrassment; for they who, for ages, had been respected and obeyed by the Arabs, would have been ready and willing to submit themselves to their conquerors. This expulsion of the Turks has been severely condemned: its ultimate results, however, have been most fortunate; for the government of the Arabs being conducted directly by Europeans, has promoted a degree of order, civilisation, and progress, which could never have been hoped for from the Mussulman domination. At the close of 1830, however, the inconveniences alone of the measure were felt; and General Chausel, in order to remedy them in part, and also to increase the number of his effective troops, organised corps of native infantry and cavalry. By a royal order, dated the 21st March 1831, two battalions were formed, which received the name of Zouaves—in Arabic, Zouaoua. The Zouaoua are a tribe, or rather a confederation of the Kabyle tribes, who inhabit the most remote gorges of the Jurjura; a race of proud, intrepid, industrious men, whose submission to the Turks was never more than nominal, but who were very well known in Algiers. Thither they frequently repaired, in order to exchange their oil and the products of their coarse industry, for the commodities which were not to be had in their poor mountains. As they had the reputation of being excellent warriors, and as their military services had been occasionally hired by the princes of Barbary, their name was bestowed on the new militia. A mixed multitude it was, however, receiving into its ranks, without distinction of origin, all the natives, mountaineers and men of the plains, town workmen and country labourers, Kabyles, Arabs, and Coulouglis. Chiefs, however, were necessary—these were chosen from amongst the French officers—and in order to leaven the mass of natives with the European element, a number of volunteers, chiefly from the lowest rank of the Parisian populace, were enrolled.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since its formation, when the new corps received its baptism of fire on the mountain of Mouzäia; and from that time, during the whole African campaign, the Zouaves distinguished themselves by their courage and fidelity.

This corps was remarkable both for the virtues and vices of irregular troops; and when, in 1841, Marshal Bugeaud took the command of the troops in Algeria, he very soon appreciated their peculiar fitness for the service in which they were engaged.

See them at the bivouac: some men come out of the ranks, and run to the nearest spring to fill their canteens, before the water has been made muddy by the trampling of the horses and mules. Presently, their little tents—formed by ripping their baggage-sacks, fastening them together with packthread, and propping them up with sticks—are ready; fires are lighted, as if by magic; and cooking begins. The evening soup is quickly made, consisting, as it does, of onions, lard, and bread; or, if these ingredients be wanting, some liquid coffee is filled with pounded biscuit, and transformed into a sort of paste, which might not, perhaps, please a fastidious palate, but which is both tonic and nourishing. The meat is kept slowly stewing during the night, in order to furnish the morning repast; but sometimes the sportsmen of the division may enrich the larder with a hare, a tortoise, or some fish, not to speak of an occasional hen, kid, or lamb, brought in with a certain degree of mystery, and most probably not procured after a very orthodox fashion. Supper is eaten, the last pipe smoked, and while one party sleep, the remainder change their place in silence, lest their position should be known by the enemy. Follow the officer on duty in his rounds, and despite of the obscurity, he will shew you, on the declivity of the hill, a Zouave lying flat on his face and hands beneath the shadow of the summit, his eye on the watch, and his finger on the trigger of his gun. A fire is kindled in the middle of a path which crosses a wood, and which a party of soldiers occupied during the day, but they are no longer there. However, the marauding enemy who may happen to approach the camp in order to attempt a robbery or a surprise, carefully avoids this fire, round which he thinks the French are encamped. He throws himself into the wood, and there falls beneath the bayonets of the ambushed Zouaves, who strike noiselessly, in order not to spoil the trap, by signifying their presence to the comrades of their victim.

One night—it was a singular instance—their vigilance was at fault, and the troops of the emir, gliding into the midst of their encampment, opened on them a murderous fire. The attack was so sudden, that for a moment the soldiers hesitated to rise, until their officers set them the example. Marshal Bugeaud was the first to arrive: two men instantly fell dead beneath his vigorous arm. Speedily the attack was repulsed by the Zouaves, and the enemy routed. When the fighting was over, and order re-established, the marshal observed, by the light of the bivouac-fires, that the soldiers smiled as they looked at him. He put his hand to his head, and found that his head-dress was identical with that of Béranger's Roi d'Yvetot—namely, a white cotton night-cap! He immediately called for his helmet, and a thousand voices shouted: 'The marshal's helmet! the marshal's helmet!' This became a sort of by-word in the army; and the next day, when the trumpets were sounding the march, the Zouaves sang in chorus, by way of an accompaniment:

Hast thou seen the helmet,
The helmet, the helmet?
Hast thou seen the brave helmet
Of Father Bugeaud?

From that time the trumpet-march was known as 'the helmet;' and the hero of the anecdote himself used to laugh good-humouredly, and say: 'Sound the *helmet.*'

It happened one day that the marshal, after one of the first razzias, or forays, executed by his orders, examined with considerable satisfaction a fine flock of sheep, which had been brought in for the commissariat. He went into his tent, and lay down to sleep, but was suddenly aroused by certain significant bleatings. He hastens out, he sees his Zouaves and his muttons all mingled together, and ready to vanish, despite the efforts of the guards. Full of fury, the marshal, in his shirt, and sword in hand, rushes into the thickest of the fray. The Zouaves disappear in double-quick time, *and so do the sheep too.* Subsequent researches made in their bivouac are attended with no satisfactory result: no one was absent at the roll-call; no one had seen such a thing as a sheep. Marshal Bugeaud had nothing for it but to laugh.

Another day, the Zouaves formed the rear-guard; the column they belonged to brought into the Tell an immense population, who had been captured, after having for a long time followed the fortunes of Abd-el-Kader. The advanced-guard had set out at four o'clock in the morning; and although they were on a plain, at seven o'clock the last families had not yet left the bivouac. They had to journey eleven leagues before they came to water. On that day, the Zouaves were more like charitable women than mercenary soldiers, sharing their biscuit with the poor people whom fatigue and heat overcame; and when their goat-skins were emptied, holding down a sheep or a goat, in order to bring its teats near the parched lips of some poor deserted child.

At nightfall, when they encamped, their sacks contained neither fowls nor tortoises, but they brought back women, children, and old men whose lives they had saved. Such men are as good as they are brave; but they require, in those who rule them, a mixture of firmness and kindness, a strict but not severe discipline, in order to repress their evil instincts, and develop their generous feelings.

The Zouaves did good service in Algeria, when, in 1845, a general insurrection broke out. In the month of April of the following year, after six months of perpetual marching and fighting, the first battalion of Zouaves entered Blidah, covered with glorious rags. It happened that the Grand-duke Constantine, son of the Emperor Nicholas, had just landed at Algiers, and testified a desire to see these troops, whose renown had reached even St Petersburg. That night, the Zouaves received their new uniform; and at nine o'clock the next morning they were at Boufarik, awaiting the young prince.

When he, descending from his carriage, beheld them drawn up in battle array in a green meadow, flanked by two squadrons of spahis, he could not conceal his surprise; for he learned that this band, of an aspect so original, and yet so compact and so thoroughly well drilled, had returned only the evening before, had marched six leagues that morning, and during the last six months, had known no other bed than the earth, and no other roof than the sky. The Grand-duke Constantine, we fancy, brought away with him, from that review, impressions which subsequent events in the Crimea have by no means tended to efface.

In the month of March 1854, the Zouaves, filled with enthusiasm, quitted Algeria to join the army of the East. They were about to face that enemy who had so hotly disputed with Frenchmen the fields of Eylau and Moskva; they were about to fight side by side with that English infantry whose immovable solidity Frenchmen had so often experienced to their cost. Well have the brave bands of Africa fulfilled the expectations formed of their prowess!

What Frenchman can read without joy and pride the accounts given of them in the English correspondence, whether they are described as 'climbing like cats up the heights of the Alma,' or 'bounding like panthers through the thickets of Inkermann!'

With what shouts were they hailed by the Queen's Guards when that heroic brigade, exhausted by its magnificent defence, saw appearing through the fog 'the well-known garment of the Algerine troops!' Scarcely were they seen, before they were in the very middle of the Russian column. May we not hope that the banner of the Zouaves, which floated the first on the breach of Constantine, of Zaatcha, and of Laghouat, will erelong wave in triumph over the walls of Sebastopol?

TO EVERYBODY AND OTHERS.

That great Leviathan the *Times*, stormfully bewailing in sheets of foam the new postage-law, demands of us, the public, by what means it shall profitably retain its advertisements; and threatens, indeed, to rob us of its supplement, that wondrous treasury of knowledge, and nearest approximation to 'the great bill for giving everything to everybody' that has yet been made: let us hasten, therefore, to make note of one while it is yet with us, so that a classic fragment of it may at least remain to be perused by our wondering descendants, when every present periodical—save this our *Journal*—shall have faded from the sight of men!

This particular Tuesday's sheet consists of eight closely printed pages of six columns each, averaging about thirty advertisements in the column: in round numbers, then, nearly fifteen hundred persons must to-day be personally interested in the advertisement sheet of the *Times* newspaper, exclusive of the unadvertising myriads who peruse it to create or satisfy a want.

It is not encouraging to the reader of this entertaining work, that the very first page is crowded with offers of burying himself and friends, however 'cheaply and without parade' it may be effected, and although 'in no case are the mourners conveyed in the same carriage with the deceased.' 'The bereaved of limited means' must not expect to see 'feathers' in the procession; and though there is an N. B. of 'each will be allowed a separate grave,' it will not be 'for perpetuity:' the lodgings are let, as it were, for no particular time, and the tenant is liable to be ejected at the shortest notice.

Fancy some disconsolate widow, whose departed lies in the 'Great Necropolis,' hanging garlands of 'eternel' over the bones of the wrong party!

The second column always strikes us as the most significant and interesting of all. It generally begins, indeed, with, 'Az—the Toilet Club,' which I privately believe to be the one line of literature of some harmless lunatic who has sixpence a day allotted to him for indulgence in that special expense; but the second runs thus: 'St James's St.—I tell you again, I'll not touch the money: it's all stolen property: I can get an honest living, and I prefer such.—Egypt.'

Now, what undiscovered roguery can Egypt's correspondent have been committing? and who is Egypt himself, that man of uncompromising honesty, who, in such days as these, has twice refused an offer of money? Can such a man be found in the flesh, or only in an advertisement; and, above all, how comes he to be found —of all strange places in this world—in St James's Street? Is it the repentant keeper of some private gaming-house broken up by the police, burning to repay his dupes, but who has been unable to bring over his 'Co.' to his reformed principles? Is it one of those respectable rabbis (to be read of in another place of our sheet, perhaps) who lend money, half of which is pictures and bottles, at 75 per cent., 'to noblemen and gentlemen on their personal security,' and who now refuses to accept the interest of a loan, and intends to 'get an honest living,' and 'prefers such?' Here is another of the mystic kind:—'C. D., who left his home in Westmoreland on September 14th, is adjured to return, or at least to write to his agonised parents: A. F. is dead.'

A dreadful history, it may be, is contained in these few words. We can fancy well the 'home,' in our own dear Lake-country, that is made wretched by the runaway—the pleasant hillside and the dancing beck, the tarn and the old sycamore, and all the places that shall know him never more. The boy is over the seas, perhaps, or beneath them, where the *Times* itself shall never reach him. Perhaps A. F., poor girl!—for who can doubt her sex—is with him even now, and the old people's feeble hope is doomed to glimmer on in vain. Was it because they forbade the marriage, think ye, that she lies beneath the yew-tree in the mountain burial-ground? But, after all, this strange advertisement may have been inserted by some miserable wit, who wishes to excite a causeless sympathy. Be it known, then, to such an one, that we have only shed our tears conditionally, and have been by no means taken in.

Here follows a list of those lucky fellows who have only to call at Mr Sampson Brass's, of Bevis Marks, to 'hear of something to their advantage.' We always read these notices with interest—in hopes one day of coming in for a hundred or two ourselves—and also the 'next of kin' advertisements. Nevertheless, we hear that the majority of these are only meant as pitfalls for some unhappy debtor, who is 'wanted' by the bumbailiffs, and finds a creditor at the trysting-place instead of a creditee. Here is a cool request:—'To C. B. —If you will call with the half-note, and it corresponds with the half-note in my possession, I will reward you. —A. K. F.' Now, if we were C. B, we should reverse this advertisement. Our half-note is surely as good as A. K. F.'s half-note; and as it does not appear to belong to either of us, quite as much ours as his. Apart, they are valueless, except as an example of the weakness of disunion; together, they may be worth from L.5 to L.1000. A. K. F. may be freely translated into 'A Knowing Fellow.'

Here we have a beautiful specimen, culled from a parterre of similar 'plants,' of the ad captandum vulgus:

'If ever England and France are allied with sincerity, it will be in order to prevent Russia taking possession of Constantinople. See the grand picture of Napoleon I., now exhibiting.' Under the head of 'The War,' we find, too, amongst a score of articles more or less unsuitable to a battle-field, 'parasols' and 'oil for the hair' recommended with the subtlest ingenuity.

'Crimean men, who have been discharged from the army before Sebastopol, and who are engaged to take part in the grand spectacle of the siege of that city, will please to attend the first roll-call of rehearsal, at six o'clock this evening, at the Royal Surrey Zoological Gardens.'—This is acting with a vengeance! as though we should engage the live prince and the ghost from Elsinore to come and 'do it again' at the Victoria Theatre; or the late Louis-Philippe, in his exile, to play those regal characters usually sustained by Mr Bland.

'Whereas a small iron roller was deposited on the 6th of January on the Mercantile Wharf, Deptford; notice is hereby given to whom it may concern, that the above will be sold by public auction on Wednesday next, to defray expenses. Signed, Jonathan Smithers.' —Well, the small iron roller concerns *us* immensely. Has it been these four months with nobody to guide it, dissipating in the Great Metropolis, and borrowing money, to supply its extravagances, of Mr Smithers? Has it wabbled into the river Thames, and been recovered by that gentleman with personal hazard and payments to the Humane Society? Or has it crushed some innocent child to a mere pancake, and incurred a deodand for so doing from the coroner? What expenses else, Mr Smithers, can a small iron roller have possibly incurred upon your wharf?

Here is another of the attractive headings we have already referred to:—

'Given Away!—Given Away, for L.24 [the L.24 is put in, like an after-thought, in a parenthesis, and as if it did not in the least detract from the generosity of the donor], A Black Pony, very fast; with modern-built phaeton with turn-over seat. Apply to E. F., Lambeth.'—Notwithstanding the address, we acquit the archbishop at once: the concentrated malignity of this advertiser can scarcely be surpassed. He wants L.24 for destroying one, perhaps two, of his fellow-creatures. We think we see *ourselves* gathering up the reins of that very fast funereal animal, and intrusting our lives to the 'turn-over seat.' No, E. F., Lambeth—thank you for nothing.

The next three columns are devoted to the emigrant, merchant, and passage vessels. We may go 'with immediate dispatch' to Kurauchee, Shang-hae, or Sourabaya, in 'A1 copper-bottomed clipper vessels;' they may 'take freight'—which sounds disagreeably—'passengers, and specie up to the 19th instant;' but they will not take *us* to those unknown and perhaps cannibal regions. Hundreds of ships for 'the gold fields' are here advertised, each having performed 'the quickest passage on record,' and 'possessing cheaper and superior accommodation' to the rest. What a far different living cargo will these carry to that borne by the excursion vessels *Rhine*, *Levant*, and *Hellespont!* On board the one are—Care and Adversity; briefless barristers; cureless curates; and hard-handed artisans, for whom there is no work in Fatherland. On board the other are—Wealth and Pleasure; lawyers hastening to put the sea betwixt them and the Temple; youths from the universities, bound for beautiful Heidelberg; and ladies of a poetical turn anticipating 'the sunny South.'

Now appears the long list of medical works, and the miraculous effects of popular medicines. Of this last sort, the following is a perfect specimen. We have seen it in every newspaper for the last ten years, and copy it verbatim, except that we omit two of the more especially unpleasant symptoms of the martyred patient:—'Cure No. 49,832. Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, flatulency, spasms, and sickness at the stomach, have been removed by the Revalenta Arabica Food. Signed, MARIA JOLLY.'—Now, we think, with Mr Mark Tapley, that there is 'some credit' due to Maria 'for being jolly' under such distressing circumstances. We are intensely interested in her case, and should much like to know whether she had dyspepsia first, and the others in rotation, and so on, over and over again; or whether she had them all at once for the half-century. By the 'indescribable agony,' we are rather inclined to the latter opinion. After the doctors' books and the infallible remedies, we have the fallacies of the faculty, and the hygeian systems; then the homœopathic emporiums—which seems a great name for what need be no bigger than a doll's house. The auctioneers and estate agents are, however, the most elegant writers of advertisements; inserting 'the right word in the right place' with admirable judgment, and estimating to a nicety the finest distinctions of property: thus, they will 'sell by auction and without reserve,' that convenient beer-house 'the Spoon and Tankard;' but they have been 'commissioned to negotiate' concerning the sixteen brickbuilt dwelling-houses in Poplar; and have been 'favoured with instructions' to dispose of that freehold domain and modern mansion beautifully situate in the county of Cumberland. Nevertheless, some of their terms puzzle us, as in the following:—

'In consequence of the demise of the owner, four houses, *a carcase*, and a piece of building-ground, freehold,' &c., are to be disposed of. Surely this should be among the medical advertisements; and anyhow, it seems a shameless business on the part of his relatives to dispose of the deceased gentleman, as well as his property, in this public manner, at Garraway's.

Some of the 'Want Places' advertisements sound to the uninitiated almost as strangely:—

'FOOTMAN.—*Single-handed*, can drive a brougham, steady, middle-aged; can brew.' Fancy this maimed person performing so many duties! Miss Biffin was but clumsy compared with him. We trust he may strike a chord in the heart of some paterfamilias by those touching words, 'can brew.' But what shall we say to *this* prodigy? 'Waiter: (Head, share, or single-handed)' is the next announcement. Why is it not in gigantic letters on a play-bill? Why not say 'accustomed to a mangle' at once? Poor fellow!

It is very remarkable that in this whole *Times* newspaper, there is but one 'Maid-of-all-work' advertised; and she (R. S.) openly acknowledges to be 'strong' and 'Irish.' Half the housemaids—who are all 'upper,' by the by, save six—will be obliged to accept that post at last, we suppose; but it is strange to see an aristocracy in such very lowly circumstances. Here is a genuine example of British snobbism for you:—

'Scullery-maid: in a nobleman's family: A. Z., Mussell Court.'—Observe, none of your mere members of parliament or scrubby baronets for A. Z. We wonder she does not add a *nota-bene* of 'no late creations need apply.' Can it be one of the reporters for the *Post* or the *Court Journal*, about to adopt this desperate means of informing himself of the movements of the nobility? We should like to see our Irish friend, R. S., in company with A. Z. What a hearty contempt they would have for one another!

Here, 'a Cook (M. L.), thorough Good, but Plain,' is advertised.—Now, we believe M. L. to be a man-cook, most firmly; we cannot conceive any female, however 'thorough good,' bringing herself to the humiliating confession of that 'but plain.' It seems to us, considering her sex, to beat Dogberry's writing himself down an ass.

There are hundreds of other advertisements of a sufficiently curious character, but these are examples enough. We trust the advertisers will remit to our *Journal* a compensation for giving them this publicity. One sheet we have purposely left out—that relating to the periodicals and magazines. It is here the young author first finds himself in print, and drinks his first intoxicating draught of fame; afterwards, under his real name and own particular book, will be extracts of favourable reviews and intellectual drams of all sorts; later still, will be his 'Literary Recollections;' and last of all, perhaps, his 'Poetical Remains.'

WAVERLEY ABBEY.

WHO is there that will not associate with *Waverley* pleasant memories of a work imperishably connected with Scotland's great novelist? Yet beyond the similarity of name, there is nothing in common between the subject of this paper and Scott's story. For though both appertain to the past, the novelist goes no further back than 'sixty years since,' while we are going to gossip of places many centuries old.

Waverley Abbey! There is a charm in the name, happily not destroyed by acquaintance; for although the crumbling walls are far inferior, in size as well as extent, to many noble abbey-ruins in England, yet sufficient remains to attest that Waverley Abbey was once a proud and mighty ecclesiastical edifice, reposing in the lap of one of the sweetest vales in England. And as some of our readers may be induced to spend a summer-day at Waverley, it will be desirable not only to state where it is, but also how it may be reached.

Leaving London by an early train on the South-western Railway, a drive of about three hours will take us to Farnham, in Surrey. Here we alight, and following a cross country-road, after a delightful walk of three miles we arrive at the secluded abbey. But before leaving Farnham, let us devote a short time to the ancient castle, which, originally built in 1138 by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, continues, after various eventful changes, to be the residence of the bishops of that diocese. It stands on a considerable eminence north of the town, the houses of which cluster beneath its massive walls, though the day is past when protection was needed and bestowed. A noble deer-park, with fine sweeps of velvet sward, and a double avenue of giant elms, adjoins the castle. It is watered by the little river Loddon, which murmurs through a dell shaded by mighty oaks, whose trunks are hidden deep in fern, among which the deer love to linger during the noontide heats of summer. For although the present bishops of Winchester have so far fallen away from the princely glory of their predecessors, who had numerous officers—amongst whom were a constable of the castle, keepers of the parks, keepers of the north and south chase, and of Frensham ponds, 'with the swans therein'—the park of Farnham Castle retains a large population of deer, which do great credit to their pasturage.

In keeping with the more gentle spirit of modern days, when the church-militant is confined to spiritual power, Farnham Castle is shorn of its former strength, which made it a stronghold of Henry III., who, after recovering it from Louis the dauphin of France, rebuilt it in a style of great magnificence, and surrounded it with a deep moat, strong walls, and lofty towers. But it still wears a very castle-like appearance, and is certainly more befitting the abode of a bold baron than a peaceful bishop.

Ringing a bell at a small postern-gate opening on the park, we are admitted within the edifice; and if our visit be in summer's prime, we are startled by the loveliness of the scene. Multitudes of rich-hued roses mantle the walls, giving out gushes of delicious perfume; and the moat, now filled by velvet sward, bears on its emeraldine breast parterres crowded with a bewildering variety of lovely flowers. After seeing the hall and other chambers, we pass into the great court, where the ruins of the noble keep still remain. Ascending to a great height by a flight of steps, garlanded by vines and rose-trees, we are not a little surprised on finding the summit of the keep occupied by a lovely garden about 130 feet square, furnished with a variety of fruit-trees, many of which are nearly half a century old, and numerous shrubs and flowers. This garden is one of the chief curiosities of Farnham Castle. There are several apartments beneath it, but the difficulty and danger of exploring them have, it appears, hitherto prevented an examination which would in all probability lead to very interesting results.

The florist will be highly delighted with the exotic treasures contained in the glass-houses adjoining the castle. The present bishop of Winchester is particularly fond of horticulture. On expressing our admiration of the orchidaceous plants to the head-gardener, we were informed, with an air of importance befitting the announcement, that 'my lord thinks nothing of giving twenty guineas for an orchis.' There are many other interesting places in the castle where we might dally, but we can only spare sufficient time to obtain transient views of Crooksbury Hill and the richly-wooded valley at its base, which are seen to great advantage from the walls.

Leaving the castle, it will not be unwise to taste the celebrated Farnham ale, which we can do at the house in which William Cobbett was born. Resuming our excursion, we follow the banks of the Wey until we arrive at Moor Park, the favourite residence of Sir William Temple when he retired from the cares and anxieties of public life, and where he died in 1699. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; but with a conceit not uncommon at that period, his heart was interred under the sun-dial in the garden.

The house has undergone alterations, but the pleasure-grounds and gardens remain pretty nearly in their original state. The clear and sparkling Wey bounds the domain; but with that love for Dutch formality which marks the age in which Temple lived, the natural beauties of the river were shut out by trim hedges, and a long canal of precise geometrical figure, yet existing, cut through the pleasure-grounds. Here Sir William Temple wrote several of his essays, and found that which he tells us was the ambition of his life. 'For my own part, as a country life, and gardening in particular, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never sought or asked for any one of them, but often endeavoured to escape from them into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace in the common paths or circles of life. The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen, which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution has been taken of never entering again into public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town.'*

But Moor Park is indebted to another inmate for even a higher interest than attaches to it from Sir William Temple's residence. This was Swift, who acted as Temple's amanuensis, for which he received L.20 a year and his board. Looking at the place, sequestered even now, but undoubtedly much more so two centuries ago, when, as Sir William Temple states, few visitors found their way to Moor Park, we cannot wonder at the impetuous young Irishman making love to a pretty-eyed dark girl who waited on Lady Gifford, sister-in-law of Lady Temple, and whom he had doubtless many opportunities of meeting at the second or under table where Swift had his meals. The young beauty was poor Stella, daughter of Temple's steward, whose extraordinary love-story is as widely known as the woes of Petrarch, or Abelard's Heloise. Tradition points to a cavern about half a mile from Moor Park, where Swift is stated to have spent much of his time in making love and spinning bad verses in praise of his patron. The alleged scene of the future Dean's meditations is sufficiently romantic to give birth to wilder traditions than this. It bears the name of Mother Ludlam's Cave, and is thus mentioned by Grose:—'This place derives its name from a popular story, which makes it formerly the residence of a white witch, called Mother Ludlam—not one of those malevolent beings alluded to in the dæmonologia, a repetition of whose pranks, as chronicled by Glanvil, Baxter, and Mather, erects the hair, and closes the circle of the listening rustics round the village fire. This old lady neither killed hogs, rode on broomsticks, nor made children vomit nails or crooked pins—crimes for which many an old woman has been sentenced to death by judges who, however they may be vilified in this sceptical age, thereby certainly cleared themselves from the imputation of being wizards or conjurors. On the contrary, Mother Ludlam, instead of injuring, when properly invoked, kindly assisted her poor neighbours in their necessities, by lending them such culinary utensils and household furniture as they wanted on particular occasions. The business was thus transacted: the petitioner went to the cave at midnight, turned three times round, and thrice repeated aloud: "Pray, good Mother Ludlam, lend me such a thing, and I will return it within two days." He or she then retired; and coming again the next morning, found at the entrance the requested movable.'

Tradition adds, that this convenient borrowing was carried on for a long time, until a person not returning a large caldron at the stipulated time, the old lady was so irritated at the want of punctuality, that she not only refused to take back the caldron, but discontinued her accommodating loans. There is to this day a huge copper caldron hanging in the vestry of Frensham church, which, of course, is shewn by the ancient gossips as the identical vessel that occasioned the loss of the old lady's good-will. We may mention, incidentally, that superstition yet lurks in the wild parts of Surrey and Hampshire to a surprising extent. During a recent visit to the proprietor of Selborne, we were informed that the practice of hanging a bit of lead from the roof of the church round the neck for curative purposes, is still observed by some of the old parishioners. But—Selborne is still beyond earshot of the locomotive. Moor Park is now the seat of quite another kind of curative process. It has been turned by Dr Lane into a hydropathic establishment; and the casual visitor runs some risk of being tempted to suppose himself unwell, for the sake of a temporary residence in so charming a place, and in so thoroughly amiable a circle.

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* *Essay on Gardening.*

Continuing our walk up the lovely valley, we come upon a picturesque mill, shaded by a row of noble sycamores. Beyond, rises Crooksbury Hill, which descends into the valley, turning the course of the river whose waters sweep round its base. If the time at our disposal permitted, we might employ an hour very pleasantly on the summit of this picturesque hill, from whence a glorious panoramic view is obtained. Cobbett makes honourable mention of it, as a place which he loved to frequent when a boy. The fir-woods clothing one side of Crooksbury are tenanted by numerous squirrels, whose playful gambols on a fine summer-day are most amusing. Availing ourselves of the kind permission of the proprietor of Waverley, we enter the domain by the back-gate, and arrive in a few minutes at the mansion. This presents nothing to detain us, being a modern building, formerly in the possession of Lord Sydenham, who sold it when he was appointed governor-general of Canada. Let us, however, before going to the abbey, take a look at the gardens, for the sake of that remarkable man, William Cobbett, who here learned the art of gardening. When his name became world-famous, he revisited the scene of his youthful labours, and has left this account of the famous Waverley gardens:—'Here I first began to learn to work, or, rather, here I first began to eat fine fruit; and though I have now seen and observed upon as many fine gardens as any man in England, I have never seen a garden equal to that of Waverley. Ten families, large as they might be, including troops of servants—who are no churls in this way—could not have consumed the fruit produced in that garden. The peaches, nectarines, apricots, fine plums, never failed; and if the workmen had not lent a hand, a fourth part of the produce never could have been got rid of.'

Striking across a vast meadow, watered on three sides by the river, which sweeps beneath a richly wooded amphitheatre, we gain the object of our pilgrimage; and unless the visitor be callous to all natural beauties, we feel sure he will be charmed with the scene before him. The monks of old rarely erred in the selection of a site for their abbeys. Though living in the so-called dark ages, they were keenly sensible of the loveliness of nature. A copious stream to the south, with an abundant finny population—a broad expanse of rich pasturage, and an amphitheatre of sheltering hills—were features dearly prized by them. All these are at Waverley; and with such natural advantages, we cannot wonder that this abbey became a favourite abode.

Apart from the beauty of the ruins, Waverley is extremely interesting, as being the first Cistercian abbey in England. It was founded in 1128 by William Giffard, bishop of Winchester, for an abbot and twelve monks of the Cistercian order, who were brought from the Abbey d'Aumone, in Normandy, to which monastery they were enjoined to observe strict obedience. Their possessions were at first but small, being limited to the woods and lands of Waverley. Henry de Blois increased their estates, and they acquired further importance by a bull from Pope Eugene III., which gave the abbey the privilege of 'sanctuary,' exempted the monks from tithes, and declared all such excommunicated as should molest or unjustly take anything from them. As years rolled on, the abbey grew in wealth and power. Adelize, widow of Henry I., King Stephen, and many others, were liberal benefactors. On Palm Sunday, the annals record, Eleanora, sister to King Henry III., visited Waverley, having procured a licence from the pope, as, without such permission, women were never permitted to enter the monasteries of the Cistercians. She presented the house with a large sum of money, and 150 acres of land at Netham. Thus, within 100 years of its foundation, Waverley became a mighty engine of ecclesiastical power. Henry III. visited the abbey. Processions and pilgrimages to the holy monks were of frequent occurrence, and the surrounding woods were harmonious with the sweet music of the matin and vesper bells. The establishment occupied numerous buildings, covering nearly four acres of land, adjoining the river. The original little fraternity swelled to a large society of ambitious monks, whose chief successfully disputed supremacy with the abbot of Furness; and their fame as one of the wealthiest orders in England spread throughout the kingdom. This is partly confirmed by a tradition, not singular in connection with other abbeys, that silver statues of the twelve apostles are buried beneath the ruins of Waverley.

A remarkable instance of the great spiritual power of the monastery occurred in 1240. A man who made the monks' sandals took refuge in the abbey after committing a murder; and although he was apprehended by the king's officers, the monks claimed and procured his restoration. Nor did their triumph end here, for the sergeant and his party who had executed the orders of the government, were condemned to ask pardon of God and the monks at the convent-gate, and to be publicly whipped; which sentence was fully executed upon them by the dean of the house, who enjoined an additional penance for the good of their souls.

But at length the glory of Waverley departed; and even the awe of a divine presence, and its attendant miracles, failed in arresting the havoc which terminated its existence in common with other monasteries. Remembering its vast extent, shewn by the ridges of sward marking the foundations, it is remarkable how few vestiges remain of so large an establishment. But the history of Waverley subsequent to its dissolution affords another confirmation of the truth, that too often

Man's spoiling hand,
Worse even than the gnawing tooth of Time,
In one short day outdoes the work of years.

For had the abbey been left to time alone, which would have wrapped it in a mantle of ivy, the remains would probably be as extensive as those of Fountain's or Bolton. But, alas! unmindful of the sacredness of antiquity, Waverley has been used as a quarry, and many tons of sculptured stones have been carted from its walls for building purposes. At present, the crumbling fragments extend in detached portions over about three acres. The ruin of the great church attests that it must have been a stately and magnificent edifice. Part of the refectory, sustained by a row of graceful and slender pillars, remains; and it is not long since persons were alive who remember the windows brilliant with painted glass, all of which has disappeared. Several stone-coffins still exist among the ruins; and leaden boxes, supposed to have contained the hearts of the abbots, are still dug up. Although bound by their order to observe a life of severe austerity, the remains of fish-stews, and the pains taken in the cultivation of their large farms, prove that the monks were not insensible to worldly comforts. But we will not traduce the 'holy men' by dwelling on their foibles, but rather thank them for leaving us so fair a vestige of their appreciation of beauty as Waverley Abbey.

And now we are warned, by the lengthening shadows, that it is time to depart. But we will vary our homeward route. Following the bank of the river, a short walk leads us to a dark sheet of water called the Black Lake, reflecting serried ranks of stately pines on its tranquil breast. Passing through woods of great beauty, the home of gaudy pheasants, we emerge on a lane lined by a profusion of lovely wild-flowers and magnificent ferns. Leaving this, we enter the road to Farnham, bordered by the famous hop-gardens; and making our way to the ancient 'Bush Inn,' which flourished in the time of James I., we sit down to dinner, for which our walk has given us a keen appetite, and return to London by the evening train.

KARL HARTMANN:

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

On the following afternoon, Hartmann and I, with of course the inevitable major, took up our abode at the Hotel of the Marshals, Sebastopol, in the same line of street as the church of St Vladimir. Hartmann had luckily obtained—from Derjarvin, I supposed—the address of the surgeon-oculist with whom Mrs Dalzell was temporarily residing; and within an hour of our arrival, I sent her, by the hotel garçon, the letters of which I was the bearer from America; one placed in my hands at the last moment by Hartmann—'from her husband,' he said; and a note, stating that I would myself wait upon her and my cousin Marian in about two hours from that time. This done, Hartmann and I went out for a stroll, closely watched within the place, we were quite sure; but egress from Sebastopol was wholly impossible without a guard at our heels.

Sebastopol is not a city: it is an immense fortress, and nothing else, of which the houses are troop-barracks, fortified with remarkable skill, and at an incredible cost.

'I quite agree with you, Mr Hartmann,' I remarked, 'that Sebastopol is not a place to be taken by the collar, even by an Anglo-French army; and yet, judging from the confusion and terror everywhere visible, the Russians themselves seem to despair of a successful defence.'

'The confusion is more apparent than real; and if what Kriloff reports is true—that a part of the fleet has been sunk, to block up the entrance of the harbour—a vigorous, systematic defence has, you may be sure, been organised.'

'You are of opinion, then, that the Allies will break their teeth upon this granite stronghold of the czar?'

'Very likely. It is one thing to accept battle in the open field, and quite another to hold an enemy at bay from behind stone-batteries and covered ramparts. Worse troops than you and I saw beaten, hand over hand, the other day, ought to hold Sebastopol against any amount of force. The successful defence of such places proves nothing. Napoleon broke his teeth, as you term it, upon Acre; Wellington, upon Burgos: but here we are at the Hôtel des Maréchaux again.'

'Remember,' said Hartmann half an hour subsequently, as I was about to proceed to my Aunt Viola's, 'not a word of Karl Hartmann, nor of any *suspicion* you may entertain. Good-by. I shall be anxious for your return.'

Ten minutes had not passed when my cousin Marian was in my arms—weeping, sobbing, lamenting; blessing, thanking Heaven all in a breath. Lamenting for her father's illness; blessing, thankful that her mother and herself would soon be near him—with him once again; it might be to aid in restoring him to life and health—to life and health in free, happy America—that far-off land of blessed promise, which she had so longed, yet dared hardly hope to behold! And now, to dwell there with dear Aunt Garstone—a name that had ever been to her a holy household word; with Cousin Ruth, whom she knew as well from her letter as if they had been from childhood inseparate sisters! 'Too much! too much!' sobbed poor Marian—'a change too mighty, too blissful to be realised!'

It was too much for me, I know, who could say nothing, suggest nothing, do nothing, whilst that torrent of passionate utterance was pouring forth, but ejaculate unintelligible vocables in choking sympathy. We calmed down at last; got our eyes dry enough to see through them; and had I needed proof that Hartmann was Arthur Dalzell, it would have been abundantly supplied by Marian's face, which was a refined copy of her father's. Neither could it be doubted that a man so beloved by his wife and child must possess many good, many admirable qualities—dwarfed, hidden, overgrown, as they might be by the poison-plants that spring up so plentifully in the sensuous and ardent natures that lack or spurn the purifying discipline of self-control.

'That is mamma's bell,' said Marian; 'she is becoming impatient. Be very calm yourself, dear cousin,' she whispered, 'or you will renew her agitation, which, you may suppose, has been very great.'

Marian opened a door very gently: a lady habited in mourning sat near a window, her pale, finely chiseled face, from which a lustre seemed to breathe, though the eyes gave no light, turned expectingly towards us.

'My nephew Mark,' she said in Marian's silver accents, but more subdued, and sorrow-toned to the gentlest patience of expression—'My nephew Mark!' I was on my knees before her, clasping her slender hands, gazing up at her mild, seraph face, and marvelling no longer that my aunt Garstone held her still so freshly in remembrance, though divided from each other as they had been by more than thirty years of wearing and tearing life. I need hardly say that the mother's words of welcome, of present grief, of hopeful anticipation, were essentially the same as her daughter's, though more soberly tinted. She would have set out at once—for were there not oculists as skilful as Dr Isomine to be found in America?—but that she must perforce wait to see Gabriel Derjarvin, who was not expected in Sebastopol for some days to come. Presently our conversation assumed a more cheerful tone: we talked of Aunt Martha, my father, Ruth—and were building castles in the air by the dozen, when Dr Isomine came in to say that the *rappel* had beaten—at which signal every one, not on duty, must forthwith betake himself to his home. Of course I immediately took leave.

There was still, spite of the *rappel*, much clangour and confusion in the streets, caused, it seemed, by the numbers of families of condition that were eager to escape, from the supposedly imminent assault by the Allies upon southern Sebastopol, to the comparative safety of the northern side of the great naval arsenal; in furtherance of which natural desire, a bridge of boats had been moored across the main harbour.

I found Captain Dalzell, as I shall now call him, alone; and at his request I related all that had passed in as nearly as I could remember the very words of the speakers. He listened with bowed head, and his face covered with his hands, in profound silence, marked, as much as broken, by a deep stifled groan which twice or thrice escaped him. He made no remark in answer, and after waiting a while, I said:

'It is absolutely necessary, Captain Dalzell'——There was a movement of surprise, but he controlled himself: 'It is absolutely necessary, Captain Dalzell, that immediate action should be taken in this most unhappy business.'

'That is true,' said he, raising his head and looking me sadly in the face; 'but what action—to what end?'

'I cannot say, ignorant as I am of the precise circumstances in which you are placed.'

'Let me plainly state them then: I *am* Arthur Dalzell, ci-devant captain in the czar's service, and now under sentence of *mort infamante*, for horsewhipping one of his generals. This, Kriloff knows—knows, not suspects only, as Colonel Puhmpenuff supposed. He and Derjarvin have had a second interview, the result of which was, that the two worthies agreed to keep my secret, upon condition that they be permitted to keep and divide the five thousand pounds bequeathed to my wife.'

'Where could you learn all this?'

'From Major Kriloff's own lips, not half an hour since; uttered plainly, unblushingly, to my very face; but which of course would, if necessary, be as boldly, unblushingly denied. A legal acquittance, signed by Madame Dalzell, placed in his hands, the major was pleased to say in conclusion, and I might leave Sebastopol to-morrow.'

'That penalty, then, for your exceeding rashness, Captain Dalzell, must be paid.'

'Sir!' exclaimed Dalzell, springing fiercely up, as if about to strike me—'do you mean that, to save this worthless life of mine, I should beggar my wife and child; and, moreover, enrich Kriloff and his brother-scoundrel?'

'My Aunt Viola would not estimate the money at a feather's value in comparison with your safety.'

'Better and better! It is an additional motive, is it, that I should cast a wife—a wife stricken with blindness—penniless upon the world, because she is not only a long-suffering, gentle, but a loving, all-forgiving woman! Nay, nay, Master Henderson, bad as I may be, I am not capable of the infamy you counsel. When I prove so, Derjarvin will *know* me to be the dastard you have heard him call me. And herein,' he continued, for I, in fact, knew not what to say—'my will is its own lord; for if it happens that, by any means whatever, Mrs Dalzell is wrought upon to comply with Kriloff and Derjarvin's terms, I will that moment denounce myself to the authorities, and proclaim the treason to the czar of the confederate villains. They fear this; and therefore it is that they shrink from working upon my wife's feelings, except through me. This gives me time—perhaps a chance. Then Admiral Korniloff, whom I have called upon—the letter I placed in his hands was written by a niece of his, betrothed to poor Puhmpenuff—says he will gladly render me any service in his power.'

'Pray Heaven these frail twigs may not fail you! But should they, it would be sheer insanity to sacrifice your life to a vain'——

'Be it so!' peremptorily interrupted the wilful man. 'We are all, as you have heard me say before, more or less insane. I, like Hamlet, am mad nor'-nor'-west; but when the wind is southerly—— You know the rest. Good-night!'

What to the purpose could be said or done, with so fearless and unreasoning a nature to deal with? I was at my wits' end—no very long journey, the reader may think; and fain to wait with what patience I could muster for the solution which Time would bring—the doleful Time, as it limped slowly past in a beleaguered city, wherein one seemed to breathe an atmosphere of peril, dismay, and death. Derjarvin failing to appear as he had appointed, my aunt and cousin urged immediate departure, the business of the legacy to be left in the hands of a respectable syndic; and I dared not hint at the reasons which forbade compliance with so sensible an arrangement. Next came the bombardment by sea and land, and amongst the victims of that fearful day was Admiral Korniloff, killed by the bursting of a shell. That frail hope gone, I once more essayed to shake Dalzell's resolution. Vainly, as before. My eager reasoning was water dashed against a rock. He was far, he said, from the end of his resources yet. What his plan was, if he had one, I knew not. In fact, I rarely saw him, except in the morning before he went out; but I knew his old vice of gaming had regained its ascendancy, by the frequent drafts he made on my purse; and I could refuse nothing to a dying man, as I firmly believed him to be. It was very likely, I thought, that the insanity of play had suggested the possibility of winning a sum sufficient to purchase the connivance of Kriloff and Derjarvin, without impinging upon his wife's fortune. Poor maniac!

And thus the weary days dragged on, bringing us to Saturday, the 4th November. The failure of the combined attack had inspired the Russians with new courage, which the constant arrival of reinforcements—the tidings that two Grand Dukes were on their way to Sebastopol—the lying bombast, widely placarded in French and Russ, pretendedly descriptive of the ever-memorable charge of the British light cavalry at Balaklava—increased to exultant confidence. On that day, November the 4th, dull and gloomy as the weather was, Sebastopol seemed drunk with pride, and anticipated victory. Triumphal music resounded on all sides; the church-bells rang out their merriest peals; the vociferous cheers of the soldiery gave savage chorus; and religion—simulated, unreal, assumed to order, like the other less solemn shams in progress, lent its aid to inflame the intoxication of the hour—processions of popes, as before the Alma, bearing holy pictures, and chanting Israel's psalms of triumph over the heathen, constantly passing and repassing along the lines of devout and drunken troops, which in countless numbers thronged the streets.

Elbowing my way with difficulty back to the hotel from my aunt's, about nine o'clock in the evening, I found Captain Dalzell impatiently awaiting me. He was greatly excited—not, however, by wine.

'I am come, Mark,' he said, 'to bid you farewell. I leave Sebastopol in about four hours hence.'

'Leave Sebastopol! You have arranged, then, with—with'——

'With Kriloff—yes. You start and blush, and I am glad you do; it is an involuntary justification of what you have termed my insanity. Reassure yourself. Your Aunt Viola's husband is not yet fallen so low as to esteem base life above brave death. Kriloff & Co. will call here to-morrow evening to receive the legal acquittance for the legacy, when you will be free to deal with them, for, as I have already said, I quit Sebastopol long before the dawn.'

'You speak parables.'

'A few words will make my meaning clear. A great blow is about to be attempted against the beleaguering forces—a blow admirably planned, and, if successfully carried out, the star of England's military greatness will suffer grievous eclipse. Its main features may be thus described:—An immense force in infantry and artillery, variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand men, will assail the British position above Inkermann before daybreak. Should Menschikoff or the two Grand Dukes—I don't know who commands in chief—so far succeed as to extend a victorious hand across to Liprandi at Balaklava, the Crimean campaign will have terminated, and all that remain of the allied forces must re-embark—if they can.'

'But surely there is no danger of such a catastrophe?'

'Much danger. The British position on the side of Inkermann is easily assailable, and the odds in numbers will be overwhelming. Should the Russians, under cover of the darkness, succeed in creeping up the slopes and ravines, and with their cannon gain the ridge of the heights unperceived, nothing but a miracle of war can give Raglan the victory. The British will be taken in flank, and it will be a long time before their own divisions on their left can be brought into action: the French will be still later. Still, if they are not surprised, a few thousand only of that astonishing infantry may make a stubborn fight of it till help comes.'

'But how—I really don't understand'——

'What this has to do with my leaving Sebastopol? Just this: by the favour of Major Bovinski, a Pole by birth, whom you have heard me often speak of lately, I accompany his regiment as a volunteer, in the van of one of the divisions, attired as a Russian officer; and favoured, as Menschikoff hopes to be by the darkness, I shall have at least a chance of joining my countrymen, if not of rendering them a much more precious service.'

'I understand. It is a desperate cast, yet one that even I would not attempt to dissuade you from.'

'Thank you, my boy. Farewell! You will know what to say to my wife—to Marian. If I escape—well; if not, they will be sure I do not fill a coward's or a traitor's grave. Farewell again! God bless you, Mark, and yours!' He was gone.

Throughout that fateful night, Sebastopol remained in a state of tumultuous agitation. Exciting addresses were delivered in all the churches by the Greek clergy to crowded military audiences—addresses sealed, hallowed by the subsequent mystic celebration in midnight masses of the Last Supper and the Saviour's Passion—'Do this in remembrance of me!' Grosser, but much more pardonable stimulants, were plentifully distributed; and the Russian host poured forth to battle and assured victory, inflamed, drunken, alike with fanaticism and brandy.

About seven in the morning, Kriloff, who had been absent all night, came in. Even his earthly, wooden nature appeared to be moved by a sense, if a dim one, of the greatness of the issues about to be submitted to the bloody arbitrament of battle.

'You are early up, Mr Henderson,' he said (I had not so much as thought of bed or sleep); 'for my part, I could not rest if I tried. But where is your friend, Mr Hartmann?'

'I have not seen him this morning.'

'Ah, a soldier of service he, who could sleep, I doubt not, during the pauses of a *bataille rangée*. Every minute now,' added the major, 'is worth a hundred soldiers to holy Russia.'

He drew out his watch, placed it on the table, and eagerly noted the progress of the hands. I did the same, my eyes glued to the dial; and so nervous, fascinated did I quickly become, that it required a strong effort of will to wrench away my gaze, and jump up from the chair with the intention of taking refuge with my aunt and cousin.

Kriloff did the same at the same moment. 'What's that?' he exclaimed.

'Do you mean,' said I, 'the shaking of the window, that'——

'Window! *Tonnerre d'enfer*, that is no window! Hark again! it is volleyed musketry; and that muttering thunder is the roll of drums! The mask is dashed aside at last, and they are fairly at each other's throats! Well, God defend the right!'

'Amen!' The battle had indeed begun in furious earnest, as the swiftly deepening, widening thunder of artillery, the as rapidly increasing flashes of musketry and cannon-flame, in the direction of Inkermann, soon terribly testified. The surprise had not, apparently, been so complete as had been anticipated. Still, the British troops would be fighting at a frightful disadvantage. And Arthur Dalzell! What part had he already played, or was now playing, in that bloody drama?

I sought shelter from these thoughts at my aunt's; and found her and Marian weeping, praying. I could do neither, blessed as the relief would have been; and I regained the street. It being Sunday, the great majority of the civilian inhabitants of Sebastopol were in the churches, where religious services—proclaimed by the incessant tolling of funeral bells to be masses for the dead and dying, falling by hundreds with every detonation of the tempest of fire raging over Inkermann—were celebrated by relays of popes, and did not cease for a moment. At about half-past nine o'clock, however, a thin stream of anxious people began to set in towards the entrance to the Inkermann Road; to reach which, in the most direct line, it was necessary to cross the Admiralty and Careening Harbours; the road itself running along the eastern margin of the Bay of Inkermann, as it is called; and which, in reality, is the inner portion of the great or main harbour. A considerable crowd was already there, watching, with pale looks, the continuous and fast-swelling influx of wounded soldiers; but no doubt appeared to be as yet entertained of ultimate victory. Albeit, as the morning wore on, a feeling of anxiety and distrust gathered strength; and in a crowded café, where I took refuge from the jostling crowd, exclamations of savage rage greeted the tidings which began to pour in soon after eleven o'clock. Presently, an officer of rank, supporting himself upon the arm of an orderly, entered the place, and in reply to an acquaintance, said in a low voice:

'It is a massacre, *mon cher*. The resistance is desperate—devil-like. Still, I think we must win at last.' The friend said something, of which I only caught the word 'surprise.'

'It would have been complete, so far as our division was concerned,' replied the new-comer, 'but for an unaccountable act of madness, or treason. We had crept up unperceived to within about two hundred yards of an English battery, on their near right. In ten minutes, the unsuspecting gunners would have been quietly bayoneted at their posts, when an officer, whom the darkness did not permit me, though very close to him, to make out distinctly, suddenly wrenched a musket from a soldier, ran forward, and fired it, shouting the while like a demon. A score of muskets were levelled at him, with what effect I cannot say; but the mischief was, of course, irreparable; and a shower of round and grape saluted us from the battery, which had else been ours without resistance.'

'Dalzell!' my heart whispered, as those words fell upon my ear. 'Dalzell, no question!' and so impressed was I with the truth of that instinctive conjecture, my mind was so filled, as it were, with the hopes, the fears, to which it gave birth, that for a considerable time I was unheedful of what was passing around me. Rousing myself at last from the trance of thought into which I had fallen, I heard a Russian official gruffly demand of a slightly wounded French officer just brought in, if his countrymen were yet engaged. 'Yes,' was the equally gruff rejoinder, 'or I should not be here. Only a part, though, as yet of Bosquet's division; but the rest are not far off.' This must have occurred about one o'clock.

The signs of defeat now multiplied apace; and by three o'clock it was acknowledged that the Russians had sustained a sanguinary repulse. The roar of battle died gradually away; the mob dispersed in sullen discontent; and each side was free to count the bloody cost—the Anglo-French, of victory; the Muscovites, of shameful overthrow. It was quite dark when I got back to the hotel, where I was much surprised to find my aunt and cousin. They had sent frequent written messages to me during the day, and receiving no reply, had worked themselves into a panic of alarm for my safety, which nothing would allay but themselves ascertaining in person what had befallen me. We had not exchanged twenty words, when the landlord of the hotel, a civil, obliging person, informed me that I was asked for below. 'A wounded Russian officer,' he whispered, directly we were out of the room, 'with hardly sufficient life remaining to bid the litter-bearers, who carried him off the field, bring him here. It is your friend, Monsieur Hartmann!' added the man in a still lower whisper, and with a perturbed stare. I sprang, without replying, down stairs. It was indeed poor Dalzell! At sight of me, a smile gleamed over his pallid face; and grasping me by the hand, he made a mighty effort—feeling, no doubt, that death would be swift and sudden with him—to acquaint me with the circumstances under which he had lost his life. 'I know all,' said I, interrupting; and I slowly and distinctly repeated what I had heard at the café. His grasp of my hand tightened as I spoke, and the darkening eyes flashed with a glow of military pride. 'You think it was well done, Mark?' came from his lips in a pleased, bubbling murmur.

'Think it well done! Ah! my brave friend, it is to the unshrinking devotion of such hearts as yours, that England owes her glory and her greatness.'

'You will tell Viola—Marian!' he murmured yet more faintly than before, 'and that—that'——

He fainted, and I thought he was gone; but pungent restoratives brought back consciousness, and I caused him to be gently carried upstairs and placed in bed. Slight delirium supervened, and for the next ten minutes, the idle comments of his brain ran upon the incidents of the day in which he had taken part. The 'light before death,' as it is called, suddenly chased away those confused and shadowy images. His eye rekindled with intelligence, and his voice was full and clear, as he said: 'Viola will hear from you, Mark Henderson, that my death was not unworthy her, or of my name and country. Ah! sweet wife—fair child, had I but'——

A loud scream interrupted him, and in another moment the wife so tenderly apostrophised—guided by Marian—had clasped her dying husband in her arms, and was pouring forth a torrent of broken, passionate words—words of tenderest love, of bitterest grief, of undefined but direst apprehension.

'Blessings! blessings on you, Viola!' interrupted the moribund, in that strange, solemn tone which cannot be mistaken—'on you, and on my child—blessings multiplied—unworthy as I'—— We listened intently for several minutes, but the voice returned not, and looking more closely, I saw that he was dead!

I had cautioned the landlord not to inform Major Kriloff of what had occurred, and just after ten o'clock, that gentleman came into the room where I sat alone, and swaggeringly announced, that one Gabriel Derjarvin was below, by appointment, to meet Monsieur Hartmann. Gabriel Derjarvin was desired to walk up; and after a moment's hesitation, he followed me to the death-chamber; Major Kriloff accompanying.

'We must see Monsieur Hartmann alone,' said the major, as I opened the door.

'I shall not remain an instant. There, messieurs,' I added, quickly withdrawing the concealing curtain—'There is Captain Dalzell!'

You might have felled them with a feather, and at a sign from me, they followed down stairs like whipped spaniels.

'Captain Dalzell's papers, messieurs, apprise me of the particulars of the bargain you hoped to conclude with him; and I now inform you, that unless Madame Dalzell's legacy be immediately forthcoming, and passports for our departure provided, I shall at once place those papers in the hands of Prince Menschikoff.'

The terror of the villains was really pitiable: they promised everything; and effectually the money and passports were forthcoming the next day but one. On the 20th of the month—four days after the terrific storm in the Black Sea—my aunt and cousin embarked with me at Yalta; and on the 18th of January 1855, the *Saucy Gipsy* dropped her anchor off Staten Island—all well.

I have little more, I think, to add likely to interest the reader, except that Ruth Garstone condescended to become Mrs Mark Henderson on the very day, I well remember, that intelligence of the death of the czar, with—startling appositeness of retribution!—the echoes of a Turkish victory upon Russian soil, the first for two centuries, sounding in his dying ears—reached America. I may add that Ruth—but it is young days with us yet—is the same provoking, saucy gipsy as——

'Take my advice, Mark, and leave that out, or no sensible person will credit a word you have been writing.'

'You there, wifie! I was not aware you were peeping over my shoulder.'

'Neither should I have been here, but for my usual silly good-nature prompting me to come and tell you that Dr Burton says the operation has been capitally performed, and that dear Aunt Viola will see again as well as ever. Cousin Marian is crying for joy; and as young Carden seemed inclined to sympathetic tears, I slipped away.'

'Young Carden, of Wall Street! What sympathy should he feel with Marian's joy or sorrow?'

'Now, is not that a sensible question? Positively, Mark, you can have no eyes in your head; or, if you have, they must want couching quite as much as aunt's did.'

'Well, that may be a fact, and accounts for the blunder I made some time ago, in mistaking a certain damsel for a divinity, whereas'——

'There! do hold your tongue; so much scribbling is turning your brain—it is, indeed! Now, don't be ridiculous, Mark'——

'Aint that owdacious now!' chuckled my father, who that moment looked in; 'two months married, and kissing! Well!'

'Your son, Mr Henderson!' exclaimed Ruth, flaming up as red as fire, 'is one of the rudest, most unmannerly'——

'It's nothing to nobody,' interrupted the deaf mariner, with a consenting nod. 'It's what *is* right, only it shouldn't keep other people's dinner waiting.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The season has got into its soirées, and our learned societies, and patrons of science, and promoters of dilettantism, are holding their annual gatherings with the customary appliances. But every one remarks a certain indefinable something about these assemblages which deprives them, more or less, of their former attractiveness, and makes attendance at them too much of a task. Whether it be the war, or the consequences of the war, or a growing feeling that great parties entail too much of formality and insincerity, or Mr Thackeray's writings, is matter for consideration; but one thing is clear—people do not care so much for soirées as they did. The new president of the Royal Society gives no soirées, greatly to the discontent of some of the Fellows, and to the joy of others. The latter contend, that the first scientific society of Europe is able to make progress, and fulfil its mission, without the adventitious aids of fashion. We shall see. It is a question of earnestness against conventional usage and—vanity. The number of candidates for election into the Royal Society was greater this year than ever; but only fifteen were chosen at the annual meeting on the first Thursday in June, most of them diligent cultivators of science.

That the electric-telegraph will be carried across the Atlantic, becomes more and more likely. Arrangements have been entered into between the British and American companies for laying a cable from St John's, Newfoundland, to the nearest point of Ireland, before the end of January 1858; and by the end of the present year, all the rest of the line will be established, for the cable is being sunk from Newfoundland to Prince Edward's Island; and from the latter, the communication with the United States' telegraphs is already complete. So, if nothing untoward occur, Lord Clarendon will be able to hold a telegraphic talk with our minister at Washington, before the end of the present decade.

Meantime, who shall say what further extensions may not take place?

Captain Ward, of the Royal Engineers, has just published an important paper, 'On the Application of the Voltaic Battery to Military Purposes,' in which he shews how the methods are to be applied with the greatest power and economy. He prefers a small Grove's battery, and a fuse of platinum-wire, as this will burn even should the insulation not be quite perfect, which cannot be said of other fuses. By adapting a helix to his wire, he explodes a charge at a distance of four miles, and he has fired eight guns at once. He points out, moreover, the use which may be made of this contrivance in communicating signals; and it becomes clear that henceforth electricity will enter into the means and appliances of war. Colonel Portlock, in his notes to the paper, remarks: 'Mr Wheatstone has explained to me many novel and ingenious contrivances; such, for example, as the introduction of a small clock-movement, by which the discharge should be effected at any interval of time, from a few minutes upwards, so that a charge of powder might be left to explode of itself at a definite time, or if enclosed in a floating-case, might be allowed to drift against a ship or other object, and would explode at the instant the circuit became closed by the action of the clock-work.' And it is now known that gunpowder can be fired 'by a current induced by a magnet, without the intervention of a voltaic-battery.'

Signor Bonelli has so far succeeded with his interesting experiments, that he can now send a signal from any part of a telegraph-line to a station, and can hold a conversation between a locomotive and a station, or between two locomotives, both being in motion on the same line of rails. Described in few words, his apparatus is a double wire trailing from the tender, along an insulated iron rod placed between the rails. This rod may communicate with any or all the stations, and with a moving train. As yet, some imperfections remain to be overcome, but the contrivance bids fair to be one of considerable benefit to those who make and those who travel on railways.

We hear from Rome, that Volpicelli has been making use of metallic and other kinds of rods in a series of experiments, from which conclusions are drawn 'very favourable to the idea of an electric polarity pre-existing in the molecules, and manifested by the perturbations produced in the molecular condition.' Angström is inquiring into the phenomena of the spectrum of the electric spark, and finds a remarkable difference from those of the solar spectrum; and in some of the effects, an approach towards an explanation of the colour of double stars. Tried in various gases, it was noticed that, 'in the oxygen spectrum, the greatest number of bright lines occur in the blue and violet; in the nitrogen spectrum, in the green and yellow; and in the hydrogen spectrum, in the red.' Professor Wolf, of Berne, perseveres in his observations of shooting-stars, begun in 1851; since which time, more than 5000 have been noted. He intends to keep on a few years longer, with a view to discover, if possible, the law by which these celestial fugitives are governed. Already he is enabled to state how many an observer will see in an hour, in each month of the year. In January, 5; in July, 9; in August, 13; in September, October, and November, 4; and in all the other months, about 3. From what is now known, the number of shooting-stars that may be seen in any night is much greater than those who never think of watching for them would imagine.

Mr Greenough, whose decease we noticed last month, has left a small legacy to the Geographical and Geological Societies, out of his great fortune of L.180,000; besides his maps and books, to be divided between them. Sir Roderick Murchison *has* accepted the post offered to him, and is now installed as Director-general of the Geological Survey. This appointment gives general satisfaction, as Sir Roderick, besides being the greatest English geologist living, is personally much liked, and sure to assort agreeably with the other officers. To let our Allies see what photographers can do under an English sky, Mr Claudet has prepared a combination of stereoscopes, mounted on an elaborately carved stand, for the Palais de l'Industrie at Paris. Some of the pictures are exquisitely finished, and are so mounted as to rotate and present a continuous series to the eye. Mayall, too, has sent a number of portraits, which are admirable specimens of the art: one among them, of a lady, life-size, is of rare beauty—a satisfactory proof that a photographic likeness is not necessarily a distorted one. Apropos of the French Exposition, working-men who wish to visit it, are to be furnished with passports free of cost, as announced in a circular issued from the Home-Office. If nothing else, our artisans may gain a few instructive ideas as to the way in which a city should be beautified.

Dr Hofmann, of the Royal College of Chemistry, is appointed assayer to the Mint—another recognition of the claims of science; and there is now a prospect that the right men will be forthcoming for the right places, as a Commission has been named by an order in Council to examine candidates for the civil service. No more putting of men into important or unimportant places, because they happen to be too stupid or too helpless for anything else. By the rules now set forth, the candidates are required to be within certain limits of age; to be free from any bodily defect or disease which may interfere with the performance of their duties; to be of good moral character; and to possess the requisite knowledge and ability—and then, after all, they are to submit to a six months' trial. Wholesome regulations these! If carried out in their integrity, the consequences will be most salutary to all concerned.

At the last anniversary of the Linnæan Society, inspired by the able address of the president, Mr Bell, that worthy corporation passed a resolution to infuse somewhat more of activity into their own proceedings. One means resolved on, is to publish a quarterly journal, which shall give earlier information than hitherto concerning the progress of botanical science, here and in other countries. More haste, has become, to some extent, a cry of late; and uneasy murmurs are heard, that the meetings of our learned societies are not lively enough—as if rapidity and amusement were the chief desiderata in matters philosophical. The progress of real science is essentially slow, and all attempts to make it fast or funny will necessarily fail; and for the Royal, or any other of the leading societies, to attempt to compete with the Polytechnic or Panopticon, would be simply absurd. What is wanted, is an earnest feeling in regard to science; less of personal consideration in its pursuit; a loving it for its own sake:

The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize.

Let this spirit prevail, and we shall hear no more complaints that the meetings of our scientific societies are 'slow,' or thinly attended.

A paper by Mr Barton has been read before the Civil Engineers—'On the Economic Distribution of Material in the Sides, or Vertical Portion of Wrought-iron Beams'—which gave rise to an important discussion, continued through three or four evenings. By way of illustration, reference was made to the railway suspension-bridge, of 822 feet span, across the Niagara river, at a height of 250 feet above the water. This bridge is said by some to settle the question as to the possibility of running heavy trains on an ordinarily suspended roadway. It hangs by four cables, each containing 3640 wires, and estimated to be altogether a weight of 7000 tons; and has two platforms, the lower one being for horses and vehicles. The first train that passed over weighed 366 tons; it produced a deflection of one foot, but very little undulation. The engineer, Mr Roebling, has built a suspension-aqueduct over the Ohio at Pittsburg; and is building a suspension-bridge, 1224 feet long, for the Lexington and Danville Railway, across the Kentucky river, at a height of 300 feet above the stream. In face of these achievements by our American cousins, it is argued that our Britannia Bridge was a mistake—that more than half the weight and cost of iron might have been saved—that the science of beam-making is better understood now than it was a few years ago. But on the other side, good reason is shewn in support of what has been done by English engineers, and for waiting to see the effect of time and traffic on suspension-railway bridges. Mr W. H. Barlow, of Derby, has helped the question somewhat by a paper on an Element of Strength in Beams, in which he shews that their fibrous arrangement has not been sufficiently taken into account.

The overland route across Egypt is to be shortened—that is, as regards time. Said Pasha consents to a railway being laid across the desert from Cairo to Suez, by which the journey from Alexandria to the Red Sea will become an affair of about twelve hours. No more picturesque caravans across the sandy wastes, with their adventure, risk, and excitement! And what a train of ideas comes crowding on the mind at the prospect of locomotives rushing with snort and scream along the route of the Exodus! French engineers, it is said, are to construct the line, with English rails; and the Peninsular and Oriental Company, to increase the accommodation for travellers, are building the Transit Hotel at Cairo.

Colonel Rawlinson has come home from Bagdad, laden with valuable relics of ancient Babylon, and is to give a lecture at the Royal Institution on the discoveries he has made, and the conclusions to be drawn from them. Our geologists are accumulating facts concerning the earthquakes in Turkey, and the eruption of Vesuvius. As regards the mountain, it appears, from a report by Professor Palmieri, of the observatory at Naples, that the magnets were unusually disturbed on the 29th of April; still more so on the 30th; and the next day the eruption took place. Thus the magnet is now ascertained to indicate the approach of a volcanic outburst, as well as of an earthquake. The lava-stream, at one part of its course, fell as a cataract of fire some hundreds of feet, with an effect described as awfully magnificent; and the changes produced are amazing—a deep gully was not only filled up, but converted into a ridge 300 feet high and 1000 feet wide. Then, in the north, changes have been wrought by terrible floods. Not for 144 years has there been such an inundation as that which laid so large a portion of Brabant and other provinces of Holland under water—3000 houses were destroyed, and 13,000 persons rendered homeless. Similar calamities have occurred in the valleys of the Vistula and Oder; and in Hungary and the Banat, 1200 square miles were drowned by the overflowing of the Theiss and its affluents, of which 800,000 acres were sown with wheat. On the other hand, the Netherlands Land Enclosure Company are at work reclaiming territory at the mouth of the Scheldt, and laying out fields which require no manure for twenty years. Nor are our engineers idle in Lincolnshire, where a large area of the Wash is being gradually added to the land.

We think it probable, that works of reclamation and improvement will be more freely undertaken now that government, at last, seems inclined to legalise partnership with limited liability. Two bills have been printed setting forth the conditions, which, though they may be greatly modified before they become law, will, it is thought, effect the object desired. To quote the *Times*—'They restore to the public the right to lend their money, or to give credit upon any terms that their own sagacity may dictate; the law merely fulfilling its natural function of taking care, by the enforcement of proper measures of publicity, that these terms shall be clear, and that no one shall be led to act, except with his eyes open.'

In connection with this, we may place the project brought forward by the Dutch government for removing the Excise duty from flour, meat, butter, and coal; for placing a tax on expenditure instead of income—expenditures under 800 florins a year to be exempt; and the spirit-duty to be increased 100 per cent. Last year, the quantity of gin sold in Holland by retailers alone, amounted to 5,625,000 gallons, which realised a sum of L.1,511,860.

We have occasionally called attention to the introduction of the Chinese potato—*Dioscorea batatas*—into this country and France; the subject is now discussed at length in a book published by Mr Henderson, the well-known agriculturist. The plant, he says, is not liable to disease, and yields twenty-four tons to the acre. It appears, too, that a highly nutritious pea from China has been recently tried in France, and with marked success; and the Chinese sugar-cane is found to grow well in Belgium, and produce, as is estimated, 100 gallons of cider to the acre, and a large amount of fibre fit for the manufacture of paper. The Geographical Society of Paris has given one of its medals to Monsieur Montigny, consul at Shanghae, as a reward for his having sent over the potato above mentioned, and some other useful plants, and the oak silk-worm. Their other two medals are awarded to Captain Maclure, for having made the North-west Passage; and to Captain Inglefield, for his circumpolar explorations and searches for Franklin. Dr Beauvoys informs the *Société d'Acclimation* at Paris, that the vapour of tow, which has been soaked in a solution of nitre, is an excellent means of stupifying bees, without injury, at the time of taking the honey. At a late meeting of our Horticultural Society, stalks of *Holcus saccharatus* were exhibited which had been grown in the royal gardens at Frogmore; a plant said 'to be grown in India for its grain, and supposed by some likely to prove ultimately a substitute for the sugar-cane.' A bunch of grapes was also exhibited from Earl de Grey's gardens in Bedfordshire—a kind known as Black Barbarossa. It weighed four pounds, measured eighteen inches in length, and a foot across the shoulder.

From a report recently published, we learn that the number of visitors to the British Museum in 1854 was 459,262; and to the Reading-room, 56,132. In 1853, the numbers were respectively 661,113 and 67,794. Is the difference to be attributed to the disturbing excitement produced by the war? Books received under the copyright act numbered 19,578; and considerable additions have been made in other ways—in manuscripts, for example: all the official and private documents from 1799 to 1828, relating to the transactions in St Helena; and court-rolls, old charters, early translations, rare Eastern books; and antiquities, and specimens of natural history from various places, have been added to the national collection. During the present season, a change has been made in the old routine; and in May, June, and July, the Museum is open to the public on Saturdays from twelve to five. The roof of the new reading-room begins to shew itself above the surrounding buildings.

Here are a few particulars of progress in another form. At the end of December 1854, the capital invested in railways in the United Kingdom amounted to L.279,315,846—a sum truly prodigious. At the same date, 6112 miles of railway were open; and the number of passengers in the six months was 50,358,180. Of these, more than six millions were first class; more than seventeen millions, second class; and more than twenty-seven millions, third class. The sum-total of receipts in the same six months, including goods and passenger traffic, was L.9,258,449.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

The busy energetic Englishman inquires: '*How do you do?*' as if the only question with him were, not whether anything was to be done (for that he assumes), but in what way it was done. So the Frenchman, who makes behaviour and polish the study of his life, asks: 'How do you *carry* yourself?' So, also, the inventive German demands: 'What are you *making?*' And the grave Spaniard demands: 'How do you *stand?*'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

SHARP DISCIPLINE.

When the Sappers and Miners were in the Peninsula, a private of the corps was found murdered. Some of the company to which he belonged were *said* to have been playing cards with the deceased on the night of the foul deed; but as the perpetrator could not be discovered, 'the Duke of Wellington, convinced that the murderer was in the ranks of the corps, ordered *all* the Sappers and Miners with the army, both near and distant, to parade every hour of every day from four in the morning till ten in the evening, as a punishment for the crime; and as the order was never rescinded, it was rigidly enforced until the very hour the companies quitted France. The execution of the penalty fell with singular hardship upon one of the companies which, quartered with the division encamped near St Omer, was at the time seventy miles away from the place of the murder.'—*Connolly's History of the Corps of Royal Sappers and Miners.*

INN SIGN-BOARDS.

The Bell was formerly the usual prize at races. A small gold bell was the prize at York Races in 1607; and a bell was one of the prizes at Chester Races down to the last century. 'To bear away the bell' would then be synonymous with 'winning the cup' in more modern times. The Flowerpot was originally the lily vase, represented by the side of the angel Gabriel, in medieval pictures of the Salutation of the Virgin. The Three Crowns were emblematical of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The 'three balls' of the pawnbrokers were the arms of the Lombards who came from Italy, settled in Lombard Street, and were the first money-lenders or pawnbrokers—their trading sign being three bezants or Byzantine gold coins, in currency about the time of the Crusades. Our modern pawnbrokers have taken these three obsolete gold coins, as painted on the plane surface, to be golden balls.—*Beaufoy.*

PARTLY TRUE.

The vulgar are apt to conclude that where a great deal is said, *something* must be true; and adopting that lazy contrivance for saving the trouble of thinking, splitting the difference, imagine they shew a laudable caution in believing only *part* of what is said. This is to be as simple as the clown who thinks he has bought a great bargain of a Jew, because he has beat down the price from a guinea to a crown for some article that is not really worth a groat.—*Archbishop Whately.*

YOUNG AND OLD.

We were but foolish, dear,
When we were young;
Hasty and ignorant,
Daring and strong;
Clutching the red grapes
Of passion or power—
Ah, they were wild grapes,
Cankered and sour!
Would we call back those years,
Strange, ghostly throng?
No. Yet be tender, love,
We were but young!

Now, growing wiser, dear,
While growing old,
No pure thought perished yet,
No warm hope cold,
We'll reap, who sowed in tears;
Scattering abroad;
Living for all mankind,
Living to God:
Holding each other safe
In a firm fold:—
We shall be happy, love,
Now we are old.

A HINT FOR HOUSEWIVES.

The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting on soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of an ounce of borax to a pound of soap, melted in without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in cost of soaps, and three-fourths the labour of washing, and improves the whiteness of the fabrics; besides, the usual caustic effect is removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.—*Scottish Press.*

TO VOLUNTEER CONTRIBUTORS.

In future, articles forwarded by strangers, and found unsuitable, will remain at the Office at the call of the writers; or will be returned, if the proper number of postage-labels are sent for the purpose.

The present number of the Journal completes the Third Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF THIRD VOLUME.

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